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July 19th

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. LXXIII.—JUNE, 1856.—Vol. XIII.



KNICKERBOCKER HALL, AVON SPRINGS.



THE UPPER SPRING.

SULPHUR SPRINGS OF NEW YORK.

DEEP in the bosom of New York there are vast reservoirs of mineral waters of almost every kind — saline, aperient, alkaline, chalybeate, acidulous, and sulphureous; warm and cold, perennial, intermittent, reciprocating, ebullient, and inflammable.

To tell of all these—their healing virtues, their charms as social centres or fashion's courts, and their myriad associations, spreading like gleams of light over the land—would require the pages of a plethoric quarto. One class alone we will consider, namely the *Sulphureous*, where the

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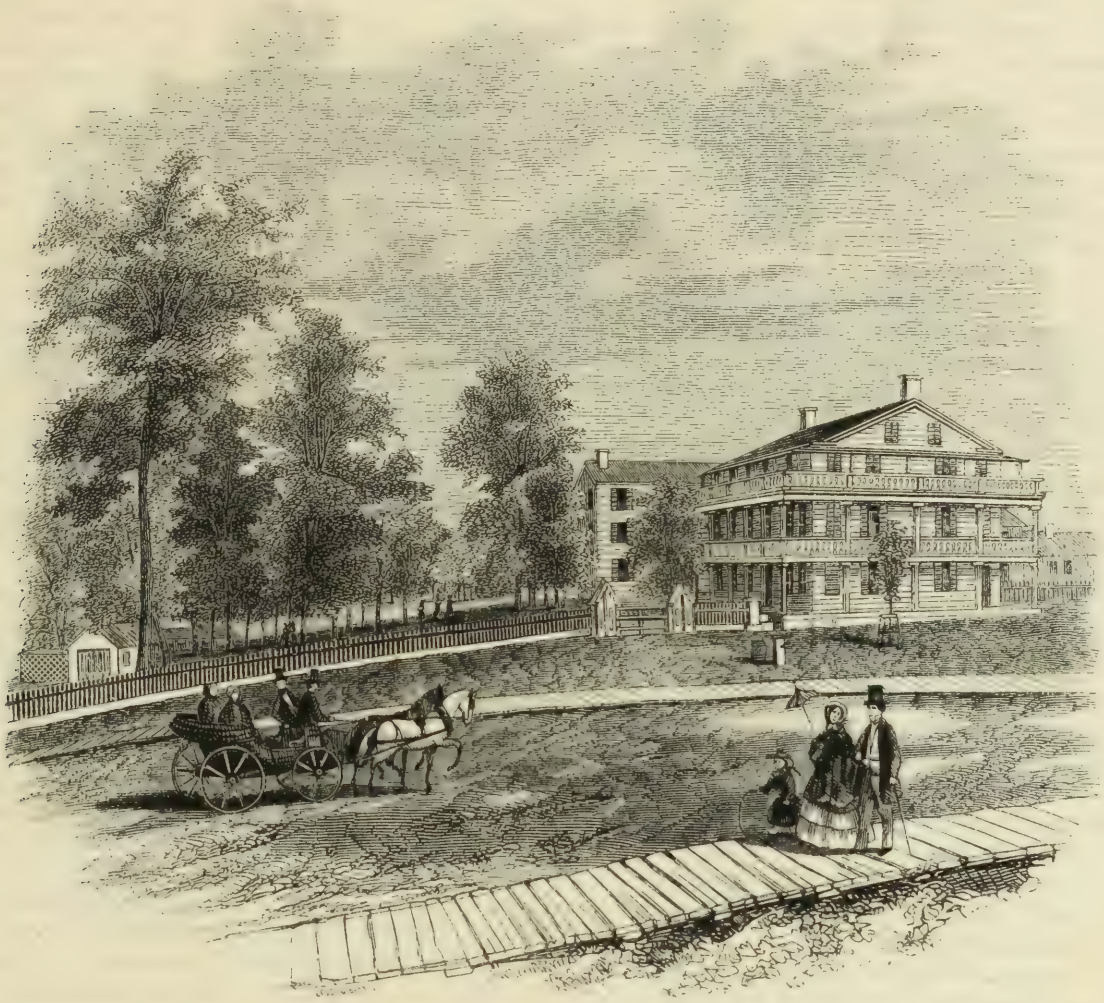
rheumatic, the dyspeptic, and the scrofulous invalids gather as at the pool of Siloam, and where their gay companions and attendants find rare enjoyments in the pleasant summer time. The chief of these are Avon, Clifton, Chittenango, Richfield, Sharon, Saratoga, Columbia, and Massena. The first five are in Central and Western New York, the next two are toward its eastern border, and the last is in the midst of the narrow strip of cultivation between the St. Lawrence and the vast wilderness and hunting-grounds in the northern counties of the State. Let us listen to the experience of a friend who, during "the season" of the year of grace 1855, visited the whole eight.

Our friend Portfolio is a dabbler in literature and art—a scribbler and limner—with a very little encumbrance of wealth and family, and floats along on the tide of society, stopping his shallop here and there occasionally to leave his card with the dear public. Just at the close of June last year, a rheumatic twinge in his shoulder, and a profusion of cutaneous jewels upon his nose and forehead, urged him to seek relief from both, not only for personal comfort, but to sustain a hard-earned reputation for sobriety then endangered. Whither should he go? was a question easier asked than satisfactorily answered. Saratoga, Sharon, Richfield, Chittenango, all were fashionable or were rapidly becoming so, and therefore to him distasteful; for Portfolio is a modest, quiet man. Light came. Long ago he had heard of Avon, in the lovely valley of the Genesee; of its quiet, the efficiency of its waters, and the beauty of its surroundings. He remembered that when he was a lad the virtues of the Avon fountains were highly prized, and a new charm had been given to the Genesee Valley by his now venerable friend, Dr. Francis, who published a scientific analysis of its waters, and a pleasing pen-picture of its locality. Then, as now, the *word* of Dr. Francis was a *bond* in such matters not to be disputed. This recollection settled the question, and a few days afterward Portfolio sat at an open window in a pleasant garden-cottage at "Knickerbocker Hall," gazing with exquisite delight upon the broad acres of the Genesee Valley spread out before him, and then covered with ripening wheat and growing maize.

"Knickerbocker Hall!" The memory of a three weeks' sojourn there is yet green and delightful to Portfolio. The old Hall stands upon a gentle eminence on the verge of the Genesee flats, between the two sulphur springs, and is completely embowered and surrounded



THE LOWER SPRING AT AVON.



THE CLIFTON SPA HOUSE, CLIFTON SPRINGS.

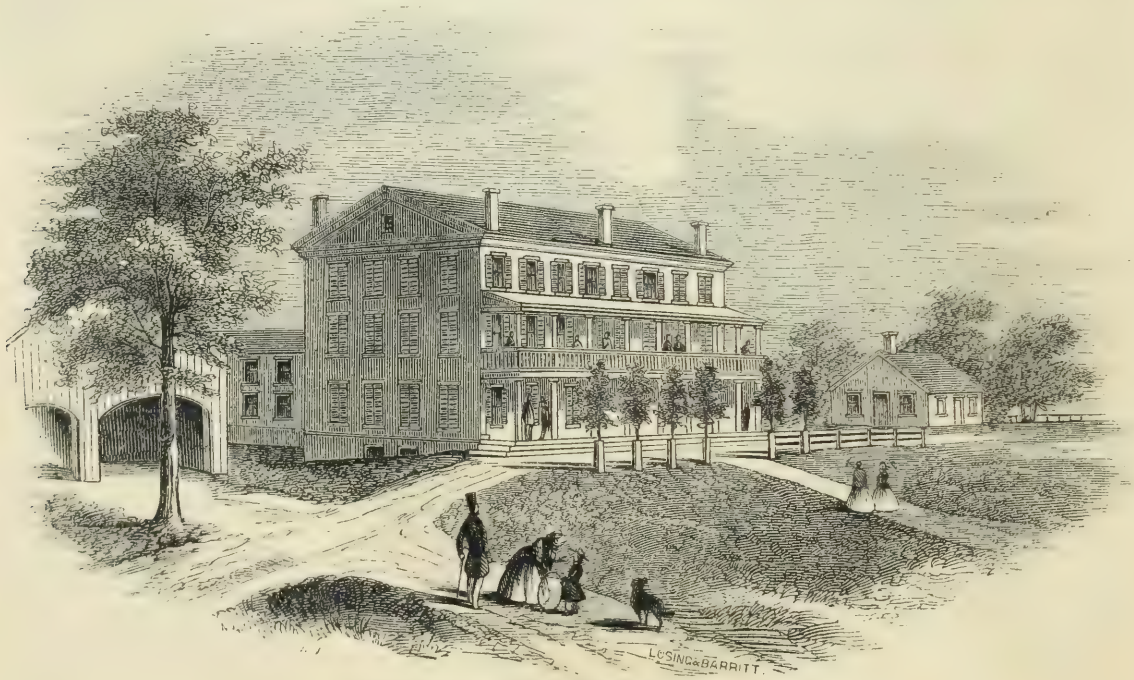
by gardens and pleasant fields. It is a short mile westward of Avon village; and, next to the "United States," it is the most popular of the public houses there. Near it is the "American," pleasantly situated upon a slope above the upper spring; and opposite the "United States," in the centre of the village, is the "Avon," the least pretending of the four. These compose the chief accommodations at Avon. Invalids prefer the "Knickerbocker," because the atmosphere is continually medicated by the gas from the springs without being made offensive; while the gay and fashionable find more enjoyment at the "United States" or the "American."

Life at Avon was a counterpart of that at all of the sulphur springs visited by Portfolio. To him all was new and delightful—a change from workshop to paradise—and the very atmosphere seemed replete with suggestions for his pen and pencil. Expecting to be a solitary, he was pleasantly disappointed in finding himself surrounded by persons as sociable as old friends, and he experienced many regrets at parting. The early mornings were spent in walks and conversation, and at half-meridian the bath-house swarmed with bathers. Then billiards, ten-pins, quoits, and other sports for exercise, occupied the time until early dinner. Then some read, some napped, and others lounged upon the broad verandas or tufts of grass in the cool shades, with books or newspapers; and toward evening riding-parties, in chaise or on horseback, started off in every direction, with a hilarity that kept the more serious invalids in comfortable good-humor until their return. At sunset new-comers were eagerly waited for, for the advent of a fresh guest kept curiosity on tiptoe, until the clerk's register had been scanned by each eye, and the "position" of the last visitor had become manifest to all. Backgammon, chess, whist, music, social conversation, anecdotes, and other light amusements, with an occasional "hop," occupied the evenings; and so the days and nights went on like a magic world to Portfolio. The programme was sometimes varied by fishing excursions to the beautiful little lake in the neighborhood, or trips to Rochester, Canandaigua, Batavia, or Geneseo.

I was privileged to peep into Portfolio's sketch-book on his return, and found it filled with views of *places* rather than of *characters.* Only one sketch of life at the Springs attracted my special attention. It was drawn hastily "from life" with a dull pencil, and, as Portfolio observed, with a duller pen. It was a scene at the Lower Spring at drinking-time—the stated hour when omnibuses and coaches came from the village filled with the imbibers and bathers. At this hour scenes often occurred which would

have delighted the genius of a Hogarth or Gilray. The old Senecas called the region around these springs *Cannawagus*—"the place of stinking water"—a name eminently appropriate to the mind of a new-comer or the unacclimated. Grimace was the prevailing feature of countenances when swallowing the beverage for the first few days, and grotesque groups were thus often formed around these fountains. Portfolio transferred four of such a company to his sketch-book. They were conspicuous in a group of a dozen around the little blue marble basin of the Lower Spring, composed of the young and aged, the sick and the healthy, the ugly and the beautiful. One of the masculines, from New Hampshire, had a face like a tragic mask, and his limbs had angularities like a Virginia fence. He was the true philosopher—the Socrates of the group. Forty times he had stood at that fountain, and, like the fishwoman's eels, he had become accustomed to the "skinning," and never winced. With all the gravity of his prototype, he drained the cup, while the others generously "made faces" for him. Then a tall, sallow, dyspeptic spinster, who is further from "fat, fair, and forty" to-day than she was then, took a goblet, bent over the mysterious fountain, and pressing her hand upon her bosom to keep her Mechlin and bonnet-ribbons from the drip, swallowed the draught without breathing. "Did you ever!" she exclaimed, drawing in her breath and opening her mouth to its full extent; and at the same time flinging her arm with such force against the elbow of a fop of the Beau Brummel sort, as he was lifting a full tumbler to his lips, that it dashed the contents into his ruffled bosom. An impolite titter and an unfeeling giggle attested the lack of sympathy among the young people. The last actor in the scene sketched by Portfolio was a burly John Bull from Canada, with a nose like a red turnip-radish and cheeks like an egg-plant. Like the famous Van Twiller, he was "five feet six inches in height, and six feet five inches in breadth," and was troubled with an "orrid heruption." It was his first appearance in the comedy, and he made all the fuss of a supernumerary. Holding up the skirts of his blue, bright-buttoned coat with his left hand, he overshadowed the fountain with his presence, and raising the goblet to his lips, he swallowed the contents almost to the last thimbleful, when, according to the philosophy of Uncle Ned, "the clapper in his throat got lazy and shut up." Bull instantly expanded, like the fabled bull-frog, almost to bursting, then "blowed" like a whale, and personated Jupiter Pluvius admirably. Poor Brummel's coat was "sponged" in an instant; and a mischievous little beauty, with her eyes and dimples full of fun, whose bonnet had been baptized, shouted "Nimbus!" with ringing laughter, and called for umbrellas. Bull almost roared with anger because the company roared with laughter; and from that moment until his hegira, ten days afterward, he was known only as *Nimbus*, or the rain-cloud.

Among the guests at Knickerbocker Hall, whom Portfolio delights to remember, was Dr. Derick Knickerbocker, the founder of that "institution." He appeared like a hale man of sixty, of middle stature, full of kindly good-humor, and prodigal in words of medical advice. He is a nephew of the late "Prince of Schaghticoke," and of course a near relation of the great Diedrich the Chronicler. Almost thirty years ago he observed the medicinal virtues of these waters, purchased a ridge of wooded land between the two dark and tangled swamps in which they bubbled up, and with ax, spade, and pick, he commenced the foundation for a dispensary, which he called Knickerbocker Hall. There, while on a visit to Avon, Dr. Francis (who had been his medical tutor) found him at his labors, commended his enterprise,



UNITED STATES HOTEL, MASSENA SPRINGS.



THE SPRING, AND THE BATH-HOUSE, MASSENA SPRINGS.

took a bottle of the water to New York, and carefully analyzed it. The result showed the composition of a wine-gallon to be as follows:

LOWER SPRING.

	Grains.
Carbonate of lime	29·33
Chloride of calcium	8·41
Sulphate of lime	57·44
Sulphate of magnesia	49·61
Sulphate of soda	13·73
Amount of solid contents	158·52
	Cubic inches.
Sulphureted hydrogen	10·02
Nitrogen	5·42
Oxygen	·56

UPPER, OR NEW BATH SPRING.

	Grains.
Carbonate of lime	26·96
Chloride of sodium	5·68
Sulphate of lime	3·52
Sulphate of magnesia	8·08
Sulphate of soda	38·72
Amount of solid contents	82·96
Sulphureted hydrogen	31·28

Dr. Knickerbocker, who resides at Rochester, yet owns and rents the Hall. The bathing-houses are the property of Mr. A. Nowlan, the proprietor of most of the land around the springs, and he was contemplating new and far more extensive accommodations for the increasing visitors. Further westward, and near the banks of the Genesee, is a fine magnesia spring; and about two miles further up the valley is a fountain of sulphureous water, much stronger than any at Avon, over which the now venerable Dr. Long has presided for about twenty years. To that spring many bathers resort, and some invalids reside there permanently.

Portfolio indulges in the luxury of an antiquarian taste, and found gratification for it at Avon. Historically and legendarily, it is a classic region; and he had the rare good luck of spending an afternoon with the fine poet, Hosmer, whose genius has embalmed in the fragrant amber of verse many of the most beautiful romances of the Six Nations — the Romans of the Western World. Here and hereabout the Senecas kept the western door of The Long House, as the Six Nations fancifully called their Federal Republic, while the eastern door was kept by the Mohawks. The fire-place, where the Federal Council was held, was in charge of the Onondagas, near the modern Syracuse; and the Oneidas, Cayugas, and Tuscaroras kept watch and ward over the broad lawn away down the waters of the Susquehanna and Delaware. There, near the Avon railway station, at the foot of the slope of which the village is the crown, was undoubtedly the battle-field of the French, under De Nouville, and the invaded Senecas, in 1687, when the aroused Iroquois drove the Gaul from their beautiful land, with much slaughter and great

alarm. Within eight miles of this point, at the now beautiful Geneseo, General Sullivan penetrated, with his chastening scourge, in the early autumn of 1779, to punish the Indians for their cruelties at Cherry Valley and Wyoming.

Under the hospitable roof of the venerable George Hosmer, Esq., Portfolio passed an evening, and listened with delight to his narratives of the olden time. For sixty years he had resided at Avon. When first there, the Indians outnumbered the white people by scores. What an experience was that of the patriarch of Avon! He had seen the rough banks of the Genesee at the Great Falls gradually covered by the city of Rochester and its industrial establishments; and by a ledge of rocks, where the Eagle Hotel of that city now stands, he once killed a rattlesnake before a white man's cabin had been reared in that vicinity. He had seen Buffalo a little hamlet, then a ruin in ashes, and again growing into one of the stateliest cities in the land. With such narratives he entertained our friend until a late hour. Two days afterward Portfolio left Avon, and from an early morning train from Rochester, he landed at Clifton Springs, a point about halfway between Canandaigua and Geneva.

There was no opportunity for a choice of lodgings at Clifton. It was Hobson's. There were only two public places for strangers, and one of these only (the Clifton Spa House) was devoted to travelers on the wing. The other was an eminent water-cure establishment, presided over by Dr. H. Foster, and at that time filled with patients to its utmost capacity. Portfolio had determined to stay but a day and a night at Clifton, and being as punctual in his engagements to himself as to others, would not consent to remain longer. The pleasant company at the Spa House, the kindness of the host, and the glory of the magnificent grove of maple, basswood, ash, and chestnut trees, through which the visitors strolled to the fountains, the bath-houses, and the gymnasium, could not wed him to the place beyond his appointed hour. So he made the most of the time and the opportunity.

The Clifton Spa House was erected as a dispensary in 1806, when the springs, then gushing out on the borders of a rough marsh and tangled forest, were visited by invalids from the surrounding country. For fifty years these waters have been famous for their cure of bilious and cutaneous disorders; and yet it is only about a dozen years that they have been much known beyond the region of Central New York. The old house, with its broad verandas, seen in Portfolio's sketch, came into the possession of Mr. Parke (the proprietor when he visited it), about eleven years ago. He built a large addition to it, embellished the grove by laying out



WHITE SULPHUR SPRING HOUSE, CHITTENANGO.



THE COTTAGES AT CHITTENANGO SPRINGS.

pleasant walks, and was contemplating other changes which, if carried out, will make Clifton Springs one of the most delightful summer resorts yet found by Portfolio. Below the grove, and many feet lower than the mineral fountains, is a broad marsh, through which flows a considerable stream of pure water that comes down from the neighboring hills, augmented there by the gushing sulphur springs upon its margin. Here it is proposed to form a lake, with an island in its centre, to be planted with trees and shrubbery, and adorned with a pavilion for the pleasure of visitors. Around the lake is to be a circular railway, like the one in the fairy-like Congress grounds at Saratoga; and the margin is to be skirted with gravel walks and fringed with shrubbery and flowers. Should this design be accomplished, the noble old grove, the beautiful lake, the embowered island and its surroundings, will form a charming scene, not to be surpassed or rarely equaled in all our country.

The waters—what shall be said of the waters? Portfolio exhausted the fountain of adjectives in describing their marvelous charms, and the resplendent sediment upon leaf and pebble in the tanks and along their leafy outlets; and to his taste acquired at Avon, they seemed fit nectar to be borne among the immortals by Ganymedes. Yet with all his poetic exhilaration, he was sober and prosaic enough to transcribe the following record of an analysis of *one quart*, made by Dr. Chilton, in September, 1852:

	Grains.
Sulphate of lime	17·30
Sulphate of magnesia	4·12
Sulphate of soda	1·94
Carbonate of lime	2·42
Carbonate of magnesia	3·28
Chloride of sodium	2·32
Chloride of calcium	1·02
Chloride of magnesia	1·02
	35·42

Organic matter, a trace.

Hydrosulphuric and carbonic acids abound, but the quantity having materially lessened while being conveyed to New York, the proper amount could not be ascertained.

The morning of Portfolio's departure for the East from Clifton was very lowery, and promised a wet day. The road was free of dust and comfortable for travel. These conditions induced him to change his plan of visiting Chittenango, Richfield, and Sharon in their regular geographical order, and he concluded to remain under shelter of the cars for the day, and

make a long journey while the dust-demon of the rail was quiescent. So he ticketed himself for Rome, where he dined "as Romans do," and at three o'clock he was sandwiched between two live "crying babies," in a car for Watertown away up in the old "Black River Country" eastward of Lake Ontario. The clouds were dissolved by brilliant sunshine just as they started. All was serene and beautiful without—all was squally and unlovely within. The air was hot, the passengers numerous, the babies inexhaustible. Their mammas were unlike, and treated total depravity on different systems. One coaxed, and soothingly asked what "darlin' wanty"—begged it to "keep its litty footsey's still"—and "would it have a litty dinny"—and "did baby have nassy pin in it"—and so on to the end of the nursery chapter. The other was silent as a gathering storm-cloud, and in her face the red lightning of impatience flashed more and more ominously as the lusty young incompatible's voice ascended the gamut. The thunder-clap came. Forbearance being no longer a virtue, she turned the fat screamer over as suddenly as a flap-jack, gave it three mortal spanks—the potent, mysterious three—so audibly that a nervous old lady who sat four seats ahead, sprang up and exclaimed, "Gracious me! what's broke?" The voice of the astonished infant was as suddenly checked as the scream of a steam-whistle, and rampant baby number two, equally astonished by the sudden silence of its competitor, as quickly left its vocation. Soon they were both asleep—the mothers were happy—the passengers went on their way rejoicing, and Portfolio was left in profound cogitation of the subject of baby-culture, theoretical, practical, and ethical. His benevolent propensities theorized in favor of coaxing, while observation taught a powerful practical lesson to the contrary. He finally compromised the matter between conscience and common sense, and resolved that any crying babies he might be called upon to cultivate, should be spanked first and coaxed afterward.

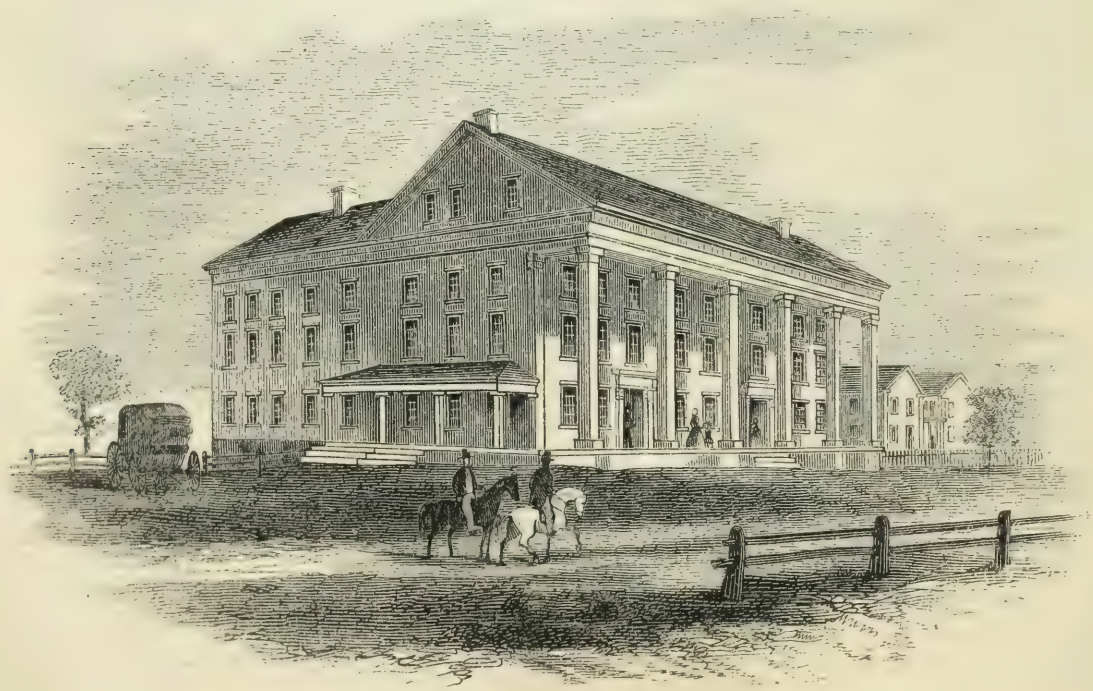
Portfolio spent three or four days in the pleasant region of Watertown, in social enjoyments, delightful rides, and in visits to relics of men and things having a place in history. One day, with a friend, he rode to Sackett's Harbor, famous in the history of the second war for Independence. There business seemed resting from its labors, and enterprise was nodding. Even the soldiery had gone from the barracks on the height, and all around had the appearance of a Sabbatical year. Portfolio warmed with indignation as he sketched the decaying wooden monument to brave soldiers who sleep in the cemetery of the military post there; and an hour afterward his heart glowed with patriotic enthusiasm while listening to the narrative of the venerable light-house keeper on Horse Island, who commanded a part of that vincible militia that wisely remembered,

> "He who fights and runs away,
> May live to fight another day."

The old man had been an exception. He maintained his defiant position nobly when the British landed on the very spot where his beacon now stands, until he had no men to command.

Early on Monday morning, beneath a very lowery sky, Portfolio, with a friend and wife, started for the distant Massena Springs by the circuitous way of Cape Vincent, Kingston, and the broad St. Lawrence. They tarried more than an hour at Kingston, waiting for the boat from Oswego; and during that hour Portfolio strolled into the town, a *foreigner* for the first time in several years.

It was a lovely afternoon in August when our little party went down the St. Lawrence. The weather frowns of the morning were changed to



AMERICAN HOTEL, RICHFIELD SPRINGS.



RICHFIELD SPRING.

brilliant smiles, and a sunset scene, such as the skill of Claude could not imitate, was painted in gorgeous pictures on the western sky, just as the voyagers passed the lower group of the Thousand Islands, and discovered the spires of Ogdensburg. In that pleasant frontier town they passed the night with relatives, and early the next day Portfolio and his friend embarked in a lower river steamer for the famed Massena fountains. It was an exciting voyage to the Lewisville landing, thirty miles below. For almost the whole distance the river flows in a swift current, or roars in deep foaming rapids over rocky slopes. Few carriages were in waiting, and passengers were numerous. Portfolio's head ached, his friend had tight boots, and both felt as men who keep growleries at home for the annoyance of wife and children. They found comfortable back seats in a high, covered coach, and had just composed themselves for a journey of seven miles over a dusty road, when a puffy, fat lady with two pretty daughters climbed in, unmindful of first comers. They knew the *rules* of American politeness, and expected compliance. Portfolio was compensated for his abdication by the privilege of being enthroned by the side of one of the pretty maids, while his friend, less fortunate, was compelled to be contented with a seat on the driver's box, under a cotton umbrella.

A quiet nap at the "United States," a cup of tea and a head-bath in the Massena waters, restored Portfolio to health and spirits; and slippers so delighted his friend, that he freely forgave the fat lady for driving his tight-booted feet out into the broiling sun-heat. They both quaffed much and often of the healing fountain during the warm evening, and at an early hour retired to bed, but not to sleep. The ball-room was on the same floor, and there a party from Ogdensburg had gathered for a "hop," in which some of the permanent visitors joined.

The springs are on the verge of the Raquette River, a broad and rapid stream, about a mile from Massena village, which is situated on the Grass River. These two streams, of about equal volume, run almost parallel for many miles, and empty into the St. Lawrence opposite Cornwall Island. The St. Lawrence is only four miles distant from the springs, in a straight line, and the nearest station, on the great Northern Road from Ogdensburg to Rouse's Point, is at Potsdam, fifteen miles distant. As early as the close of the last century these waters were discovered by surveyors, and they saw the oozy

ground around them filled with the hoof-prints of the moose and deer, who visited there on account of the saline qualities of the fountains. The Indians had used them as remedies for ulcerations, it is said, as long as tradition can reach back; and as early as 1815, white people occasionally sought relief from cutaneous diseases by their use. The first settler there was Captain John Polly, a soldier in the second war for Independence, and there he was yet residing at the time of Portfolio's visit. They had a long and pleasant interview, and the captain gave our friend a graphic history of his adventures. In 1822, when Polly was in the vigor of manhood, he purchased forty acres there, on which are the fountains and the present growing village of Massena Springs; and there he erected the first accommodations for visitors. At about that time a young girl greatly afflicted with salt-rheum came, and was completely healed. A few years later, the Canadian Roman Catholic Bishop, Alexander M'Donald, came there with the "black scrofula," which he had contracted in Egypt. His legs were covered with black ulcers to his knees. He remained a month and was entirely cured. Since then, hundreds afflicted with every description of cutaneous disease, chronic dyspepsia, and diarrhea, and kindred complaints, have there found relief or positive cures. Such is the general testimony.

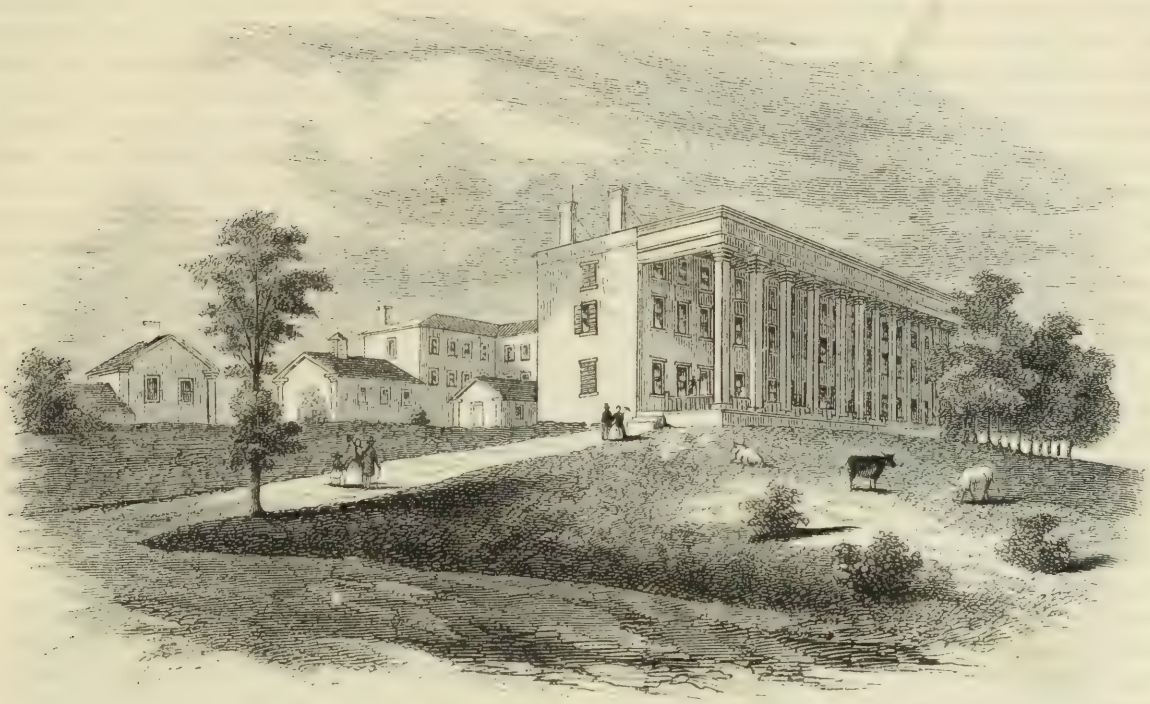
There are two springs, only a few feet apart, one warm and the other cold. The latter is enclosed and surrounded by a spacious covered platform, as seen in the picture. The other is also enclosed, but is so little used that its surroundings are about as primitive as when the moose and the deer resorted there. Professor Emmons has given the following result of an analysis of the two springs:

	Warm Spring.	Cold Spring.
Chloride of sodium	6·988	6·205
Magnesia	·644	·846
Calcium	1·026	·466
Sulphate of lime	2·794	1·960
Carbonate of lime	1·630	1·100
Hydrosulphuret of magnesia and organic matter		1·870
	13·082	12·447

In 1828 the present Harrowgate House was erected on the top of the slope, about forty rods from the river, where the springs were first curbed. In 1848 the spacious brick edifice opposite the Harrowgate House, known as the United States Hotel, was erected by Benjamin Phillips, and both are owned by him. All about has a new appearance. The little village of a dozen houses has grown up within a few



CANADERAGA, OR SCHUYLER'S LAKE.



THE PAVILION, SHARON SPRINGS.

years; a bath-house has been erected, and shade trees have been planted. Other and extensive improvements are in contemplation, and soon the Massena Springs will become a delightful summer resort for the healthy as well as the sick.

Returning to Lewisville landing, our travelers hired a waterman to row them across the St. Lawrence in a skiff. It was a task of no ordinary magnitude, for the current was swift, and in some places turbulent. He accomplished it, however, by skirting some island shores, and shooting obliquely across the rapid channels. They landed at Chrysler's Village, dined on pie, cheese, and cold water, and then rode in a hired buggy to the battle-ground of Chrysler's Field, four miles distant. On their way from thence to the village of Williamsburg, they were drenched by a sudden shower, but were compensated by the display of one of the most beautiful scenes they had ever beheld. The sun's rays were at such an angle that prismatic hues were spread over the whole surface of the St. Lawrence, making its broad bosom appear as if clad in rainbow vestments of the most brilliant dyes. That night they lodged at the "Grand Trunk" tavern, in Williamsburg—the best in the place—where they found plenty of flies, spiders, and noisy people. Between three and four o'clock in the morning they were on board a Montreal steamer that crawled up the several rapids at a slow pace, breakfasted at Prescott, opposite Ogdensburg, spent a day and a night with their friends at the latter place, and late on Saturday evening they went to rest in Watertown. Two days afterward Portfolio was on Lake Ontario in a squall, far worse in its effects than the one in the car. The steamer rolled and pitched, and so did the passengers. The dinner table was less prized than the lounges; the company was generally disagreeable, and appetite, discomfited, retreated from the turmoil of stomachs, but to return with renewed vigor when the harbor of Oswego was reached. There again Portfolio found old friends, spent a day or two with them, then journeyed on to Syracuse to greet other kind friends there, and on a very hot and sultry morning he found himself at Chittenango Station, fifteen miles eastward, impatiently waiting for a coach to take him to the Sulphur Springs, near the village of the same name.

Here again Portfolio encountered the miseries of the code of American traveling politeness. At the cry of "all aboard" he looked around, saw no feminines responding, and with other gentlemen he leisurely took a seat in the coach. When it was about full, and ready to start, the agent thrust his head into the window, and with hurried but unwelcome words, said, "Please accommodate the ladies, gentlemen." Four full-grown women and two cherubs were waiting for the "accommodation." Portfolio had the best seat, and that was sufficient reason why he should leave it. He leaped out, ascended to a perch on the roof of the coach, and making a virtue of necessity, congratulated himself upon his escape from the confined atmosphere within, to enjoy the free air above and sight-seeing along the dusty road.

The ride on the perch was not unpleasant under the shadow of an umbrella. They passed through the pretty little village of Chittenango, on the western verge of Madison County, where driver, horses, and the agent's pocket were refreshed. The village lies on the banks of the Erie Canal, at the entrance to the deep, narrow valley through which the Chittenango Creek, the outlet of Cazenovia Lake, makes its way toward the immense plain that extends from Syracuse to Rome, and over which it flows to Oneida Lake, eight miles distant. A long mile up the valley from the village, near the eastern

bank of the stream, gush out, from a shelving ledge of rocks, the celebrated sulphureous fountains. Along that mile, the hills, covered with woods and patches of cultivation, rise high on each side of the narrow valley, and for a considerable distance the road traverses an oozy swamp, in the midst of which is a small edifice covering the more ancient mineral fountain in that region, known as "Yates's Spring." It is now but little visited. The trees around it are lofty and numerous, the shadows deep, and an air of dreamy solitude pervades the scene. A solitary attendant, with white locks, and seated on a rustic chair at the foot of a large oak near the spring, reminded Portfolio of some old priestly Druid, ready to minister to the good of the souls and bodies of men.

At the base of a high-wooded cliff, close by the gushing fountains, the White Sulphur Spring House, kept by E. R. Lewis, was erected about seven years ago, and affords, in table and dormitories, one of the most attractive resting-places for the sick and weary, in our land. It is spacious, four stories in height, with an extensive wing and bath-house attached. On the south side of it, the fountain has been so arranged by art, where it leaves the cliff, that the waters fall in a sparkling cascade, disappear, and again burst forth at the foot of a terrace in a beautiful jet, and fill a spacious basin. Flowing from this under ground, they again appear on the opposite side of the road, on the edge of the Chittenango Creek, and there present a lovely picture as they leap in air in several jets, and cover the rude heap of stones around with sparkling crystals, like the hoar-frost of December. A little further south is a cottage, with billiard and refreshment rooms. In a nook of the cliff, full fifty feet above the fountain, and reached by a winding pathway up the steep acclivity, is the gymnasium, shaded by birches and maples, and some lofty oaks. In front of the house a bridge spans the rapid current of the Chittenango; and in a noble grove across the stream are four pleasant cottages belonging to the establishment, where families reside during the season.

Here is the narrowest part of the valley; and from an eminence on the opposite side one of the most pleasing views in all that region may be obtained, including Cazenovia and Oneida lakes. The valley terminates about two and a half miles above the springs, where the Chittenango falls perpendicularly one hundred and forty feet, and forms, in harmony with the deep gorge and other accessories, a scene of surpris-



BATH-HOUSES AND SPRING, SHARON SPRINGS.



INDIAN ENCAMPMENT, SHARON SPRINGS.

ing beauty. A little farther on, at the foot of the lake, is the village of Cazenovia, whither, on Portfolio's arrival at the springs, almost every visitor had gone to enjoy the sport afforded by Dan Rice's circus! He was greatly surprised to learn that grave men and women, who sit near the pulpit in churches at home, who deprecate the city amphitheatre as a plague-spot, and almost regard Shakspeare as a wicked lure, there forgot their propriety and their professions, and became as heartily tickled by "the clown" and his coarse jests as any urchins who eat peanuts and encore stage-swearing in the pit of a city theatre.

The highly medicinal qualities of the Chittenango waters are very similar in their character to those of the celebrated White Sulphur Springs in Virginia, and appear to possess their wonderful healing powers, especially in cutaneous affections and diseases of the liver, stomach, bowels, and other functions. But these waters, like all that contain sulphureted hydrogen gas, appear to have a deleterious effect upon pulmonary complaints, and should be avoided by those who are thus afflicted. For that reason they are also admirable tests by which to discover a *real* pulmonary disease, the symptoms of which other disorders sometimes assume. The following is an analysis of one pint of the water of the Chittenango spring, made by Dr. Chilton:

	Grains.
Sulphate of lime	17·00
Chloride of sodium	·40
Muriate of magnesia	·50
Sulphate of magnesia	·200
Vegetable matter	·10
	20·00

Sulphureted hydrogen, with a small combination of carbonic acid gas. Temp. 49° Fahr.

Portfolio would gladly have tarried long among the pleasures of Chittenango, for there was a quiet and a loveliness in nature and a charm in the refined society met with there that delighted him. But he was now a bird of passage, and with tireless wing was making his flight homeward, stopping here and there to pick up a few crumbs of knowledge in other places than at fountains of health; so at twilight he rode back to Chittenango village in company with a resident there, took stage for the railway station, and at half past nine in the evening—a warm, calm, starry Saturday evening—he was again under the roof of his friends in Syracuse.

On Monday, Portfolio journeyed to Rome, from whence he rode out to Verona Springs, about seven miles southward, when he was dis-

appointed in not finding those of the sulphureous class. These being his special object of inquiry, he remained there only long enough to procure a plain dinner at the Water-Cure establishment. Toward evening he was again at Little Falls, and the next morning, accompanied by two friends, he started for Richfield Springs, in the hill-country of Otsego County.

The village of Richfield Springs is about halfway between the Mohawk Valley and Cooperstown, and twenty-two west of Sharon Springs. It lies upon a narrow plain, near the head of Canaderaga, or Schuyler's Lake, and, like other villages born of the popularity of mineral springs which they surround, Richfield is new and thriving. There are three public houses for the accommodation of visitors, and several good private houses for invalids who prefer their quiet. The "American," kept by William P. Johnson —and the "Spring House," owned by Joshua Whitney, are nearest the fountains, and both, when Portfolio visited Richfield, were filled to overflowing with guests. The springs are on the premises of the Spring House. The chief fountain is upon the crown of a knoll so saturated with the waters that the tough, peat-like soil trembles like jelly, in some places, beneath the feet. The cone has been flattened, and furnished with a granite basin for the reception of the waters. In a marshy spot several rods distant, and many feet lower, is another spring, but the waters are seldom used. Between the chief fountain and the Spring House is a newly-planted grove, which already casts a pleasant shade over the pathway; and, half-concealed by trees, shrubbery, and vines, is the bath-house. A pavilion to cover the spring is needed, for the hot sun will not allow visitors to linger as they desire around the cooling fountain.

These waters are justly celebrated for their healing virtues. Hither the Mohawks came for the cure of frost-bitten feet; and tradition says that a famous healing prophet once dwelt upon a beautiful island in the midst of Canaderaga Lake to whom invalids from all the Iroquois used to come and leave their maladies. At midnight he would glide softly away in his canoe, penetrate the dark forest to the fountains, and then return to his patients with vessels full of the magic waters. He became proud and powerful; and at last he called himself the twin-brother of the Great Spirit. This blasphemy kindled the anger of the Almighty, and it consumed the boaster. One morning, when a bridal party went thither to receive the prophet's blessing, the island had disappeared. The



WHITE SULPHUR SPRING, SARATOGA LAKE.

Great Spirit in his wrath had thrust it, with the proud prophet, so deep into the earth that the waters of the lake where it stood are unfathomable by human measurement.

Professor Reid has given the following as the result of an analysis of a wine-gallon of the water of Richfield Springs:

	Grains.
Bicarbonate of magnesia	20·
Bicarbonate of lime	10·
Chloride of sodium and magnesia	1· 5
Sulphate of magnesia	30·
Hydrosulphate of magnesia and lime	2·
Sulphate of lime	20·
Solid matter	153· 5
	236·10

Sulphureted hydrogen gas 26·9 inches.

Toward evening Portfolio and his friends rode around Canaderaga, or Schuyler's Lake. Noble as are the associations which cluster around the name of Schuyler, Portfolio could not endure the desecrating change of the more beautiful Indian name to that of the pure patriot; and the words "Schuyler's Lake" do not appear in his notes or sketches. He thought the lake as beautiful as its name. It is five miles in length, and a mile and a quarter at its greatest breadth. Only one island breaks its surface, as seen in Portfolio's picture, and there picnic and fishing parties resort almost daily in fine weather. All around the lake, the hills—partly wooded and partly cultivated—rise to a high altitude, except on the north, where, less than a mile distant, is the village. Half-way down, on its western side, is the "Pine Grove House," and nearly opposite, on the eastern shore, is the "Lake House"—each supplied with fishing-tackle, boats, and refreshments for anglers. This lake is a glorious appendage to the springs, and forms one of the chief attractions of that region. The drives around it, and indeed those in every direction, are charming because of the ever-changing features of the scenery; and visits to Cooperstown, Cherry Valley, and the Mohawk, are among the enjoyments of those who sojourn at the springs for a season.

Portfolio remained at Richfield only a portion of two days, when one of his friends returned to the Mohawk Valley, and with the other he departed for Sharon. All the way to Cherry Valley they enjoyed the same grand and beautiful scenery of that hill-country; and while they halted upon the brow of an eminence overlooking the fine old village, and the deep valley away down toward Unadilla, Portfolio could not resist a desire to transfer a portraiture of the vision to his sketch-book. Seven years before he had passed a night at Cherry Valley, and spent the evening with the venerable Judge Campbell, father of the eminent jurist, W. W. Campbell, the historian of that region. Now, again, he rode up to the old mansion, and inquired, in substance, as did Joseph of his brethren, "Is your father well, the old man of whom ye spake? Is he yet alive?" and it was answered, "He is in good health; he is yet alive!" He was indeed well, and was engaged in hay-making in the field with his men. Portfolio and his friend received a hearty welcome from that hale old man, who, seventy-seven years before, when a child six years of age, had been carried away captive, with his mother and family, by the Indians and Tories under Brandt and Butler, when they desolated that village in 1778. He was taken first to Niagara, then to Caughnawaga, near Montreal, and, after a separation of two years, the whole family were reunited on the very spot where he now resides. Just before Portfolio's visit Judge Campbell had returned from a tour into the northern part of New York, where he had spent a week or two with his son; and while so near the Canada line, he extended his journey across the St. Lawrence to Caughnawaga, where he told some of the old Indians that he had returned to visit them after an absence of seventy-five years! He found there many familiar objects. He recollected the old church, and the house in which he lived with his Indian foster-parents, for he was regularly adopted as a son according to the customs of the savages. The reputed father of Rev. Eleazer Williams, the "Lost Prince," was his foster-brother, and there he saw his widow. But we may not note the particulars of the interesting interview of Portfolio with the venerable Campbell. He seemed as vigorous as a man of sixty, and rambled over the fields with his visitors, half a mile distant from his house, to show them his noble "maple orchard," from which he manufactures about a ton of sugar annually. There, at the side of the road leading to Sharon Springs, they parted, and an hour afterward Portfolio and his friend were snuffing the sulphureted hydrogen as they descended the deep gorge in which Sharon village lies concealed.

Here, in old Schoharie ("Drift-wood," in the Indian tongue) is a portion of "the dark and bloody ground" of the Revolution, where to the scattered settlers every bush seemed to conceal an Indian; where men went armed to their farm-labor, and where almost nightly the beacons of blazing dwellings, in valley or on hill-top, warned others to be on the alert, and sleep not until the morrow's sun. But we may not stop to consider these things. Our business is with the present, not with the past—with the enjoyments of to-day, not with the miseries of yesterday; and so we will talk only of the health-fountains of Sharon and their accessories. They are near the borders of Otsego, Schoharie, and Montgomery counties, nine miles south of the Mohawk Valley. Visitors are taken thither from the Central Railway by coaches from Canajoharie, over a road of great interest.

Although the village and the springs lie in a ravine, they are nine hundred feet above the Mohawk Valley; and for purity and salubrity of air, magnificent views, variety of natural scenery, and ever-varying pictures of rural life, this spot, Portfolio verily believes, is not transcended by any other on the face of the round world. From the "Pavilion," the oldest and most extensive of the public-houses there, the



COLUMBIA SPRINGS.

eye, turned to the north and east, comprehends one of the grandest and most beautiful prospects imaginable. The hilly country between there and the Mohawk Valley seems subdued into a gently-rolling plain; and the woods, fields, villages, farm-houses, and brooks like silver threads, have the appearance of a gorgeous piece of tapestry, excelling, in richness of conception, form, and color, any thing the looms of Gobelin ever produced. Beyond stretches the great valley, whose northern slopes, and the hills of Herkimer, Fulton, and Saratoga fade away in mysterious aerial perspective of azure, vermilion, and gold. And far beyond all, in dim spectral mass, loom up the loftier peaks of the Adirondac Mountains, westward of Lake Champlain, seventy-five miles distant.

The mineral springs at Sharon gush out from the bed of a small brook, and from a steep wooded slope on its margin. For more than half a century their healing virtues have been known throughout that region, and parents often took their children who were afflicted with cutaneous disorders, and dipped them in the waters. But they were not extensively known until about the year 1830. In 1835 the "Pavilion" was built for the accommodation of distant visitors. After passing through several hands, it is now owned by Messrs. Gardiner and Landon, and is one of the best public-houses in the country. There are two or three other good houses in the village near the springs; and invalids find comfortable accommodations at private dwellings. Upon the slope from which the fountains gush a curious phenomenon is exhibited. Within the space of a few rods are five different springs—chalybeate, white sulphur, blue sulphur, magnesia, and pure water. The two principal springs are the white sulphur and magnesia; the first on the margin of the brook, the other higher up on the slope. The following is the result of an analysis of one gallon of the waters of each, made by Professor Reid:

WHITE SULPHUR.

	Grains.
Bicarbonate of magnesia	24
Sulphate of magnesia	34
Sulphate of lime	85·4
Hydrosulphate of magnesia and lime	3
Chloride of sodium and magnesium	2·7
Solid contents	149·1

Sulphureted hydrogen gas, 20·5 cubic inches.

MAGNESIA.

	Grains.
Bicarbonate of magnesia	30·5
Sulphate of magnesia	22·7
Sulphate of lime	76
Hydrosulphate of magnesia and lime	·5
Chloride of sodium and magnesium	3·0
Solid contents	132·7

Sulphureted hydrogen gas, 3·3 cubic inches.
Temperature of both uniformly, 48° Fahrenheit.

In the woods on the top of the hill, above the springs, was a small encampment of St. Francis Indians, who have occupied the spot for several consecutive seasons, make and sell baskets, fans, and other splint-work, and give pleasure to visitors by their novelty and the picturesqueness of their little village. The chief among them was

a very intelligent man, of pure Indian blood, whose wife was a white woman, the daughter of a respectable Methodist clergyman. She was represented as an exemplary wife and mother, and seems to have acquired all the gravity and stoicism of the people among whom her lot is cast. Day after day she toils there at basket-making, and appeared happy. Among them, too, was a real beauty of sixteen, whose features Portfolio caught between the leaves of his sketch-book. He thinks she would have charmed even the venerable Hi-a-wat-ha; and he has since apostrophized her in sixty lines of trochaic metre.

Portfolio made a short sojourn at Sharon, and then departed for Saratoga, the northern Mecca of summer fashion-worshipers. He made a chapter of notes concerning the magnificence of the public-houses, the gayeties of the guests, the beauties of the Congress grounds, and the value in *materia medica* of the several mineral springs. These have been "laid before the public" a thousand times, and must now be passed over with this mere mention, to note his trip to the famed Saratoga Lake, and the sulphur spring on its eastern border.

Just at sunrise Portfolio and an excellent kinswoman who resides in the village, started in a "buggy" for the lake. The air was cool and bracing, and the ride over the level country was delightful, for the dust was laid by the dew. The lofty Green Mountains bordered the eastern horizon until the travelers crossed the long bridge near the head of the lake, when high hills intervened. These they ascended for half a mile, and then turning southward traversed a hill-country of great beauty, enlivened by occasional glimpses of the shining lake. They went down a deep ravine below the high headland toward its southern extremity (which some unpoetic Adam named Snake Hill), and in a delightful glen, shaded by lofty trees, and opening upon the broad lake, they discovered the now neglected fountain, bubbling up clear as the diamond, and jeweling with its iridescent sediment the decayed leaves, branches, and smooth pebbles. On one side of the glen, near the lake-shore, was a dilapidated bath-house; and upon a gentle wooded slope on the other was a deserted saloon, where visitors once resorted by scores. A few years ago these buildings and a public-house for visitors were erected, and a small steamboat plied upon the lake with good success. The house was destroyed by fire, visitors ceased to come, the steamboat could not earn its living; and now apparently one of the best sulphur springs in the land is almost unknown. Portfolio could not even find a record of an analysis of its waters, but he brought a bottleful home with him, tightly corked, as a trophy of his rediscovery. In wonderful clearness, and the appearance of the sediment, the water resembles that at Clifton, and in taste, also, there is a great similarity. Portfolio made the accompanying sketch of the glen, another of the saloon and of the beautiful lake, and returned to Saratoga Springs in time for dinner, and to take the cars for the South. He arrived at Hudson, on the river of that name, at near sunset; and at twilight he was riding over the hills behind it, on his way to the "Columbia Springs," four miles distant from that pleasant city. These sulphur springs are yet very little known to the public, but are destined to become a place of great resort—not only because of their healing virtues and the romantic beauty of the grounds and surrounding country, but because of their proximity to the commercial metropolis, and the ease with which they may be reached by land or water. Although the people of that region have been long acquainted with their extraordinary properties in curing eruptive and rheumatic complaints, yet all efforts to give them public notoriety had failed until about two years ago, when Mr. Charles B. Nash became proprietor of the land, erected a commodious house for the accommodation of visitors, and commenced the decoration of the premises.

The springs, three in number, vary in strength of mineral infusion. They bubble up in a swale, which has been converted into meadow-land. Each is covered by a little pavilion. The remainder of the premises consists of a group of hills, all covered with a hickory forest, in the midst of which the house has been erected, and clearings so made as to give pleasant glimpses of the Catskill Mountains beyond the Hudson. Pathways have been formed in various directions, with seats at resting-places, where pleasant views or quiet nooks for reading may be found.

Here was Portfolio's last visit to the Sulphur Springs of New York. He had peeped in upon all yet known to the public, and after an absence of seven weeks he returned to his desk, a better and a wiser man, he hopes. His Bardolphian nose appears as innocent as an icicle; the twinge in his shoulder disappeared long ago; and he feels an ardent desire to become a propagandist of faith in mineral waters. He is not partial to any special locality, but has the best opinion of all of them. He was every where pleased, every where found evidences of great cures of many maladies which baffle the physician's skill, and he abides under the sure conviction that Nature compounds her medicines more perfectly than the apothecary. He believes, with Hudibras, that

> "Men are brought to more distresses
> By taking physic than diseases,
> And therefore commonly recover
> As soon as doctors give them over."

Undoubtedly the ingredients of health and long life are

> "Great temperance, open air,
> Easy labor, little care."

Yet, like other men, he would doubtless verify the words of Byron:

> "This is the way physicians mend us,
> *Secundem artem;*—but although we sneer
> In health—when sick we call them to attend us,
> Without the least propensity to sneer."



THE CUBS FEEDING.

THE BEAR AND THE BASKET-MAKER.

Wohl in des Waldes
Wildeſter Einſamkeit
Hört' ich den Harfenklang,
Hört' ich den Heldruf.

THE world, according to Carlyle, is greatly given to hero worship. Of all heroic attributes none commands so universally the respect and admiration of mankind as courage. Modern metaphysicians undertake to dissect it, and call it by a variety of names, while a game-cock knows more about the thing itself than the whole academy put together. That most plain and downright people the Romans, who dealt largely in the genuine commodity, simply called it "virtue;" and they were right, for it is the indispensable basis of all high character. Of what avail have been the efforts of Quakers, peace societies, philosophers, and preachers against the all-pervading instinct? Who was ever displeased when a sturdy Broad-brim forgot his profession, and let human nature blaze out against the oppressor? Who has not marked the subdued triumph in the elder's face as he repeats to his brother the story of the fighting preacher who laid aside the protecting and restraining black coat that he might thrash some ribald sinner into good manners and repentance? Whose heart has not leaped when Christian nimbly reached out his sword to give Apollyon that last victorious thrust?

In vain the supercilious, self-called thinker points to intellectual superiority as the chief glory of our race, and rates courage among the brute instincts. In vain civilization urges the higher claims of science, and awards her first medals to the genius of the peaceful arts. In vain are Crystal Palaces and the ever-blooming hopes of an imminent millennium. In vain has Progress put on his seven-leagued boots and made such immeasurable strides from one Fourth of July to another. In vain do politicians love their country, and sacrifice themselves to serve the public—it is now as ever, always the same. The favorite pursuit of man, civilized and barbarian, Christian and heathen, is to make hash and minced meat of each other.

"For forms of government let fools contest;"

and none but fools would waste their time on the subject. Autocracies, democracies, theocracies, aristocracies, monarchies, limited or unlimited, constitutional or unconstitutional, when stripped of forms, words, sentiments, and superstitions, and all the unsubstantial humbug with which men are obliged to drape and becloud the nakedness of their actions, are all based upon two great principles—Fraud and Force. In the end the cheats generally manage to monopolize all the profit; but, in spite of them, the glory remains to the brave.

After such an exordium the reader might expect a History of the United States or an Exposition of the Eastern Question. But he will be disappointed. Let the Model Republic rob hen-roosts, and pilfer her defenseless, lousy neighbors until she is ashamed of it; let the Titans of the Old World crack their sinews and butt their stubborn heads together until they ache, the Muse, whose business it is to write their history, must wait with her pen behind her ear until the comedy is played out. We only set out to tell a story of a Dutchman and a Bear. Who laughs?

Is there no glory on earth but in the service of states? Is heroism to be despised unless displayed on the field of battle or under the walls of a beleaguered city? Is the courage that was steadfast without the stimulus of drums and trumpets to go unapplauded? Is the life that was periled for a faithful friend of less worth than that exposed at the bidding of a monarch? Are the heroic deeds wrought in the depths of the forest to remain unchronicled? Is there no voice in the mountain-land? no minstrel who can worthily sing the praises of her rugged and hardy sons?

Henry Herbel was born in Muntzhausen, a village of Hesse-Darmstadt, and emigrated to the United States some eight or ten years ago. Those who have visited the Berkeley Springs may remember having seen a short, rugged-looking individual hanging about the front of the hotel, loaded with neat willow-baskets, and offering them for sale in the most hopeless English that ever bothered the tongue of an emigrant or the comprehension of a native.

At a later date, when he had more thoroughly caught the spirit of the mountains, he was oftener seen with a rudely-stocked rifle on his shoulder, bearing a bunch of game, such as squirrels, pheasants, and turkeys, all of which greatly abound in the neighborhood.

On these occasions Henry was usually accompanied by two or three bobtailed curs, wiry, spirited fellows, that were continually getting into broils with the village dogs, and the master's uncouth expressions of concern at the unruly behavior of his canine followers always afforded great amusement to the by-standers. In these days Henry had no fixed habitation, but led the life of a Bohemian; during the sum-



HENRY HERBEL.

mer, sleeping in barns, under haystacks, and sometimes on the bare mountain-side. Seated under a broad maple, he would peel his osiers, weave his baskets, cook his meals, and partake of them with his dogs, in wild independence even of the forms of civilization. His winter quarters were a deserted hut in the forest, or a dilapidated out-building on some mountain farm.

He was then a keen and successful sportsman, as the heaps of rabbit, fox, and 'coon skins he exhibited at the end of every season fully testified.

While busily engaged in circumventing his fellow-denizens of the forest, the basket-maker was himself fatally ensnared. The buxom charms of a mountain lass took such a firm hold on Henry's heart, that he felt himself no longer the free rover he had formerly been.

Now our hero did not sigh and lament, as lovers usually do; nor did he leave off eating, and take to wandering by the side of purling brooks. Not he. Alas for novelists and publishers! But he married the girl without more ado, hung up his hat on a peg in her mother's cabin, and concluded the romance on the first page.

In the course of time a son was born to inherit the name and fortunes of Herbel. The basket-maker for the first time felt his soul stirred with the sentiment of paternity. He said little, but after that plaintive cry was heard in his cabin he pursued the game with a deadlier aim, and wove willow-baskets more diligently than ever. About a twelvemonth after this event, our hero sat scratching his head with an air of great perplexity. This was on a keen March morning. The preceding year had been a hard one. Nothing had prospered on the farm, and game was scarce in the woods. The earth had been parched up with drought. People wouldn't buy baskets because they had nothing to put in them. Notwithstanding the drought, Madame Herbel had just presented her lord with a charming daughter. Hence the sturdy Dutchman's perplexity. The babies were singing a duet, and their voices accorded



THE BEAR'S DEN.

admirably. When they ceased, the old mother-in-law (herself a German by birth) took up the recitative.

"Henri, du bist liederlich. There is no meat in the house, no meal, and the crout is nearly gone. These mouths must be fed, Henri; you must look to it—you and your lazy dogs."

Henry made no reply; but Watch, a keen-eyed brindle cur, who had been sleeping on the hearth, rose up and looked wistfully at his master, as if he understood and felt the reproach. Yellow Dick stopped biting at the fleas, and pricked his attentive ears. Henry, moved by their looks, addressed some cabalistic words to his dumb companions, which we would not attempt to spell with our present alphabet, but which they seemed perfectly to comprehend, for they capered about with every demonstration of joy. He then took down his rifle, and buckling on his accoutrements, sallied forth to try his fortune once more in the woods. His dress consisted of a fustian cap, woolen pants, and an over-coat or jacket of oiled duck, such as is worn by sailors to keep out the weather. Besides the usual powder-horn and pouch, he carried in his belt a hunting-knife, a tomahawk, and a double-barreled pistol. With this formidable armament, and followed by his eager dogs, he trudged manfully through the snow, which lay about four inches deep, and was soon scaling the steep sides of the Cacapon Mountain.

For several hours he wandered to and fro over the snow-covered mountain, seeking in vain for traces of game. At length, on the top of the ridge, he sat down to rest upon a decayed log, when he heard the dogs, at some distance off, barking furiously. "Now," said Henry, "I will at least have a squirrel to make a nice broil for die gute Frau;" and with pleased alacrity he trotted along to overtake the dogs. He found them running around an opening in a heap of rocks, very much excited, sometimes rushing toward the mouth of the cavern and then retreating precipitately. Their agitation induced him to believe they had found some unusual game; but he advanced boldly, and stepping over a fallen chestnut-tree, looked into the hole. A savage growl and a rustling of dry leaves indicated the presence of some large animal; of what species, however, the undaunted hunter was not able to decide. Again he approached his head to the cavity, and was again saluted with a growling and gnashing of teeth that might have shaken the firmest nerves. This time he saw distinctly two fiery eyes glaring at him from out of the darkness. Henry cocked his piece deliberately, but found that the proximity of the chestnut log prevented him from drawing a sight upon the animal. The dogs, dumb with the intensity of their excitement, stood by with bristles erect and tails as stiff as spikes. Henry got on his knees, and leaning back on the fallen tree, leveled his gun as well as he could; the animal, in the mean while, tearing the leaves and making the rocks tremble with its furious cries. The glaring eyes seemed to approach the opening. There was a moment's pause. Then came the crash of the rifle—a terrific yell—and through the smoke a huge she-bear rushed out upon the hunter. He sprang to his feet, and made a vigorous but ineffectual push at her with his gun. With one stroke of her paw she hurled the feeble weapon fifty feet into the air, and with another blow felled the stalwart Dutchman as if he had been a green weed. He fell with his back across the

log, and before he could draw a weapon from his belt the tremendous beast was upon him.

> "Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own,
> No maiden's arms are round thee thrown,
> That desperate grasp thy frame might feel
> Through bars of brass and triple steel."

With her fore-paws she hugged him round the shoulders, pinning his arms to his sides; and, drawing up her hind-feet with repeated efforts, endeavored to rip him open. Fortunately, the oiled jacket worn to keep out the water now served a better purpose. The tough duck foiled the claws of the bear, which, as often as she ripped, slipped over the smooth surface and spent their force upon the hunter's legs and boots. All this passed so rapidly that Henry had only time to gasp, "Ach, mein Gott—Vatch—Dick! zu hilf!" At these words the dogs rallied from their sudden amazement. Watch seized the bear by the ear at the same moment that Dick took hold of her hind-leg. Following that instinct which induces this animal always to assail the last offender, she released the half-squeezed Dutchman, and turned her fury upon the dogs. Away they went, tumbling over the rocks, slippery with snow, and crashing through the tough undergrowth as if it had been dried grass, the wary curs adroitly shunning the face of their ponderous enemy, and worrying her behind whenever the occasion offered.

Henry quickly regained his feet, and unmindful of his hurts and the blood that trickled from his face and legs, ran to recover his gun. He found the piece entirely useless, the muzzle filled with snow, and the ramrod missing. Quick as thought he drew his pistol, and rushed to the scene of action. Both barrels snapped. Just then the bear made a savage rush at Watch; the struggling animals rolled together over a ledge of rock and disappeared from sight. "Gott im Himmel! Vatch will be umgebracht!" screamed the half frantic hunter. Dashing the uncertain pistol on the ground, he drew the hatchet from his belt and leaped over the ledge into the thick of the fight. The beast again left the dog, and turned fiercely upon her human foe. Henry seized her by the nape of the neck and struck a determined blow at her forehead. As she turned to bite his arm, the weapon glanced and nearly cut off one of her ears. She turned again to the side where she felt the wound. The next moment the vengeful hatchet was buried deep in her brain, and she sunk at the victor's feet without a struggle or a groan.



THE STRUGGLE.



THE DEATH-BLOW.

After a brief but fervent ejaculation of thanksgiving, Henry's first movement was to embrace his faithful allies and examine their wounds. To his great relief he found these to be mere scratches, and then seating himself, had time to consider the body of his late antagonist more calmly. She was an animal of the largest size, very fat, and covered with a coat of the glossiest black in most admirable condition. The rifle-shot had passed through her muzzle about an inch below her eyes, inflicting a wound which served rather to enrage than disable her. From appearances he also concluded that she was a mother; and after a short repose, gathered up his scattered weapons and returned to the den. On approaching the spot, he heard faint cries from within, which gave assurance that he had not been mistaken in his conjectures.

With a spirit untamed by the desperate encounter from which he had just escaped with his life, he did not hesitate to engage in what then seemed to him a new peril. Unsheathing his knife he held it behind him like a dog's tail, and backed himself down into the den, at the risk of meeting the he-bear on his way. In fact, it is not generally known that the male bear, brute that he is, leaves his mate during this period of domestic trouble, and finds himself a comfortable den at some distance off, where he may rest undisturbed by the cries of his infant progeny or the grumbling of his spouse. The idea is not altogether an unnatural one, yet nobody but a bear would ever act upon it.

Luckily for Henry the old gentleman was absent, and he got to the bottom of the den without opposition. There he found two young ones carefully covered up with dried leaves and moss; so well concealed, that if they had kept quiet it would have been difficult to find them.

The cubs were blind, like young puppies, and as their eyes were not opened for five days after, it is supposed they were not more than three or four days old at the time of their capture. They were about the size of half-grown kittens, six inches in length, and perfectly formed as the adult, except, as is the case with all young animals, the head was disproportionately large. Their coats were soft, of the glossiest black, with tawny marks about the ears, and a square white spot on the breast. Although handled with the greatest tenderness, these little wretches, whose eyes had never seen the light, with a wonderful and unerring instinct quickly dis-

criminated between the touch of a stranger and that of their dam. No sooner were they taken up than they uttered the most atrocious cries, and fought with surprising energy.

As our hero brought these new trophies to the light, he saw a mountaineer approaching who had been attracted to the spot by the sound of the gun and the barking of the dogs. The new-comer cheerfully lent his assistance in transporting the prize to the Dutchman's cabin. Then, when his blood cooled, Henry for the first time took note of his own hurts, which were by no means trifling. His face had received some slight scratches, and his legs and knees were badly torn with wounds that cost time and trouble to heal. But what of that? The bear had fat upon his shoulders full three inches deep, and netted a hundred and sixty pounds of good meat. Besides keeping wherewithal to grease his own griddle, he sold enough to the neighbors to keep his family comfortable for two months. That day's work brought Henry both meat and honor. The fame of his achievement was noised abroad in the land, and none knew better how to appreciate it than the mountaineers among whom he dwelt. The fury of a she-bear with cubs is proverbial, and the boldest hunter shakes his head doubtfully when there is a question of meeting one under those circumstances. I once knew a man, one not wanting in pluck neither, who, at the sight of two cubs playing in the woods, shouldered his rifle and ran home as fast as his legs could carry him. While the unskillful undertook to make a jest of his timidity, those who knew the forest better did not severely blame his prudence.

The feeblest cry from one of those uncouth little jokers would have brought upon him an enemy against whose ferocity neither lead nor steel are considered as sure protection.

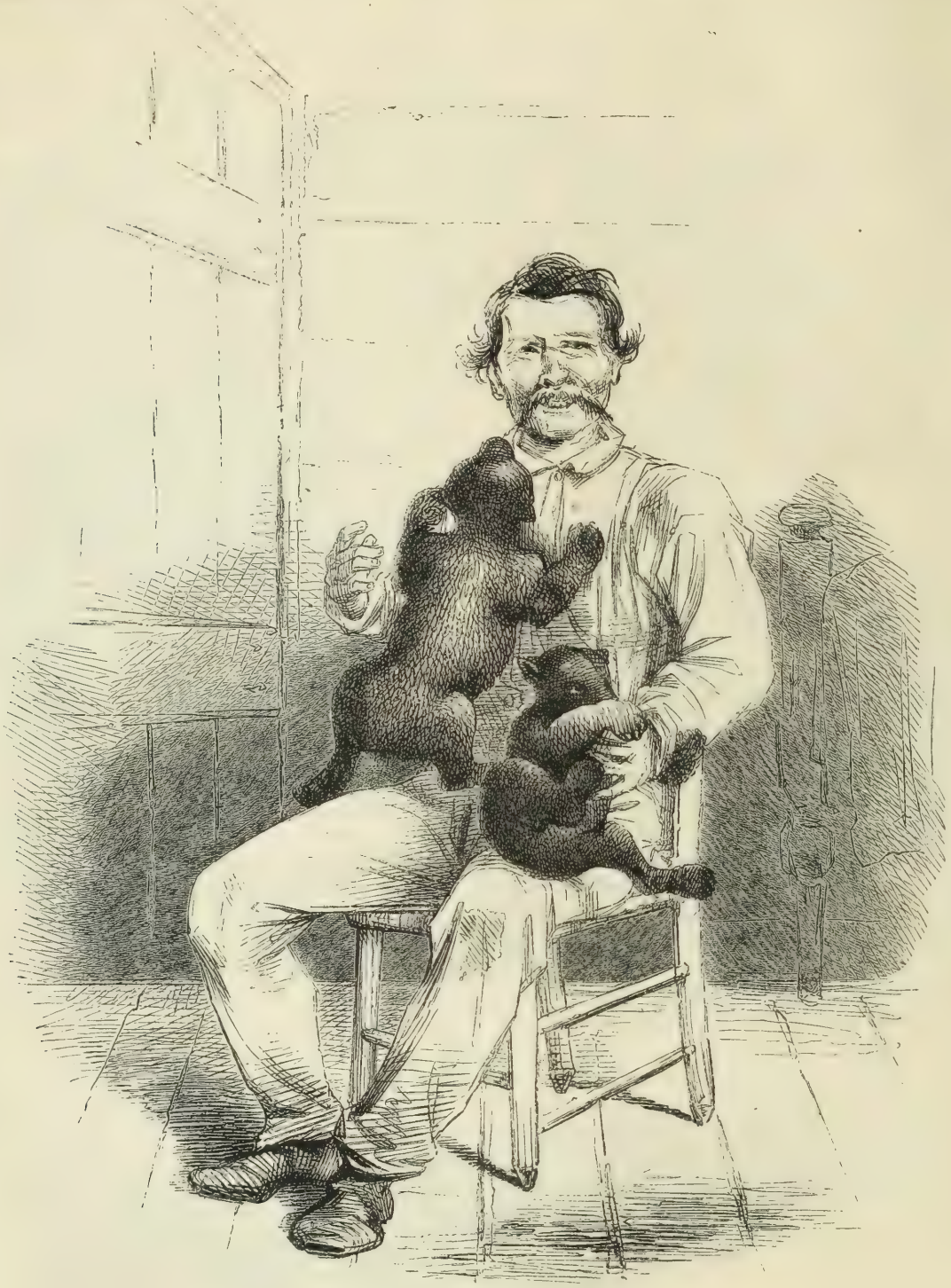
Formerly Henry was nobody but "that Dutch basket-maker," now, he is "the man that killed a she-bear in single fight," and for the nonce, the hero of Morgan County.

About a month after this event I visited Henry's cabin. He was temporarily absent, but his two dogs stepped out from their comfortable kennels on either side of the door and welcomed me with friendly greeting. Within, his blooming spouse suckled the younger babe, while the elder occupied a cradle at her side, conjointly with the young bears. One of these amused himself sucking the infant's thumb, while the other seemed to prefer its big toe. Occasionally the little savages became so earnest in this sport that the heir of Herbel was fain to express his displeasure by screams and kicks, and the mother would toss the offending cub out of the cradle. Without noticing the rebuke in the slightest degree, it would coolly climb back to its place and fasten upon toe or finger with renewed pertinacity.

When aware of my presence, the matron laid her child upon the table, and begging me to keep the bears from it, ran out to call her husband. Presently he came in, and when we had exchanged salutations, he seated himself and addressed the cubs in the following words, "Ah! koom, guten fellers—ya—poor leetle Fritzee—koom zu papa—ya—ya—koom den." Whereupon the whelps scrambled out of the cradle and had an exciting climbing match up the basket-maker's legs. His horny thumb, as first prize, was seized by the winner, while Fritzee, as if to console himself for the loss of the race, made desperate efforts to obtain the honor of a kiss from his master. Then a pan of milk was



ENTERING THE DEN.



DIVERSION.

set on the hearth and the young bruins exhibited an example of greediness, compared with which the behavior of a pig at a trough would be considered deliberate and polite. They leaped with their fore-paws into the pan, and thrust their noses in the milk up to the eyes. When it was gone they glued their lips to the bottom, and had to be forcibly dragged from the pan. They then seized their hairy paws, saturated with the milk, and sucked them dry.

After amusing myself for some time with the antics of these young creatures, I accompanied Henry to the scene of the combat, and on the ground received from him the details given in the foregoing narrative. His torn garments, his scars, the traces of blood on the rocks, and the furrows made by the bear's claws in the chestnut log, all testified to the fury of the struggle and the fidelity of the narrator. On our return to the cabin I dined with my host on boiled squirrel and sour-krout. Then the bear's skin was produced, and Henry proceeded to trace thereon further records of the fight. There was the shot-hole through the nose, which, to use Henry's expression, "only made her big mad." In one hind-leg were seventeen holes from the teeth of the intrepid Watch. Yellow Dick's incisors were credited with eleven holes in the other leg. Here the left ear was half-severed by the hatchet, and here, precisely in the centre of the forehead, was the fatal blow that spilled her life. The



THE NURSERY.

dogs, as may be supposed, were most interested listeners to this discourse, and whenever their prowess was particularly alluded to, would rap the floor emphatically with their bobtails, saying, with intelligent glances and motions of the head, as distinctly as if they had the power of speech, "True, Sir, every word of it—that happened just as master says." Nor do I believe I am drawing too much on my imagination when I tell how that Dick, when he perceived there was no mention made of certain honorable scars on his face and breast, modestly stepped forward and rubbed his face against Henry's hand in a manner to attract attention to them; or how Watch, after waiting patiently for a considerable time, got up, and smelling very significantly about the auricular tufts on the hide, seemed to say, "I think, Mass Henry, you forgot to tell the gentleman how I took the bear by the ear when she had you down."

The skin was one of the finest I had ever seen, and I prevailed on Herbel to sell it to me. Its history, too, had invested it with peculiar interest. It was not only a superb bear-skin, ornamental and useful for many purposes, but in my eyes it was as the robe of Cæsar, pierced by the weapons of his slayers. I forgot the triumph of the living in sympathizing admiration for the dead brute. When the little bears carelessly nosed this relic of their faithful parent, and rolled in wanton gambols over the soft fur, I was touched to the heart.

Thoughtless and inconsistent man—canst thou feel no link of sympathy between the human and the brute? Lovest thou those tender babes and her that bore them, yet hast no tear for that savage mother, who met death so fearlessly in defense of her helpless young?

ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORIES IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY ELIAS LOOMIS, LL.D.

IT is but a few years since practical astronomy began to be cultivated in the United States in an efficient and systematic manner. Until recently, the instruments in our possession were but few and small, and the observations which were made seldom extended beyond the notice of the time of a solar or lunar eclipse, or the measurement of a comet's distance from neighboring stars with a sextant.

The most important astronomical enterprise undertaken in this country, during the last century, was the observation of the transit of Venus

in June, 1769. Upon the observations of this transit depended the more accurate determination of the sun's parallax; from which is deduced the distance of the earth from the sun, and thence the absolute distances of all the planets. Only three transits of Venus are known to have ever been seen by any human being. The first occurred in December, 1639, and was seen by but one individual, named Horrocks, who lived near Liverpool, England. The next transit occurred in June, 1761, and was carefully observed in different parts of the world, and important conclusions were drawn from it as to the sun's parallax. It was known, however, that its next recurrence, which was to take place in 1769, would be under more favorable circumstances, and several of the Governments of Europe sent astronomers to various parts of the globe favorably situated for the observations. France sent an astronomer to California, England sent astronomers to Hudson's Bay, to Madras, and to the Island of Otaheite, in the South Sea. Several Russian observers were stationed at various points of Siberia and the Russian empire. The King of Denmark sent an astronomer to the North Cape, and the King of Sweden sent an observer to Finland.

The American Philosophical Society, in January, 1769, appointed a committee of thirteen to observe this rare phenomenon. The gentlemen thus appointed were distributed into three committees for the purpose of making observations at three different places: viz., in the city of Philadelphia; at Norriton, 17 miles northwest of Philadelphia; and the light-house, near Cape Henlopen, on Delaware Bay. Dr. Ewing had the principal direction of the observatory in the city, Mr. Rittenhouse at Norriton, and Mr. O. Biddle at Cape Henlopen. Some money was appropriated by the Philosophical Society toward defraying the expenses of the observations; but this being found insufficient, aid was solicited and obtained from the Assembly. Temporary observatories were erected, tolerably well adapted to the purposes for which they were designed. A reflecting telescope with a Dollond micrometer was purchased in London by Dr. Franklin, with the money voted by the Assembly; another of the same character was presented by Thomas Penn, of London; and other instruments were supplied in sufficient number. The observations at the three stations were all successful, and an account of them is given in the first volume of the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society.

For more than half a century after the transit of Venus very little, if any, progress seemed to have been made toward the erection of a permanent observatory, or toward the procuring of large instruments such as modern astronomy requires. The first direct proposition for the establishment of an observatory was contained in Mr. Hassler's project for the survey of the coast, submitted to the Government through Mr. Gallatin in the year 1807. The proposition met with no favor. The original law, authorizing the survey, passed without any provision on the subject, and the law of 1832 expressly prohibits such an establishment. The late John Quincy Adams, in his first annual message in 1825, strongly urged this subject upon the attention of Congress. After recommending the establishment of a National University, he said:

"Connected with the establishment of a university, or separate from it, might be undertaken the erection of an astronomical observatory, with provision for the support of an astronomer, to be in constant attendance of observation upon the phenomena of the heavens; and for the periodical publication of his observations. It is with no feeling of pride, as an American, that the remark may be made that, on the comparatively small territorial surface of Europe, there are existing upward of one hundred and thirty of these light-houses of the skies; while throughout the whole American hemisphere there is not one. If we reflect a moment upon the discoveries which, in the last four centuries, have been made in the physical constitution of the universe by the means of these buildings, and of observers stationed in them, shall we doubt of their usefulness to every nation? And while scarcely a year passes over our heads without bringing some new astronomical discovery to light, which we must fain receive at second-hand from Europe, are we not cutting ourselves off from the means of returning light for light, while we have neither observatory nor observer upon our half of the globe, and the earth revolves in perpetual darkness to our unsearching eyes?"

This eloquent appeal from the chief magistrate of the country, in behalf of the cause of science, was received with a general torrent of ridicule; and the proposition to establish a light-house in the skies became a common by-word of reproach which has scarcely yet ceased to be familiar to the lips of men who glory in their own shame. So strong was this feeling that, in the year 1832, in reviving an act for the continuance of the survey of the coast, Congress was careful to append the proviso, that "*nothing in the act should be construed to authorize the construction or maintenance of a permanent astronomical observatory.*"

YALE COLLEGE OBSERVATORY.

A donation made to Yale College by Mr. Sheldon Clark is believed to have contributed somewhat toward that impulse which astronomy has recently received. In 1828, Mr. Clark made a donation of twelve hundred dollars to Yale College for the purchase of a telescope. The telescope was ordered from Dollond, of London; it arrived in 1830, and was pronounced by the maker to be "perfect, and such an instrument as he was pleased to send as a specimen of his powers." This instrument has a focal length of 10 feet, and an aperture of 5 inches. The object-glass is almost perfectly achromatic. For objects that require a fine light, as the nebulæ and smaller stars, this instrument exhibits great superiority, and its de-



YALE COLLEGE OBSERVATORY.

fining power is equally good. It has a variety of eye-glasses, and a spider-line micrometer of the best construction.

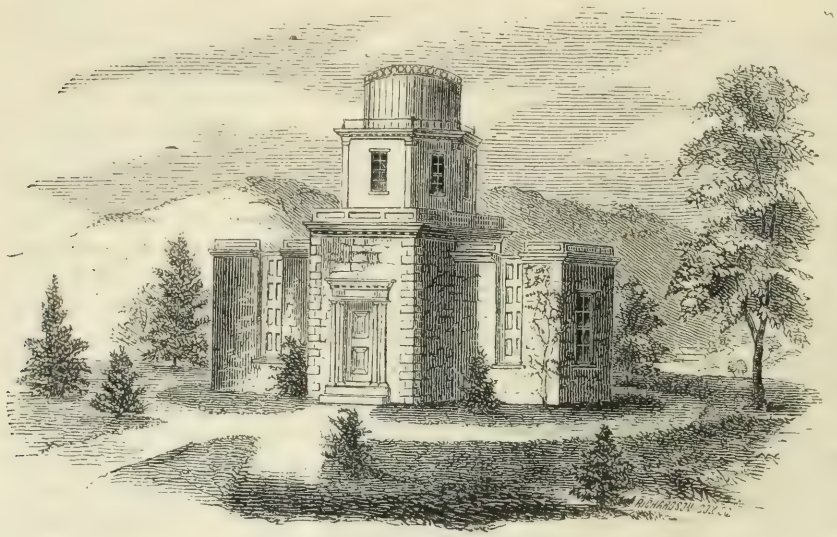
The style of mounting of this telescope is not equal to its optical character. It has an altitude and azimuth movement without graduated circles, and is rolled about the room upon casters. The location of the instrument was peculiarly unfortunate. It was placed in the steeple of one of the college buildings, where the only view afforded of the heavens was through low windows which effectually concealed every object as soon as it attained an altitude of thirty degrees above the horizon. Under these circumstances, the telescope has proved less serviceable to science than might otherwise have been anticipated. On one occasion, however, circumstances gave this telescope considerable celebrity. The return of Halley's comet in 1835 was anticipated with great interest. The most eminent astronomers of Europe had carefully computed the time of its appearance, and the results of their computations had been spread before the public in all the popular journals. All classes of the community were impatiently watching to learn the result of these predictions. The comet was first observed in this country by Professors Olmsted and Loomis, with the Clark telescope, weeks before news arrived of its having been seen in Europe. This was the occasion of bringing prominently before the public the importance of having large telescopes, with all the instruments necessary for nice astronomical observations. It gave a new impulse to a plan which had already been conceived of establishing a permanent observatory at Cambridge upon a liberal scale—a plan, however, which required the momentum of another and more splendid comet for its completion. It kindled anew the astronomical spirit of Philadelphia, and excited a desire for instruments superior to those which were then possessed. Indeed the importance of systematic astronomical observations was beginning to be somewhat generally felt, as well as the necessity of superior instruments for this purpose, and many embryo plans were formed for the establishment of astronomical observatories.

A transit instrument of five feet focal length and four inches aperture has recently been presented to Yale College by Mr. William Hillhouse, of New Haven; but for want of a suitable building for its reception this instrument has not yet been mounted.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE OBSERVATORY.

The first attempt to found a regular astronomical observatory in this country was made in connection with Williams College, Massachusetts, by Professor Albert Hopkins. In 1836 Professor Hopkins erected a small building, consisting of a centre with two wings, the whole being 48 feet in length by 20 in breadth. The central apartment is surmounted by a revolving dome 13 feet in diameter, and each wing has an opening through the roof for meridian instruments. Under the dome was placed a Herschelian telescope of 10 feet focus, mounted equatorially. The circle for right ascension was a foot in diameter; the declination semicircle was 30 inches in diameter. Both were made by Mr. Phelps, of Troy, New York, and read to minutes. In the east wing has been placed a transit instrument by Troughton, having a focal length of 50 inches, and an aperture of three and a half inches. In the same room is a compensation clock by Molineux.

In 1852 an achromatic refracting telescope, having an aperture of seven inches and a focal length of nine and a half feet, was presented to Williams College by the late Amos Lawrence, Esq., of Boston. The optical part was manufactured by Mr. Clark, of Boston, and the mounting was furnished by Phelps. The instrument is mounted equatorially, and has a clock movement. It will afford some indication of the excellence of this instrument to state that the sixth star in the trapezium of Orion has been seen by it. This telescope has been mounted



WILLIAMS COLLEGE OBSERVATORY.

under the dome of the observatory in place of the former reflecting telescope.

HUDSON OBSERVATORY, OHIO.

The next experiment for an observatory was made in Ohio, in connection with the Western Reserve College. Having been elected to the Professorship of Mathematics and Astronomy in this institution in the spring of 1836, the writer was sent to Europe for the purchase of instruments and books, and returned in the autumn of 1837 with an equatorial telescope, a transit circle, and a clock. During the next season a building was erected, which, though quite moderate in dimensions, was well suited to the accommodation of the instruments. The entire length of the building is 37 feet, and its breadth 16 feet. The transit room is 10 feet by 12 upon the inside, having a sandstone pier in its centre. The pier is entirely detached from the building, and descends about six feet below the surface of the earth. The transit commands an unobstructed meridian from ninety degrees zenith distance on the south, to eighty-nine on the north.

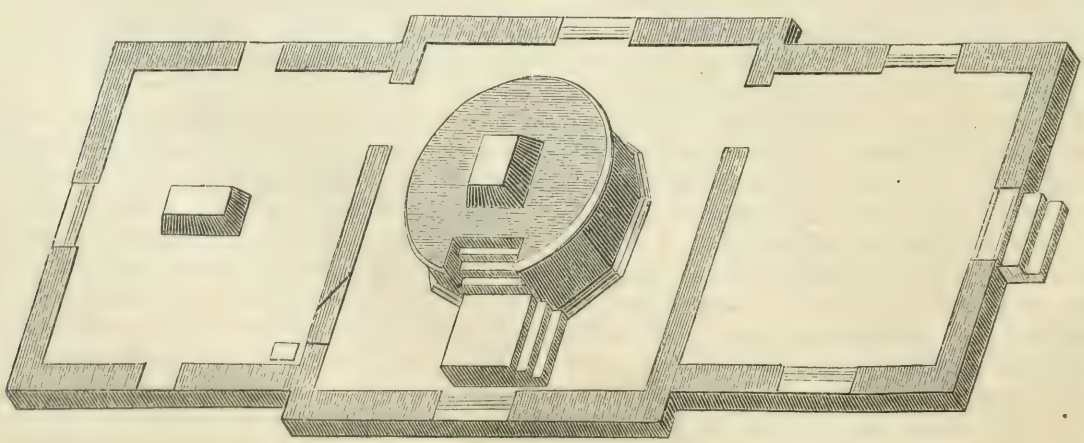
The centre room is occupied by the equatorial. It is 14 feet square on the inside, and is surmounted by a revolving dome of nine feet internal diameter. The equatorial pier descends six feet below the surface of the ground, and, like the transit pier, has a slope of one inch to the foot.

The transit circle was made by Simms, of London. It has a telescope of 30 inches focal length, with an aperture of nearly three inches. The circle is 18 inches in diameter, graduated on platina to five minutes; and it has three reading microscopes, each measuring single seconds.

The equatorial telescope, made also by Simms, has a focal length of five and a half feet, with an aperture of about four inches. The hour circle is 12 inches in diameter, graduated to single minutes, and reads by two verniers to single seconds of time. The declination circle is also 12 inches in diameter, graduated to ten minutes, and reads by two verniers to ten seconds of arc.

The clock was made by Molineux, and has a mercurial pendulum. The instruments were first placed in the observatory September, 1838, and during the whole time of his residence in Ohio, the author pursued a systematic course of observations, as far as his engagements in the college would permit, and without the advantage of an assistant. Among these observations may be mentioned, 260 moon culminations for longitude, 69 culminations of Polaris for latitude, 16 occultations, 5 comets, with sufficient accuracy to afford a determination of their orbits, besides a great variety of other objects, for regulating the clock, etc.

The moon culminations observed at Hudson have been compared with European observations, as far as corresponding ones were made, and the following is the result: On 119 nights the moon was observed both at Greenwich and Hudson; on 107 nights it was observed both at Edinburgh and Hudson; on 95 nights at Cambridge (England) and Hudson; on 88 nights at Hamburgh and Hudson; and on 40 nights at Oxford and Hudson. The discussion of all



GROUND PLAN OF HUDSON OBSERVATORY.

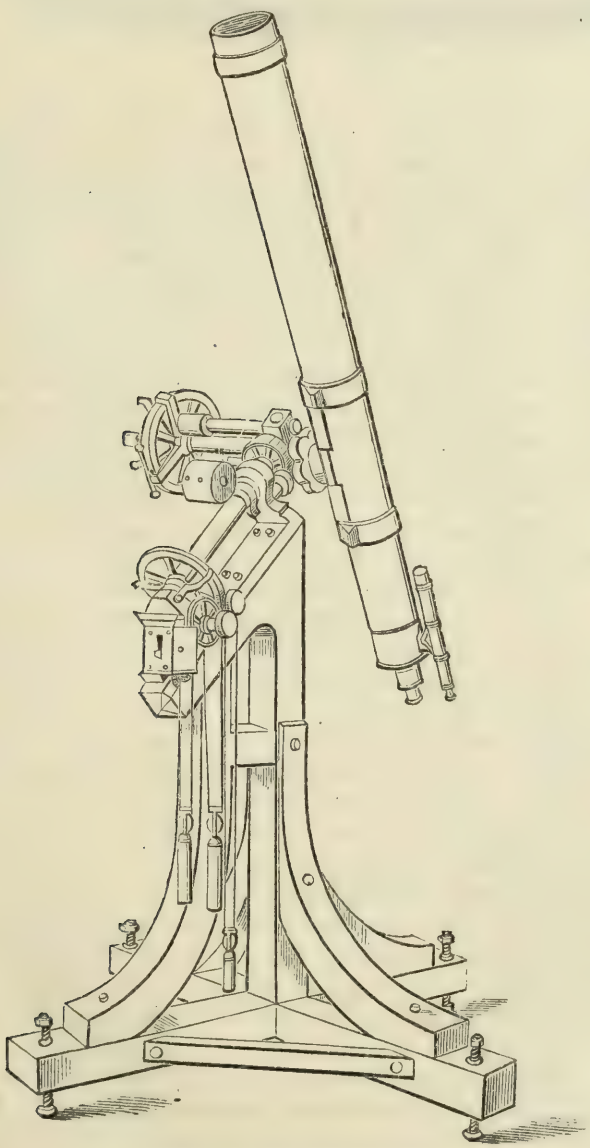
these observations, the results of which are published in Gould's Astronomical Journal, has furnished the longitude of Hudson from Greenwich with a precision such as has been attained at but few other places in the United States.

In the summer of 1849, the observatory at Hudson was compared with that at Philadelphia by means of the electric telegraph, numerous signals having been transmitted to and fro on four different nights, and the difference of longitude between these places has thus been settled within a small fraction of a second. The accurate determination of the geographical position of a single such place in a new State, affords a standard of reference by which a large surrounding territory is tolerably well located through the medium of the local surveys.

PHILADELPHIA HIGH-SCHOOL OBSERVATORY.

The High-School Observatory at Philadelphia was erected at about the same time with that of Western Reserve College, but the instruments were not received until the autumn of 1840. In the year 1837, a committee was appointed by the Board of Controllers of Public Schools on the subject of establishing a Central High-School in Philadelphia. At one of the meetings of the committee, Mr. George M. Justice proposed the erection of an observatory to be attached to the school, and that the use of astronomical instruments should be taught as a regular branch of study. The committee unanimously adopted the suggestion, and placed the erection of the observatory and furnishing the instruments under the care of Mr. Justice. The Controllers placed at the disposal of the committee the sum of $5000 to furnish the observatory. In accordance with the advice of Mr. Sears C. Walker, it was decided to order the instruments from Munich, in preference to London or Paris.

In the year 1838 a tower, about 45 feet high, was erected in the rear of the school building, and was insulated 10 feet below the surface of the earth. The brick walls were three feet thick at bottom, and two and a half feet thick at top, and the diameter of the tower was about 12 feet in the clear. It was surmounted by a dome 18 feet in diameter, weighing about two tons. The telescope rested on two marble slabs, each weighing about a thousand pounds, which were supported by two strong cast-iron beams that reached from the north to the south brick wall, and thus bound the two walls together.

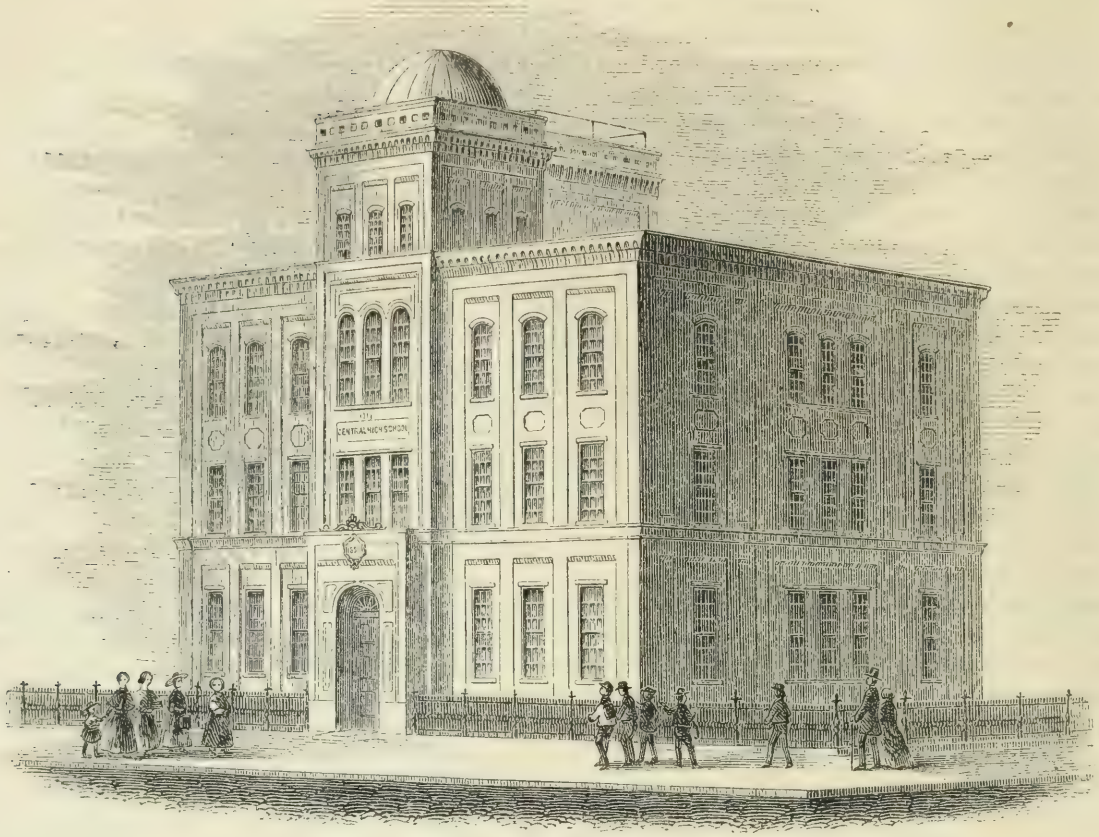


PHILADELPHIA EQUATORIAL.

The equatorial, by Merz and Mahler, of Munich, is of eight feet focal length, and six inches aperture, with clock-work movement. The hour circle is nine inches in diameter, reading to four seconds of time; the declination circle is 12 inches in diameter, reading to ten seconds of arc. This telescope is mounted like the celebrated telescope at Dorpat, and has a variety of powers to 480, with micrometers.

The meridian circle is by Ertel, of Munich, and was mounted on marble pillars resting on the south wall of the tower. The telescope has an object-glass of five feet focal length, four and a half inches aperture, and is so constructed that the object-glass and eye-glass may be made to change places. It has two circles, each graduated to read by the aid of four verniers to two seconds of arc. The clock is by Lukens, and has a mercurial pendulum. The cost of the several instruments was as follows: equatorial telescope, $2200; meridian circle, $1200; clock, $300; comet seeker, $245; chronometer, $250.

The erection of this observatory formed an epoch in the history of American astronomy, in consequence of the introduction of a class of instruments superior to any which had been hitherto imported. It introduced the instruments of Munich fairly to the notice of the American public; and their superiority to the English telescopes was felt to be so decided, that almost every large instrument which has been since imported has been from the same makers. In the hands of Messrs. Walker and Kendall, this observatory became celebrated, not only in America but also in Europe. It has furnished



PHILADELPHIA HIGH-SCHOOL OBSERVATORY.

436 moon culminations, about 120 occultations of stars, and several series of observations for latitude; together with numerous observations of comets, especially the great comet of 1843. This was also an important station in several of the earlier telegraph operations for longitude.

The ground occupied by the High School being needed for the accommodation of one of the railroads leading out of the city, the building and lot were sold in 1853, and a new lot was purchased on Broad Street, about 250 rods north from the former site. Here a new school building and observatory have been erected, and the instruments were set up in the autumn of 1854. The following is a description of the new observatory:

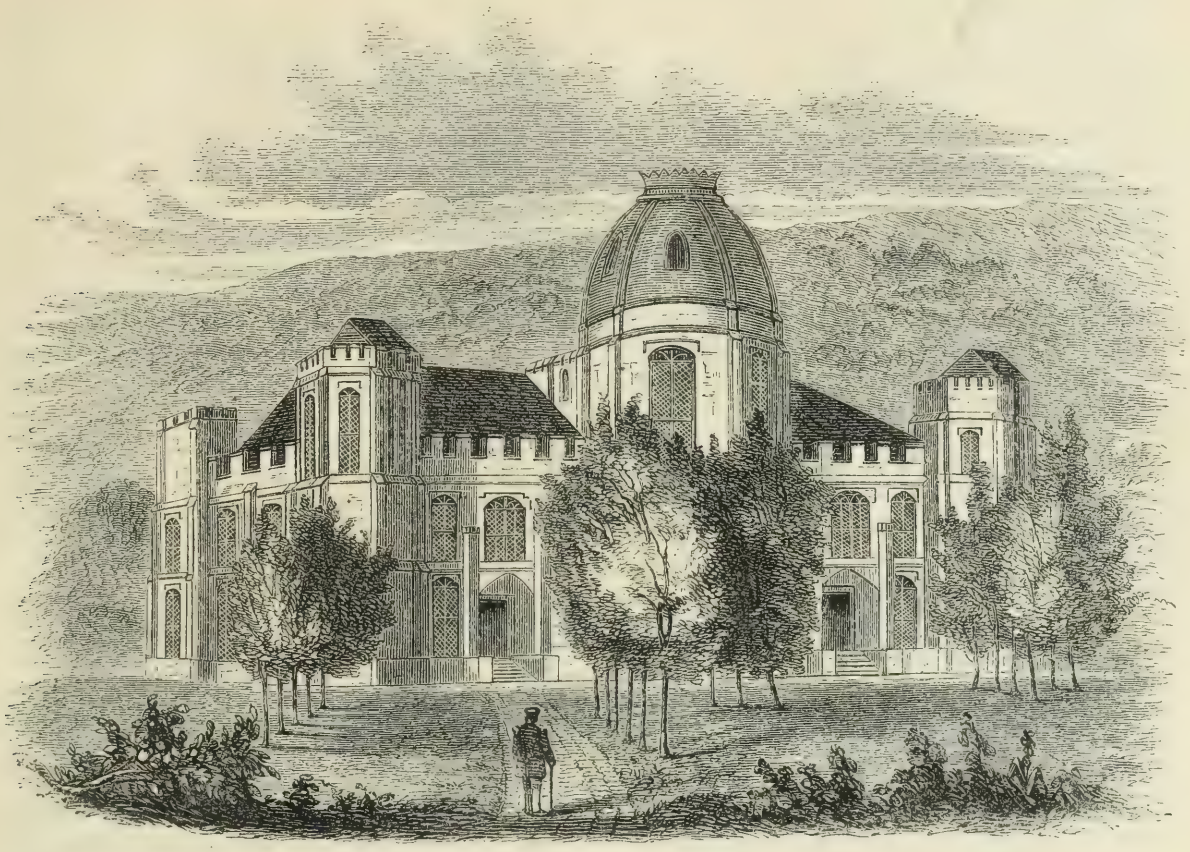
For the support of the instruments, two parallel piers of solid masonry, nearly at right angles to the plane of the meridian, each 16 feet wide and two and a half feet thick, were erected in the central front part of the building. They are 18 feet apart, being separated by the main entrance-hall and principal stairway; the latter extending to the fourth story of the tower. The piers are enclosed and completely isolated, and extend from below the foundations of the building to a height of 90 feet, terminating about one foot above the ceiling of the fourth story of the tower. They are tied together at each floor by wooden beams, and at the top by four cast-iron girders—a pair, four and a half feet apart, being placed near each end.

The observing room is 24 feet square, and is covered by a flat roof with the exception of the part occupied by the equatorial.

The eastern pair of iron girders are framed together midway between the piers, and upon this frame-work is, constructed of bricks and cement, a prism, four feet square at the base, reaching nearly to the floor, and from this point a cylinder, three feet in diameter, rises three feet above the floor. This cylinder is encased in a drum of boiler-iron. The marble stand of the telescope is imbedded to a depth of 18 inches in the cylinder, and rises to a height of six feet and three quarters above it. The equatorial is covered by a hemispherical dome of 12 feet diameter, constructed upon the plan of that of Mr. Campbell's Observatory in New York, with revolving table and steps attached. To secure a firm support for the dome, a frame-work of cast-iron is constructed below the floor, resting on the walls within the piers. From this frame-work, eight equidistant cast-iron columns extend to the ceiling, and upon these a substantial ring, 12 feet in diameter, composed of wood and iron, serves as the foundation for the plate upon which the dome revolves.

The western end of the southern pier is extended to within about one foot of the floor, and is capped by a slab of marble, eight inches thick, upon which the piers of the transit circle stand. In the direction of the meridian of the transit is a clear opening, 26 inches wide, in the roof and down the sides to within about two feet of the floor. On each side of the transit circle a flexible gas tube hangs from the ceiling. One light is used to illuminate the wires of the transit, while the other is used in reading the circle.

The clock is attached to the western wall,



WEST POINT OBSERVATORY—NORTH FRONT.

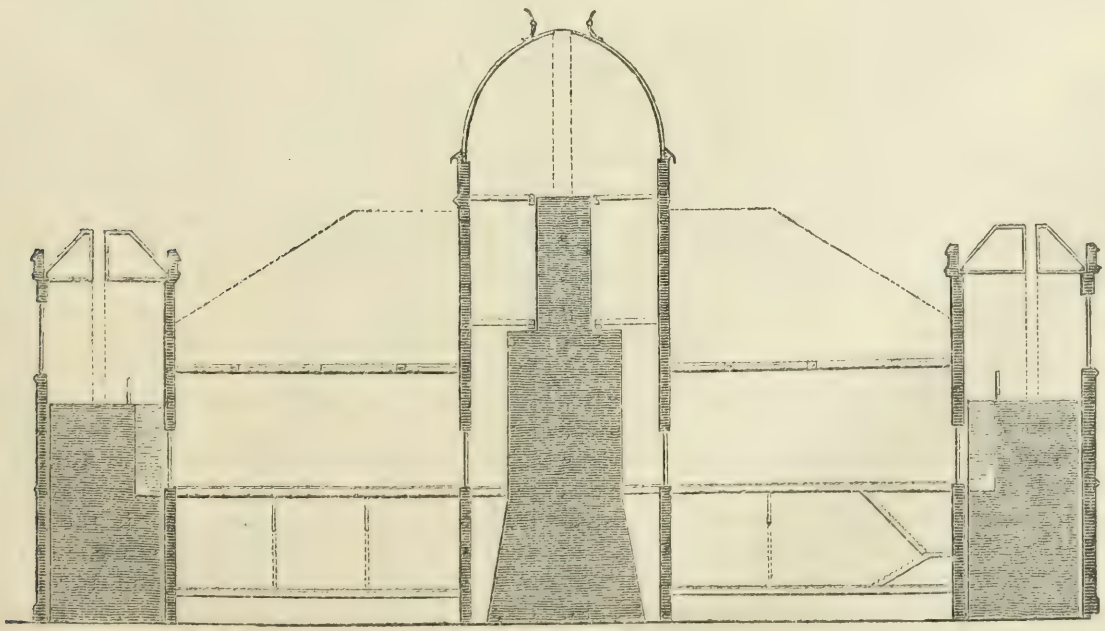
near the transit instrument, and is lighted by gas.

Adjoining the observing room on the east, is a small apartment which serves as a library and computing room. This room is provided with a stove, for which reason the two rooms do not communicate directly with each other, but both open on the staircase leading from the fourth story to the observatory.

WEST POINT OBSERVATORY.

The West Point Observatory was erected about the same time with that at Philadelphia. In 1839 a large building was erected for the accommodation of the library and philosophical apparatus, with three towers for the reception of astronomical instruments. The central tower is surmounted by a traveling dome, 27 feet in diameter, and about 17 feet high from the spring. It is pierced by five window-openings near the curb, and an observing slit, two feet wide, extending from a point four feet above the floor to nearly two feet on the opposite side of the zenith. The dome rests on six twenty-four pound cannon-balls, which turn between two cast-iron annular grooves.

In the two flank towers, meridian observing



SECTION THROUGH THE TOWERS ON THE NORTH FRONT.

slits are made, about 20 inches in the clear. These begin about two and a half feet from the floor, and extend through the roof, thus affording an uninterrupted view of the celestial meridian from the southern to the northern horizon.

In the year 1840, Professor Bartlett visited the principal observatories in England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Belgium, and Bavaria, and ordered three large instruments, viz., an equatorial telescope, a transit instrument, and a mural circle.

The equatorial, which was erected in the central tower, was mounted by Mr. Thomas Grubb, of Dublin. The telescope, made by Lerebours, of Paris, is a refractor of eight feet focal length, and six inches aperture. It has a position micrometer, furnished with an illuminating apparatus for bright lines and dark field. The telescope is moved by clock-work, so that the object under examination is easily kept in the centre of the field of view.

In the east tower is a transit telescope, by Ertel and Son, of Munich. It has a clear aperture of five and a quarter inches, with a focal length of seven feet, and is supplied with all the appendages necessary to facilitate the making of observations. There is in this tower a fine sidereal clock, by Hardy.

In the west tower is a mural circle, by Simms, of London. It is cast in one entire piece of brass, instead of the old mode of frame-work. Its diameter is five feet, and the graduations are upon two bands, one of gold the other of palladium. The telescope has a clear aperture of four inches, and a focal length of five feet. It is provided with all the usual means of adjustment, together with a vertical collimating eye-piece, and an illuminating apparatus for dark field and bright lines. Professor Bartlett, the director of the observatory, has subjected this instrument to a severe trial, and finds the probable error in the measurement of an angle of 60° to be but 0.″22, exclusive of the error of reading. There is also a sidereal clock in the same tower.

A new refracting telescope, designed to take the place of the Grubb telescope in the central tower of this observatory, has just been completed by Mr. Henry Fitz. This telescope has a focal length of 14 feet, and an aperture of nine and three-fourths inches. It has seven negative and six positive eye-pieces, the highest magnifying power being 1000. The circles are each 20 inches in diameter, the hour circle reading to two seconds of time, and the declination circle to 20 seconds of arc. The price of this telescope was $5000.

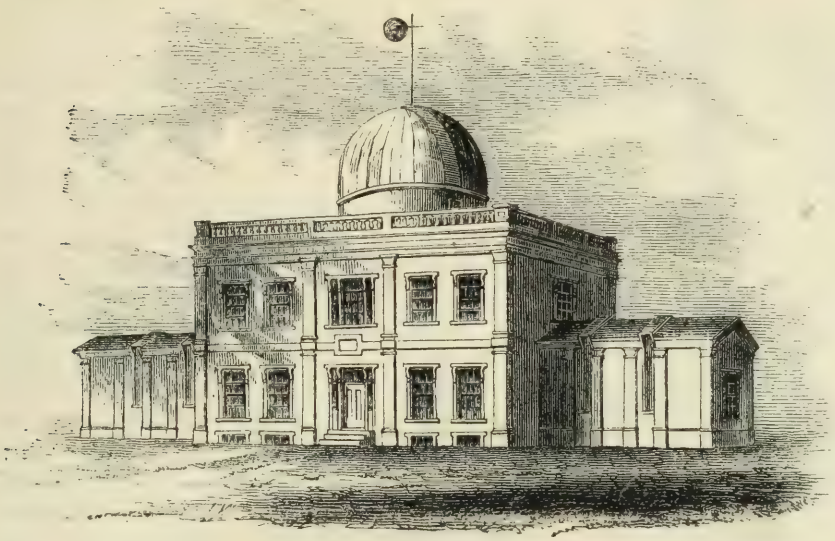
Professor Bartlett made a series of observations on the great comet of 1843, which are published in the "Transactions of the American Philosophical Society." He has also made numerous observations with the meridional instruments, which have not yet been published.

NATIONAL OBSERVATORY AT WASHINGTON.

Soon after the completion of the West Point Observatory, the National Observatory at Washington was commenced. The origin of this establishment may be traced to the wants of the naval service. In the year 1831 there was established at Washington a dépôt of charts and instruments for the use of the navy. A small transit instrument was erected in a small wooden building near the Capitol, and used for the rating of chronometers. This dépôt was for several years under the superintendence of Lieutenant (now Captain) Wilkes. When, in 1838, this officer took command of the exploring expedition, he recommended that a series of observations should be made in this country, during his absence, upon such celestial phenomena as might be available for the better determination of his longitudes, and their reference to some meridian at home. The Government sanctioned the recommendation, and the observations were directed to be made at Dorchester by Mr. Bond, and at Washington by Lieutenant Gilliss. This series was continued until the return of the expedition in 1842.

On his return from Europe, in 1840, Professor Bartlett made a report to the Engineer Department at Washington on the observatories of Europe. In this report he embodied the modern improvements in the construction of instruments, as well as the erection of observatories. He afterward prepared a plan and estimates for an observatory at Washington, for Mr. Poinsett, then Secretary of War.

In 1842 was passed an Act of Congress authorizing the erection of a dépôt of charts and instruments for the navy, the expense being limited to $25,000. Lieutenant Gilliss was instructed by the Secretary of the Navy to present a plan of a building, after consultation with the principal astronomers of the United States. The plan thus prepared was afterward submitted to the most eminent astronomers of Europe, and the model finally adopted embraced such improvements as they had recommended. The observatory consists of a central building of brick, with wings upon the east, west, and south sides. The central building is 50 feet square, two stories high, with a basement, and is surmounted by a revolving dome 23 feet in diameter, with an elevation of 18 feet from the floor. Directly under the dome is the great pier, whose diameter at the base is 15 feet, and tapers gradually to the top, upon which rests the great equatorial. The central building, except the dome, is employed exclusively for official purposes. The west wing is 21 by 26 feet, and 18 feet high, and is appropriated to the meridian transit instrument. The east wing is 48 by 21 feet, and is divided into two rooms, in one of which are the mural circle and the meridian circle, and in the other are the chronometers. The wing on the south side is 21 by 40 feet, in two apartments. In the first apartment is the transit in the prime vertical, and in the second apartment is the new refraction circle. In each of these wings is a clock regulated to sidereal time. Immediately east of the observatory is the dwelling of the superintendent.



NATIONAL OBSERVATORY.

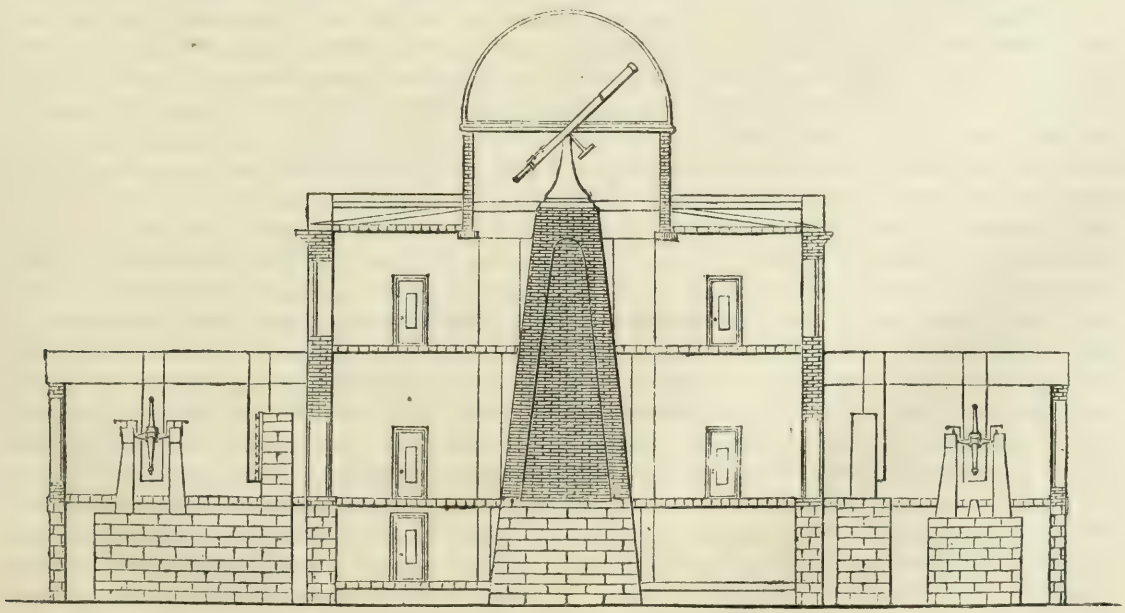
The great refracting telescope was made by Merz and Mahler, of Munich. The object-glass has a focal length of 15 feet, and an aperture of nine and a half inches. This telescope is equatorially mounted, and furnished with clock-work. It has a repeating filar micrometer, with eight eye-pieces, magnifying from 100 to 1000 times. The cost of this telescope was $6000, its object-glass alone being valued at $3600.

The transit instrument has an object-glass with a clear aperture of five and a half inches, and a focal length of 88 inches, furnished by Merz and Mahler, and the instrument was constructed by Ertel and Son, of Munich. It is mounted upon large piers of granite, which rest firmly on a foundation of stone, extending ten feet below the surface of the ground. The cost of this instrument was $1480; the object-glass alone cost $320.

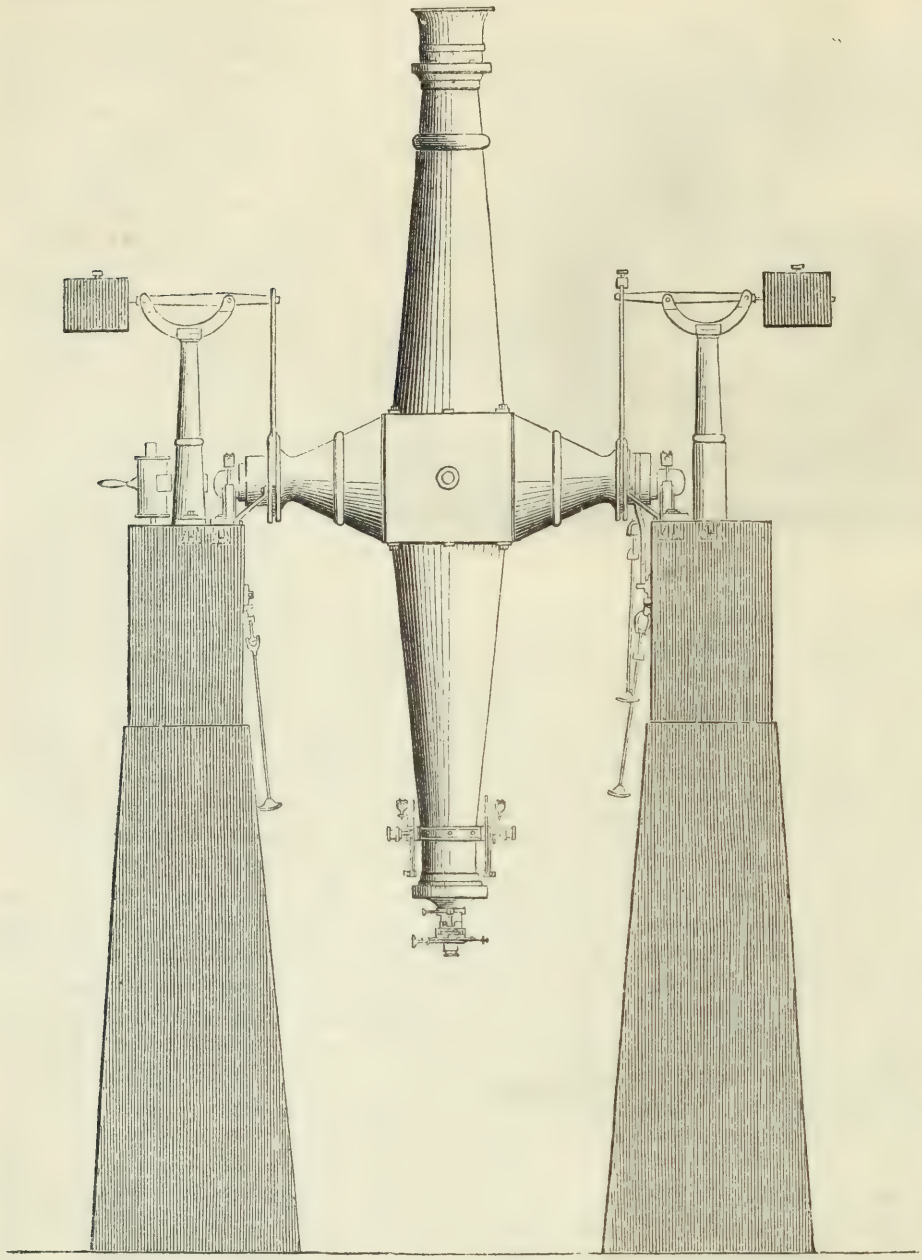
The mural circle was made by Mr. William Simms, of London. It is five feet in diameter, made of brass, and cast in a single piece. It is divided into spaces of five minutes each, upon a band of gold inlaid on the rim, or perpendicular to the plane of the circle. Placed at equal distances round the circle are six micrometer microscopes, with an acute cross of wires at their foci, for reading angles less than five minutes.—Five revolutions of the micrometer are designed to measure five minutes upon the circle. The micrometer heads being divided into sixty equal parts, each division represents one second of arc. The object-glass of the telescope has a clear aperture of four inches, and a focal length of five feet. At its focus is a fixed diaphragm, containing seven vertical wires and one horizontal wire. There is also another diaphragm, movable by a micrometer screw, and furnished with five horizontal and equidistant wires, by which the distance of any star from the fixed horizontal wire is measured as it passes through the field. The magnifying power ordinarily employed is 125. The cost of the mural circle was $3550.

The meridian circle was made by Ertel and Son, of Munich. Its object-glass has an aperture of four and a half inches, with a focal distance of 58 inches. This instrument is provided with a circle 30 inches in diameter, divided into arcs of three minutes, and reads by four microscopes to single seconds. The clock in the east wing has a mercurial pedulum, and was made by Charles Frodsham.

The transit in the prime vertical was made by Pistor and Martins, of Berlin. The object-glass of the telescope has a clear aperture of five inches, with a focal length of 78 inches. The eye-tube carries a system of two horizontal and 15 vertical stationary wires, with one movable



SECTION OF THE NATIONAL OBSERVATORY.



TRANSIT INSTRUMENT.

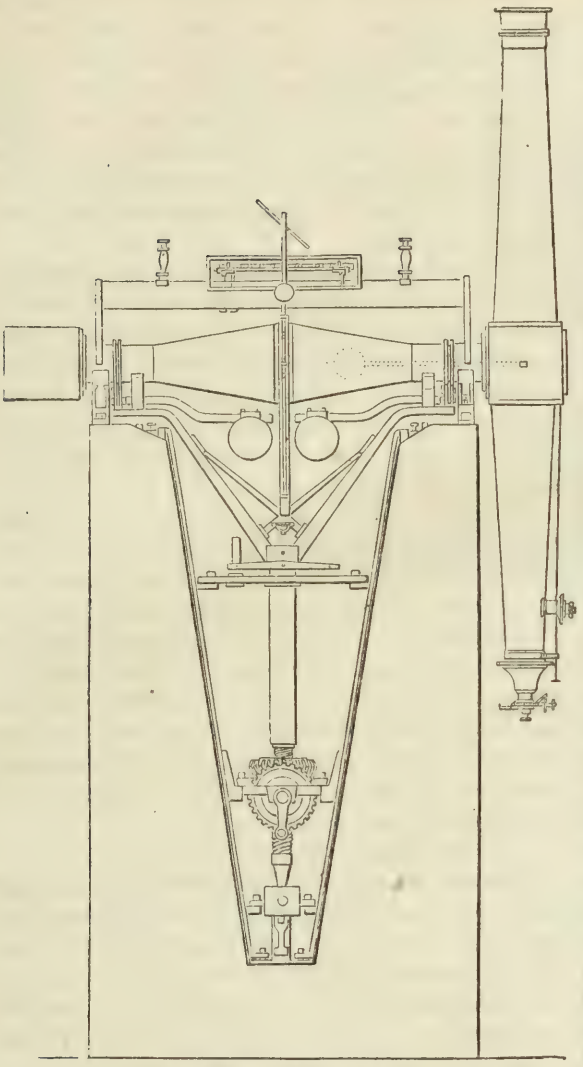
vertical wire. This instrument is mounted at one *end* of its axis and outside of its supports. It is reversed from one side to the other twice during every observation; and though it weighs upwards of 1000 pounds, so perfect is its system of counterpoises and the reversing apparatus, that a child can lift it from its supports, reverse and replace it in them, in less than one minute. The cost of this instrument was $1750. The clock in this wing has a gridiron pendulum, and was made by Charles Frodsham.

The refraction circle was made by Ertel and Son, from plans and drawings furnished by Lieutenant Maury. The telescope is eight and a half feet in length, with a clear aperture of seven inches. It is supported in the middle of the axis between two piers, and it has two circles of four feet diameter, one on each end of the axis, divided on gold into arcs of two minutes. Each circle is provided with six reading microscopes. The telescope has two micrometers, one moving in azimuth, the other in altitude.

The comet-seeker was made by Merz and Mahler. It has an object-glass of about four inches in diameter, and with a focal length of 32 inches, with which low magnifying powers are used, that it may embrace a large field, and collect the greatest possible quantity of light. The cost of this instrument was $280.

In the fall of 1844, Lieutenant Maury was directed to take charge of the new "Dépôt of Charts and Instruments." Lieutenant Maury commenced a regular and systematic series of observations upon the sun and moon, the planets, and a list of fundamental stars, comprising those of the greatest magnitude and of the most favorable positions, to be used as standard stars. He also undertook observations for a most extensive catalogue of stars. This work contemplates a regular and systematic examination of every point of space in the heavens that is visible at Washington, and of assigning position, color, and magnitude to every star that the instruments are capable of reaching. The following plan of sweeping was adopted: The telescope of the mural circle is set in altitude, and all the microscopes carefully read and recorded, and the eye-piece is moved up and down so as to cover a belt of about 50 minutes in declination. The micrometer diaphragm is provided with a number of parallel wires, the intervals of which have been carefully determined. Thus in whatever part of the field a star appears, a micrometer wire is close at hand, and the star is bisected by the nearest wire, while the time at which it passes the several vertical wires is also noted. The number of the bisecting wire and the reading of the micrometer being now entered, the observation is complete.

The observer thus keeps his eye at the telescope for hours at a time, and under favorable circumstances can observe with ease two or



PRIME VERTICAL TRANSIT.

three hundred stars during the night. The transit instrument, by means of a micrometer moving in altitude, is converted into a difference of declination instrument, and occupies the adjoining belt above the mural, the two instruments being so set that ten minutes of declination are common to the field of both. The meridian circle in the same way occupies the belt below the mural. The next night the instruments change places, and go over the same ground, *i. e.*, the meridian circle covers the same belt to-night which on the former night was swept by the mural. The two lists are immediately compared, and should it appear that any of the stars have changed their position, the large equatorial is put in pursuit to see whether they are fixed stars or not.

This great work contemplates the examination of every star down to the tenth magnitude in the entire visible heavens; and while it looks to the discovery of new planets and unknown stars, it also aims to detect the disappearance of any stars found in existing catalogues.

In December, 1849, the use of the electric clock was introduced at the Washington Observatory, and the original method of observation was somewhat modified. In the west transit instrument was inserted a new diaphragm having two systems of wires which included 75 spider-lines; viz., one system of vertical and one system of inclined wires. Each system is divided into groups of five wires each. By observing the transit of a star over a group of vertical wires, its right ascension is determined; and by observing its transit over a group of inclined wires, the difference of declination between this and other stars similarly observed may be computed. All these observations are recorded on a fillet of paper by means of an electric circuit, by simply pressing a key as the star is seen to pass each of the wires of the transit instrument.

Three quarto volumes of Washington Observations have been published; viz., the observations for 1845, 1846, and 1847.

The volume for 1845 contains 550 pages, and furnishes a full description of the instruments employed, illustrated by numerous engravings. It also furnishes a large number of observations with the transit instrument, the mural circle, and the prime vertical transit. The volume for 1846 contains 676 pages, and besides observations with the instruments used in 1845, furnishes also observations with the meridian circle and equatorial. All these observations are carefully reduced, and the places of the sun, moon, and planets, are compared with their predicted places as given in the *Nautical Almanac*. The volume for 1847 contains 480 pages, and in its arrangement is similar to the preceding volume. These volumes have placed our National Observatory in the first rank with the oldest and best institutions of the same kind in Europe. But few observations in Europe produce an equal amount of work in a year, and in point of accuracy the observations compare well with those of foreign institutions. It is expected that the volume for 1848 will be ready for the printer in July of the present year, and that the succeeding volumes will follow with but little delay.

The observations for the star catalogue have not yet been published. The number of stars already observed is estimated at about 100,000, included between 16 and 45 degrees of south declination. The want of sufficient force for reducing the observations has caused the delay in their publication.

During the first two or three years of the operations of the observatory, Lieutenant Maury devoted considerable time to observations, especially with the prime vertical transit and equatorial; but for several years his time has been entirely engrossed by general superintendence, and he has been obliged to leave the observations to his assistants. It has been customary to assign a lieutenant and a professor of mathematics to each meridional instrument. Frequent changes have been made in the lieutenants employed at the observatory; one set of officers being ordered to sea, and another set being sent to supply their place. But the professors of mathematics have continued with tolerable permanence, and have acquired a corresponding familiarity with the instruments,

and the computations growing out of their use. The following notices contain the names of those who have contributed most to give character to the observatory.

Professor John H. C. Coffin graduated at Bowdoin College in 1834, and commenced duty at the observatory in January, 1845. He was immediately placed in charge of the mural circle, and devoted his time exclusively to that instrument until 1851, when his eyes began to suffer from the severe usage to which they had been subjected, and he made but few observations after that time. In 1853 he was detached from the observatory, and ordered to join the Naval Academy at Annapolis, where he is now employed in the department of instruction. Professor Coffin applied himself to his duties as an observer with indefatigable perseverance; and the published volumes of the Washington Observations sufficiently attest the amount and value of his labors.

Professor Joseph S. Hubbard graduated at Yale College in 1843, and commenced duty at the observatory in May, 1845. During the first year he had charge of observations with the transit instrument; in 1846 he was assigned to the meridian circle; in 1847 he was transferred to the equatorial; and since that time he has had charge of the prime vertical transit. Since 1850 he has been chiefly employed in the reduction of back observations. In 1852 and 1853 he undertook a series of observations on Alpha Lyræ for the determination of its parallax, but the unfavorable state of the weather during the month of December, when the maximum of parallax occurs, frustrated his expectations, and he was compelled to abandon the attempt. Professor Hubbard has contributed to the *Astronomical Journal* various papers which have secured a high reputation among astronomers. Among these may be mentioned his researches on the great comet of 1843; on the orbit of Biela's comet; on the orbit of the planet Egeria, etc.

Professor Reuel Keith graduated at Middlebury College in 1845, and commenced duty at the observatory in August of the same year. He was immediately assigned to the meridian transit, and up to the present time has given his exclusive attention to that instrument. The published volumes of the observations show the fidelity with which he has discharged the duties assigned to him.

Professor Sears C. Walker graduated at Harvard University in 1825, and was attached to the observatory during the principal part of the year 1846. During this time he was mainly employed in computations respecting the planet Neptune; in the discussion of the latitude of the observatory; in determining the error of standard thermometers, etc.

Professor James Ferguson, for many years first assistant in the department of the coast survey, became connected with the observatory in 1848, and was immediately assigned to the equatorial, of which he has had sole charge to the present time. He has made numerous observations of comets, and of the small planets, and has had the good fortune to discover a new asteroid, Euphrosyne, being the only instance in which a primary planet has been first discovered by an American observer.

GEORGETOWN OBSERVATORY.

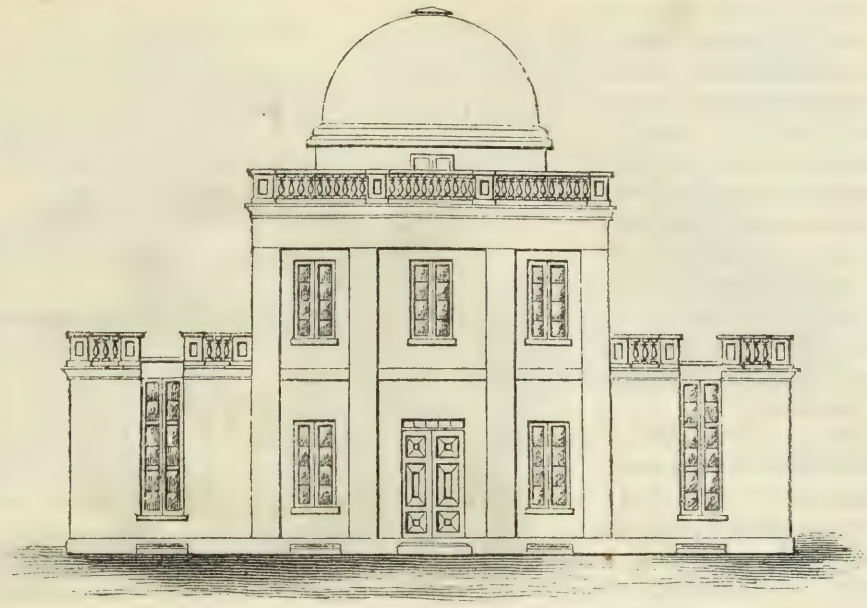
The erection of the Georgetown Observatory was nearly contemporaneous with that of the National Observatory. In December, 1841, Rev. T. M. Jenkins offered a donation to the college at Georgetown for the purpose of building and furnishing an observatory; and Rev. C. H. Stonestreet offered to supply an equatorial. In 1842 the donations were accepted. In the summer of 1843 the foundations of the building were laid, and it was finished in the spring of 1844.

The ground on which the observatory is built is 154 feet above the level of the Potomac River, from which it is distant about half a mile. The central part of the building is 30 feet square on the outside, with connecting wings both on the east and west sides, each of them being 27 feet by 15, making the entire length of the observatory sixty feet. The central part is surmounted by a rotary dome twenty feet in diameter, which works on cast-iron rollers, eight inches in diameter. The opening in the dome is two feet wide, and is closed by four shutters. From the cellar, through all the floors of this part of the building, rises a pier of masonry 41 feet high. This pier is 11 feet square at the base, and 6 feet square at the top, and upon it rests the equatorial



GEORGETOWN OBSERVATORY.

telescope, made by Simms, of London, which was received in 1849. The object-glass has a focal length of 80 inches, and an aperture of nearly five inches, with powers from 25 to 408. The hour circle is 16 inches in diameter, and reads to one second of time; the declination circle is 20 inches in diameter, and reads to five seconds of arc. The instrument is supplied with clock-work, by which a celestial object may be kept continually in the field of view. This instrument cost $2000.



GEOREGETOWN OBSERVATORY, SOUTH ELEVATION.

The east and west rooms, which contain the meridian instruments, have meridian openings two feet wide through the roofs, and down the north and south walls to within two feet of the ground. In the west room is mounted, on sandstone piers, a transit instrument, made by Ertel and Son, of Munich, which was received in 1844. The object-glass is four and a half inches clear aperture and 76 inches focal length. It has a reversing stand, by which the instrument can be reversed in a minute and a half. This instrument cost $1180, besides the expenses of transportation from Munich. There is also in this room a good sidereal clock by Molineux, of London.

In the east room is mounted on two massive piers a 45-inch meridian circle, made, in 1845, by William Simms, of London, with a telescope five feet long, and a 4-inch object-glass. The circle is graduated to five minutes, and there are four micrometers fixed to the eastern pier, reading to one second of arc. When the instrument is reversed, the readings are made by a second set of microscopes, which are attached to the western pier. In the eye-tube are seven fixed and one movable vertical wire, with one fixed and one movable horizontal wire. The lowest eye-piece is used for a collimating eye-piece, by which the nadir point is determined by reflection from a vessel of mercury. The cost of this instrument was $2050. With this instrument there is a fine sidereal clock by Molineux, of London.

This observatory is under the direction of Rev. James Curley, who commenced a series of transit observations in 1846. During the autumn of the same year, he made some observations of circumpolar stars with the meridian circle, for determining the latitude of the observatory. During the year 1848, M. Sestini, of Rome, was added to this observatory, and it was expected that the celebrated comet-hunter, M. de Vico, of Rome, would be associated with Mr. Curley. But these expectations were suddenly disappointed by the death of De Vico, which took place at London in November, 1848.

In 1852, Mr. Curley published a quarto volume of 216 pages, under the title of "Annals of the Astronomical Observatory of Georgetown College," giving a description of the observatory, as well as of the transit instrument and meridian circle, and intimating that additional numbers of the "Annals" might be expected hereafter.

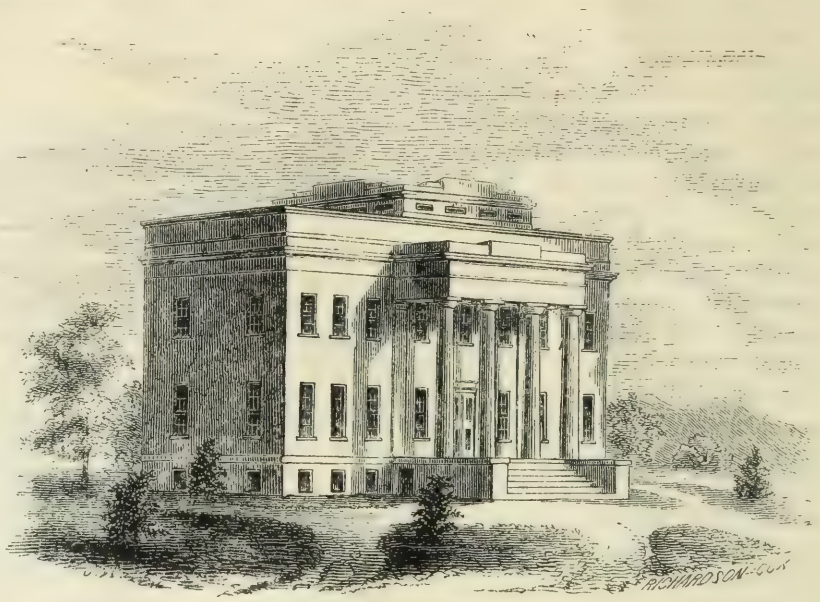
CINCINNATI OBSERVATORY.

The Cincinnati Observatory owes its existence to the labors of Professor O. M. Mitchell. In the years 1841 and 1842, a society was organized in Cincinnati, called the Cincinnati Astronomical Society, the object of which was to furnish the city with an observatory. Eleven thousand dollars were subscribed in shares of twenty-five dollars each; and a site for the building was given by Nicholas Longworth, Esq. It consists of four acres of ground on one of the highest hills on the eastern side of the town. In June, 1842, Professor Mitchell visited Europe to purchase a telescope. At Munich, he found an object-glass of 12 inches aperture, which had been tested by Dr. Lamont, and pronounced one of the best ever manufactured. This was subsequently ordered to be mounted, and was purchased for $9437. The instrument arrived in Cincinnati in February, 1845. In November, 1843, the corner-stone of the observatory was laid by the venerable John Quincy Adams. The building is 80 feet long and 30 feet broad. Its front presents a basement and two stories; while in the centre the building rises three stories in height. The pier is built of stone, and is grouted from its foundation on the rock to the top. The equatorial room is 25 feet square, and is surmounted by a roof so arranged that it may be entirely removed during the time of observations.

The object-glass of the telescope has an aperture of 12 inches, and a focal length of 17 feet. The hour-circle is 16 inches in diameter, and reads by two verniers to two seconds. The

declination circle is 26 inches in diameter, and divided on silver to five minutes, reading by verniers to four seconds. The instrument has five common eye-pieces and nine micrometrical, with powers varying from 100 to 1400. It is furnished with clock-work, by which a star is kept steadily in the field of view of the telescope.

Through the liberality of Dr. Bache, the superintendent of the United States Coast Survey, this observatory has been furnished with a five feet transit instrument; and a new sidereal clock has recently been received.



CINCINNATI OBSERVATORY.

Professor Mitchell has hitherto devoted much of his time to the remeasurement of Struve's double stars south of the equator. A number of interesting discoveries have been made in the course of this review. Stars which Struve marked as *oblong*, have been divided and measured; others marked *double*, have been again subdivided and found to be *triple;* while a comparison of the recent measures of distance and position with the measurements of Struve, has demonstrated the physical connection of the components of many of these stars.

For the last two or three years the energies of Professor Mitchell have been devoted almost exclusively to railroad engineering, and the observatory has consequently been neglected. We trust that he will soon free himself from such groveling occupations, and again direct the gaze of his powerful telescope to study the movements of distant worlds.

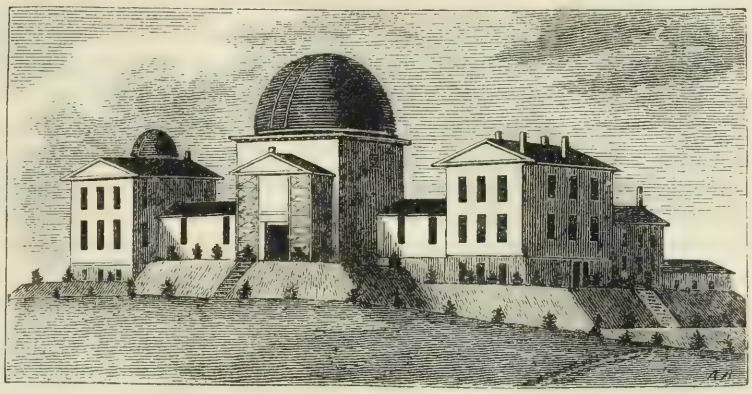


CINCINNATI TELESCOPE.

CAMBRIDGE OBSERVATORY.

The project of erecting an observatory in the neighborhood of Boston upon a scale corresponding with the importance and dignity of astronomy, had for a long period been the subject of conversation among the friends of science. This was a favorite scheme with John Q. Adams, Nathaniel Bowditch, and others, and various plans had been proposed for carrying it into execution; but it did not appear practicable to raise a sum of money sufficient to complete the plan upon the liberal scale which was desired. Something was needed to give a stronger impulse to the claims of practical astronomy. This impulse was given by the unexpected appearance of the splendid comet of 1843. In the month of March of that year, a comet with a long and brilliant train

having made its appearance, the people of Boston naturally looked to the astronomers of Cambridge for information respecting its movements. The astronomers replied that they had no instruments adapted to nice cometary observations. This announcement, together with the knowledge of the existence of good instruments in other parts of the United States, aroused a general determination to supply the deficiency. Definite action was taken in March, 1843.

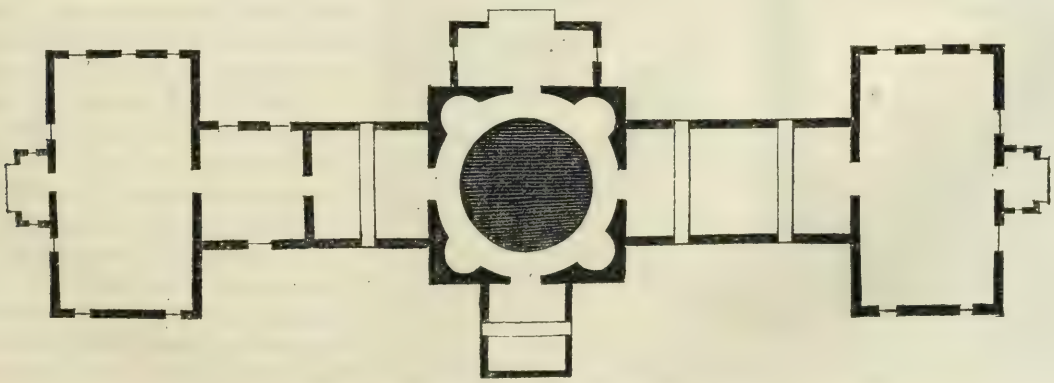


VIEW OF CAMBRIDGE OBSERVATORY.

An informal meeting of a few individuals interested in the subject was held at the office of the American Insurance Company in Boston. The proceedings of this meeting were cordially seconded by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and a full meeting of merchants and other citizens of Boston was subsequently held at the hall of the Marine Society, to consider the expediency of procuring a telescope of the first class for astronomical observations. At this meeting the question was decided in the affirmative, and a subscription of twenty thousand dollars recommended to defray the expense. This amount was soon furnished. Mr. David Sears, of Boston, gave five thousand dollars for the erection of an observatory, besides five hundred dollars toward the telescope. Another gentleman of Boston gave one thousand dollars for the same object; eight other gentlemen of Boston and its vicinity gave five hundred dollars each; there were eighteen subscribers of two hundred dollars each; and thirty of one hundred dollars each, besides many smaller sums. The American Academy of Arts and Sciences made a donation of three thousand dollars; the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge gave one thousand dollars; the American, Merchants', and National Insurance Companies and Humane Society gave five hundred dollars each; two other companies gave three hundred dollars each; one gave two hundred and fifty and another gave two hundred dollars.

The Corporation of Harvard University purchased an excellent site for the erection of an observatory. The grounds comprise about six and a half acres. The position is elevated about 50 feet above the general plain on which are erected the buildings of the University; and it commands in every direction a clear horizon, without obstruction from trees, houses, smoke, or other causes. Upon this spot, which is known as Summer House Hill, the Sears Tower was erected for the accommodation of the large telescope, with wings for other instruments, and a house for the observer. The Sears Tower is a brick building 32 feet square, resting on a granite foundation. The corners of the tower are arched so as gradually to bring the interior into a circular form of 31 feet diameter, surmounted by a granite circle, on which is laid an iron rail hollowed in the middle to serve as a track for the iron balls on which the dome revolves. The dome has a diameter of 30 feet on the inside, with an opening five feet wide, extending beyond the zenith. The shutters to this opening are raised and closed by means of endless chains working in toothed wheels. To the lower edge of the dome is affixed a grooved iron rail similar to the one laid on the granite cap of the walls, and the dome rests on eight iron balls, which had been smoothly turned, and were placed at equal distances round the circle. Although this dome is estimated to weigh about fourteen tuns, yet it can be turned through a whole revolution by a single individual, without any very great exertion, in thirty-five seconds.

The central pier for the support of the telescope is of granite, and is in the form of a frustum of a cone 22 feet in diameter at the base, and 10 feet at the top. It is 40 feet high, and rests on a wide foundation of grouting composed of hydraulic cement and coarse gravel,



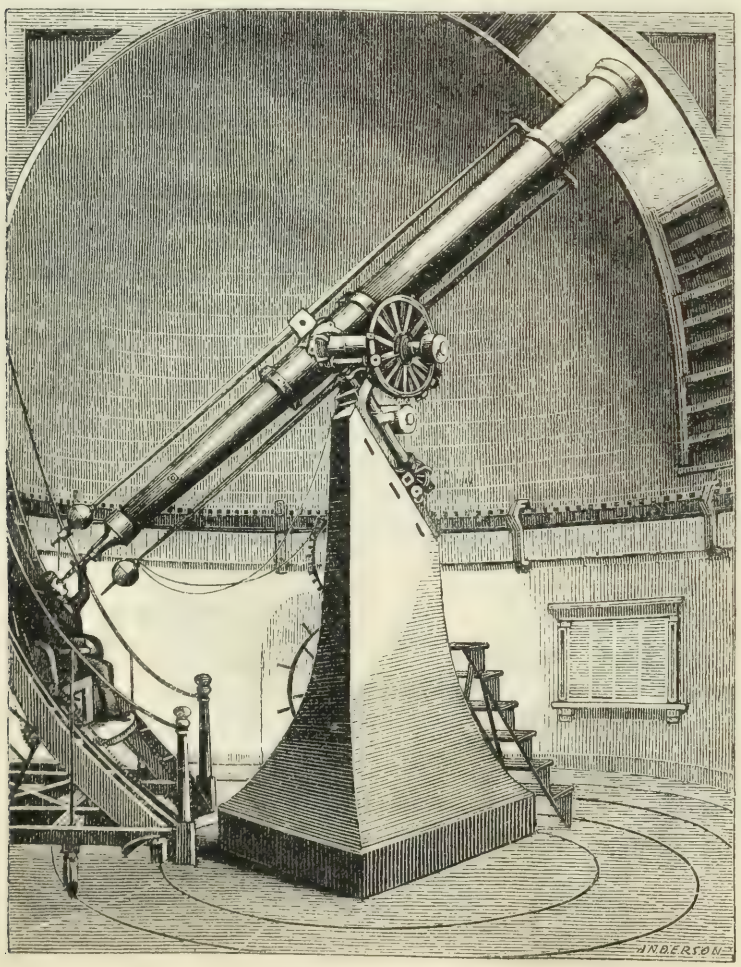
GROUND PLAN OF CAMBRIDGE OBSERVATORY.

26 feet below the natural surface of the ground, and is entirely detached from every other part of the building. Upon the top of the pier is laid a circular cap-stone, 10 feet in diameter and two feet thick, on which stands, by three bearings, the granite block, 10 feet in height, to which the metallic bed-plate of the telescope is firmly attached by bolts and screws. Five hundred tons of granite were used in the construction of this pier.

Upon the east side of this tower is a small wing for the accommodation of the transit circle and clock; and on the north side is a similar wing, designed for a transit in the prime vertical. The house for the accommodation of the observer is connected with the east wing. The western wing is used for magnetic and meteorological observations. This wing was erected in the years 1850–51, making the entire length of the building 160 feet, and adds greatly to the architectural beauty of the observatory. In the small dome is placed the smaller equatorial, of five feet focal length and four and one eighth inches aperture, made by Merz, which is a remarkably fine instrument.

The "Grand Refractor" was made by Messrs Merz and Mahler, of Munich, Bavaria. They bound themselves by contract to make two object-glasses of the clear aperture of fifteen inches, to be at least equal to that furnished for the noble instrument now mounted at the Russian Observatory of Pulkova. On being notified of the completion of these object-glasses, the agent of the university, Mr. Cranch, of London, accompanied by the instrument-maker, Mr. Simms, proceeded to Munich, and after careful trial and examination made the required selection. The selected object-glass was received at Cambridge in December, 1846; the great tube and its equatorial mounting did not arrive until June, 1847. The object-glass of the telescope is 15 inches in diameter, and has 22 feet 6 inches focal length. Some of the eye-pieces are 6 inches long, making the entire length 23 feet. The telescope has eighteen different powers, ranging from 103 to 2000. The hour circle is 18 inches in diameter, divided on silver, and reading by two verniers to one second of time. The declination circle is 26 inches in diameter, divided on silver, and reads by four verniers to four seconds of arc. The movable portion of the telescope and machinery is estimated to weigh about three tons. It is, however, so well counterpoised in every position of the telescope, and the effects of friction are so far obviated by an ingenious arrangement of rollers and balance-weights, that the observer can direct the instrument to any part of the heavens by a slight pressure of the hand upon the ends of the balance rods. A sidereal motion is given to the telescope by clockwork, regulated by centrifugal balls, by which means a celestial object may be kept constantly in the field of view. The cost of this instrument was $19,842.

The optical character of this instrument has given entire satisfaction. The components of the star Gamma Coronæ, which Struve, with the Pulkova refractor, pronounces *most difficult* to separate, being distant from each other less than half a second, are seen in the Cambridge telescope distinct and round, and the dark space between them is clearly defined. The components of Gamma Andromedæ, which are distant from each other less than half a second, are also separated with equal distinctness. The companion of Antares, estimated to be of the tenth magnitude, and which was discovered by Professor Mitchell with the Cincinnati refractor, is quite conspicuous with a power of 700. It was with this instrument Mr. Bond discovered the eighth satellite of Saturn, two days before it was discovered by Mr. Lassell, of Liverpool, with his Newtonian reflector of 21 inches aperture. He has also made satisfactory micrometric measurements of the satellite of Neptune, which is not known to have been done with any other instruments except Mr. Lassell's telescope and the Pulkova refractor. The minutest double stars in the neighborhood of the ring



CAMBRIDGE EQUATORIAL.

nebula of Lyræ, mentioned by Lord Ross as difficult objects with his 27 feet reflector, are seen in the Cambridge telescope. It has also partially resolved the great nebula in Orion, and shows a great number of stars within the limits of the nebula of Andromeda.

The transit circle was made by Simms, of London, and has been erected in the east wing. It has two circles, each of four feet diameter, graduated on silver to five minutes, and reads to single seconds by means of eight microscopes cemented to the granite piers, four microscopes belonging to each circle. The object-glass, furnished by Merz and Mahler, has an aperture of four and one eighth inches, and a focal length of 65 inches. It has two different modes of illumination; one through the axis as usual, and the other at the eye-piece, showing bright wires on a dark field. Attached to the eye-piece are two micrometers for measures both in altitude and in azimuth.

There is also belonging to the observatory a fine comet-seeker, by Merz and Mahler, having an aperture of four and a quarter inches. The wing on the north side of the tower is designed hereafter to receive a transit in the prime vertical; but this instrument has not yet been ordered.

During the summer of 1848, Mr. Bond being engaged with the United States Coast Survey in determining differences of longitude, turned his attention to the electro-magnetic method of recording astronomical observations. The apparatus adopted at this observatory consists of a Grove's battery, a circuit-breaking sidereal clock, and a "spring governor." These are connected by means of copper wires leading to all the principal instruments.

The *spring governor* is a machine devised to carry a cylinder with an equable rotary motion, so that it may make one entire revolution in one minute of sidereal time. A sheet of paper is wrapped round the cylinder, and on this paper the commencement of each second is recorded in exact coincidence with the beats of the clock. The observer at each telescope is furnished with a break-circuit key, by which means he is enabled to make a record of his observations on the paper covering the cylinder, among the second marks of the clock, in such a manner that the tenths of a second may be read off without difficulty.

The clock signals are also readily connected with the lines of the telegraph offices, so that in effect the beats of the Cambridge clock are as distinctly heard at the offices in Boston, Lowell, and elsewhere as they are within a few feet of the clock. The time is thus given all along the telegraph lines, and this is found highly useful in regulating the starting of the railroad trains.

Mr. William C. Bond, and his son, George P. Bond, give their undivided attention to the objects of the observatory. For the first four or five years after receiving their grand refractor they gave their whole strength to that class of observations for which this instrument affords peculiar advantages, such as the following: observations of new planets; the satellites of Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune; double stars, especially such as have considerable proper motion; together with a general review of the most remarkable nebulæ. They have published in the Memoirs of the American Academy a description of the great nebula in Orion, and that of Andromeda, accompanied with drawings of the most careful and elaborate execution.

The younger Bond for several years maintained a constant and systematic search for comets. With the comet-seeker he swept over the entire heavens at least once a month, and whenever he found any nebulous body with which he was not familiar, it was subjected to a special examination. He has thus been the independent discoverer of *eleven comets*, but unfortunately it subsequently appears that each of these, save one, had been previously discovered in Europe. The comet of August 29, 1850, he discovered seven days in advance of the European astronomers. Two other comets he discovered on the same night that they were seen in Europe, viz., those of June 5, 1845, and April 11, 1849. Having found this species of observation too severe a trial for his eyes, he has for the last three or four years given up comet-seeking altogether.

In April, 1852, the Messrs. Bond commenced a series of observations which contemplate the formation of a most extensive catalogue of stars down to the eleventh magnitude. For this purpose they inserted in the focus of the great equatorial a thin plate of mica, upon which were ruled a large number of parallel and equidistant lines, designed to measure differences of declination; and perpendicular to these they introduced three other parallel lines designed for observations of right ascension. The telescope being fixed in the meridian, with the first set of lines parallel to the horizon, if the times of passage of any number of stars over the vertical lines be observed, we shall have their differences of right ascension; and by observing near which of the horizontal lines they traverse the field of the telescope, we shall obtain their differences of declination. The observations of right ascension are all recorded by the electro-magnetic apparatus in the manner already described. The method pursued, therefore, by the observer, is first to fix the telescope firmly at any required altitude, and then applying his eye to the telescope, he observes each star in succession as it enters the field of view. One night's work embraces a zone ten minutes in breadth, and having a length corresponding to the number of hours for which the observations are continued.

The Messrs. Bond design to include in their series all stars to the *eleventh* magnitude, and as many of the *twelfth* as can be got without interfering with the determination of the brighter ones. Each zone is observed a second time as soon as possible, in order not to miss any chance of finding a planet which might happen to be in the way; but as the object is not planet-hunting,



SHARON OBSERVATORY.

this is not allowed to interfere with the work, further than that missing stars are noted and looked after. It seldom happens that the disappearance does not prove to have originated in some mistake. At the re-observations, all the particulars of the first observation undergo a revision, the original notes being read and compared as the star passes the field. All the double stars, nebulæ, remarkable groups, vacancies, etc., are recorded. The comparison of the places of stars which have been previously observed at other observatories forms part of the reduction; and in this way they have detected some cases of considerable proper motion.

The Messrs. Bond have completed two entire zones (each twice observed) for the whole circuit of the heavens, from the equator to 20 minutes of north declination. These have been completely reduced, and were published in 1855, under the title of "Annals of the Astronomical Observatory of Harvard College, vol. i. part 2. These two zones contain 5500 stars. The Messrs. Bond are now carrying on simultaneously, and have nearly completed, two zones from 20 to 40 minutes north declination.

The resources of this observatory have recently been very much increased by the munificence of Edward B. Phillips, a graduate of the university in the class of 1845. Mr. Phillips died in 1848, and bequeathed to the observatory $100,000 as a perpetual fund, the interest to be applied annually to the payment of the salary of the observers, or for instruments, or a library for the use of the observatory, at the discretion of the corporation of the college, who are made the trustees of the fund. This sum was paid to the college by Mr. Phillips's executors in September, 1849.

SHARON OBSERVATORY.

Sharon Observatory is a private establishment belonging to the late Mr. John Jackson, situated near Darby, about seven miles west of Philadelphia. It was erected in 1845, is 17 feet square on the outside, and rises to the height of 34 feet. At five feet from the top, two strong beams are placed across the building, and support a circular platform of five feet diameter, on which the equatorial stands. The tower is surmounted by a conical dome, which rests on four iron balls revolving on a circular railway. The opening in the dome is 18 inches wide, and has three doors which slide over each other, and are moved by cords passing over pulleys.

The equatorial was made by Merz and Son, of Munich. It was ordered in 1842, and arrived in 1846. The object-glass has a clear aperture of six and a third inches, and its focal length is nearly nine feet. It has a micrometer with a large number of eye-pieces magnifying from 85 to 456 times. The hour circle is 9 inches in diameter, and the declination circle is 13 inches. Clock-work is attached to the polar axis, giving to the telescope a uniform motion, and keeping a star apparently at rest in the field of view. The entire expense of this instrument was $1833.

This observatory is also furnished with a meridian circle made by Young, of Philadelphia; the object-glass having been procured from Merz and Son, of Munich. It is mounted on a marble column, resting on solid masonry, in the south wall of the tower. The object-glass is three and a quarter inches in diameter, and has a focal length of four feet. One end of the axis carries a circle 20 inches in diameter, which is graduated to four minutes, and reads by four verniers to three seconds. The price of this instrument was $800. A sidereal clock is supported by a marble column near the meridian circle. It has a mercurial pendulum, and was made by Gropengiesser, of Philadelphia. The entire cost of this observatory, with the instruments, was $4000. The equatorial is employed in the observation of eclipses, occultations, and other celestial phenomena.

TUSCALOOSA OBSERVATORY, ALABAMA.

The Tuscaloosa Observatory was erected in the year 1843, and has been furnished with instruments for observation of a superior order. It is situated upon an elevation distant a few hundred yards from the University buildings, in a southwest direction. It is built of brick, and is 55 feet in length by 22 in breadth in the centre. The central apartment is 22 feet square, and is surmounted by a revolving dome of 18 feet internal diameter, under which is mounted the equatorial telescope made by Simms, of London. This instrument was received in the spring of 1849. Its object-glass has a clear aperture

of eight inches, and a focal length of 12 feet. It rests upon a pier of masonry which rises 11 feet above the floor of the room. The hour circle has a diameter of 18 inches, with verniers which read to one second of time. The declination circle has a diameter of 30 inches, with verniers which read to five seconds of arc. This instrument is moved by clock-work, and has a variety of magnifying powers from 44 to 1640; also a filar micrometer, and a double-image micrometer. A movable platform runs around the room at the height of eight feet from the floor, and gives easy access to the object-end of the telescope and the graduated circles. This telescope cost £800 sterling. In the same room is a clock with mercurial compensation by Molineux, of London, which is attached to a solid pier unconnected with the floor or walls.



TUSCALOOSA OBSERVATORY.

The west wing is 16 feet square, and is occupied by a transit circle made in 1840 by Simms, of London. Its telescope has a focal length of five feet, and an object-glass of four inches clear aperture. Its axis carries a circle of three feet diameter, connected with it by twelve stout conical radii. The circle is graduated upon silver to five minutes, and reads by four microscopes to single seconds. The whole instrument is mounted upon massive cast-iron pillars which rest upon masonry, and rise five feet above the floor. An opening eighteen inches wide is cut through the roof, and extends down the north and south walls to within thirty inches of the floor. In the same room is an excellent sidereal clock by Dent, of London.

The east wing is fitted up for an office, with fire-place, cases for books, etc.

Besides the fixed instruments here mentioned, the observatory possesses a portable transit instrument, an achromatic refractor of seven feet focal length, a reflecting circle of ten inches diameter, standard barometer, etc.

The University has a separate building for a magnetic observatory, and possesses a declination instrument and a dipping needle, both made by Gambey, of Paris.

MR. RUTHERFORD'S OBSERVATORY.

There is a private observatory, erected in the upper part of the city of New York, corner of Second Avenue and Eleventh Street, belonging to Lewis M. Rutherford, Esq. It is furnished with a refracting telescope made by Henry Fitz, of New York. The aperture of the object-glass is nine inches, and its focal length nine and a half feet. It was mounted equatorially, with clock-work, like the Dorpat telescope, by Messrs. Gregg and Rupp, of New York. The hour circle is eight inches in diameter, and the declination circle 11 inches. The telescope has four eye-pieces, the highest magnifying 600 times. The price of this instrument, including clock-work and micrometer, was $2200. The telescope rests upon a brick column, surmounted by a revolving dome of 12 feet diameter.

Connected with this observatory is a small building containing a transit instrument by Simms, belonging to Columbia College. The telescope has an aperture of nearly three inches, and a focal length of four feet. It is mounted upon two stone columns resting upon a solid foundation of sandstone. An opening in the roof affords a view of about 160 degrees of the meridian. In a small wing of this building is a stone column upon which is placed an altitude and azimuth instrument by Simms, also belonging to Columbia College. The horizontal and vertical circles are each 15 inches in diameter, graduated to five minutes, and reading by two microscopes to one second of arc. The telescope has an aperture of two inches and a focal length of 24 inches.

During the summer of 1848 this observatory was employed by the Coast Survey as a station for determining the difference of longitude between Cambridge and New York by means of the electric telegraph.

FRIENDS' OBSERVATORY, PHILADELPHIA.

This observatory is situated in the city of Philadelphia, about 400 feet east of Independence Hall. It was built in 1846, and has a revolving dome 15 feet in diameter. In the centre is the stand for the equatorial, which rests on the walls of the building, unconnected with the floor of the observatory. The principal instrument is a refracting telescope of five inches aperture and seven feet focal length, made by Henry Fitz, of New York, and mounted equatorially after the manner of Fraunhofer, by William J. Young, of Philadelphia. The hour circle is nine inches in diameter, and the declination circle 12 inches.

A twenty-inch transit instrument is permanently placed on a pier built on the wall of the building. A clock with a mercurial pendulum, made by J. L. Gropengiesser, of Philadelphia, is placed on a pier adjoining the transit instrument. The observatory has also a portable refracting telescope of three inches aperture, and 42 inches focal length, made by Chevalier, of

Paris; and a comet-seeker of three inches aperture, mounted on a tripod, made by Henry Fitz, of New York.

Since the establishment of this observatory, occultations, eclipses, etc., have been regularly observed by the director, Mr. Miers Fisher Longstreth, who has recently distinguished himself by his successful labors in the construction of new Lunar Tables.

AMHERST COLLEGE OBSERVATORY.

A small building for astronomical observations was erected in 1847 in connection with Amherst College, Massachusetts. This building consists of an octagonal tower 50 feet high, and 17 feet in diameter, with a revolving dome and a central pedestal for supporting a telescope. On the east side of the tower is attached a transit room, 13 by 15 feet, with a sliding roof. Here is mounted a transit circle, made by Gambey, of Paris, the telescope having a focal length of about three feet, and an aperture of two and a half inches. The circle is 15 inches in diameter, graduated to five minutes, and is furnished with four verniers reading to three seconds. The clock was made by Breguet, and has a gridiron pendulum.

A large telescope, manufactured by Mr. Alvan Clark, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, has recently been received and mounted under the dome. The aperture of this telescope is seven and a quarter inches, and its focal length eight and a half feet. A block of stone, weighing about 1800 pounds, standing on the top of the brick pier, supports the instrument. The top of the stone is level, and a frame of cast-iron, clamped to the stone, sustains the polar axis. The clock, which gives the equatorial movement, is let into the top of the stone, and is regulated by a pendulum, while the motion is rendered continuous and nearly uniform by means of an elegant contrivance of Professor W. C. Bond, called the spring governor. With this telescope Mr. Clark discovered two new double stars, in one of which the distance of the components is but three-tenths of a second. This instrument cost $1800, and was presented to Amherst College by Hon. Rufus Bulloch, of Royalston.

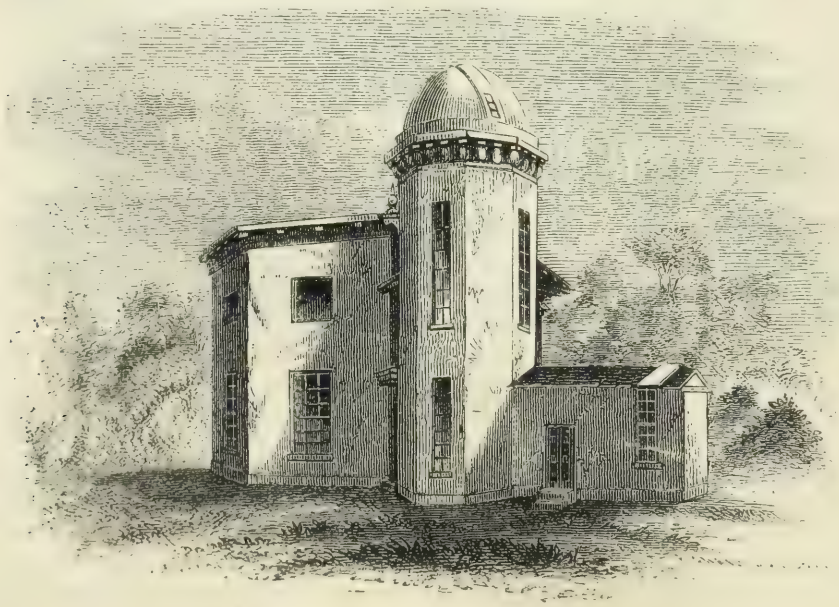
CHARLESTON OBSERVATORY, S. CAROLINA.

This observatory was built by Professor Lewis R. Gibbs, in his own garden in Charleston. It is a wooden building of 10 by 15 feet, with a sliding roof. It contains a five feet transit instrument, by Troughton, solidly mounted on a pier of red sandstone, and commands the meridian to within ten degrees of the horizon on either side. There is also a five feet telescope, by Adams, of London, mounted equatorially, and provided with a position micrometer, by Troughton and Simms, and two chronometers, by Hutton, of London, one sidereal and the other solar. The instruments all belong to the Coast Survey, except the equatorial telescope.

Observations were commenced by Professor Gibbs in April, 1848, on moon culminations and occultations for the use of the Coast Survey, and have been continued to the present time. In February, 1850, this observatory was connected by the telegraph wires with the observatory at Seaton Station, Washington City, for difference of longitude by the electro-chronographic method. In March, 1851, it was connected in a similar manner with a temporary observatory in Savannah, Georgia, and a successful series of observations made for the difference of longitude of the two stations. During the winter and spring of 1852, another telegraphic comparison for longitude was made between Charleston and Washington, which proved entirely successful.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE OBSERVATORY.

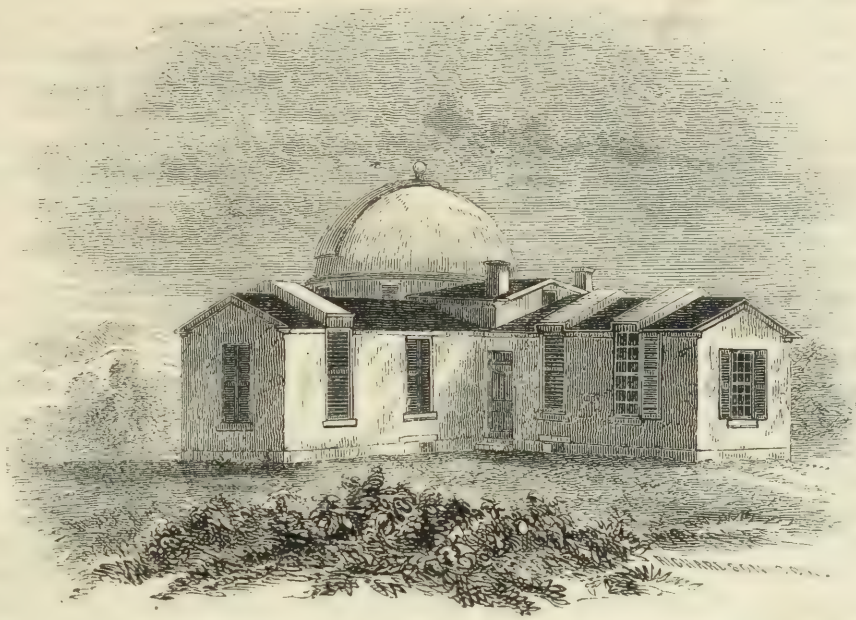
The founding of Dartmouth College Observatory was due chiefly to the munificence of the late George C. Shattuck, M.D., LL.D., of Boston, who furnished the means for the erection of the building, the purchase of the meridian circle, the comet-seeker, a chronometer, etc., together with a large part of the books belonging to the library. The site of the building is near the summit of an isolated hill, about 50 rods northeast of the college green, and elevated 70 feet above it, commanding a charming prospect up and down the Valley of the Connecticut. The principal south meridian mark is situated on the bare summit of a hill two miles distant, at an elevation of less than two degrees above the level of the transit circle.



AMHERST COLLEGE OBSERVATORY.

The observatory is of brick, with double walls 15 inches thick,

inclosing a six-inch space of air between them; and, as the cornice and the partitions are also of brick, and the roof covered with tin, it is nearly fire-proof. The building consists of a central two-story rotunda, 20 feet in diameter, with three one-story wings—one on the east measuring 35 by 16 feet, and the other two on the north and south, each 20 by 16 feet. The foundations of the walls and of the piers all rest upon the solid rock—sienitic gneiss—at depths varying from zero to 14 feet below the underpinning. The lower circular room in the rotunda, 17 feet in diameter, is intended for a library, and communicates directly with the observer's rooms in the north and south wings. The square brick equatorial pier, four feet in diameter, rises through the middle of the room without touching the flooring or ceiling, and is capped with a cylindrical granite block nearly 6 feet in diameter and 15 inches thick. The pier contains a recess having double glazed doors, and a space of dead air on all sides, for the reception of a clock, to be connected with an electro-chronograph. The pier is also surrounded by the book-shelves, which are entirely detached from it.

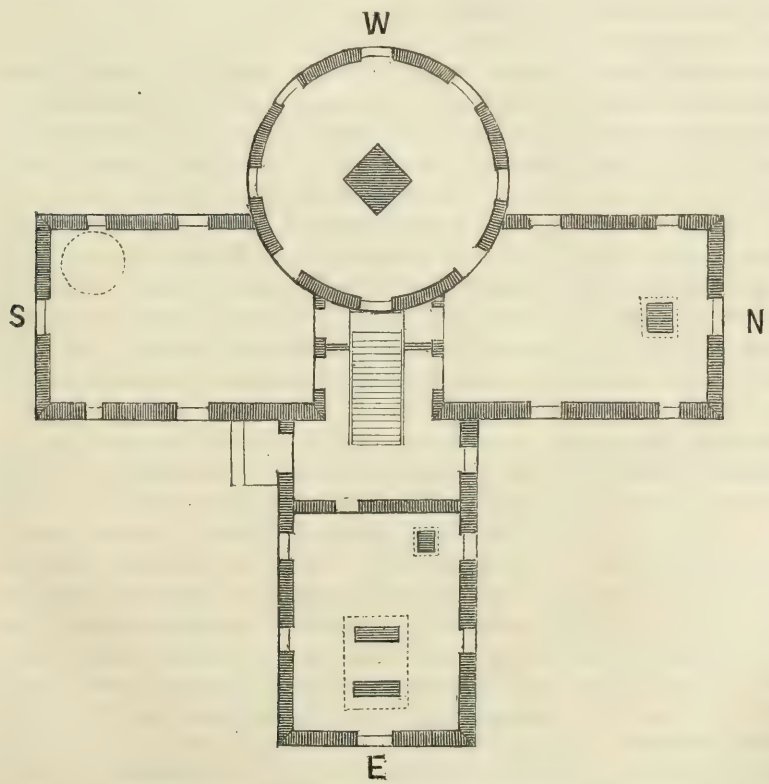


SOUTHEAST VIEW OF DARTMOUTH COLLEGE OBSERVATORY.

The observer's rooms are in the north and south wings, and are each 21 by 14 feet, and have each a slit in the roof two feet wide—the north one having a corresponding pier for prime vertical observations.

The transit room, 18 by 14 feet, in the east wing, has two slits, the eastern one having a corresponding pair of piers for the meridian circle, and the other a single pier for the use of portable instruments. The entrance-hall, 14 by 11 feet, in the centre of the building, opens directly into all the rooms except the library.

The foundation for the dome of the equatorial room consists of circular segments of planks, firmly secured together and bolted to the walls below. Upon this, and directly over the middle of the inner wall, are screwed twelve segments of a circular cast-iron rail, three inches wide, with a circular channel three-eighths of an inch deep. Between this and a corresponding rail attached to the base ring of the dome, are placed the six cannon-balls, each six inches in diameter, on which the dome revolves. The dome itself is a complete hemisphere, 18 feet in diameter. The opening for the telescope is two and a half feet wide, and extends one foot beyond the apex of the dome. The opening for the telescope is closed by three shutters; the upper one, about 10 feet long, moving on casters over an iron railway on the outside of the dome. The two lower ones, about two and a half feet each, rise and fall by means of weights in the manner of common window-sashes. The entire dome is estimated to weigh about 2800 pounds, and the average force necessary to preserve



GROUND PLAN OF DARTMOUTH COLLEGE OBSERVATORY.

a uniform velocity of rotation is found, by experiment with spring steelyards, to be about six pounds.

The equatorial telescope was made by Merz and Sons, of Munich, and has a clear aperture of six inches, with a focal length of eight and a half feet. It has seven negative eye-pieces, magnifying from 36 to 600 times; a single lens magnifying 940 times; a prismatic reflector, to which these pieces are all adapted; and a terrestrial eye-piece magnifying 80 times. It has two micrometers, one a ring micrometer, the other a filar position micrometer, having 11 equidistant fixed lines perpendicular to the two movable ones, and may be illuminated in either a dark or bright field at pleasure. It has five positive eye-pieces, magnifying from 128 to 480 times. The hour circle is nine and a half inches in diameter, and the declination circle is thirteen inches in diameter. The telescope is moved in right ascension by an adjustable centrifugal clock.

The meridian circle, by Simms, of London, is 30 inches in diameter, divided on silver to spaces of five minutes, with two reading microscopes fixed to the piers, and a third placed at a small distance from one of the others, for examining and determining the errors of graduation. The telescope has a clear aperture of four inches, and a focal length of five feet. It has four positive eye-pieces, besides one for collimating by means of a mercurial trough. It is furnished with a declination micrometer and seven equidistant meridian lines. The wires can be illuminated in a dark field, or the reverse, at the option of the observer. The granite piers for this instrument are of the T form, gradually diminishing upward to within 10 inches of the top. They are 30 inches apart, and rise 5 feet above the floor. They rest on a granite foundation, which is based on the solid rock below.

The comet-seeker, by Merz and Sons, has an aperture of about 4 inches, and a focal length of 32 inches. It is mounted on an equatorial stand, and has four eye-pieces, magnifying from 12 to 40 times.

The sidereal clock is furnished with Mahler's compensation pendulum, and runs a month without winding. The library contains about 500 volumes of the most valuable books pertaining to theoretical and practical astronomy.

The cost of the building, exclusive of the lot and its embellishments, was about $4500. The cost of the equatorial telescope, together with the sidereal clock, was about $2300. The comet-seeker cost $180; and the meridian circle cost £275 in London.

MR. VAN ARSDALE'S OBSERVATORY, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

This observatory was built in the spring of 1850. It is a circular wooden building 13 feet in diameter, resting on a brick foundation, underlaid with stone to a depth of two feet. The circular brick foundation is covered with wood-work three inches in thickness, and upon this are placed the wheels upon which the whole building turns. The wheels are eight in number, of cast iron, and grooved. The circular iron rail attached to the lower part of the building traverses the upper surface of the wheels one foot from the floor. The roof is of tin, and conical; the aperture is 16 inches wide, and is covered by a door which opens in a single piece. The pier upon which the telescope rests is built of stone faced with brick, and rises two feet above the floor.

The telescope is a refractor, made by Henry Fitz. The object-glass has an aperture of six and a half inches, and a focal length of eight feet; and it was mounted on an equatorial stand by Phelps and Gurley. The declination circle has a diameter of ten inches, and reads by verniers to one minute of arc; the hour circle has a diameter of seven inches, and reads by verniers to six seconds of time. The telescope is driven by clock-work, and cost $1125.

The object-glass of this telescope has given entire satisfaction. Saturn is seen with a division in the outer ring, the division being somewhat eccentrical and nearer the outer edge. Occasionally there has been seen a subdivision of the inner bright ring at the ansæ, near the inner edge. The interior dark ring is also seen.

The planet Mars is well defined in a good atmosphere with a white circumference, both at the equatorial and the polar regions, the interior space being varied with dark shades.

The comet-seeker was also made by Henry Fitz. The object-glass has an aperture of four inches, and is fitted to a section of tube which screws into the finder of the telescope. This mode has the advantage of a ready reference to the larger instrument, but is somewhat inconvenient from the interference of the stand in observing the space beneath the pole and near the meridian.

Three comets have been independently discovered by Mr. Van Arsdale, viz.: one November 25, 1853, another June 24, 1854, and a third September 13, 1854. The first of these was not seen in Europe until December 2, a week after it was discovered by Mr. Van Arsdale; the second was discovered in Europe June 4; the third was discovered at Berlin, September 12. These discoveries were made while searching for comets, although the search was not thorough, as the view near the horizon is obstructed by buildings, and the examination was seldom continued to a late hour.

SHELBY COLLEGE OBSERVATORY.

A very superior telescope was ordered in 1843 from the establishment of Merz and Mahler, of Munich, for the use of Shelby College, Shelbyville, Kentucky. It has an aperture of seven and a half inches, and a focal length of ten feet. The mounting is admirably executed, and differs in some respects from any other in this country. It is furnished with a filar and an annular micrometer. The filar micrometer has six positive eye-pieces, with powers from 100 to 570. There are also five negative eye-pieces, magnifying from 102 to 550 times. The hour circle is

10 inches in diameter, reading to four seconds of time; the declination circle is 15 inches in diameter, reading to 10 seconds of arc. This instrument was received in November, 1850, and cost $3500.

This telescope was mounted on the top of the college building, about 50 feet from the ground, under a revolving dome 18 feet in diameter, and was supported by a heavy cast-iron tripod, whose legs consist of hollow iron columns, each weighing about 600 pounds, passing through the three floors of the building, and resting on solid masonry below the lower floor. The dome revolves on cannon-balls, and is turned by wheels gearing into a circle of cogs on the wall below the dome. The time is furnished by a box chronometer.

The cost of the telescope and observatory was defrayed partly by subscription; but the greater part of the expense was borne by the president of the institution, the Rev. William J. Walker.

BUFFALO OBSERVATORY.

This observatory is the property of Mr. William S. Van Duzee. It was erected in the summer of 1851, and the instruments mounted in the following winter. The building is 24 by 25 feet square, having two piers, one for the transit, and the other for the equatorial instrument, resting upon a foundation of solid masonry, extending twelve feet below the surface of the earth, and surrounded by a wall two feet distant from this foundation, so that no motion may be felt by the passing of carriages.

The central pier is built of brick, and is 8 feet square through the first story, which is 15 feet high, but through the second story is only 6 feet square. This pier is surmounted by a traveling dome, 17 feet in diameter, and is pierced by an opening 2 feet wide, extending from a point 4 feet above the floor to 8 inches on the opposite side of the zenith. The dome rests on twelve eighteen-pound balls, which turn between two cast-iron annular grooves.

The transit pier is five feet square, and extends three feet into the second story. The meridian observing slits are made two feet in the clear, and afford an uninterrupted view of the meridian from the northern to the southern point of the horizon. Both piers are covered with marble slabs, three inches thick.

The equatorial telescope, which is erected under the dome, was made by Henry Fitz, of New York. It is a refractor of 11 feet focus and 9 inches aperture; and has a position micrometer furnished with an illuminating apparatus. The hour circle is 12 inches in diameter, and the declination circle 15 inches, each reading by two verniers. The telescope is moved by clock-work, so that the object under examination may be kept steadily in the centre of the field. This telescope is furnished with ten eye-pieces, the highest magnifying 2000 times.

The transit instrument is in the second story, has a clear aperture of 2 inches, and a focal length of 33 inches. Near the transit is the clock with a mercurial pendulum.

MR. CAMPBELL'S OBSERVATORY, NEW YORK.

This observatory is built on the top of Mr. Campbell's dwelling-house in New York city, in Sixteenth Street, near the Fifth Avenue, and was completed in 1852. The house is 30 feet wide and four stories high. The hall is 10 feet wide, and the partition wall which separates the hall from the rest of the house is of brick, and extends to the roof. This and the adjoining gable wall were raised so as to make another story over that part of the house, and a room was thus obtained 10 feet wide and 35 feet long. Twelve feet at one end are appropriated for the dome and telescope. The observatory is furred off so as to make an octagon of 12 feet in diameter; and at the height of 5 feet the octagon is changed into a circle to support the wooden curb which constitutes the bed-plate of the dome. Upon the bed-plate is placed a circular rail, 12 feet in diameter on the inside, 3 inches wide, and having a raised bead upon the upper surface.

The dome is 12 feet in diameter, the base being a counterpart of the curb, which constitutes the bed-plate. The aperture for the telescope is 15 inches wide, and extends a little beyond the zenith. It is closed with a sliding door, which is made so that it may slip over the zenith to the opposite side of the dome, and this motion is effected by turning a crank. The dome revolves upon seven wheels of four inches diameter, in which grooves are turned to correspond with the bead on the iron rail. The shaft of one of these wheels is made long enough to receive a pinion at one end and a handle at the other. The pinion fits a rack which encircles the rail; while the handle and also the operator move round with the dome, which is accomplished by the peculiar construction of the observer's seat. This is a small flight of stairs, having an angle of elevation suited to the sweep of the eye-piece, so that each step makes a convenient seat. The frame is of wrought iron; the string pieces are secured to the base of the dome, and the bottom of the stairs rests upon two wheels, in which grooves are made to fit a circular iron rail which is secured to the floor. A circular table is substituted for the ordinary reading steps. It is supported upon legs, with rollers, and is secured at each end to the bottom steps of the observer's seat so as to revolve with it.

Three stout beams rest upon the brick walls across the centre of the octagon, making a support for the pedestal of the telescope. This pedestal is a drum of boiler iron, three feet in diameter, and the same in height. It is lined with brick like a well, and covered with a smooth, round flag-stone, projecting an inch over the iron. The mahogany frame of the telescope, having four feet with adjusting screws, stands upon this stone.

The telescope is an achromatic refractor of eight inches aperture, and ten and a half feet focal length, made by Henry Fitz. It has six negative eye-pieces, magnifying from 60 to 480

times. The stand is made of cast iron, excepting the circles, which are of brass; and a clock is attached to the telescope for keeping the object in the field of view. The thread which fits the tangent screw is cut in the edge of a ring, detached from the hour circle, and pressed against it by the elasticity of a thin brass plate, which is secured by screws so as to give the requisite friction. This arrangement permits the telescope to be moved in any direction, even while connected with the clock, and obviates the necessity of clamping and unclamping.

The solar eclipse of May 26, 1854, was carefully observed by this telescope, and a series of Daguerreotypes (28 in number) were taken at intervals of about five minutes, showing the progress of the eclipse in a novel and beautiful manner. These images, which are two inches in diameter, are extremely well defined, and serve as permanent registers of the transient phenomena of the eclipse.

OBSERVATORY OF MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY.

Soon after the Rev. Dr. Tappan was elected Chancellor of Michigan University in 1852, he conceived the idea of establishing an astronomical observatory in connection with the university. During the succeeding winter the claims of this object were laid before the citizens of Detroit, and they responded to the appeal in a prompt and liberal manner. The sum of ten thousand dollars was almost immediately pledged for this object, and an additional sum was promised if it should be found necessary.

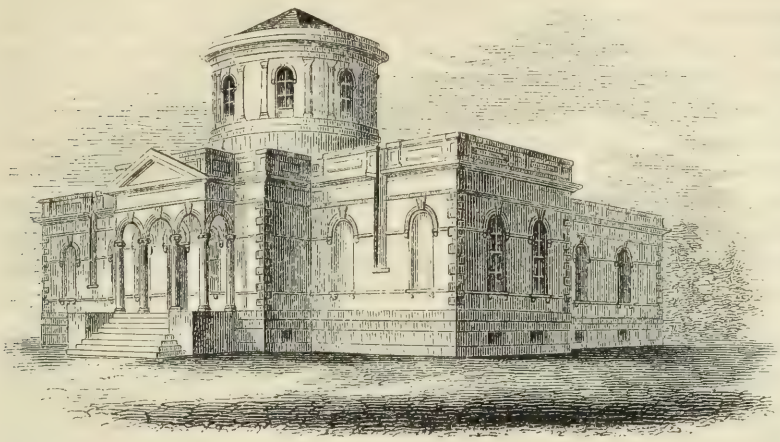
The foundations of the building were laid in the summer of 1853, and the observatory was completed in the autumn of 1854. In February, 1853, a large equatorial telescope was ordered from Henry Fitz, of New York; and during the summer of the same year a meridian circle was ordered from Berlin. The main building for the observatory is 32 feet square, and it is surmounted by a hemispherical dome 23 feet in diameter. The dome has an opening 32 inches wide, extending from near its base to the zenith, and the opening is closed by a single curved shutter, which slides in a groove, so that it may be made to travel over to the opposite side of the dome. A pier, whose foundations are laid 10 feet beneath the surface of the earth, rises through the centre of the building to the height of 20 feet from the ground, and upon this rests the great equatorial. On the east and west sides of the central building are wings 28 feet by 19; the east wing being appropriated to the meridian circle, and the west wing being appropriated for the apartments of the astronomer. The cost of the entire building has been about $7000.

The meridian circle was made by Pistor and Martins, of Berlin. It has a telescope of eight feet focal length, and has two graduated circles of three feet diameter, each of which is read by four microscopes. There are also two small circles, with levels near the eye-piece for setting the instrument to the proper altitude. The eight microscopes are illuminated by two stationary lamps, which stand on the brass columns which support the counterpoises. The illumination of the wires can be so regulated as to present either a bright field with dark lines, or a dark field with bright lines. Two collimators are mounted on the north and south of the meridian circle, and there are conveniences for observing stars, as well as the nadir point, by reflection from a basin of mercury. The circle, with the collimators, cost $3300, and this sum was contributed by H. N. Walker, Esq., of Detroit. The clock was made by M. Tiede, of Berlin. It has a pendulum with a steel and zinc compensation, and cost $300.

The great equatorial telescope was made by Mr. Fitz of this city. The object-glass has a clear aperture of twelve and a half inches, and a focal length of seventeen feet. It has seven negative and six positive eye-pieces, the highest magnifying power being 1200. The circles are each twenty inches in diameter, the hour circle reading to two seconds of time, and the declination circle to twenty seconds of arc. It is also furnished with clock-work and micrometer. The crown-glass was obtained from Bontemps, of Birmingham, England, and the flint-glass was obtained from Paris. The price of this telescope is $6000, and its performance has proved entirely sat-



OBSERVATORY OF MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY.



DUDLEY OBSERVATORY, AT ALBANY.

isfactory. The entire cost of the building and instruments is about $17,000.

Dr. F. Brünnow, an astronomer well known by his observations while connected with the Observatory of Berlin, and also by his Treatise on Spherical Astronomy, has been appointed director of this observatory, and has already entered upon his duties. We congratulate the University of Michigan in having secured the services of so skillful and learned an astronomer; and we anticipate that the career of Dr. Brünnow will shed lustre upon his adopted country, while he contributes to the promotion of that science to which his life has been devoted.

CLOVERDEN OBSERVATORY, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

The great telescope belonging to Shelby College was temporarily loaned to Professor Joseph Winlock, and was removed to Cambridge, Massachusetts, where temporary accommodations were provided for it, and this establishment is known by the name of Cloverden Observatory. This consists of a circular wooden building, with a revolving dome, eighteen feet in diameter, and a small adjoining room for other instruments. The dome is very light, consisting of a wooden frame covered with tarpaulin, and revolves on wooden balls with so little resistance, that it is easily pushed round with the hand without wheels or levers. In the adjoining apartment is a four feet transit and several chronometers. The standard chronometer was made by Kessels.

Numerous observations on comets, and some of the newly-discovered planets, have been made with this telescope by Dr. B. A. Gould and Professor Joseph Winlock, some of which have been published in "Gould's Astronomical Journal." The great telescope has recently been returned to Shelby College.

DUDLEY OBSERVATORY, AT ALBANY.

About three years since, it was proposed to establish at Albany a university, comprehending a series of practical, professional, and scientific schools. As a part of this enterprise, it was resolved to establish an astronomical observatory, the charge of which Professor O. M. Mitchell had already signified his willingness to accept. General Stephen Van Rensselaer kindly offered a donation of several acres of land near the northern limit of the city, affording an excellent site for the contemplated building. Mrs. Blandina Dudley, a lady distinguished for her wealth and liberal spirit, gave toward the building the sum of $13,000. Contributions were received from several gentlemen of the city, increasing this sum to $25,000. The building was commenced in the spring of 1853, upon a plan designed by Professor Mitchell, and was erected under the supervision of Professor Perkins.

The ground plan of the building is in the form of a cross, 84 feet in front by 72 feet in depth. The centre room is 28 feet square; the east and west wings, which are designed for the use of the meridian instruments, are each 23 feet square, and provided with the usual openings in the meridian. The north wing is 40 feet square, divided into a library room, two computing rooms, and other small rooms for the magnetic apparatus for recording the observations. The equatorial room, which is in the second story, is of a circular form, 24 feet in diameter, the tower revolving upon iron balls.

The main pier for the support of the equatorial was commenced six feet below the bottom of the cellar, with its base, 15 feet square, resting on a bed of concrete and rubble, 16 inches in thickness. The size of the pier was gradually reduced to 10 feet square at the level of the cellar, and thus continued upward without further variation. The whole is built in the most substantial manner of large stone, well bedded. The piers in the transit rooms are six feet by eight, and each room is furnished with clock piers of similar construction. The walls are of brick; but the basement, portico, cornices, etc., are of dressed freestone. The library and computing rooms are warmed by heated air from a basement furnace. These rooms and the staircase are all accessible from the vestibule. A bust of the late Charles Dudley, executed by E. D. Palmer, an artist of Albany, is placed near the principal entrance.

The Dudley Observatory was incorporated in 1853, and its management is vested in a board of trustees. The building is entirely completed.

In the summer of 1855, Mrs. Dudley offered to furnish the requisite means for procuring a heliometer of the most approved construction, and the Hon. Erastus Corning contributed the means of procuring a meridian circle, a transit instrument, and an astronomical clock. An arrangement was also made by which the observatory should commence its operations under the direction of the United States Coast Survey, and Dr. B. A. Gould, an assistant on the survey, was appointed by Professor Bache to take charge of the observatory. In September, 1855, Dr. Gould

sailed for Europe to give the necessary orders for the construction of the instruments required. After an extensive examination of the principal observatories and optical establishments of Europe, the order for constructing the transit instrument was given to the Messrs. Repsold, of Hamburg; the order for the meridian circle was given to Messrs. Pistor and Martins, of Berlin; and a clock was obtained from Kessels, of Copenhagen. The construction of a heliometer, the most delicate instrument of all, has, after mature deliberation, been intrusted to one of our own countrymen, Mr. Charles A. Spencer, of Canastota, New York. The microscopes of Mr. Spencer have been pronounced by competent judges to be *the best in the world.* Mr. Spencer has just completed for Hamilton College one of the finest telescopes ever manufactured, and he has now undertaken the construction of a heliometer, with an object-glass of 10 inches aperture. The Messrs. Repsold, of Hamburg, declined making a heliometer with an object-glass larger than nine inches in diameter. The price of this instrument is to be $14,500. Mr. Spencer has also engaged to make a large comet-seeker for the Dudley Observatory.

HAMILTON COLLEGE OBSERVATORY.

In 1852 and 1853 Professor Charles Avery raised $15,000 by subscription, mostly in small sums, for the purpose of procuring a large telescope of American manufacture. It was then determined to erect on the grounds of Hamilton College a building suitable for an astronomical observatory, and to furnish it with first-class instruments. In the spring of 1854 Mr. A. J. Lathrop, of Utica, presented plans of a building which were approved, and the building was erected the same year.

The observatory consists of a central building, with wings on the east and west sides. The main building is 27 feet square and two stories high, surmounted by a tower, 20 feet in diameter, which revolves on eight cast-iron balls upon an iron track. The wings are each 18 feet square. The east wing is designed for a computing room; the west wing is designed for a transit room, and it commands a fine meridian. The transit pier is built of limestone. It descends six feet below the surface of the ground, and is eight feet by five at the top. In the centre of the main building is the large pier, built also of limestone. It descends six feet below the surface of the ground, is 10 feet square at the base, and seven feet square at the top, and is entirely detached from the building. On the pier rests a granite block, 14 feet high, to which the great refractor is to be attached. The observatory building cost $5000.

A refracting telescope has been ordered from Messrs. Spencer and Eaton, of Canastota, New York, and is now substantially completed. The object-glass has a diameter of 13½ inches, with a focal length of 16 feet. The hour circle, divided on silver, has a diameter of 15 inches, and reads by two verniers to two seconds of time. The declination circle has a diameter of 26 inches, and reads to four seconds of arc. The filar micrometer has eye-pieces made of double achromatics, instead of the usual Ramsden form, giving magnifying powers from 100 to 1000. The negative eye-pieces give magnifying powers from 80 to 1500 times. The usual sidereal motion is given by clock-work.

The focal length of this telescope is about four feet less than is usual in the Munich instruments of the same aperture. The telescope is thus rendered less unwieldy, and in the opinion of Mr. Spencer, its optical performance is not impaired. The flint and crown discs for this instrument were procured through the agents, Messrs. Cook, Beckel, and Co., New York, of Joseph Bader, of Kohlgrub, and have been found to be remarkably exempt from striæ. The object-glass has been subjected to partial trial with very satisfactory results. The price of this telescope is $10,000. The transit instrument and clock have not yet been ordered.



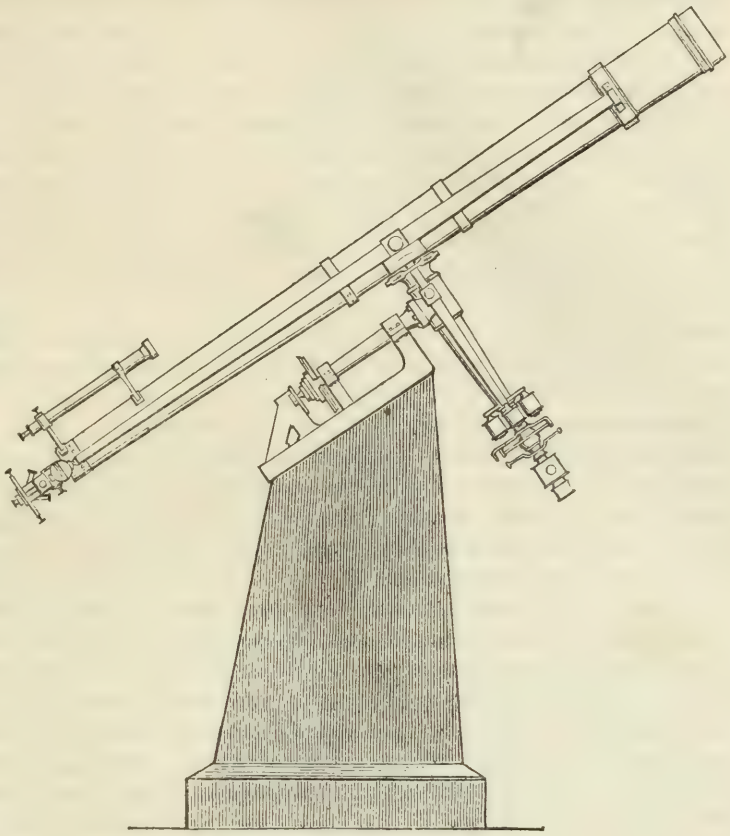
HAMILTON COLLEGE OBSERVATORY.

From the preceding sketch it must be apparent that within a few years, rapid progress has been made toward supplying our country with the means of making astronomical observations. We now have instruments which permit us to engage in astronomical researches upon a footing of equality with the oldest establishments

of Europe, while the number of observers and the taste for astronomical studies has kept pace with the increase of our instruments. The importance of astronomical observations is beginning to be generally appreciated; but for the benefit of those whose attention has not been particularly turned to this subject, a few suggestions are added.

An astronomical observatory may be made useful in almost any location, but it may be rendered especially valuable in the neighborhood of a large commercial emporium. The following may be enumerated among these advantages:

I. It furnishes an accurate determination of time, which is a matter of importance to almost every citizen, but more especially to certain classes of the community. Every vessel which puts to sea, carries with it one or more chronometers, and the chronometer is almost exclusively relied upon to furnish the longitude of the vessel from day to day. An error of a few seconds in the chronometer causes a corresponding error in the longitude deduced, and such errors have been the occasion of the loss of numerous vessels. It is, therefore, a matter of vital importance that the error and rate of all chronometers which are carried to sea should be determined with the utmost precision. In every commercial city there are private establishments where this duty is regularly attended to. A public observatory does not necessarily interfere with these private establishments, but affords the means of rendering them more accurate and efficient. How this may be accomplished will presently be shown.



HAMILTON COLLEGE TELESCOPE.

An exact knowledge of time is also of vital importance to the conductors of all railroad trains. A small error in a conductor's watch has repeatedly been the occasion of the collision of railroad trains, and the consequent destruction of human life. Many of the railroad companies in this country incur annually considerable expense to provide all the conductors with correct time.

An accurate knowledge of time is important to all business men, but especially to banking and other houses where business is entirely suspended at a fixed hour of the day. A small mistake in the time might occasion not only serious disappointment, but also pecuniary loss.

An astronomical observatory is furnished with clocks of the best construction, and with transit instruments for determining daily the error of these clocks. The observatory, therefore, can furnish time with all the precision which can be desired; but to render this knowledge conveniently accessible to the public, requires some peculiar arrangements. The following is the arrangement for this purpose which existed for many years at Greenwich Observatory: On one of the turrets of the observatory is erected a mast, upon which slides a ball, five feet in diameter, consisting of a frame of wood covered with leather. A little before one o'clock every day the ball is slid up to the top of the mast, where it is held by ingeniously contrived machinery. Precisely at one o'clock an assistant, who is specially charged with this duty, presses a spring, and the ball instantly descends. By this means all persons in sight of the ball are enabled daily to test the accuracy of their clocks. At the Washington Observatory a ball of smaller size than that at Greenwich is elevated every day on a flag-staff, and is lowered at the precise instant of twelve o'clock.

Within the last two years the arrangements at Greenwich for furnishing the public with an accurate knowledge of the time have been very much improved. A normal clock is furnished with a small apparatus, by means of which, whenever its error is determined by observations, its indications can be rendered perfectly correct. This clock keeps in motion a sympathetic galvanic clock at the entrance-gate of the observatory, and also a clock at the terminus of the Southeastern Railway. It sends galvanic signals every day along all the principal railways diverging from London; it drops the Greenwich ball and the ball on the offices of the Electric Telegraph Company in the Strand. The Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty have also erected a time signal-ball at Deal, for the use of the shipping in the Downs, which is

dropped every day by a galvanic current from the Royal Observatory.

Similar arrangements might be adopted in every large commercial city. If, for example, there was a public observatory in the neighborhood of New York, a clock at the observatory might be made every day, by means of an electric current, to drop a time-ball on the Merchants' Exchange or the City Hall, another on Brooklyn Heights, another on Staten Island, and another at Sandy Hook; as well as at any other point where public convenience might require. It might also maintain in motion a sympathetic galvanic clock at the City Hall, at the Custom-house, at the Exchange, and at every railway station in the city—a clock which should never differ by an appreciable quantity from perfectly accurate time. Such a system would contribute not a little to the security of commerce and the punctuality of business.*

II. A second advantage to be derived from an astronomical observatory is that, by extending our knowledge of the heavenly bodies, it directly contributes to the security of commerce. The prosperity of commerce depends entirely upon the safety with which the ocean can be navigated, and this depends upon the accuracy with which a ship's place can be determined from day to day. Had it not been for the labors of modern astronomers in their observatories, vessels would still, as in ancient times, creep timidly along the coast, afraid to venture out of sight of land; or if they were compelled to venture into the open ocean, they would be exposed to imminent danger in approaching land, not knowing how far distant the port might be. The loss of time resulting from pursuing this timid course, and the numerous disasters which could not be avoided, would more than double the expense of maintaining our foreign commerce. Astronomers, by their accurate determinations of the places of the sun, the moon, and the stars, have given prosperity to commerce and boundless wealth to our commercial cities. But there is still much for astronomers to do. The places of the heavenly bodies even at present are not known with all the precision which is desired. Great errors in determining a ship's place are now of rare occurrence; but small errors frequently lead to disastrous consequences, and it is therefore important to reduce the errors to the least possible amount.

III. An astronomical observatory, well equipped, becomes a centre of influence which is felt on all the educational establishments of the country, even those of the humblest grade. It is impossible to maintain common schools in a state of efficiency without institutions of a higher grade, corresponding to our academies, which shall furnish teachers for the elementary schools, and also afford encouragement to ambitious scholars, who wish to extend their studies beyond the elementary branches. The academies can not be maintained in a flourishing condition without institutions of a higher grade, corresponding to our colleges, where teachers are educated for the academies, and where ambitious students from the academies may extend still farther the range of their studies. College professors, in their turn, are in danger of settling down into mere retailers of other men's ideas, without aspiring to add any thing to the stock of human knowledge, unless they are surrounded by institutions whose leading object is the increase of knowledge. An astronomical observatory, therefore, is a centre of genial influence, which directly or indirectly imparts life and efficiency to all the subordinate institutions of education. It is also a place where men of business may acquire new ideas of the wonders of the material universe; where men, whose days are spent in toiling for the acquisition of wealth, may learn that there are mines of intellectual riches more inexhaustible than the mines of California. Men who from morning to night are engaged in the duties of an arduous profession, or in the labors of the counting-house or exchange, often feel the need of recreation when the hours of business are over. What mode of recreation is more rational—what is better fitted to inspire the mind with noble sentiments—than to direct the thoughts to the wonders of the material universe, to the vastness of the visible creation, as exhibited to the eye of an astronomer with the assistance of the telescope?

* Since the preceding was written, the officers of the Dudley Observatory at Albany have offered to furnish time for the city of New York, substantially in the manner above suggested.

BALLAD OF BUNKER HILL.

Fast fled morn's shadows gray,
And with the breaking day
Our hearts grew still;
But ere that ruddy beam
Tinged Mystic's silent stream,
Flashed the red cannon's gleam
By Bunker Hill.

All night the stars looked down,
And from the distant town
We heard—"All's well!"
Sternly and still, all night,
How grew our bulwark's height,
We and that starry light
Alone could tell.

Morn saw our rampart crowned,
Nor pierced that turf-clad mound
The iron storm;
Then ceased that fiery shower,
Gathers the foe his power—
Welcome the desperate hour—
His squadrons form!

Out spoke our leader, then:
"Freemen are ye, and men—
The tyrant comes!
Bravely your fathers stood,
Yours too is English blood,
Up—never cause so good,
God and your homes!"

Then, sight no fairer seen,
That day, on summer green,
Saw June's sweet sun;
Such merry airs they played,
So gallantly arrayed,
Did they march to parade—
Gayly begun!

We, from our fort's low crest,
Down our muskets, at rest,
Glance, in a row;
There, not a drum-beat stirred,
But "Steady!" all we heard,
"Keep your fire—wait the word—
Then, boys, aim low."

Up—up, they rush—they cheer—
Must we stand idle here,
And tamely die?
"Fire—fire!" the order came,
Heavens! what a burst of flame—
True every marksman's aim—
They fall—they fly!

Close on our left a shout—
At our outwork, a rout—
Hurrah! he runs—
Right-about go musketeer,
And reeling grenadier,
Brave PUTNAM on their rear
Plies his big guns.

Broken, they fly the hill,
Our shot with right good-will
Follows them fast;
Drooping, they reach the plain,
Like stalks of trampled grain,
Where the storm-driven rain
Beat, as it passed.

Then, lowered a murkier cloud
On battle's lurid shroud—
Ah, cruel flame!
They fire yon helpless town—
Suits this a king's renown?
Perish, then England's crown,
And kindred name!

They form—brief space they grant—
Not one rebuff must daunt
Stout English hearts;
Quick-step, their columns tread,
PIGOT—none nobler led—
And HOWE is at their head—
They'll play their parts.

To the roll of the drum,
Up the hill-side they come,
Firm ranks and fast;
We pour our fiery hail,
Their shaken squadrons quail,
As saplings in a gale,
Bend to the blast.

Then might our ringing cheer
Beleaguered Boston hear
Tell how we speed;
Dashed CLINTON from her shore,
His redcoats at the oar;
Never claimed battle more
Ally, at need.

Away the war-cloud rolled;
PRESCOTT, our captain bold—
True soldier known—
He cried: "One more brave blow,
Once more repel the foe,
And England's king shall grow
Pale on his throne!"

Then he, from rank to rank,
And PUTNAM, on our flank,
Marked how we stood;
STARK, grimly calm, was there,
POMEROY, with silvery hair,
KNOWLTON, none braver were,
CHESTER, as good.

"He moves, once more! 'tis well—
Let every bullet tell!"
So the words rang;
We thought of Heaven's grace,
Then watched the green hill's base,
And the foe in the face
Looked, as he sprang.

We fire! they swerve—they halt—
Then, to the fierce assault,
Leap o'er their slain;
Now, brothers, steadfast stand—
Now for it, hand to hand,
When England's rallying band
Charges amain.

By Heaven! our low redoubt,
Its foot they reach—they shout
"Ours is the day!"
Down—down—far ruddier yet,
With mingled heart's-blood wet,
Reeks this red parapet,
Ere ends the fray.

Nor now, in desperate strife,
For victory, but for life,
We hold our own;
Not yet, they gain the wall,
Still scorn we steel and ball,
And comrades, as they fall,
Disdain a groan.

Oh, for one volley more!
Ah, dear-spent flasks, your store
Fails, at the worst!
See, o'er the bastion's verge,
Their furious way they urge,
And in, like surge on surge,
Headlong, they burst!

No—not a foot, give way!
Club your arms! stand at bay!
Stoutly, we stood—
Met the sharp bayonet's dash,
The quick, close firelock's flash,
The broadsword's ringing clash—
Gave all we could.

"Fall back!" reluctant cries
Our chief, as from his eyes
Hope takes her flight;
And backward, as we go,
Butt to point, blow for blow,
With our front to the foe,
So went the fight.

Through dust and smoke and heat
Step by step, we retreat,
Inch by inch given;
Then, deadliest of the whole,
Some random-volley's roll
WARREN'S great martyr-soul
Ushered to heaven.

As down the lost hill's banks
We move, with breaking ranks,
Our sad hearts burn;
Few shot the foeman flings,
Nor on our rear he springs,
To give the coward wings,
When brave men turn.

We thread the long defile,
The foe keeps fast, the while,
His dear-bought hold;
Taught, early, to beware
What "rustic" hearts may dare,
And we leave a lesson there,
Long to be told.

So Bunker Hill was won,
And great deeds, that day done,
World-wide grew known;
When Victory welcomed shame,
Defeat eternal fame,
And Time one blazing name
All, all his own.

MY MISSION.

I AM not afraid of being accused of uttering any thing very original when I state that every one in this life has his mission. It is a remark which I have heard used with very great effect from several highly respectable pulpits, and more than one elderly lady, of that class conspicuous for mental rather than physical charms, has established a reputation for strong thinking by the sonorous declamation of the same axiom. To have a mission, however, is one thing, and to fulfill it is another. Any one who has enjoyed the intimacy of that clever young fellow, Spasmos, knows full well that into his charge has been confided by Providence the mission of abolishing publishers, and reforming steam-navigation. As yet, Spasmos has not made any very extensive progress in his mission. He continues, I regret to say, to sell his articles to "Harper," and his reformation of oceanic locomotion has gone no farther than the invention of a paddle-wheel which would not revolve. Those who sit under the Rev. Père la Chaise are aware of the fine healthy mission against social shams and comfortable furniture which that gentleman dandles before his congregation, and swaddles up in the most poetic sermons. They all know with what vehemence he denounces luxurious curtains, and declaims on the immorality of tapestry carpets. The reverend man was not averse, however, to that easy chair with which some enraptured ladies presented him last fall, and it has been whispered in well-informed circles that his new *coupé* is to be lined with maroon-colored satinet. Even Mrs. Lilyoak Swashbuckler, that amiable female who has been proving in ungrammatical English for several years that man is by nature an assassin and a coward, and that woman would be an angel if tyrannous convention would only permit her dear little wings to grow —even Mrs. Swashbuckler herself is known to have an ignoble husband secreted in some portion of the city, where he is kept either as a domestic adjunct, or a living illustration of the inferiority of man, to be startlingly produced at some future lecture, when a sensation is considered necessary.

Now I respect the man who really and earnestly fulfills his mission; I respect the vigorous manner in which Mohammed sabred his way to the Moslem Paradise. I respect the pertinacity with which the Russian emperors have one and all kept moving toward poor Constantinople; I respect the solemn persistence with which the *New York Tribune* continues to publish Southern advertisements for runaway slaves—minute woodcut of active Ethiopian with small bundle, making six miles an hour, included. I respect the constancy with which Admiral Napier brings his wrongs before a British public once a week in the *London Times;* the political consistency of the *New York Cuttle-fish;* Mr. Barnum's unceasing and delightful expedients for selling the public; the amiable taste of the American people for books like the Lamplighter and the Watchman; all these I respect, together with a great many other phenomena of the day too numerous to mention.

The reason that I entertain such sympathy for missions in general, and honest ones in particular, is, that I once had a mission myself. Yes! I, humble individual that I am, was once intrusted with a high and mighty charge, and became for the time being a delegate clothed with extraordinary powers.

It is now about four years since I found myself in the small village of Hingham, in Massachusetts, having traveled there for the purpose of having an interview with a lady of the name of Cooder. Mrs. Cooder was the chief of a sect which had just been established for the purpose of abolishing animal food, and as I had just then come under the notice of the public through my work on the philosophy of eating—the most of which I stole from M. Raspail, and enlivened with adroit plagiarisms from Brillat Savarin—Mrs. Cooder, thinking I would prove a valuable auxiliary to her forces, wrote to me to New York, offering the editorship of a newspaper, entitled *The Corn Cob*, which was to be the organ of the vegetable party. As I was too poor to refuse so tempting a proposal—ten dollars a week and the books sent for review as a perquisite—I replied by a line accepting the charge of *The Corn Cob*, and in four days afterward found myself knocking at Mrs. Cooder's door.

I was fortunate in choosing the moment of my arrival. Mrs. Cooder had a party. As I entered, after having sent in my card, I found myself in the presence of a number of persons

who were seated round a tea-table. It was a tea-table in name only. There was no pleasant shining urn—no delicate porcelain cups—no aromatic odor breathing of the hills of Fo-Kien. Every thing was strictly vegetarian. Huge jugs of milk—crystal carafes filled with limpid water—dishes of hominy white as snow—pumpkin pies—flour puddings; interspersed with heaven only knows how many varieties of the corn cake. It was, as an irreverent friend of mine remarked, a banquet of poultices. A lady arose from the table as soon as I entered, and bowing solemnly, indicated her pleasure at beholding me. From this I conjectured that Mrs. Cooder stood before me. Mrs. Cooder was the most singular anatomical structure I ever witnessed. She must have originally been constructed after some pattern bequeathed to posterity by the heathen epicure who wished for a neck as long as a stork, for Mrs. Cooder was all neck. Her neck was not a neck. It was an obelisk. It arose boldly from a rocky base formed by her too visible shoulder-blades, and towered into the air like one of Norway's pines. On the summit of this monument was perched a small pinched face that looked as if it were alarmed at the dizzy height from which it was obliged to look. And truly her countenance had very much the air of that of a child who peers at one from the top of a tree which he is afraid to descend. She greeted me with an air at once dignified and serene, and with a sort of rotary wave of the hand gave me a circular introduction to the people assembled round the table. They were principally of a spare and transparent aspect. Their skins were clear but pale, and if they did not look robust, they certainly did not look unhealthy. There was the Rev. Custos Sikay, the Congregational pastor of Hingham, who had lately taken to farinaceous food. He was a tall, pale young man, with thin hair and a mild voice, which seemed to be muffled by a feeling of religious quiet. There was Miss Carry Crescendeau, who at the age of forty had adopted vegetables and verse, and was favorably known as the authoress of a legendary poem entitled "The Angel of the Maize," which had for its object the advocacy of hot corn; Dr. Lasso, the progress physician who practiced *à la Raspail;* Master Guy Ruthven Cooder, Mrs. Cooder's eldest-born, a young gentleman who was being educated on the most approved modern do-as-you-like principles, and whose face, round and ruddy amidst that pale throng, reeked of the secret mutton-chops and surreptitious *pâté.*

I observed somewhat an air of distrust visible on the faces of the society as I took my place at the table; whether it was that my complexion did not seem to be the result of a farinaceous diet, and that I looked too ruddy and well fattened, or that I was a stranger, I know not. But I thought that I could perceive those side-long glances shooting from the eyes of the Rev. Custos Sikay and Dr. Lasso that always are the tokens of either suspicion or enmity. As for Mrs. Cooder, she was solemnly cordial, and helped me to a snowy pile of hominy with much philosophic dignity. I speedily discovered that the Cooder set had a very low opinion of New York. It was certainly a thriving commercial city—a metropolis of stores, and wharves, and stock-brokers, but there was no intellectual progress. There all was too fevered and restless to admit of the growth of those mental flowers which only bud and blossom amidst silence and repose. New York philosophers were rapid but crude. New York critics were arrogant and short-sighted. New York clergymen were vain and unsettled; their eloquence was false, and their life unorthodox. New York literature was trashy and ephemeral, and characterized by a want of depth and force. But in those things wherein New York was deficient, it was easy to perceive that Hingham was affluent. There philosophy was wooed amidst a pure and tranquil life. There poetry was worshiped with enthusiasm, and religion preached in all its integrity. Hingham was the Athens—elegant and learned; New York was the Rome—luxurious but depraved.

"You will find Hingham dull, I fear, Mr. Mephis," said Miss Crescendeau, with a sneer of pity wrinkling her old lips. "New York is so gay and reckless that the repose of a society like ours, devoted to meditation and intellectual culture, will appear to be an irksome contrast."

"I have gone so seldom into society in New York that I know little about its gayety," I replied, meekly, endeavoring to look as like a vegetable as I could—say a turnip—"and for my part, I think no intercourse could be more delightful to me than such as I hope to enjoy with the authoress of 'The Angel of the Maize.'"

The bony brow unbent; the sneer unhinged itself off of the mechanical old lips, and a rusty smile slowly moved into its place; the poetess of Hingham was conquered.

"I read your book with much pleasure," interposed Mrs. Cooder, hastening, like a jackall to his meal, to have her share of decayed compliments, "and I regretted much that you did not give more prominence to the importance of using farinaceous food exclusively."

"Ah!" I exclaimed, with the air with which a neophyte regards the high priest when he is about to draw the vail and disclose the mysteries—"ah! Mrs. Cooder, I am happy that I am not yet completely a disciple of the vegetarian school, since it will give me the opportunity of studying the theory more fully under your guidance."

The long neck bowed forward in acknowledgement of this speech until Mrs. Cooder bore an absurd resemblance to a giraffe endeavoring to crop daisies. I saw, however, by the diminutive smile which fluttered over her stunted mouth, that my stale flattery had served its purpose. I cast a glance at the two men. My success was evidently any thing but agreeable to them. The parson was pale as a pious mar-

tyr who smiles while he suffers, but hates his persecutors all the more stoutly for his mantle of resignation, and who, if places were changed, would play the part of persecutor with infinite gusto. As for the Doctor, I could see by his head that he was more aggressive, and consequently less to be feared than the Rev. Custos Sikay. I detected in a moment that Lasso was one of those natures that, when resolved to attack an enemy, makes, like the lion, one tremendous bound, and that failing, sullenly retreats and leaves the field free.

"You do not refuse, then, to advocate the vegetarian theory," said Lasso, roughly; "because if you do, you will have few upholders in Hingham."

"I refuse to advocate nothing that tends to improve mankind," I cautiously replied.

"Let us hope that the sentiments of Mr. Mephis will do him credit," said Sikay, with a mild sigh, as if he doubted very much whether there was any thing creditable about me. While I was mentally endeavoring to discover what the exact cause was which caused the vaguely seen enmity that I discovered in those men toward me, the door opened, and a lady entered. I beheld the solution of the problem.

This solution came in a shape more beautiful than ever solution came before to man—even to Archimedes. It came in the shape of a charming young girl of about nineteen, with graceful, supple figure, pale but brilliant skin, and dark blue eyes, that glistened like purple flowers drenched with dew. Her features were mobile and exquisitely expressive, and in the instant during which she stood hovering at the door before entering, I saw a thousand varied shades of thought flit over her face as rapidly as the shadows which the wind impresses on the undulating corn.

"This is my daughter Georgiana," said Mrs. Cooder, in somewhat the same tone that she would have said, "This is my dog Flora."

I bowed, and received a salute in return that was accompanied by such a general inquisition of my person that I had to come to the conclusion that I was either very attractive or very peculiar. Miss Georgiana took her seat and applied herself with a healthy gusto to the various farinaceous mixtures that were spread on the table, and when I beheld the assiduity with which Dr. Lasso on the one side, and the Rev. Custos Sikay on the other, attended to her material wants, I felt no longer any uncertainty as to the cause of their instinctive enmity. After the meal was disposed of, and I had made an appointment with Mrs. Cooder for the following morning to talk over the affairs of *The Corn Cob*, I dextrously avoided a discussion on subjective poetry into which Miss Crescendeau endeavored to entrap me, and installed myself next Miss Georgiana, to the ineffable disgust of the Doctor and the Parson.

"I am delighted that you are come to talk to me," she said, with a frank smile, as I sat down, "for two reasons."

"And these are—?"

"First, because you will keep those two men away from me; and secondly, because I am anxious to know if you will be an acquisition here or not."

"Do you think that you are capable of judging of the last?" I asked, rather impertinently.

"Certainly!" she exclaimed, opening her eyes very wide at the implication.

"But how will you proceed?"

"Oh! I will ask you all about yourself?"

"Suppose that I do not choose to be communicative?"

"Oh! you will tell me, though, will you not?" and she looked at me with a bewitching air of entreaty. "Do you know that I am quite anxious to converse with a metropolitan gentleman?"

"The delightful opportunity now presents itself," I answered, with a mocking bow. She looked gravely at me for a second or two, and then said,

"Are you hungry?"

This abrupt question almost paralyzed me. I scrutinized her eyes attentively, for I began to have a glimmering suspicion that I was being quizzed.

"I have but just risen from the tea-table," I answered, coldly.

"I was not jesting, truly," replied Miss Georgiana, very earnestly; "but—but—I wanted to know if you are a vegetarian, like my mother."

"No," I rejoined. "I do not believe in any diet exclusively."

"Why then does she want you to edit *The Corn Cob?*"

"Because I have written a dietetic work which she thinks is clever."

"Then you eat meat?"

"Certainly; when I get it."

"Do you know," said she, very seriously, "that I have never eaten any meat?"

"Is it possible?"

"It's true. Now," she continued, "I am going to ask you to do me a favor."

"Name it."

"Well, you mustn't laugh; it's a very singular request."

"I shall be as grave as a Doge of Venice."

"I want you to give me a dinner."

"A what?" I exclaimed, thunderstruck at this absurd proposition.

"A dinner. I don't mean one of those banquets that my mother gives, in which flour and vegetables masquerade in dresses made to imitate more substantial food. I mean a dinner, with meats. Game—roasts—boils—haricots—stews; in short, all the things that every-day people eat."

"Do you mean to say that you have never eaten a meat dinner?"

"I have never seen one. My mother is fond of experiments. I am one of them. She is endeavoring to see what sort of health a person will enjoy who has never tasted animal food. She keeps strict watch over me in this respect;

and though I believe my brother dines off of meats, I have been carefully prohibited."

"And do you enjoy good health?"

"Tolerable; but I am not capable of much exertion. I am easily fatigued; besides—it is very unromantic I know—I feel constantly hungry."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed; "this is cruel. I will remonstrate with your mother."

"It would produce no effect whatever. Pray ask me to dinner instead."

A sudden idea flashed upon me. To think was to execute.

"I shall be most happy to get up a banquet in your honor one week from this time," I said; "but you in your turn must grant me a request."

"What is it?" she exclaimed, innocently.

"I will tell the morning of the day," said I.

"My dear Mr. Mephis, you are charming."

"It is scarcely allowable for me to return the compliment on so short an acquaintance," I rejoined, moving away, and sacrificing myself without a murmur to Miss Crescendeau, who gave me an autobiographical sketch of herself, which she secretly hoped I would communicate to some New York paper.

I spent every evening at Mrs. Cooder's. Every evening did I drink milk and eat hominy, and endure the savage assaults of Doctor Lasso, and the pious underminings of the Rev. Custos Sikay. I had written some magnificent articles for *The Corn Cob*, and so stood well with the lady of the house. I had mysteriously hinted at an edition of Miss Crescendeau's poems, with a portrait and a biographical sketch; and that New England Sappho smiled on me with as much sweetness as such a granitic countenance was capable of. But I confess I thought but little of *The Corn Cob*, or of the influence of the vegetable world on the human race, or even of poor Miss Crescendeau's inspired verses.

There was a wide window in the back parlor opening on a pleasant garden where myriads of flowers were blossoming, and Virginian ivy and the splendid ecremocarpus draped the walls; and when I could escape from the clutches of philosophy, it was my habit to steal out into this pleasant garden, there to hold communion with a fairer flower than any growing in the sun or shade.

People are wrong in forming or preaching the theory that to fall in love rapidly is the attribute of a fickle heart. Earnest natures, like fiery steeds, annihilate time and space, and the fleetest are the most enduring. In five days I had circled a course of feeling that would have taken a more methodical mortal five months to accomplish. I had compressed into hours ages of sensation and experience. I was like the prince, in the Eastern tale, who was desired by the Arabian magician to plunge his head into a tub of water. When he did so, all recollection of his then existence vanished, and he straightway lived a long and varied life; loved, married, and died. His last dream-agony, however, caused him to withdraw his head from the tub, and bewildered at finding himself in the same spot that he was fifty years before, he asked explanation, and was answered that all this multitude of sensations, embracing an ordinary existence, had been impressed upon his brain in the second which elapsed between his plunging his head into the pail of water and withdrawing it. Thus was it with me. I plunged my head into the tub, and in five days had lived a life—better, too, than that of the prince, for it was no dream. I had met my mate. In Georgiana I had found all that I required in a wife—youth, beauty, intelligence, and a delicate feminine wit. I had seen enough of the Hingham vegetarian circle to feel assured that she was disgusted with the sphere in which her destiny had placed her. I changed my mission. I had come down to Hingham to preach vegetarianism; I abandoned it for the far sweeter task of freeing a beautiful girl from an abominable slavery, physical as well as mental. I do believe that Mrs. Cooder looked on her daughter as Buffon looked on his frogs and kittens—merely as an animal on which an experiment might be tried. So, on the evening of the sixth day, she came to me in the garden, just as I had escaped from a crushing *tête-à-tête* with Miss Crescendeau.

"Remember to-morrow!" she cried, touching me gently on the shoulder.

"Remember your promise," I answered; "the dinner is ordered, but the promise is not given."

"Tell it me. It is now ten o'clock. In two hours more it will be to-morrow, so that by letting me know it now you are but anticipating the time by 120 minutes. Tell it to me. I am very anxious to hear what this mighty request may be."

"You shall hear it then. But it must be whispered. Even the winds shall not bear a breath of the secret away!" And approaching, I whispered a few words in her ear.

She started; trembled a little; uttered a half-remonstrance, which was checked on the threshold of her lips; sighed a little, and then giving my hand a quick, convulsive pressure, fled like a shadow into the house.

The next day, at four o'clock, a very charming repast was spread in the best room of the Ticonderoga House—that being the imposing title which the hotel at Hingham bore. The cloth was white, the knives and glass glittered cheerily, and a most appetizing and savory odor arose from the dishes on the table. On one side of this round table, so daintily spread, was seated Miss Georgiana, with a pretty air of half-confusion, half-delight spread over her features, while exactly opposite to her, busily engaged in slicing the delicate breast of a partridge, was your humble servant. I am grieved to be obliged to shock my romantic readers by observing that Miss Georgiana Cooder was enjoying her dinner. You will see that I had kept my promise faithfully.

In the midst of this charming picture of youth-

ful felicity a shadow, however, intervened. The door opened at the very moment that I was depositing the breast of the partridge on Miss Georgiana's plate, and an awful apparition of Mrs. Cooder rampant made itself visible to the naked eye. Behind that lady appeared a perspective of reproachful and horrified heads. Lasso, and Sikay, and Miss Crescendeau formed a tableau of dismay. I rose and bowed. Georgiana, although not entirely taken by surprise, was very nearly choked with partridge; as for Mrs. Cooder, her neck seemed to curve like an anaconda which was about to enfold us in its coils.

I expected and was prepared for a storm of abuse. I anticipated a destructive fire from the maternal ranks, but still kept up a brave heart. To my utter astonishment, and the grief of her allies, Mrs. Cooder proved to be the philosopher she affected. She stopped a moment at the door, gazed with disdain upon our baked meats, and then turning to me, demanded severely,

"Mr. Mephis, have you married this girl?"

"This morning, madam, at Hingham Church, by the Presbyterian minister."

"Then you have a right to give her meat if you like!" So saying, she suddenly faced about. Lasso and Sikay opened their ranks, and the injured mother swept through as if she had no longer a daughter in the world.

I need not say that I never edited another number of *The Corn Cob*, or wrote Miss Crescendeau's biography; but I now say, after four years of wedded happiness, that if every one's mission was as successful as mine, and as pleasant in its results, I know thousands who would be missionaries.

AMBROSIA—A NOSE OFFERING.

SOME people sneer at perfumes. Call them foppish, effeminate, a waste of money, and a foolish gratification of sensual appetite. Boast that *they* never use scents, or other rubbish of the like kind; and plainly intimate that Jones, who does, should not be countenanced by grave men. Jones, on the other hand, whose toilet-table is garnished with *huiles antiques* and Lubin's extracts, who would rather wear dirty hands than wash with unscented soap, and who sheds an aroma like a walking conservatory whenever he enters a room—Jones, we say, treats these critics with unmixed disdain, as barbarians unworthy of enjoying the blessings provided for man by a kind Creator. He points to his nose, as if to ask why that organ alone should be singled out for neglect—why it should be esteemed a mark of refinement to love beautiful landscapes, to relish exquisite wines, to appreciate sweet sounds, to have a weakness for fine linen, but a sign of effeminacy to savor fragrant odors? He appeals to history, and points triumphantly to the evidence that all the old religions sought the aid of perfumes to captivate the worshiper, choosing the nose as one of the shortest cuts to the soul; a physiological fact not yet forgotten by the Romish and Greek Churches. He turns to nature, and demands why the rose and the jasmine should have been endowed with fragrance if it had been intended that to enjoy that fragrance should be a mark of weakness. And he leaves to the assailants of perfumery the task of explaining how it comes that a love for flowers is always commendable, but a love for their essences—their souls, so to speak, which live after them—a propensity to be blushed over and indulged in secret.

Whatever may be said of Jones's practice, his argument is not to be despised. So long as men have noses, it will be as well to use them; and so long as they are used, or rather fed, in moderation, it will be idle for Cato to turn up his own at the habit. Nature has surrounded us with as many delightful odors as there are graceful shapes or pleasing colors; let us enjoy them all. And as the rose but lives "the space of a morning," while the crimson evening sky, and the lovely prospect from yonder hill are always there to cheer and soften our hearts, let us be thankful to science that she has discovered a means of separating the rose's spirit from its leafy body, and securing for the former a stoppered immortality.

There is another reason why we should approve of perfumes; because people always have used, do, and will use them whether we like it or not. All the croakers could not induce Jones to part with a single phial of *extrait;* as to the ladies, bless you, it would be as much as any stray Smith or Brown's life is worth to refuse to pay the usual bills for Cologne and *Mille Fleurs.* It is generally understood—abroad, at least—that we, in this country, are a plain, matter-of-fact people; most of us busied in building, growing corn, running railroads, making money; careless, as compared with the aristocratical circles of Europe, of many of the externals of life. Yet all this notwithstanding, our noses, male and female, cost us, one year with another, two hundred thousand for foreign *extraits*, soaps, pomatums, and the like.

The use of perfumery would doubtless be more general still, were it not for the predominance of a rival—tobacco. Smokers prefer the fragrance of a good cigar to any other odor in the world. Snuffers—human snuffers, be it understood—by making dust-bins of their nostrils, impair their sensitiveness, and close them, in a measure, to floral scents. We can form an idea of what our habits might be, were tobacco disused, from the accounts of the fashionable Romans. Under the empire Roman gentlemen perfumed themselves as often as three times a day. They carried about with them little boxes called *narthecia*, like our snuff-boxes, filled with perfumed ointment, or scent powder, of which it is fair to suppose they would take and offer a pinch when the conversation flagged. At their baths they were profusely perfumed all over. At dinner fragrant incense was kept burning in the room, and sometimes slaves anointed the guests during the meal. Nero, to

exhibit his luxury, purchased a quantity of a most expensive ointment, and had the heads of all his guests anointed with it at a dinner; but one of those guests, Otho, invited the Emperor, a day or two afterward, and caused the same ointment to flow from gold and silver pipes in the walls upon the floor, as though it was too cheap to be used on the person. At Capua, a long street was exclusively inhabited by perfumers. They sold full as many perfumes as we have to-day, and some which we do not use. The Spartans, and in earlier years the Romans also, made great use of butter as an ointment; but this was soon superseded by Asiatic essences and perfumes, of which the rose, the jasmine, the crocus, and other favorite flowers, were the base. Plutarch tells an amusing story of a Spartan lady, reeking of melted butter, calling upon a more fashionable dame, whose hair and dress were richly scented with sweet Persian extracts; the couple sniffed each other for a moment, then both recoiled in disgust, just as a modern fine lady and a Hottentot Venus might do at the present day.

M. Septimus Piesse, who has recently published a compendium of perfumery, thinks the ancient perfumes were all gum resins. This supposition is quite at variance with the researches of antiquaries, and indeed with the statements of M. Piesse himself. On referring to Athenæus we find nearly all our floral perfumes mentioned as being in common use in his day—rose, violet, thyme, crocus, etc., and one or two, such as the lily and vine-leaf, which are not manufactured at present. It would be pleasanter, no doubt, to prove ourselves the inventors of all these sweet scents; but honesty forbids. We are but inheritors of the ancients. Monsieur Lubin might have found it no easy matter to hold his own against the perfumers of Cyrene; and with all our skill, we make cold cream to this day after Galen's recipe.

Now, as in olden time, the rose is the queen of perfumes, as it is the queen of the garden. Human nostrils quaff no perfume so delicious as that of *Esprit de Rose;* and happy are the noses to which it is given to inhale it pure. There is but one place in the world where the genuine first-class *esprit* is made—Grasse, in France. There roses are grown by the square mile. One perfumer consumes 54,000 pounds of the leaves every year. Culled before the flower has lost any of its sweetness, the buds are boiled in pure fat for several hours; the fat is then strained, new flowers added, and the whole boiled again. It is not till this process has been repeated four times that the pomade is considered saturated with the essence of roses. Finally to this pomade is added spirit, in the proportion of a gallon to eight pounds of the paste, and the result is *Esprit de Rose.* Rare and precious liquor! Gourmands have been known to travel from all parts of Europe to Grasse, for the sole purpose of inhaling its fragrance and endeavoring to bribe its owner, with enormous sums of money, to part with a small phial. For the pure *Esprit de Rose* of Grasse is not sold. It is like the ambrosia of the gods, too divine to be made a mere object of traffic. Thousands of pounds of rose leaves go to make a small flask, which the perfumer locks up in his safe and fondly gazes on. He keeps it to mix with grosser perfumes—a drop or two of the *esprit* being sufficient to impart an exquisite fragrance to any compound. He blends it with violet and jasmine, throws in a shade of patchouly to subdue the tone of the mixture, and the famous Essence of White Rose is the result. Or he combines it with the stronger scents—geranium, sandal-wood, orris, and neroli—and gives to a grateful world the Essence of Tea Rose. In company with the extract of tuberose, cassia, and jasmine—and a small proportion of either ambergris or civet—it forms the noted Jockey Club Mixture; and similar ingredients, with a dash of musk, compose the most fashionable scent of the day at Paris—the *Bouquet d'Amour.*

Not to us is it given to luxuriate in these delicious perfumes. The rose enters into the common perfumes of commerce in the shape of otto, not *esprit.* The otto, or essential oil—a very inferior article to the extract of pomade—is procured by distilling the flowers in water. It comes chiefly from Turkey and India. Broussa, famous for its earthquakes and its guest Abd-el-Kader, is mainly supported by its rose-gardens. One may form an idea of the profit of the business from the fact that it requires two thousand rose blooms to form one drachm of the otto. In India they count 600 pounds of rose leaves to one ounce of the otto, worth about £25 sterling. But very little of it arrives in America in a pure state.

Pure otto of roses—like most concentrated perfumes—is not pleasant to the smell. It is diluted with spirit—three ounces of otto to one gallon of alcohol—and the result is the triple *esprit,* which, itself a delicious perfume for the handkerchief, refines and improves almost every *recherché* scent we have. It is the largest constituent of *Eau de Mille Fleurs,* and enters into all the good extracts with fanciful names which are sold in Paris. It is to be found in most of the sachets which are the delight of young ladies. It perfumes the most expensive soap used by rich dandies. With equal parts of orange-flowers, acacia, tubéreuse, jasmine, and bergamot, and a dash of cloves, it converts a mixture of lard and almond-oil into the best "bear's grease." With similar companions, it creates fashionable pomatums out of suet and wax, and pomades for the mustache and beard out of lead plaster. There is a bottle in many a perfumer's store labeled "Bloom of Roses;" what it is made for, we dare not say; but this we will venture—it contains, or should contain, nothing but carmine, ammonia, and *esprit triple;* and if any waggish fair one should try a few drops of it, just by way of a joke, there would be a rose-bloom on somebody's cheeks that afternoon.

Below the *esprit* comes the otto: below the otto comes rose-water, which is merely the water in which the roses have been distilled, and from the top of which the drops of oil have been carefully taken with a feather. This, too, is bottled, and in great demand. It is made all over Europe. They make it in England out of pickled roses, also in France and Italy; it ought to be made here. A mild, gentle liquor, with a pleasant smell, rose-water has given its name to a proverbial adjective. No doubt, profit being an object with perfumers, all our rose-waters are diluted freely; but good rose-water, though not so enduring a perfume as many others, retains too much of the essence of the rose to be lightly considered. We owe too much to the rose to sneer at any of its products. The flower has never lacked poets: who will render justice to its posthumous sweets?

A crowd of flowers contest the second place in the list of perfumes. Perhaps the Arabic jasmine is best entitled to the honor, from its excellence, its cost, and its extensive use. It is prepared—like the *Esprit de Rose*—by absorption in fat, and subsequent extraction in spirit. The best African jasmine is worth $45 the ounce; but the French make a very good article—their *Huile Antique*—which is much cheaper. Some use it pure. But unless it is of the very first quality, it is apt to leave a sickly smell after long exposure to the atmosphere; and hence it is oftenest combined with rose, violet, musk, etc., in bouquets. The rose, violet, and jasmine harmonize beautifully in equal proportions, and constitute the chief ingredients of most of the fashionable *extraits*.

The orange claims our regard as being the mother of no less than four excellent perfumes. The leaves yield a perfume known as *Le Petit Grain;* from the rind of the fruit an otto is obtained by distillation, which is called *Eau de Portugal;* and the blossoms, when distilled, produce oil of neroli; when infused in fat, the well-known extract of orange flowers. This single tree thus gives us four of the best perfumes in use, and a fruit which has hardly a rival. Of the perfumes the neroli is the one in most demand. It enters into many bouquets, harmonizing admirably with lemon, bergamot, vanilla, musk, and indeed with almost all floral perfumes. But its chief use is as an ingredient of *Eau de Cologne.*

This famous perfume, which has won fame and wealth not only for a family, but for a whole city, is indebted to the orange for most of its charm. We give its constituents at length for the benefit of amateur perfumers who may choose to make it for themselves:

Spirit sixty over proof (from grape)	6 gallons.
Otto of neroli (first quality)	3 ounces.
Otto of neroli (second quality)	1 ounce.
Otto of rosemary	2 ounces.
Otto of orange peel	5 ounces.
Otto of citron peel	5 ounces.
Otto of bergamot peel	2 ounces.

Most of the counterfeits are made with corn spirit instead of grape. Hence their inferiority —the fusil oil of the corn spirit having, in fact, a coarse smell in comparison with the bouquet of œanthic ether. In England the perfumers have no choice. They have no grape spirit but what they procure from abroad. Our Catawba grape, on the contrary, yields a fine spirit, which would doubtless serve the same purpose as the French or Rhemish spirit in the manufacture of *Eau de Cologne.*

Chemistry tells some queer stories about these perfumes. Neroli, when analyzed, is found to consist of seven parts of carbon to one of hydrogen. The least reflection reminds the chemical student that these are elements, and this is a combination familiar to him of old. Indeed, to pass over various substances of different natures, it is found that the sole constituents of the juniper oil, the otto of rosemary, that of the queen of the meadow, that of lemons, and turpentine, are the same seven parts of carbon with one of hydrogen. As yet we can neither combine these substances so as to form any one of the perfumes mentioned, nor explain why, with the same constituent parts, they exhale odors so different. Possibly as we grow wiser we may dip deeper into the atomic system, and make orange flower extract out of zinc plates and anthracite coal.

Marvels as striking have just been performed. An ingenious Englishman has submitted coal-tar to a chemical process, and evolved therefrom an oil which the most experienced chemists can not distinguish from essential oil of almonds. It is, in fact, chemically the same, and apparently the same in every respect. Strong hopes are entertained that it may likewise be procured from the sweepings of stables, and even from night soil. A modish world was shocked when the most despised and loathsome animal matters were pronounced to be of infinite value, and converted into objects of common traffic: what if they become the bases of our perfumes, and our smelling-bottles be replenished from the heap outside the stable-door?

There is a well-known perfume called ambergris, a sort of x or unknown object in science. What is it, and whence it comes, we know not; all that can be said is that it floats in the sea, and is a favorite dish with the sperm whale. This ambergris is eagerly collected, and distilled into an essence, or reduced to a powder; in both of which forms it constitutes a common ingredient in many perfumes. With musk, rose triple, and vanilla, it forms the well-known *Extrait d'Ambre*, which is so lasting a perfume that one washing will not remove it from a handkerchief. In its raw state ambergris is positively offensive to the nose; its smell, in fact, is so unpleasant, and at the same time so familiar to all who are patrons of the stable, that chemists have been led to imitate it by distilling the refuse of horse stalls. Professor Johnson confidently expects that it will soon be manufactured in the laboratory from these materials.

Ambergris leads us to say a word of the two

animal perfumes, musk and civet. Whether the musk-deer and the civet-cat were sent upon the earth in order that their skins should be scraped with knives and spoons for the perfumes they carry, is an open question. If left to the animal's decision, it would doubtless be answered in the negative. There is some excuse for the musk-hunters. For the deer, when his hair has been carefully brushed aside, and the musk-pods torn from his skin, may gallop off to the mountains to tell his tale of sorrow to a sympathizing doe. But the unhappy civet-cat, mercilessly separated from her male protector, is imprisoned in wire cages so contrived as to catch her head and hold it fast as in a vice, while the cruel perfumer lifts her tail, and with a spoon collects the civet which is to shed fragrance round beauty's breast. A dreadful life for poor puss, unless, indeed, she should be comforted by a sense of pride arising from her usefulness.

Civet is very nauseous to the smell when pure. Combined with orris-root, it is used to fix finer perfumes, such as the rose, jasmine, tubéreuse, orange flowers, etc., and is much esteemed by the French. Musk is more popular in England and here, though public prejudice requires it to be disguised. The extract of musk, which was once much used, is now out of date. It enters into many nosegays, however. The present Empress of the French has given her name to a perfume, of which, for the sake of our fair readers, we will here give the recipe:

Extract of musk	¼ pint.
Extract of vanilla	¼ pint.
Extract of tonquin bean	¼ pint.
Extract of neroli	¼ pint.
Extract of geranium	½ pint.
Extract of rose triple	½ pint.
Extract of santal wood	½ pint.

Musk is more generally used for perfuming sachets and soaps than nosegays. One of the most exquisite soaps made goes by the name of Tonquin Musk Soap, which consists of two hundred and forty parts of curd soap, four of otto of bergamot, and one of musk. Some of the finest Windsor soaps owe their reputation to their flavor of musk, though the manufacturers, nowadays, strenuously deny that they use it.

Its great value arises from the permanence of its scent. It can not be exhausted. A drawer in which a musk sachet has been kept will retain its smell for years. A single grain of musk exposed to the air, perfumed a large open room for ten years, and at the end of that time was found undiminished in bulk. Invalids who are ordered to take musk, must be careful to take no violent exercise for weeks afterward; for if perspiration be brought on, a fragrance of musk will surround them that will astonish their friends. Equally abiding is the offensive odor of the smaller musk animals. A musk rat once got into a wine cellar, and ran over the tops of several bottles, without injuring the seals or corks. Many weeks afterward some of the wine was decanted, and was found to be so strongly impregnated with musk as to be undrinkable.

This is almost as wonderful as the late case of the man who swallowed a grain of tellurium. It produced but slight effects at first. But after a time the unhappy man noticed that his friends avoided him. Puzzled by the circumstance, he inquired earnestly if he had offended them. One of them took him aside, and holding his nose, confessed candidly that of late his presence had been quite intolerable to any person gifted with olfactory sensibilities. There was nothing for the unhappy patient but to put himself in strict quarantine till the odor of tellurium had worn off, which it did in the course of six months or so.

Talking of offensive odors, it is plain that noses differ as widely in temper as in shape. The Hottentot and the Esquimaux delight in smells which are not to be encountered by persons of weak constitution. Mexicans revel in their *pulque;* it would be the death of a New York fashionable to inhale its fragrance. On the Continent of Europe, and still more commonly at Algiers, the odor of absinthe is popular: it can not be smelled by a person unused to it without a shudder. At Rome, we are told, the Trimalchios and Luculli used to have their richest dishes flavored with asafœtida; and the same has often been reproached to them as an evidence of their shocking corruption. There is a good deal of cant in this. Asafœtida has not a nice smell, certainly; but its odorous essence—allyle—is also the odorous essence of garlic, which is the staple condiment of the southern races of Europe, and of onions, mustard, and horse-radish, which are not wholly unknown in America. The Romans took their onions in a concentrated form, just as the citizens of Calcutta and Benares swallow spoonsfull of pepper, a grain of which would set us coughing for a week.

To return to the flowers. The rage for violet perfumes is almost as general as for rose. That "sweet, stolen from my love's breath," is unsurpassed in delicacy; but, like all good things, it is better known by its counterfeits than by the genuine essence. Whole casks of essence of cassia, with a dash of rose and almond oil, fixed by orris-root, are sold for violet. The real otto is made at Grasse and in Florence, and is sometimes sold pure, at very high prices, though oftener combined with rose, tubéreuse, and jasmine in bouquets. It is conjectured that the smelling principle of the violet is derived from prussic acid contained in the flower. If so, we owe to the deadliest of poisons one of the sweetest of perfumes, as well as one of the most luscious of fruits.

The *citrus* family gives us several excellent perfumes besides those already mentioned. From the peel of the *citrus bergamia* we express bergamot, a favorite perfume, fond of blending with the rose, and largely used in the famous Ess bouquet and others. The *citrus medica* gives us cedrat, one of the best handkerchief perfumes, though too expensive to be generally used. From Messina we get otto of lemons,

which enters into *Eau de Cologne;* it is not much used alone, in consequence of its liability to oxidation, which spoils the flavor. The verbena, too, is a member of the same family (*Aloysia citriodora*). No finer perfume exists than the pure otto of verbena; but it is so expensive that it has long since been superseded in commerce by an imitation made from lemon grass, and flavored with orange-flowers and tuberose.

England produces one perfume in greater perfection than any other country: that is Lavender. It is chiefly grown in Surrey, where large farms are appropriated to its culture, and is very profitable, fifty-six pounds of the flowers producing, by distillation, some fourteen ounces of essential oil, worth $2 50. Lavender is used in bouquets and soaps, but more frequently in the shape of water for the toilet-table. The best lavender-water contains four ounces of otto to three quarts of spirit, and a small quantity of rose-water is usually added.

The United States claim the pre-eminence in the manufacture of the otto of winter-green. It is a very pleasant perfume, used chiefly by the confectioners, and keeps over two hundred perfumers busy in New Jersey. We are sorry for the Jerseymen, but those pestilent European chemists have just succeeded in manufacturing the essence of winter-green from salicylic acid and wood-ether. When the acid becomes cheaper, as it will some day, the partridge berries will wither unseen in the Kingdom of Camden and Amboy.

Australia is about to enter the world of perfumery with its santal-wood. This remarkable tree, which "perfumes the ax that lays it low," has heretofore been chiefly produced in the island of Timor, where it is made into jewel-boxes, incense-powder, and distilled essences. The consumption in India and China is immense; chiefly in the religious rites of the natives. Were the price lower, the essence would be very generally used in the manufacture of bouquets, as it possesses a rare and very delightful fragrance. If the Australia santal-groves thrive, we may expect to find the old bouquets, such as *La Maréchale*, in which the santal predominates, in extensive demand.

It were tedious to pursue the catalogue of sweet scents. The curious may refer to M. Piesse's work, in which flowers, resins, roots, and woods are discussed elaborately. There is one odorous essence, in very common use, which he unaccountably ignores. This is potato ether, distilled from potato spirit. No one would suppose that humble vegetable capable of yielding a perfume. Yet it does yield at least three, and very good ones they are. They go by the names of Pear, Apple, and Grape oil, from a resemblance between their odors and these fruits; confectioners use them largely to perfume their finest candies. After what we have said of the results of modern chemical experiments, we can receive a potato perfume as a matter of course.

THE GREAT EPIDEMICS.

THE PLAGUE.

FEW events of this checkered life excite more terror and dismay than the occasional visitations of disease which scourge a nation, a continent, or the world; and few subjects have attracted greater attention or stimulated more earnest study. Whether we consider the wide-spread devastation which they leave in their train, the difficulty of managing them, the obscurity of their origin, or the mysterious vitality which propagates them, we are alike called upon by philanthropy and by science to give the most careful attention to their history. Hitherto this sort of research has been confined too exclusively to medical men; but the time has come when information upon this important topic should be very generally diffused. It is incumbent upon every man to acquaint himself with the main facts of their history; for every man has some little power over these terrible scourges, and there is reason to hope that enlightened and consentaneous action may succeed in banishing them from the world.

The earliest records of the human race bear testimony to the prevalence of this frightful class of diseases. One of the plagues with which Egypt was afflicted was an epidemic of boils and blains, immediately following a murrain among cattle. The brief description of the sacred text seems to point out the Oriental plague, which, even to this day, is often preceded, accompanied, or followed by wide-spread disease among the lower animals. Homer tells us of the plague which raged in the Grecian army encamped before Troy, when Apollo came down with wrathful heart from the cold tops of Olympus, and scattered death far and wide among the hosts of the besiegers. Here, too, it is to be remarked, we have the same feature of a preceding epizootic which the book of Exodus records as an attendant of the Egyptian plague. "First," says the old bard, the angry god "attacked the mules and swift dogs."

Still earlier in the fabulous history of Greece we meet the same frightful plague at Thebes. Œdipus, the unhappy monarch of that city, had unknowingly slain his father; but the stern idea of recompense among the ancients took no account of motives. The city was scourged with pestilence for the unintentional crime of its ruler. Sophocles, in his "Œdipus Tyrannus," has given us a terrible picture of a plague-smitten city, drawn, it may be, from his recollections of the great pestilence of his own time, which we shall presently notice. Few dramatic situations are more picturesque than that with which this famous tragedy opens. The unconscious prince gazes round, and sees old and young thronging about the altars to avert the vengeance of the offended divinities, while the city reeks with the fumes of incense, and resounds with pæans and lamentations. The aged priest of Jupiter, whom he accosts, points to the suppliant crowds, and compares Thebes to a ship in stress of weather—

"For see how terribly the city rocks,
Storm-tossed; and can no longer raise her head
From the deep billows of the bloody sea;
Wasting with the green, withering fruits of earth
Blasted before they burst their ripening husks;
Wasting with browsing flocks that die around,
And with the untimely monsters of the womb;
And still the fiery god, the deadly pest,
Incumbent, rides us down, whose direful strength
Thins the old house of Cadmus—and black Hell
Grows rich upon our groans and mournful wails."

Descending to historical times, the first well-defined epidemic of which we have any account is THE PLAGUE.

The earliest minute description of this unsparing devastator of the Levant is to be found in Thucydides's History of the Peloponnesian War, in a passage which has ever been regarded as a master-piece. Our space will not permit us to quote the old Greek in full. We must, therefore, content ourselves with an outline of the principal features of this famous epidemic.

It broke out in the year 430 B.C., during the second invasion of Attica by the Peloponnesians. The population of the city and its suburb, the Piræus, at that time, can not be ascertained. Certain it is, however, that it was very much greater than usual, because the panic occasioned by the advance of the enemy had driven the country people into the city.

It must be remembered that Athens was situated in a plain surrounded by mountains on every side except the southwest, where it was open to the sea. Its port, the Piræus, was five miles off, and was connected with the city by two parallel walls, sixty feet high, fifteen feet thick, and standing at a distance of five hundred and fifty feet apart. This broad street was gradually encroached upon by houses, which were built on the inside of the walls. The Piræus was as large as the city itself, and probably more populous; for Athens, being the great maritime power of that day, its dockyards, arsenals, and public storehouses alone, to say nothing of the necessities of its mercantile marine, must have attracted a large and not very cleanly population to this important suburb. The houses in both cities were small and inconvenient. They did not rise higher than one story, had usually projecting fronts, and were built of wood or unburned brick. They were badly ventilated, having rarely any windows upon the streets, and were very poorly provided with water. Indeed Athens seems to have been a collection of squalid huts and filthy streets, overshadowed by magnificent public buildings; thus satisfying the taste of the Greek, who lived out of doors and cared little for domestic comforts.

Into this filthy city, during the rising heats of the spring, flocked the terrified people from the country. Every vacant piece of ground, not even excepting the sacred inclosures of the temples, was whitened with the tents of the fugitives. The towers were occupied, and the increasing throngs filled up with their temporary huts the spaces between the long walls, and even placed casks in the recesses to accommodate those who could find no other shelter.

Among these panic-stricken crowds the ardor of an eastern sun might be expected to kindle disease. Accordingly, we find that the Piræus was invaded by the plague—a pestilence supposed to have originated in Ethiopia, and which had for several years ravaged Egypt and the wide domains of the King of Persia. The suddenness of its invasion startled the people, and they imagined that the Peloponnesians had poisoned the fountains. In a short time it made its way to the city, where it was even more fatal than it had been in the Piræus.

Thucydides has left us quite a minute account of the symptoms of this disorder, which have a general family likeness to the plague of the present day. It has been absurdly enough supposed that the Athenian pestilence was a sort of Asiatic cholera, a notion which the slightest attention to its symptoms is sufficient to dissipate. The first intimation of its onset was a violent heat of the head, attended by redness and inflammation of the eyes. Various disorders of the throat, lungs, and bowels followed. The surface of the body was reddish, livid, and covered over with an efflorescence of minute vesicles and ulcers, but not particularly hot to the touch, while the sense of internal burning was so acute that the unhappy sufferers could not endure the slightest covering, and eagerly threw themselves into cold water, or rushed to the wells in the vain hope of being able to slake their consuming thirst.* The average duration of the disease was from seven to nine days. Many who passed this period died finally, worn out by the exhaustion of the various discharges which followed. Some recovered with the loss of different members, which dropped off in consequence of a mortification following an intense inflammation. Some lost their eyes, and others their memory, so that they could not recognize their friends and relatives, and even forgot their own names.

The observant old Greek records certain facts which have since become familiar to the student of epidemics. The previous health of the city was good, and after the outbreak of the plague, that terrible disease, like the serpent which sprang from the rod of Moses, exterminated all others, so that whatever malady attacked a man, it was sure to change into the prevailing pestilence. The utter powerlessness of medicine is also mentioned, and, alas! in our day, we can not account for that by attributing it to the imperfect state of the healing art two thousand years ago. It is the melancholy confession of our ablest physicians that they were compelled to look sadly upon the recent epidemic of yellow fever at Norfolk, utterly unable to control it. Individual symptoms they might successfully combat, but the malignant disease went steadily on to its fatal termination, in spite of their best directed efforts.

* Ovid, in his account of the plague at Ægina, which is manifestly copied from Thucydides, utters the following strong hyperbole:

"Dura sed in terra ponunt præcordia: nec fit
Corpus humo gelidum, sed humus de corpore fervet."

This terrible plague had peculiar aggravations of its own. The enemy had occupied all the territory of Attica, and were devastating it with fire and sword. There was no such thing as flight for the unhappy wretches pent up in the plague-smitten city. The sick abandoned themselves to utter despair, and those who were still untouched were afraid to render them any assistance. Whole households perished for want of attendance. Their only hope was in the few who had had the good fortune to recover from the disease in full possession of their faculties. These discharged the functions of nurses without fear, for the same persons were never twice attacked. The pestilence was universally considered contagious; and Thucydides is careful to tell us that physicians suffered more than any other classes of the community, because their duties threw them more frequently in contact with the sick. The very dogs that devoured the bodies of the victims of the plague perished, and, by a strange instinct, the vultures shunned these corpses.

The fugitives, being worse provided with houses than the citizens, suffered the most. The dead and dying lay upon one another in their squalid huts. The streets and the temples were filled with corpses, and the dying lay gasping in sight of the fountains for whose cooling drops they longed. All decency of interment was at an end. Many lay unburied, for want of persons to render this last sad duty of friendship. Often one funeral procession would seize by force upon the pile prepared for another body, driving away those who had erected it, and they themselves, in turn, would be molested by a third party, who would toss their dead upon the pyre after it had been kindled.

The moral disorganization was terrific. The all-pervading selfishness of the people overpowered all considerations of duty and decency. The regular administration of law was suspended; religion had lost all hold of the public mind, so that each man seized whatever pleasure offered itself, determined to make as merry as possible the short day allotted to him. In such gloomy colors does this great master portray the moral effects of the pestilence. Not a gleam of light, not the faintest ray of goodness relieves the sombre story.

Pericles, like all great men, rose with the occasion. In the face of revolt, he organized a naval expedition to harass the Peloponnesian coast, in the hope of procuring some alleviation from the pestilence, by removing a portion of its pabulum. On his return, however, his strong head was bowed. His dearest friends, his sister, his sons were swept away, and the last scion of his ancient house had perished. With tears he placed the funeral garland on the cold body of his favorite son, and his great spirit finally yielded to the blows of fate. Not long afterward his illustrious name was recorded upon the dark roll of the victims of pestilence, and the glory of Athens began to wane.

Of the causes of this visitation we shall not speak at length in this place, as we intend hereafter to make a general summary of the views entertained in regard to the origin and spread of epidemics. We may state, however, that Thucydides is the earliest writer who expresses any suspicion of the infectious character of the disease. Homer clearly attributes his plague to the heat of the sun, setting aside the preternatural wrath of Apollo. Thucydides, however, while he attaches due importance to the crowded state of the city, the closeness of the habitations, and the general distress, evidently suspects importation, and strongly insists upon contagion. Diodorus Siculus has added a few facts of interest relating to the causes of the disease. He says the winter had been unusually rainy, and had left pools in the hollows of the hills, from which the uncommon heat of the summer, untempered by the usual Etesian winds, raised foul exhalations. He also informs us that the fruits were bad and watery, and that thus the additional calamity of improper food was added to those other misfortunes under which Athens already labored. These facts should all have their due weight with those who study the causation of the plague.

Other outbreaks of this disease are spoken of by ancient writers, but our space is not sufficient for their description. We, therefore, pass over the plague which broke out among the besiegers of Syracuse; the plague at Rome, brought by the legions of Lucius Varus from Parthia, which Galen, untrue to the noble instincts of his profession, avoided by flight; and the Syrian plague, described by Eusebius in his Ecclesiastical History. Nor have we room for the terrible pestilence known as Justinian's Plague, which ravaged the Roman empire for more than fifty years during the sixth century of our era. Our readers will find an account of it in Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Suffice it to say that, "during three months, five, and at length ten, thousand persons died each day at Constantinople; that many cities of the East were left vacant, and that in several districts of Italy the harvest and the vintage withered on the ground." The number of persons who perished in this epidemic is variously estimated at from one to two hundred millions.*

We come, therefore, at once to that frightful pestilence of the middle ages, the phenomena of which at Florence are familiar to all the readers of the Decameron. This local disorder, however, so well described by Boccaccio, was but an offshoot of that deadly upas which overshadowed and blasted all Europe and the

* These numbers appear large, and may well excite some incredulity. The authorities for them are Evagrius, who continued Eusebius's Ecclesiastical History, and Procopius, a physician, who remained in Constantinople during the entire prevalence of the disorder in that place. His profession, which trained him to close habits of observation, and taught him to look coolly upon danger, is a pretty good guarantee of his accuracy. Besides, his statements have been sifted and compared with those of other authors, by the learned Gibbon, a man among whose faults of intellect extreme credulity certainly had no place, and the figures in the text are the result of his searching inquiry.

greater portion of Asia. Dr. Hecker has written a learned treatise upon it, under the title of the "Black Death," by which terrible name it was known in Germany. It occurred about the middle of the fourteenth century, and in four years destroyed one-fourth the entire population of Europe.

This author believes that this, as well as other great epidemics, depended upon a universal cosmical cause, altogether beyond the control of man, and alludes in rhetorical language to great revolutions in the organism of the earth. Beyond a few earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, and thunder-storms, however, he fails to cite any thing remarkable, except a "thick, stinking mist seen to advance from the East, and spread itself over Italy." This can hardly be supposed to have more to do with the epidemic than the grand conjunction of Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars in the sign of Aquarius, to which the astrological physicians of that day attributed the origin of the disease. The general filth of both cities and private houses, and the carelessness of the people concerning personal cleanliness, must have had great influence in propagating the infection. Its spread was also aided by the universal ignorance of hygiene. Bedding and clothes saturated with the poison were allowed to remain among the healthy, forming centres whence pestilence radiated. The narrow ditches about the walled towns, foul with all manner of impurities, and the moats about the castles, must have poured clouds of miasma into the air.

It is said to have made its first appearance in Europe at Avignon, in the year 1348. The same year it broke out in Florence, where the mortality was terrific. Boccaccio informs us that more than a hundred thousand perished in that city only, and breaks out in the pathetic exclamation: "What magnificent dwellings, what noble palaces were then depopulated to the last person! What families extinct! what riches and vast possessions left to no known heir to inherit! What numbers of both sexes, in the prime and vigor of youth, whom in the morning neither Galen, Hippocrates, nor Æsculapius himself but would have declared in perfect health, after dining heartily with their friends here, have supped with their departed friends in the other world!"

The description of the disease we also quote from Boccaccio: "There appeared certain tumors in the groin or under the arm-pits, some as big as a small apple, others as an egg; and afterward purple spots in most parts of the body; in some cases large and but few in number, in others less and more numerous—both sorts the usual messengers of death. To the cure of this malady neither medical knowledge nor the power of drugs were of any effect; whether because the disease was in its own nature mortal, or that the physicians could form no just idea of the cause, nor consequently ground a true method of cure; whichever was the reason, few or none escaped, but they generally died the third day from the first appearance of the symptoms, without a fever or other bad circumstance attending. And the disease, by being communicated from the sick to the well, seemed daily to get ahead, and to rage the more, as fire will do by laying on fresh combustibles. Nor was it given only by conversing with, or coming near the sick, but even by touching their clothes, or any thing that they had before touched. Any thing belonging to the infected, if touched by any other creature, would certainly infect, and even kill that creature in a short space of time. One instance of this kind I took particular notice of, namely, that the rags of a poor man, just dead, being thrown into the street, and two hogs coming by at the same time, and rooting among them, and shaking them about in their mouths, in less than an hour turned around and died on the spot."

The ordinary course of life among the people was changed. Some, fancying that they might avoid the fever by low diet, lived very abstemiously, while others gave themselves up to all manner of excesses. Many fled from the city without stopping to remove their furniture or secure their doors, so that the palace to-day abandoned by a prince, might to-morrow become the residence of a beggar. As in Athens, so in Florence, great irregularities in burying the dead took place. The accustomed train of mourners no longer accompanied the corpse to its last resting-place, with the sad melody of chants and the pale shimmer of many tapers. A few hired men hurried the dead body to the nearest convenient place of interment, and short and hasty prayers were muttered over those remains, which in ordinary times would have been committed to their mother-earth with the utmost civil and ecclesiastical pomp.

Still more rudely were the dead of lower station treated. Perishing alone and untended in their desolate garrets and cellars, the first announcement of their decease was the stench arising from their decomposition. The neighbors, therefore, adopted the plan of entering each house and carrying out its dead, so that every morning a row of ghastly corpses glared with unclosed eyes upon the horror-stricken wayfarer. The priests going through the streets in the discharge of their melancholy duty, were surprised to find, on their arrival at the cemetery, six or eight corpses to be buried, when they had started with but one, the parties who happened to see the procession having followed the crucifix with their own dead. The usual places of interment being rapidly filled up, trenches were dug, and the corpses laid in them in successive tiers, a little earth being finally thrown upon the highest row. In the country, too, the people died along the highways and in the hedges, as well as in their little huts, and the faithful dogs wandered among the abandoned harvests, howling piteously for those who would never caress them again.

In Germany the disease was not so fatal as in Italy. In France and in England it was terrible. Many dropped instantly dead, and it

is said by contemporary chroniclers that in the latter kingdom but one-tenth of the original population survived. The cold plains of Russia were invaded by the disease; the fur-clad Lapp perished in his sled, and the Norwegian mountaineer found the bracing air of his snowy hills no safeguard against this omnipresent foe. The wide sea, too, felt the scourge, and ships drifted idly over its desolate expanse, manned only by corpses, till the sails and cordage rotted off, and the hulls, battered by a hundred storms, descended into the waves with their freight of death.

Of the moral effects of this disorder it pains us to speak. The same unlimited selfishness we have seen in Athens prevailed in Europe. The child abandoned its aged parent, the wife rushed in terror from the bedside of her dying husband, and the mother fled from the cradle of her sick infant. A few hirelings, in whom avarice had overpowered fear, remained, at enormous wages, to render grudging and awkward services to the unhappy sufferers, and to pillage their effects as soon as they had breathed their last. Hence men were often the attendants upon ladies of condition, who lost all modesty in the overpowering panic, and did not always regain it when convalescence had released them from their terrors.

Many abandoned themselves to their appetites without control. Debauchery, drunkenness, and licentiousness became common in all ranks of society at Florence. Parties of men and women committing all the excesses of ancient bacchanalians, rambled from house to house, drinking and reveling incessantly. The religious orders formed no exception to this universal profligacy, but the nuns and novices abandoned themselves to the general delirium of lust, and the convents became sinks of depravity. One of the most striking illustrations of the heartlessness of the people, is the invention by which Boccaccio accounts for the origin of the "Decameron." That a number of refined and educated ladies could leave the warm corpses of their kindred, and with the groans of the dying still ringing in their ears, could enjoy the prurient stories and the occasional gross vulgarity of the novels, is a melancholy evidence of the general demoralization.

But was all so black? Thank God! no. Christianity in the midst of this selfishness and corruption, still brought forth some Divine fruit. At the Hôtel Dieu, then eminently worthy of its name, Sisters of Charity, with pious care, wiped the death-damps from the clammy brow, and lifted the refreshing cup to the fevered lip. With a noble scorn of death, they kept their posts till one after another had been summoned to a glorious rest. Still this "noble army of martyrs" was undiminished, for no sooner had one been taken away to receive her crown, than another stepped into her place to take up the cross which had fallen from her failing fingers. How many dying sinners whispered prayers in the ears of those heroic women, with breath that blighted while it blessed! How many glazing eyes gazed into those loving faces till their earthly vision grew blind forever, and the forms of the sisters were confounded with those of the angels!

In Germany superstition led to strange excesses. At Lubeck the rich merchants hastened to endow monasteries with their useless gold, hoping to bribe Heaven, and buy off the wrath of God. The terrified monks refused to receive the tainted treasure, and barred their gates against it; but the pious zeal of these late penitents was not to be so balked. They threw the precious bane over the walls of the sacred cloisters.

There is a still darker page in this gloomy history. The absurd story that the wells were poisoned gained general credence, and with this crime the unfortunate Jews were charged. In the existing state of feeling, proofs were easily had to satisfy the sanguinary rabble of their guilt. Thousands of these unhappy people expiated their imaginary crime by the most cruel death. Torture was applied to extort confession, and the agonized sufferer assented to every thing which his tormentor suggested. The fury of the populace, always blind, knew no bounds, and it was fanned by the nobles who had borrowed money from the Jews which they did not wish to repay, and by the monks who had been underbid by them. Their protectors were few and comparatively feeble, consisting chiefly of the *Vogts* or bailiffs placed over them by the Emperor, in consideration of a heavy tribute paid into the imperial coffers. Against the rage of all classes who had bound themselves by oath to exterminate the Jews by fire and sword, their protestations were of little avail; and indeed in some instances they were forced to unite with the people and subscribe to the same bloody oath. The wells were shut up, the buckets taken away, and water obtained from ponds and rivers; and then this very precautionary measure, occasioned by the fears of the people, was cited as an evidence against the unhappy Hebrews. In Basle and Freiburg all the Jews were seized, enclosed in a wooden building constructed for the purpose, and burned alive. In Strasburg, by decree of a diet held at Bennefeeld, in Alsace, eighteen hundred were burned. "At Mayence," says an old chronicler, "they were roasted in such fashion, that in St. Quentin's Church tower, a fine bell and the lead round the windows were melted. Elsewhere they threw them into the wells they had poisoned, drowned or stabbed them, or hurled them from the tops of houses, and, in all imaginable ways, slew and executed them." At Eslingen they anticipated the cruelty of their persecutors, and burnt themselves in their own synagogue. Some few were spared by the wretches who disgraced the name of Christians, and these were forced to be baptized. But, as fanaticism engenders religious rancor, the Jews hated baptism worse than death, and even mothers were known to throw their tender infants into the fire

to save them from the detested symbol of a creed which for them was written in letters of blood.

This flame of wrath was fanned by the efforts of a band of wild enthusiasts, who crossed the Alps from Italy and wandered over the empire. In weary procession the Flagellants marched from city to city and from village to village, chanting their savage hymns, and lashing their bare shoulders with cruel scourges. They preached up the equality of all classes, denounced the corruption of the clergy, the cruelty of the nobles, and the luxury of the monks, and called upon all who would save themselves to do sharp penance upon their sinful bodies. They proclaimed the prevailing pestilence to be a direct judgment from God upon a wicked world, and urged all men to flee from the wrath to come, and to escape eternal perdition, by subjecting themselves to temporal torture. Not satisfied with persuasion, they forced into their ranks those whom their wild eloquence could not affect, threw over their unwilling backs the coarse cross-embroidered garment, put into their hands the hard scourge, platted with thorns, for more effectual contrition, and compelled them to march barefooted behind their red banner emblazoned with black crosses, and to use the sharp implement of conversion with a vigorous hand. Their arrival was the signal for the wildest excesses. The people then, as afterward at Marseilles, were "almost raving in matters of devotion," and eagerly rushed after these new guides, whose bleeding backs gave sufficient evidence of their earnestness. They followed implicitly the directions of these severe fanatics, and venerated them as saints.

Unfortunately, it was no religion of love, no doctrine of charity, the gloomy ascetics came to preach, but a grim piety, whose unmerciful heart was hardened against all mankind. The cruel zeal which could lacerate the tender flesh of children, and fancy such blood an acceptable sacrifice to the Majesty of Heaven, was not likely to quiet the wrathful feelings of the people toward the descendants of Abraham. Accordingly, we find that the Flagellants every where aggravated the hate against the Jews, and that their arrival was a signal for renewed and more terrible persecutions. Their power and influence soon attracted toward them designing men, who were willing to scarify their backs that they might gratify with impunity their avarice and their lust. Consequently, the sect degenerated into a gang of swindling agitators, who committed the most atrocious crimes under the mask of peculiar sanctity and self-denial. Fortunately their rabid denunciations of prevailing vices united against them the clergy, the nobility, and the rich burghers, while their secret crimes attracted the attention of the *Vehm-gericht*, and no sooner had they entered the "Red Land," than the daggers of that inexorable and omnipresent tribunal began to thin their ranks. They now rapidly sunk in public estimation, and Germany was delivered from a moral pestilence as terrible as the plague itself.

While upon the subject of the moral effects of pestilence, we can not resist the temptation to quote the remarks of Montaigne upon the plague which prevailed in his neighborhood two centuries later, and in which, he tells us, more than ninety-nine hundredths of those who were attacked perished:

"Every one generally renounced all care of life; the grapes, the principal wealth of the country, hung in clusters upon the vines; every one indifferently preparing for and expecting death, either to-night or to-morrow, with a countenance and voice so far from fear, as if they had contracted with death in this necessity, and that it had been a universal and inevitable sentence. 'Tis alway such; but how slender a hold has the resolution of dying! The distance and difference of a few hours, and the sole consideration of company, renders the apprehension and the idea various to us. Do but observe these; by reason that they died in the same month, children, young people and old, they were no longer astonished at it—they no more lamented. I saw some who were afraid of staying behind, as in a dreadful solitude; and I did not commonly observe any other solicitude among them than that of sepulture; they were troubled to see the dead bodies scattered about the fields at the mercy of beasts, which presently began to flock about them. Some, who were yet in health, digged their own graves; others laid themselves in them while yet alive; and a laborer of mine, while dying, with his hands and feet pulled the earth upon him. In short, a whole nation, by custom, was brought to a discipline nothing inferior in undauntedness to the most studied and premeditated resolution."

MILICENT.

I.

"YOU can not mean what you say, Milicent. Many a woman has sacrificed her happiness to her pride; take care, for your own sake, how you add to the number!"

Had there been any vacillation in Milicent Tyrrell's mind, this adjuration would have fixed it. She perceived in it the implied reproach upon the vehemence of her character, which had wounded her so often—which had brought her, in fact, to the alternative against which her lover warned her. It strengthened her, however; it gave fire to the eyes that might have softened, and firmness to the voice that would have trembled. She answered calmly enough:

"I do mean what I say," she said; "and I shall not sacrifice my happiness. We should not be happy together: you are hard and cold, and I am passionate and headstrong, as you tell me. Your faults lie deep; they never show on the surface—they mislead you as to yourself—they make you harsh and unforgiving to me. I could not live with a man that was always watching me to detect and reprove; I should learn to

hate my husband in the character of censor and judge. Life would be one fierce quarrel, ever growing fiercer. No, Luke, it is because I would have neither of us miserable that I am resolved to end our engagement."

She stood erect and resolute: it was impossible to doubt her earnestness. Luke made a few turns in the room; hard and cold as she called him, it was difficult for him to speak as firmly as she had done.

"But you are bound to me," he said at length, "by ties that the caprice of a moment can not break; my ten years' love, your father's wishes; more than all—you constrain me to say, Milicent—your own confessions and promises must withhold you. Have you not loved me?" he asked, passionately; "or has the past been a part and a lie?"

"If," she replied, scornfully, "your words were any thing to me now, I should resent such language. Have I loved you?—well enough to submit to be pupil, culprit, slave almost! I have learned to dread your presence in the height of any innocent enjoyment, knowing you would see some fault to blame. Hard constructions have been put on all I did and was. You have schooled me in every relation of life, in every petty detail of conduct, as if you had been, in fact, my husband. No husband, in fact, shall so school me; the wife's position is an equal one, and you would degrade it. No!" she cried, eagerly, "I have borne much—I will *not* marry to such bondage! Often have I said, 'If Luke acts thus again, it shall be the last time.' The last time *is* now come; nothing will move me! As for your love, you delude yourself; you love rule and self too well—"

"Stop!" cried Luke, interrupting her, "for I can bear no more; I should be bent indeed upon my own misery if I urged you further. Strange, that we have thus deceived ourselves—that instead of loving me, such an intense bitterness is burning in your heart! What blind dreamers we are!"

"I, too, have dreamed," said Milicent; "you are not alone in your disappointment; but it is all over. Mr. Forrester, good-by."

Her attitude, as she held out her hand, was as firm and stately as ever, but her averted eyes gleamed with suppressed emotion, and her flushed cheeks were wet with tears. He had meant to take his farewell without another word, but a glance into the proud, troubled face of the girl moved him with an irresistible yearning. Was there not enough of noble-heartedness within her, after her faults were weighed, to risk his happiness upon? But what availed such calculation? Did he not love her with soul and strength? Had he hope or care for the future without her?

"Milicent!" he exclaimed, with vehement tenderness; but a movement arrested the words. He saw it would be in vain; that she was prepared to reject his prayers as she had done his expostulations. Why should he subject dignity and love to be trampled under foot? "Milicent," he repeated, more calmly, "farewell! I shall be able to wish you happiness apart from myself."

He held her hand for a moment in a passionate grasp! How still and proud she stood! He noticed, in spite of himself, every point of her beauty, the very richness of her dress, and the accessories which surrounded her. He knew not the secret agony against which her indomitable spirit upheld her.

"Can she ever have loved me?" was the bitter doubt with which he hurried from her presence. The groom brought round his horse with the same alacrity and respectful cordiality as he had shown every day almost for years—his had been a long courtship, a Jacob's service—and Forrester spoke to him in the same quiet friendly tone; but he pushed on at full gallop, becoming mad speed, as his thoughts quickened, and the man was out of sight.

The glorious afternoon sunshine flooded the park, and cast the broad tree-shadows unbroken on the grass—the flower-garden was brilliant with a thousand dyes—the ripe harvest-fields and distant river burned in the unmitigated light; the far-off hills, crowned with woods and dark in shadow, shut the noble landscape in—shut in the lands of which Milicent was heiress. She loved riches and luxury—oh, she had enough to satisfy her and console her, if she needed consolation. He might never find one to fill the place she had held in his tenacious heart; but she, whose beauty and position opened the highest circles, who loved society, and was worshiped by it—what credulous vanity to suppose some suitor as worthy and more successful than himself would not secure what he had lost! But was it loss? Was not his present misery the shorter, if sharper, pang to a union with a woman so impatient of the lightest control, so cruelly unjust to the deepest and tenderest affection? Reversing the cause, was she not right in her own conclusion? It would not do even in the first moment of wrath. He thought of her scorn for all that was mean and little—her lofty truthfulness—the tender passion of a nature that was capable of all sacrifice for the being loved—the earnestness and fire of her mind, which ever seemed at the high point of vitality, but occasionally attained by others. Misconception, uncongeniality, and wretchedness there might be, but Milicent was still to him the chief good on earth.

He heard the sound of horses' hoofs, and turned abruptly into an opposite path. He had no wish for companions, least of all for such as Mr. Tyrrell and his little daughter Lilly. When secure from observation, he looked back to watch them, and send after them his last farewells.

Mr. Tyrrell's fine face looked brighter and more animated even than its wont, as he bent down toward his fairy companion, the fragile child and darling of the house. The little girl's fair curls danced in the wind as she urged her pony to its utmost speed; and her soft laugh rang through the clear air as she gained the

race they were running, without a suspicion that her triumph had been an easy one. Forrester knew how Milicent loved her father; how Lilly was cherished with more than a sister's heart. It might be an unworthy emotion, but he thought bitterly that every good gift had been lavished upon her; that her life was so rich, she would scarcely miss one link from the glittering chain; and for the moment, selfish in his great sorrow, he would have had her solitary and miserable as himself.

Before another hour had struck, deep darkness had fallen upon this brilliant lot. The stumble of a horse's hoof revolutionized life for Milicent Tyrrell. Her father drew his last breath in her arms ten minutes after she had been summoned to his side—summoned from one strife and agony of soul to another scarcely keener; and he died intestate.

We must pass over the scenes immediately following; every adverse power seemed at work to exalt the sudden overwhelming misery to desperation. The death of her father to the daughter's heart, in which he had been supreme, would have smothered lesser woes, had not the first news of the accident brought down his elder brother, the heir-at-law, and subjected the proud defiant girl to the bitter humiliation of his mastership. There was no gainsaying his right; the large estates of Roseneath had been left by an eccentric relative to the younger brother, on condition he took his name. They were left entailed upon the male line, but with the momentous saving-clause, permitting the legatee to cut off the entail and will it at his pleasure, if he had no son, and a daughter twenty-one years of age. When Mr. Tyrrell died, Milicent wanted a few months of her majority; and her father, having waited for this event to dispose of his property, had not even secured to his children what fortune was under his independent control.

Mr. Rivington held no friendly feelings toward his nieces; he had looked upon himself as defrauded during his brother's lifetime, and was disposed to regard his sudden death as a manifest token of the will of Heaven to give him back his rights. He meant to take the orphans to his home, and treat them, he said, as his daughters; and had no more sense of his turpitude in seizing thus their expected inheritance, than has been shown since the beginning of time by the lawless possessors of the coveted vineyards.

Fourteen days' intercourse with Milicent made him hate her: he wished to bury his brother with all possible pomp and ceremony; but Milicent, knowing intimately her dead father's wishes on the subject, roused herself from her stupor of anguish to oppose the idea. Mr. Tyrrell had often said, as they passed through the village church-yard, that he would rather lie under its willows than in the ancestral vault beneath the chancel; and he owed to his daughter's strength of will and energy of purpose that the wish was gratified. Milicent bore down her uncle's opposition with a resolution so absolute that he was constrained to succumb, and resented the necessity accordingly.

Immediate retaliation was in his power—to contract his business at Roseneath to the shortest possible space of time, and hurry the sisters back with him to their new city home. He would have been better pleased had Milicent expostulated on the subject; but her character upheld her from any complaint or protest against her uncle's tyranny. She perceived at once the feelings and motives which influenced his conduct, and she possessed precisely that strength of mind or refinement of pride which would have enabled her to bear the rack without uttering the groan her torturer listened to hear.

The agony of her father's death, after the first irresistible paroxysms of grief, she consumed in silence; as well as the even sharper pang that her sudden fall from wealth and authority to poverty and dependence would inevitably produce in such a nature. Sharper, not because her love had been weaker than her pride, but it was comparatively easy to bow to the inevitable blow of Heaven, it was martyrdom to submit to what seemed the caprice of circumstance, the power of injustice and legal fraud. During this interval, she had a still greater trial to undergo in the ceaseless efforts of Luke Forrester to obtain an interview with her. The lover she had rejected with such decisive scorn in the recent days of her prosperity, could never receive any thing from her now; as for offers of friendship and service, they would be intolerable to a heart passionate and vehement as her own. Since the day they had parted, even in the height of her misery, or rather stimulated thereby, Milicent's love seemed on the increase; adding the master-grief of bitter self-reproach and vain regrets for a future lost forever. The effect of all this mental strife was such, that, as they reached their journey's end, a fortnight after Mr. Tyrrell's death, Mr. Rivington, on looking at Milicent, consoled himself with the reflection that his two daughters had nothing to fear from her rival beauty.

Mrs. Rivington and her daughters were in a state of great excitement on the evening of the expected arrival of Milicent and Lilly Tyrrell. The latter, being a child, had little to do with the tremor of curiosity and anxiety that agitated them: it was all due to Milicent, the reputed beauty, the impoverished heiress, the rejected bride. Augusta Rivington, as she coquetted with her crape-trimmings and long curls, pleasantly conscious how well her mourning attire became her, was explaining to Maurice Halford, her reserved, dilatory, but assured admirer, how the case stood.

"Poor uncle could have settled every thing on Milicent, and she was always brought up to expect it. Poor girl! it must be a dreadful blow to her. I should feel it myself keenly, little as I care for fortune. But then, you know, the property ought to have been ours before, so that we are getting only our rights after all."

Mr. Halford knew all about it, as it was the one subject of talk in their mutual circles, and bowed gravely, in unmistakable acquiescence, as the young lady paused.

"It is shocking to think of!" subjoined Mrs. Rivington, stirring into a blaze the before hot fire. "For just one-and-twenty years my husband has been defrauded by his brother, without the smallest acknowledgment or attempt at compensation; but there is a providence that watches over these things. In spite of their father's robbery, his children shall always find a home with us."

"And sisters in your fair daughters?" asked Mr. Halford, with precisely the same inclination as before. "Pardon me, Mrs. Rivington, but few women would be capable of such magnanimity."

Augusta looked up a little uneasily; but, assured by her scrutiny, said, with a little laugh, in reply to his first remark:

"I hope so; but they say our poor cousin's temper is so difficult, and she has been so flattered and spoilt, that it will not be easy to be very fond of her. She has governed like an autocrat at Roseneath. It is really a terrible reverse."

"It is quite certain she could not be very amiable," remarked the elder Miss Rivington, in a slightly under-tone, "or Luke Forrester would never have jilted her—"

"Hush! my dear," interposed her mother quickly; "it is not fair for one lady to tell such tales of another. Nothing blights a young woman's prospects in society like the reputation of having been jilted. The secret is safe with you, I am sure, Mr. Halford?"

"Of course, the lady was jilted in the days of her prosperity."

"I really can't take upon myself to say, but I fear not: Mr. Forrester is not even in that case less disinterested than—excuse me—the sex in general. Portionless maidens are little in demand, except in novels."

"A libel!" whispered Augusta, softly. "Why don't you take up the gauntlet for mankind?" But Mr. Halford was in a muse, and did not hear her; indeed he heard nothing till a sudden movement announced the guests were come; then he roused and looked about him. The room had a very pleasant aspect, with the glow of fire and lamp reflected in every opposing point of glass and gilding, and heightening the warm tints of the pictures on the wall, and the rich flower-painted carpet under foot. It was thick set with all kinds of fantastic couches, if the travelers were weary; and on the table was a dainty repast, ready spread, to tempt and gratify appetite if hungry; and then what intense anxiety in the faces of aunt and cousins—could the welcome be mistaken?

Mrs. Rivington and Augusta hurried down stairs to meet the strangers; they were so long in returning, that Eleanor said she would go and see if any thing was the matter; and almost involuntarily, moved by an unusual curiosity, Mr. Halford followed her.

Milicent stood in the hall, giving, in clear calm tones, some instructions respecting her luggage; the greetings had no doubt been exchanged, for Mr. Rivington was bustling up stairs, and his wife and daughter stood a little apart, watching their kinswoman. Her arm pressed closely to her side her little trembling sister; otherwise she would have stood erect, and her face was turned toward the light. Mr. Halford was a sensible man, but he had a great weakness for beauty; he was an absent one, too, and stood and gazed at Milicent, ignorant that his mistress's eyes were upon him. Very pale and worn her face looked with recent watching and anguish, and its expression was fixed and cold, but the perfection of feature, the fineness of outline, was unimpaired. There was no extraneous help; her hair, of the beauty of which much had been said, seemed to have been carefully concealed; but the clearly-marked line of the brows, the shade of the lashes, hinted at color and character. These points were patent to all her observers; but only one carried the scrutiny deeper, and detected, in spite of the careful self-possession, the latent expression of the deep-blue eyes—an occasional scintillation of passion and recklessness that touched him, together with the sudden dilation of the delicate nostril, the quiver of the lines round the flexible mouth.

Mr. Rivington stopped short at the head of the stairs. "Girls, take your cousins up stairs, if they have finished their orders, and help them to make haste down to tea, for we sha'n't stand on the ceremony of waiting. What, Halford, my dear fellow! How do? Always glad to see you. No need to introduce you to Milicent Tyrrell—you know who she is."

"But I shall feel obliged if you will let Miss Tyrrell know who I am," said Mr. Halford, smiling, in order to mollify the roughness of the other's speech.

Mrs. Rivington introduced him. Milicent, who had not condescended to notice her uncle's insult, bowed in a stately, unconscious way, and, still holding Lilly's hand, followed Augusta to a bedroom.

There was no fire in the spacious, cheerless apartment; they had had a long journey, and the child was benumbed with cold. Milicent hesitated what to do, and fixed a keen, asking gaze on Augusta's face; her cousin had offered her services in a careless way, and they had been declined: she now leaned listlessly over the mantel-piece, but the attitude alone was languid—she was watching every movement of Milicent's with intense interest.

"I can not—no, I can not stoop to complain and ask a favor from her," thought Milicent. "Lilly, I could better die than beg for you."

She took off the heavy cloak and bonnet, smoothed the fair head, and then kneeling down before the little one, began to chafe her frozen feet between her hands. On looking up into her face, she perceived Lilly was crying—not in a childish, fretful way; her tears fell quietly,

but large and fast. It was the one thing Milicent was not proof against: pride failed her, crushed under the rush of the restrained agonies and emotions of the day. She clasped the child in her arms with a cry of passion that startled Augusta to her very soul; and then throwing herself upon her knees, still folding Lilly in her strait embrace, burst into such an agony of weeping, that at length her cousin was moved.

"Milicent, don't cry like that. You will be very happy with us; we will all be very kind to you."

Milicent's bonnet had fallen off, and her dark hair in massive curls swept over cheek and throat; the face was raised as in appeal against her fate—how beautiful she was in spite of tears and pallor! Augusta had been bending over her, her hand resting on her shoulder; but she suddenly drew back from the caressing posture. "Had she been less beautiful, I would have loved her." A presentiment of trouble seemed to haunt her.

"Calm yourself," she said coldly, "and try and come down to tea. Once more, can I help you, or shall I send our maid?"

Milicent was striving to master herself. She was not a stranger to such conflict, and she succeeded now. "The last time," she said, rising and drying her tears, "that you will see me so weak. We want nothing, thank you; we will join you almost immediately."

When they entered the room, some ten minutes later, there was little trace of Milicent's late emotion. Mr. Rivington looked up from his meal. "Come, girls," he said graciously, "come to the table: I am sure you must be half-starved. And now, one word, Milicent, now I have got you home. I don't wish to be unkind to you, and I would rather we all agreed with one another. Your cousins are willing to treat you as a sister, provided you are disposed to keep your temper in check—otherwise, that temper will be your ruin. I have put up in the old house with more than I ever bore from any woman; but in my own, remember, I am master. For the rest, to end the subject forever, if you marry, I shall give you a younger daughter's portion."

Milicent's lip had curled, and her eyes kindled, during this speech. At its close, on perceiving her uncle's look of self-complacency, she said quietly,

"I am sorry I can not be grateful; but it is impossible to give me my own, or to unite the characters of defrauder and benefactor."

Mr. Rivington turned pale with hate and anger. A confused murmur of indignation rose from his wife and daughters. The former could not find adequate words for his feelings. A woman's wrath is more facile.

"I suppose, Miss Tyrrell," said Mrs. Rivington, with a sneer, "you and your sister have a choice of asylums, as you risk ours so soon."

Milicent was rising up. At that moment, she was reckless of her fate: wild thoughts of seeking some refuge from her present degradation, however abject, and laboring at some employment, however menial, that would preserve bare life to both, possessed her mind. She threw a mental glance into the field of strife—the huge city that was roaring outside the windows. It was appalling; still, she was equal to it! A restraining hand pressed her arm; she shook it off impatiently; then her eyes fell on Lilly.

Mr. Halford's mind was prompt. He interposed quickly,

"The poor little one yonder gets nothing to eat, and she is too cold and tired to enjoy it if she did. Mine is a warm seat, Miss Lilly, and I have a stalwart knee, if you are not too big to sit upon it."

It produced its effect; for herself, no hardship but would be preferable to her present position; but it might kill her sister. Milicent sat down in silence. "God give me strength to bear!" she cried mentally, "for no slave is bound more surely."

II.

We do not care to go into the details of the warfare that inevitably raged between Milicent and her relations. The oppressed and oppressor can not strike hands unless the former is worthy of his fate; and no consideration could prevent the proud vehement girl from betraying her feelings at times. For her sister's sake she controlled such rash speeches as the one which had exasperated her uncle's aversion on the night of her arrival; but her profound scorn for his character and conduct could be read in tones and gestures which she did not try to propitiate. Mr. Rivington's hatred for the girl he had injured grew morbid under these provocations; the glance of her eyes, if they happened to fall upon his face—and all the more, it seemed, because of their beauty—excited in him an uneasy emotion of aversion. The tones of her clear rich voice grated on his ear; he followed every lithe and graceful motion with a fascinated repugnance. Almost to the same extent, but from a different cause, Augusta shared her father's feelings. The beauty of her cousin, the charm of her ardent conversation, lightened by the fire of a crude but brilliant genius, when circumstances overcame her haughty reserve—every gift and grace she possessed was a heavy cross under which she groaned daily. To be eclipsed was a new thing to Augusta, whose sister had never contended against her acknowledged inferiority of attraction; but to be eclipsed by Milicent, who rarely deigned to exert herself from her habitual indifference, and showed such contempt for her own arts of pleasing, was very hard to brook.

"How many admirers were you bent on securing this evening?" the young lady demanded bitterly on one occasion, when Milicent, being excited to talk, had engaged all ears by her grace and enthusiasm.

"None. To try to be admired is one of the humiliations to which nothing can bring me; but I don't deny that I enjoyed myself to-night.

I found it pleasant to prove that I had not lost every thing with my fortune."

Mrs. Rivington sneered: "Omnipotent in charms! I like your modesty. It was a pity they have not always been so powerful!"

It was impossible not to detect some insult in the implication. To have let it pass would have been wisdom and dignity; but it would have been impossible to Milicent. With the keen intuition of her sex, she felt the blow was aimed where it would be sacrilege to let it fall.

"What do you mean?" she demanded, scarcely conscious of the imperiousness of the tone, her whole form dilating, and cheek and eye kindling together.

"Look at the girl!" cried Mrs. Rivington, excited in her turn. "Are we her slaves, that she dares to take such a tone? You seem to defy me, madam, to tell my meaning. I allude to what all the world knows, that you were jilted by Luke Forrester!"

"Because I was no longer an heiress?" The words were spoken very softly. Milicent had covered her flushed face with her hands; the tears were falling unchecked through her fingers.

"Let them think it!" she said to herself. "To defend his character to these would be to humiliate him." She was dwelling on the recollection of his worth: it lowered her pride to the dust; it exalted it anew to think he had loved her. Memories of low words, scarcely heard, but never forgotten; kisses dearer with each reiteration; golden plans frustrated; life's happiness sacrificed to the resentment of an hour—possessed and moved her beyond her control. Even his friendship rejected! "Offer it to me again, Luke, and I will take it humbly. Come and teach me what now I ought to do, and I will be led; come to me, and I will confess my faults; come—or, rather, never come back, lest I sob out my love at your feet."

"If I had lost a lover, I would never cry for him," said Augusta's voice, breaking up the love-dream.

Milicent raised her tearful face with a proud smile. "Different principles move us, you know. I seldom shed tears; but there are some taunts a woman can not bear."

Augusta's was not a thoroughly bad nature; and if she hated her cousin, and tormented her as only one young woman can torment another, over and above all was the excuse of jealousy.

Mr. Halford had never declared himself as a lover otherwise than by attentions sufficient to bind a man of a nice sense of honor; but Augusta had long accounted him as such. It would have been hard to say what had attracted him to her. He was a man of good fortune, much courted in society, and known as one of the most subtle and successful reviewers of the day. He held such a literary reputation very lightly: some men on less would have demanded laurels and a statue. Augusta was very pretty, very amiable, to him; she sang well; and he had a prejudice, he said, against clever women. Moreover, he wanted a wife: that he esteemed her worthy of the honor, his attentions had seemed to prove. He still paid his court to her, but it was in languid form. Even while talking to her—or worse, turning over the leaves of his favorite songs—his eyes were continually engrossed in watching Milicent. It was not absolutely a gracious scrutiny, but it seemed an absorbing one; and Augusta trembled, not only lest the unexceptionable match should escape her—she was an heiress in her turn, and might have looked higher—but lest the man she loved in her degree should disappoint the hopes he had justly excited.

Mr. Halford was not a man of punctilious honor: he said to himself, no word pledged him to Augusta; the girl was the veriest butterfly, incapable of love. She was rich now, and could look higher; and, in truth, so attractive a woman as Milicent Tyrrell had never before crossed his path.

He did not see nearly as much of her as he wished. Lilly's health was very delicate; and if the weather was fine, Milicent would be out walking with her in the adjacent park; otherwise, engaged in teaching her—for she had undertaken what education was practicable—in another room. The season was advancing into summer; and both sisters willingly availed themselves of the seclusion of their bedroom—the only privacy secure to them—and here the long evenings were perpetually spent. Milicent left nothing untried to soften to Lilly the change in her lot; she tired her imagination in weaving stories for her amusement, sang in undertones the songs which had a sting in every note, and talked, to please the tender drooping child, of Roseneath and the agonizing past, till her checked, passionate heart was ready to burst.

"But I am almost as happy now with you, Milly, as I was then," the younger would say, pressing against her sister's side, and raising her heavy eyes to the anxious eyes that watched her; "only I never want to go down stairs."

What hours Milicent passed when Lilly was asleep, after every point of love, regret, and desire had been touched to the quick in her childish talk! how her love grew under the pressure of self-reproach and hopelessness, until the force of the cumulating fervor startled herself! What could she do at such times but recall every trait of noble heart and generous principle which had been shown from the hour when the boy-lover had knelt at her almost childish feet, up to the day of their separation? what could she do in her present misery but paint the future that might have been in impossible colors, and stretch out her vain hands after the unattainable?

"Does he love me still?" was the question perpetually silenced to return again.

Mr. Halford, who watched her whenever he had an opportunity, wondered a little at her ceaseless restlessness. The color for ever fluctuating on her cheek, the light for ever gleaming in the eyes, showed a heart never at rest. He had seen her in rare moments of abstrac-

tion, with her eyes fixed as if looking beyond present things, with an eager yearning expression, and then softened into tears. It was strange how this moved him: he longed to draw near and speak gently and soothingly to her; he longed to meet that asking look, and see the satisfied glance fall on himself. He had many a time been conscious of an entirely new emotion, when he had marked the tender passion with which she caressed the timid Lilly, or heard it vibrating in the tones of her voice.

"I begin to fear I am in love," he thought; "and with a woman with a temper!"

Circumstances precipitated this conviction. One evening, on going to the house, he found Milicent alone in the drawing-room; she was lying on the sofa, her face buried in the cushions, and her whole frame trembling with excitement. He divined there had been strife among the women; he knew what would be the chief weapons employed by the one side, and he felt a powerful emotion of indignation.

"Miss Tyrrell, forgive my intrusion," he said; "I thought the room was empty."

Milicent sprang up precipitately, her cheeks burning with shame. "That you should see me thus!" she began warmly; but her listener was gazing at her with such compassion, that it melted her pride, and she burst again into tears. "I am overcome with what has just passed," she resumed, struggling successfully against her tears, and turning a little away: "it shall be the last dispute we have. If I lived here much longer, God knows what I might become! I can bear no more; I ought to bear no more. You have shown a friendly feeling toward us, Mr. Halford; will you help us to get a living?" She smiled as she spoke, and tried to throw a tone of gayety into the words, but her earnestness mastered her. "I am resolved to leave this house," she pursued, interrupting Mr. Halford's disclaimer, "and equally resolved not to be dependent elsewhere. It is in your power to help me; it is not in your power to dissuade me. I am not out of my senses when I talk of getting a living. An old servant left me an inalienable annuity of twenty pounds; I have good knowledge of music, and can sing well. If I can get daily pupils, we can not only live, but live beyond fear of abject poverty, to which I would not submit my sister. I have a friend, poor, but of unquestioned respectability, who will let me have a room in her house. Some people, whom I knew in my father's lifetime, and who admired my singing, will, I dare say, have no objection to my teaching their children; I shall ask nothing else from them. You have a large circle of friends, will you speak for me? But I forget; you have never heard me sing."

She was moving toward the piano at once; she had spoken with such breathless eagerness, he had not been able to interrupt her; now he suddenly stretched forth his hand, and intercepted her intention.

"You would stoop to this!" he exclaimed; "you would teach where you are known! you would play for my approbation! Milicent—!" He broke off abruptly, and took a turn through the room. Milicent gazed at him in surprise.

"If I am proud," she said coldly, "it is not the pride that unfits me to submit to a necessity. Teaching music does not seem to me a degradation. I love music," she added, kindling. "If I have only pupils enough to provide what my sister needs, I shall be happier than I have been since—since long—"

"It is drudgery of the worst kind; it is slavery of mind and body; it would be death to you!" interjected Mr. Halford, hurriedly. "Milicent, you asked my services; mine is the place of suppliant. I scarcely knew I loved you till this moment; I feel it now in every pulse of my being: accept my love; command me as my wife!"

He had begun in doubt, without meaning to go so far; but, as she stood erect, incredulous, beautiful beyond any other woman he knew, his passion had kindled. He spoke at last fervently; he wished he had the power and eloquence of a god to constrain or win her.

"Mr. Halford," said Milicent, coldly, "you are carried away by an impulse of generosity, for which I might thank you, if I could see you in any other light than my cousin's suitor. Let us forget what we have said to one another: I shall be able to carry out my plan alone."

She turned away as stately and inaccessible as on a former occasion; but there was no undercurrent of feeling now to flush the pale cheek or shine in the averted eyes.

Mr. Halford, convinced of her sincerity, felt animated by only one desire—to conquer her indifference. She was more desirable to him than ever. With more *abandon* than he would have conceived possible an hour ago, he renewed protestations and entreaties; he even threw himself at her feet.

"For your own sake, Sir, rise!" exclaimed Milicent, indignantly; "and do me the honor to believe what I say. I resent your pertinacity as an insult; have you forgotten your engagement? Hush! I hear voices; for pity's sake, don't subject me to this new contumely!"

It was too late; Augusta and her mother had entered the room. There could be no doubt of the position of the two: Mr. Halford was flushed and disconcerted; Milicent looked indignant and distressed. Augusta turned pale as the truth flashed upon her mind, and sat down to conceal her agitation; she had enough of dignity to wish to hide from the man that had betrayed her how deeply she felt the wound. She did not think Milicent had tried to seduce his affection, but she rather hated her the more that her triumph had been so involuntary and uncared-for.

Mrs. Rivington judged differently: she had not a doubt that the whole affair was the result of the arts of the girl they had fostered; she had complained of her position, had secretly disparaged her cousin; it was a tissue of ingratitude and deceit! Her face flushed; words

of vituperation rushed to her lips; but Mr. Halford interposed.

"You have surprised me at an unhappy moment, madam," he said, with heightened color. "Your niece is not happy in your home; I was beseeching her to become the mistress of mine, but in vain."

"Sir!—Mr. Halford—such effrontery I never heard—Augusta!" interjected Mrs. Rivington; but Mr. Halford bowed and was gone, and a moment after Augusta ran out of the room.

Had the intention of leaving her uncle's house not been formed in Milicent's mind, that hour would have matured it. The late cause of dispute had been her refusal to accompany them to Roseneath, whither the family were about to proceed. Apart from the agonizing associations and regrets the place would excite, she could not bear to go to Luke Forrester's immediate neighborhood. She had begged to remain at home under any deprivations; had humbled herself to expostulation; but in vain. Now to the taunts and sneers her reluctance, and at length her refusal, had excited, was added Mrs. Rivington's abuse of her treachery toward Augusta: all that a coarse and vulgar mind could suggest in the first outburst of wrath, was poured forth without restraint. Milicent listened with silent scorn, till some epithet more opprobrious than the rest stung her sensibility to the quick.

"No more, madam; I can bear no more!" she cried, in an agony. "If the alternative were death, I could not pass another night under your roof."

Milicent did not belie the confidence she had professed to Mr. Halford in her capability of earning a livelihood as teacher of music, but brought nobly all her energies of mind and body to the task. Without that gentleman's assistance, she obtained as many pupils as she wished; and as the majority paid her, contrary to custom, not according to her poverty, but her desert, she had no difficulty in discharging all her obligations, and providing for her sister the comforts and luxuries that were indispensable. Hers was not an easy task to fulfill; bred in the refinement of wealth and rank, she felt painfully the entire absence of those accessories of life which custom had made all but essential; and, above all other deprivations, was that of the pure keen air, the open downs, and wide horizons of her native county.

"Oh for a long, deep breath of that exhilarating air! a moment's glance over the free, open landscape to the ocean!" was so perpetually the uppermost aspiration of her soul, that it threatened to become a complete *malheur de pays;* and then Milicent's fine sense and fortitude rose to keep the evil in check. Then the physical and mental fatigue of her calling were new things to Milicent, but not of that class which were likely to find her vanquished by them. Her health was good, and she had never been careful of fatigue; moreover, the long walks that were necessary from one house to another, were often the best relief to her restless and vehement mind. The hardest effort of all was to bear with gentleness and patience the dullness or carelessness of her pupils, which was torture to her quick intelligence and sensitive ear. Had there been some tender eye to mark and applaud her efforts over her natural temperament, and some high palpable award to crown her success, Milicent could not have striven more bravely and untiringly. Life had taught her many bitter lessons: in the days of her exhilarate prosperity, it had been no part of her business to seek after self-knowledge; the pride, impatience of censure, and lofty self-esteem, which had wounded the perceptions of her lover, had seemed to Milicent but the assertion of her inalienable rights. Since then, in solemn night-seasons, in lonely hours of unsuspected prayer, in the strife of the crowded streets, she had turned a humbled and earnest search upon her own heart, and life had a new aim and a holier motive. She was not unhappy in her present life; no one interested themselves in the inner current of her existence; but it would have been of little worth, if dependent upon notice or recognition. Sometimes, indeed, after some circumstance had proved her power over former faults, Milicent's cheek would flush, and involuntary tears fill her eyes.

"Does *he* love me yet? Thank God, I am worthier of his love than when he gave it!" A new sorrow was about to fall on Milicent. Lilly, long languishing, became seriously ill, and the physician who attended her gave small hopes of her life.

"I fear she would never have lived to womanhood," he said; "though country air, and such indulgences as the rich can only give, might have prolonged her life."

"If Lilly dies," thought Milicent, "God help me then! Can I bear life without a single charm?"

To labor by day and watch by night, was the order of her life for several weeks, her energetic and passionate heart seeming to endow her with superhuman strength.

"Do not pity me so much," she said, with a smile to the compassionate physician; 'I could neither rest nor sleep while hope is possible. Pity me when this suspense is over, when I may find out that I have done too much. I do not think Lilly will die. He that knoweth the heart will not break it."

One evening, when Milicent returned from her lessons, she found Mr. Halford sitting in Lilly's room, and amusing the sick child. A more unwelcome sight could not have presented itself: she had carefully concealed her abode from him, distrustful of his visits and addresses. She paused at the threshold of the door, uncertain what to do.

"Good heavens, Miss Tyrrell, can it be you?" cried Mr. Halford, rising and approaching her precipitately. "Milicent, is this the proof of your fitness for a hard life?" He

spoke with so much emotion that Milicent was touched.

"My life and I worked admirably together, Mr. Halford," she said, smiling, and giving him her hand, "until my sister was ill. It is anxiety and watching that make me look ill, if that is what you accuse me with. When Lilly is better," she added, approaching the bed, and leaning tenderly over it, "I shall be better too: we pine in sympathy."

"She will never be better here!" said Mr. Halford, with vehemence. "This close atmosphere and wretched locality would nip the stoutest life in the bud, much more a tender blossom like this. Give her back pure air, Milicent, and the enjoyments to which she has been accustomed and is pining after. I am come to urge you to save her life. I have learned every thing from your physician; it rests with you to refuse, and reproach yourself for having thrown away the certain hope of her salvation. Milicent, for her sake—for mine—I love you better than life!"

Milicent forcibly withdrew the hand he had seized; she was pale as death, and trembling with excitement.

"This before the child!" she murmured; "oh, cruel!"

"She does not hear us—she is in a heavy sleep. On my soul's honor, Milicent, I tell you Dr. Conyers assured me she may yet be saved. Will you kill her? Is it impossible to love me?" He tried to clasp her in his arms, but her gesture of indignation withheld him.

"You would buy a slave, not win a wife," said Milicent, huskily. "Mr. Halford, are you a man and a gentleman, and can use such arguments? My God, what shall I do?" She paced the room in an agony, heightened by her lover's impassioned expostulations.

"Never—never!" she cried at length; "any thing rather than this perjury of body and soul! I can never love you! Let this suffice you, Mr. Halford; my will is fixed. Yes; any misery, even to desolation, before I lie against God and my love. Do you understand me? I will speak more plainly. You have often heard Mr. Forrester's name in my uncle's family. I have loved him from a child—no other man can be my husband."

Milicent stood erect; her fine pale face seemed inspired; then, turning from Mr. Halford, she fell on her knees beside the bed. "Lilly, my darling, you will not die; God will give you back to me!"

Mr. Halford was silenced, but not finally. I have said he was not a man of sensitive honor; and Milicent's beauty and character, beyond all her opposition, stimulated his passion to the highest. The scene just related was repeated again and again, until any heart less firm, or courage less noble than Milicent's, would have yielded under the weary conflict. Mentally and physically she was exhausted; but one hope sustained her sinking strength—in spite of Dr. Conyers's fears and the disadvantages of her position, Lilly was slowly, but certainly improving. When well enough to be moved, they would change their quarters secretly, and escape this shameful and bootless persecution.

Winter had set in once more, and Milicent had arrived one morning, weary and ill, at the house of one of her pupils. The young lady was not ready for her lesson, and the teacher sat down by the piano to wait. She was looking listlessly round the room, when her eye fell upon a letter lying on a table near her. She uttered no exclamation, but the blood rushed to her pale cheeks, and her pulses beat with a passionate force long since subdued, she had thought. The letter was to the mistress of the house, and in Luke Forrester's handwriting. She still held the letter in her hand, her eyes devouring the cover, and burning with an almost uncontrollable desire to read the inclosure, when the lady to whom it was addressed entered the room. Milicent dropped the letter; she looked pale as death; her glittering eyes seemed to throw a strange light over her passive face—every faculty was concentrated into that of hearing.

"Madam," she said at length, with a great effort, "excuse what must seem so strange to you. I thought I heard the voice, and recognized the footsteps of an old friend of my father's. This is his writing. Is Mr. Forrester in the house?" The lady smiled, and looked behind her.

"I had been sent by my friend to beg an interview, to explain a little as he commanded; but he has no faith in his embassador. My dear Miss Tyrrell, is this your father's friend?"

"Milicent!" There was an intense depth of passion and pity in the accent. Did he love her still? What withheld her from throwing herself into his yearning arms, now that that doubt was solved?

"My love—my wife—am I forgiven?"

What need of more, when every reader glimpses the vulgar details? Love loses its tender bloom under the common hand. That Luke had sought Milicent from the time he learned she had left her uncle's family up to the present hour, resolved once more to urge the heart he could not believe was false to him, and had found her nobler, we know—perfected, he said—requires nothing more than statement; and if I yielded to my bent, and described at length the happiness of their after-lives, which seemed the fruition of youth's golden hopes, it might excite the sneer of the incredulous, and throw the doubt of fiction over all.

WANTED—A HEALTHY WIFE.

THERE is a popular notion with our young men, that in getting a wife, they get a companion for life. This, however, like many popular notions, is a popular delusion. A man can only be married in this country by instalments. He must lead one—two—or perhaps three brides to the altar before he can realize what a marriage is defined to be — a state of perpetual union. Matrimony is no longer an epoch in a man's life; it is merely an incident.

Our calculating age has given birth to a class of practical men, who, with slate and pencil, reduce every thing to figures, and can cipher out the number of years in a man or woman with the same precision as the pounds in a bale of cotton, or the quarts in a puncheon of molasses. These arithmeticians,

> "The hard, unsympathizing moderns, filled with facts and figures,"

it must be confessed are rude disturbers of our fondest dreams, and tell us many an unwelcome truth when we would rather listen to the flattering tale of fiction. The statements of these knowing calculators in regard to human life in the aggregate are encouraging enough to the present generation, for they prove to us that we live longer than our grandfathers did. This, however, is only true of the average of mankind; and however satisfactory to those concerned, will bring no consolation to others who may be excepted, among whom we grieve to learn these merciless staticians have recorded a large class of American women.

It has been stated that among the prosperous classes of some portions of this country, it takes two lives and a half of woman to equal in duration one life of man. In other words, a man of forty-nine marrying a woman of twenty, would probably survive her a year. We are not prepared to guarantee this statement, but we give it in illustration of our subject, and because we believe, if it be not the exact truth, that it is an approximation to it. The Vicar of Wakefield, resolute monogamist as he was, would have been compelled to yield his argument to such a force of circumstances, and to allow a second, if not a third or fourth wife to an American husband, or leave him in the forlorn position, which the good Dr. Primrose himself so much deprecated, of a single man, with the barren consolation of talking only of population.

Whether or not woman has been reduced to such a small fraction of humanity, as some of the heartless arithmeticians declare, still it is unquestionable that she is not that whole quantity — the wholesome body — Nature intended her, and those who love her best, would desire her to be. A medical writer says solemnly, and with a tear in his eye, "our own dear women of America are the most unhealthy women in the world." Another declares, with a frightful coolness of professional statement, that "about half the young females, brought up as they are at present, undergo some visible and obvious change of structure," and adds, "of the remainder, a large number are the subjects of great and permanent deviations, while not a few entirely lose their health from the manner in which they are reared." All foreign travelers are startled by the short-life women they meet in this country, and ask the first "How d'ye do?" with an air of such evident anxiety, that it is quite clear that they do not think their new friends long for this world. An Englishwoman, who was lately among us, records that she was greatly shocked by the large number of monuments in the Mount Auburn Cemetery raised to the memory of young wives.

But we need not the testimony of medical writers, nor that of sharp-sighted travelers. There is hardly a family record which does not give sad proof of the terrible mortality among our wives and daughters. The bridal vail gayly decks the bride to-day, and the morrow of her wedded life hardly opens when the curtain of death falls and closes upon the happy scene, wringing the hearts of the afflicted spectators with sobs and tears. Within the limited experience of a small social circle, it is easy to count a score of youthful widowers, who have been thus early bereft of their "companions for life." This havoc of death among the young and the tender, the loving and the loved, while it wrings the heart with the whole energy of woe, should arouse the lover of his race to the exercise of all his strength to oppose the destroyer. It is a good sign that a sensible person like Miss Beecher has come to the rescue of her sex, and has written a book in which the truth is boldly stated, and in whose pages woman can learn her dangers and the best means of avoiding them. This courageous writer tells us emphatically that in all sections of our country a vigorous and perfectly healthy woman is an exception to the general experience. Statistics, Miss Beecher declares, have been obtained which make it probable that of the wives and mothers in this nation not three out of ten can be classed as healthy women. Again, she remarks, it would be a sad yet interesting item could our census present the number of men whose first, second, and even third and fourth wives are in the grave, leaving motherless children to bewail their loss. It shall be our attempt to point out cursorily some of the more obvious causes which are destroying the health of our women, and hurrying them to a premature grave.

Women have been so often spoken to and of as the weak sex, that they have become finally persuaded that weakness is an essential part of their nature. Nay, more, they believe that their strength consists in their weakness, and that, like a feather, the lighter they are, the higher they must necessarily rise. The sentimental poets and novelists are responsible for much of this prevalent rage for female tenuity. Their ideal women are like so many overdone canvas-back ducks, with all the blood and savoriness wasted by too much cooking. If women would study themselves more, and listen less to the small-talkers, whether in books or society, they would learn that they have a nature, which can only be thoroughly perfected by vigorous development. It is essential that they should know that they are in most respects constituted like the opposite sex, and that, like them, they have limbs for motion and brains for thought.

The restricted life of woman in this country has much to do with her ill-health. The material prosperity of our people secures the female sex from that necessary share in the labor of life to which the hard necessities of older

nations compel them. We thus have a larger class of women of leisure than any other nation. These "toil not, and neither do they spin;" and though they may be as beautiful as the lilies of the field, they are no less delicate and fragile. Our women seek in the habits and manners derived from fashionable life in older countries a relief from the ennui of doing nothing.

The women of the higher classes in Europe alone enjoy the privileges of ease which are so universally vouchsafed to the female sex in America. The European woman of rank is, however, in a position to which she is born and bred, and finds resources for interest and occupation in the traditional social duties which are attached to her inheritance. Her original culture is in accordance with the high standard of intellect and taste which must necessarily prevail in a society the admission to which is considered, whether justly or not, the highest reward of excellence. To this early education succeeds the habitual association with women of her own rank and equal culture, and with the foremost men of her country, the statesmen and successful men of intellect. This happy position of the elevated European woman secures for her that intellectual exercise and social interest which are the happiest and most healthful occupations of the female mind. The American woman of leisure has no such sphere for the use and discipline of her faculties. Her society, which is naturally and properly that of her brothers and husband, is one made up of those who are absorbed in material interests. These are drilled easily into external conformity with the requisites of fashion, and make, it must be confessed, very elegant walking gentlemen, who dress—to use a theatrical phrase—their parts to perfection. But with a note to pay on their conscience, and whole bales of cotton weighing down their souls, they can hardly be supposed to be in that sprightly condition, even if possessed of the other requisites, necessary for refined social enjoyment. Fashionable society in this country, then, does not supply those resources which a woman absolutely requires for healthful development. "Well," suggests the elegant Mrs. Smith, "it is not my fault, surely, if Smith is in the grocery business, which you will please recollect is the wholesale, and will talk of the prices of rum and molasses." No, my dear Mrs. Smith, it is not your fault, nor his either, that your husband is a grocer, and talks about groceries; but it is your fault in placing him in a position where you insist upon his not talking about them, when he can talk about nothing else. The mistake consists in adopting a fashionable form of life from Europe which is not in conformity with the natural habits and tastes of the people. We have thus all that is bad in foreign society without the good—the unhealthy sensual excitement without the wholesome intellectual relief. The pure wine has been drawn off, and we besot ourselves with the poisonous dregs of debauchery. If our Mrs. Smiths would remain within the circle of home, and take an intelligent interest in what naturally concerns the affairs of their husbands, they would be better wives and healthier and happier women. In France wives assist their husbands in their business. We don't dare to recommend our *ladies* to follow their example. If, however, our merchants and tradesmen's wives were not to confine their attention to spending money but assist in making it, they would have what they seem so much to want—something to do. Fashionable parties, without the relief of intellectual society, are the most wearisome of bores; while the interchange of mutual affections and confidence in the domestic circle never satiate. Society, as constituted with us, is not equal to the necessities of the most humble intellect.

Home, we believe, if its resources were properly cultivated, would supply much of what our women need for the healthy development of their minds and bodies, which are so mutually related that neither can be ill treated without both suffering. "Our bodies and our minds," says Sterne, "are like a jerkin and a jerkin's lining; rumple the one, you rumple the other."

Miss Simper, who has just "come out," proudly swelling in all the amplitude of the score of breadths of her new *moire antique*, bristles up with rage when we talk of the domestic circle as her proper sphere. She has been attending the lectures lately at the Mercantile Library Association, and heard an eloquent young gentleman say that what the women of the present age needed was a "career." Having learned from young Tibbits, the Adonis at her side, that a *career* was not a husband, as in her innocence she had supposed, but an A No. 1 position among the nobs of the world, as her mercantile friend expressed it, Miss Simper resolves to go on for the present with the fashionable season, in the hope that the *career* may turn up at the end of it. We would advise her, however, and her female friends to eschew fashionable parties which are moral and intellectual deserts, where both the heart and mind die of famine, and the body can not escape disease. We would have these young ladies develop their faculties in responding to the ever-recurring claims of domestic life, and engaging in those intellectual occupations and studies which can be best pursued in the tranquillity of home. We have no desire to thrust the fine ladies of our day back among the pots and kettles, but we believe a daily interest in the routine of household duty would improve their health and not spoil their beauty. We are not prepared to think with Cobbett that the best qualification for a wife is the ability to scrub. Mrs. Cobbett was chosen, however, according to her husband, by that test, and there is no doubt her health was vigorous, for she lived to a good old age, whatever may have been her other endowments.

We hope we may have been understood—attributing as we do much of the ill health of our women to the exciting, purposeless life of fash-

ion—as advising the cultivation of the simple resources of home as the best means of supplying the female intellect with that regular exercise which is essential to health of body and mind. We will now pass to a consideration of the prevalent disobedience, on the part of American women, of some of the obvious laws of regimen.

Whether it is from ignorance or recklessness it may not be easy to determine, but it is quite clear that our women are in the daily habit of disobeying some of the most important laws of health. Most of the ladies of our acquaintance don't take exercise enough daily to digest a pea. It is not reasonable, perhaps, to expect that women should soil their elegant minds with so coarse a study as that of anatomy and physiology, which, however, has been termed "a hymn to Deity," although there are books, such as Combe's and Miss Beecher's, where this subject is so delicately handled that the most fastidious female taste need fear no offense. It is, however, reasonable to suppose that those women who have legs—and such they all undoubtedly have, though it may not be common to acknowledge by name the possession of those indispensable instruments of locomotion—know the uses of them. They, however, might be entirely ignorant as for all the practical evidence they give of their knowledge.

The only force for which our modern females are remarkable is the *vis inertiæ*. They sit too much, and move too little. Dr. Mason Good is said to have died of a carriage; our women are dangerously afflicted with sofas and easy chairs. The faithful Bridgets, whose limbs are as broad as their accent, are the sole female locomotives of our households, and their mistresses are only active in stimulating by sharp precept the activity of their Irish proxies. A wail from the nursery in these degenerate days, however it may arouse the maternal instincts, will not put in motion the maternal limbs. "Frederick Augustus, my darling," feebly sighs out the mother's heart from the smothering depths of the cushioned seat, "*do* ring that bell for Bridget; I hear the baby crying!"

The Bridgets of the kitchen have their revenge in their ruddy faces and stout arms, and, with the amiability of good health, do not grumble at the repeated bell-ringings, and the volley of cross words which come from the delicate puppet of the parlor. There are a thousand minor household duties which, if the ladies would do themselves, and not call upon their servants to do for them, would compel that wholesome exercise of the body which is requisite for its health, and that of the mind as well.

What that useful drudge, Bridget, does not do of household duty, is done by that equally humble servant whom it is common to term, by social courtesy, the master of the house. It might be supposed, from the ardor with which dry-goods and hardware are pursued in this country, that husbands had quite enough to do in attending to their own duties, without the additional burden of what properly belongs to their wives. Going to market, dealing with the grocer, seeking the characters of servants, getting Tommy's hair cut, and purchasing the crockery, are offices which belong more appropriately, we would think, to the wife than to the husband. Our women, however, would seem to think otherwise; and, having nothing to do at home, take care that their husbands shall relieve them of the necessity of having something to do abroad. American women thus deprive themselves of the ordinary motives for the exercise of that bodily activity which is absolutely essential to good health. It is absurd to call in the doctor to relieve that indisposition which is the necessary result of the disobedience of the simple physiological law—that the body, to be healthy, must be exercised. Repeated calls upon the doctor will only lengthen his bill, and shorten the patient's life.

Voltaire tells an apologue which we commend to those who put more faith in physic than in the laws of health. Zadig finds his mistress a captive in the hands of one Ogul, a great dignitary, who is afflicted with dyspepsia, in consequence of high living. Ogul's physician has recommended a basilisk cooked in rose-water. Zadig enters the palace, and falling prostrate at the feet of his lordship, announces himself as a physician, with a basilisk cooked in rose-water in his possession, with which he promises to cure Ogul's dyspepsia, on condition that Ogul will set free Zadig's mistress. The proposition was readily accepted, for search had been made in vain every where for the prescribed basilisk. Zadig was then charged to commence the treatment, which he prefaced by the following explanation: "My Lord, the basilisk I have brought is not to be eaten; its virtues are only to be absorbed through the pores. I have put it into a bladder, well blown up, and covered with leather. You must kick it back to me with all your strength every time I kick it to you; and after a few days of this treatment you will be enabled to judge of my skill." Ogul, after the first day's treatment, was quite overcome, and thought he would give up the ghost from sheer fatigue. On the second, however, Ogul was less fatigued, and had a good rest the night following. In the course of eight days Ogul entirely recovered. Zadig now took his departure, with the remark: "Oh, mighty Ogul! you have been playing foot-ball, and been temperate in the mean time. Allow me to inform you that there is no such thing as a basilisk in all nature; but with temperance and exercise we are always sure of good health." Our women would do well to take the moral of Ogul's foot-ball to heart.

But surely, it may be said, our women do not always imprison themselves within their houses. Do they not promenade in their Broadways, and vigorously dance through the fashionable season? As for their dancing, it is vigorous enough, but, under circumstances, about as favorable to health as the convulsive throes of

the stifled crowd of a slave-ship, or the dying agonies of the prisoners in the Black Hole of Calcutta. Every movement in the close rooms where a fashionable throng gathers, night after night, for what the world, with bitter mockery, calls pleasure, adds, by increasing respiration, to the malignity of the poisoned atmosphere. We are no enemies to the dance, every movement of which, when free and natural, is favorable to the development of the grace and vigor of the body. It is, however, an exercise—like all exercises—that is only productive of such results when in the open air, or where there is proper ventilation and a moderate temperature. As for the promenading of our ladies in the streets, it can be hardly called exercise, for the mincing steps of the fashionable gait do not bring the limbs into much action. The women never present themselves unless in full toilet; and when we are conscious of its secrets, and can count the half dozen skirts of whalebone, hair-cloth, moreen, flannel, and starched cotton, with the additional periphery of a hoop, we are not surprised at the fashionable gait, but are quite puzzled to understand the possibility of locomotion at all under the circumstances. Although some of our male friends have observed the ladies putting on boots with some jealousy, as if it were an encroachment upon their privileges, and might lead to the appropriation of the contiguous part of the masculine attire, we have viewed it as a very sensible change in the habits of our ladies, and as showing a disposition to proceed in the right direction. Our booted dames look as if they were resolved to walk out on all occasions, in spite of wind and weather, and we bid them God speed. We want our women not only to walk, but to walk vigorously, with their bodies and legs unfettered with the complicated swathings of fashion, and their arms free, not manacled in a muff, or held in a constrained position in front, which gives our fashionable ladies the look of trussed fowls. Let those, too, whose wealth admits of it, mount a horse, and gallop their blood into free circulation, learn to swim or pull at an oar when in the country, instead of dawdling through the languid mazes of a fashionable dance, night after night, at the various places of summer resort, all the advantages of which are perverted by the introduction of the vicious habits of city life.

The naturalists tell us that in the course of healthy development a tadpole becomes a frog. They also tell us that a tadpole without light is always a tadpole. We fear that many of our women remain in the tadpole state, and never reach that fullness of development which belongs to the higher being, from their perverse preference of darkness to light. They may have observed how carefully the gardener heaps up the earth about the roots and stalks of the celery, and they may have marked the tenderness and whiteness of that vegetable esculent when they have munched it, in the slow intervals of the three courses and a dessert. They may not, however, have connected the mode of growth in the garden and the delicacy of the vegetable on the table, as cause and effect. The tenderness and whiteness, which certainly improve the qualities of the celery as an eatable, are produced by carefully excluding the plant while growing from the rays of light. Women make themselves white and tender by a similar process. Whiteness and tenderness, however desirable in a vegetable, we can not think, in spite of the canons of fashionable taste, to be qualities commendable in a woman. If she were destined to be the wife of the king of the Cannibal Islands, who would marry her to-day and serve her up for breakfast to-morrow, there is no doubt that, by making herself white and tender, she would be fulfilling her vocation, and commending herself, like a faithful spouse, to the palate of her ravenous lord.

Light is essential to health and to beauty also. A red rose, deprived of the rays of the sun, grows pale, wilts, decays, and dies. Our women, however, are resolved not to be red roses, and consequently they shut themselves out from the light of heaven, and willfully invite decay and death. Mark how carefully the light is excluded from our fashionable houses by means of blinds and dark, heavy curtains. This is artistic, for it serves to bring out the brilliancy of Miss Caroline, by darkening all minor details which might distract the vision of the visitor from the chief object in the picture. But this trick of art shows a want of power, and is a confession of weakness, of which our young beaux are now duly warned. As most of our houses are built not to live in, but to show off their possessors to the best advantage in the eye of visitors, it is quite in character, perhaps, that regard should be had to effect, and not to health. It is, however, necessary that people should appropriate some portion of their houses to reside in, and accordingly, as the best part of the three or four stories, as it may be, is generously given up for the benefit of strangers, there is generally a hole dug in the ground to bury the family in. This is called the basement, but if it were called by its proper name of a cellar, it might perhaps be depreciated as it deserves, and be deemed totally unfit for any thing but storing potatoes or disposing of foul linen. Those who by hard necessity are compelled to live in cellars, become meagre, rickety, and deformed in body, and have a ghost-like palor of complexion, while their ghastly look is only a faint indication of the ghastlier disease which has sapped their vitality, and is anticipating the corruption of death. "Glorify the room!" Sydney Smith used to shout with his wholesome lungs, as he ordered the shutters to be thrown wide open, that the rays of the morning's sun might pour in. We commend our ladies to glorify their rooms, without any regard to the exposure of Miss Caroline's weak points, or the fading of the new velvet tapestry carpet, the loss of color in which will be more than compensated by the additional bloom to the female face. As for the base-

ments, they are incapable of glorification, and should be abandoned to the toads and black spiders.

Our women have, not very wisely we think, concentrated their attentions upon the complexion. They make over their bodies to that ingenius Frenchwoman, Madame Crinoline, who with her cunning art in the proper disposition of padding and hair-cloth, can supply any degree of plump rotundity in demand, as the Parisian butcher swells out, with a puff of his vigorous lungs, the carcass of a scraggy sheep to the fullness of well-fed mutton. Whether to wear one or a dozen skirts, to be lean to-day or fat to-morrow, our beauties leave to the decision of fashion; but their complexions they take under their own special charge, and the result we must say is not very creditable to their taste and skill. We confess our preference for the complexion of "a sun-burnt daughter of labor" to the chalky face of fashion. Our climate tends to produce brunettes rather than blondes, but the rich mellowness of beauty of the former, if interfered with by art, is easily changed into a dingy, opaque white, which shocks a wholesome taste like an apparition of death. The complexion of many of our women is as pallid as their white petticoats, and they seem proud of it, if we may judge by the care they take in blanching their faces by wearing vails, drawing the curtains, shading themselves with "flats" and parasols, and other contrivances for excluding the light. The doctors tell us that there is no tonic in the pharmacopœia equal to that of the sun's rays. At the Foundling Hospital in Paris they have a large inclined plane, exposed directly to the light. Upon this, when the sun is out, the nurses arrange their little charges, as naked as when they came into the world, in rows, that they may bask in the solar rays, and absorb their healthful influence at every pore. The inclined plane is found to be, next to mother's milk—of which luxury the little innocents are no more conscious than of a silver spoon—the most invigorating regimen. When pap fails to fatten, and rhubarb and ipecac to purify, the forlorn babies of the hospital vivify in the sun like so many drowned flies. We recommend the inclined plane treatment to our ladies, as infinitely preferable to the sick room with the shutters closed, or the sofa in the parlor with the curtains drawn. Send away the doctor and all the pills and potions with him, and call in the sun.

A frightful epidemic broke out in London. The monkeys in the Zoological Gardens died daily by hundreds. No species was exempt from the disease; the robust baboon and the delicate marmoset alike sickened, ceased their gambols, chattered no longer, refused the proffered nuts, uncurled their tails, and grinning a ghastly smile, died. All the nursery maids in London were in tears, and the very babies in their arms became melancholy, and lost their appetite for pap. It was necessary, as the mortality increased from day to day, to stay if possible the pestilence which threatened to exterminate the whole monkey colony. The greatest doctors in London were summoned in the emergency, and, after a proper investigation, they gave it as their opinion "that the excessive mortality was produced by a want of ventilation, and the system of heating, which burnt the air and induced inflammation of the lungs."* These gentlemen recommended an open stove instead of the furnaces in use, and their advice being adopted, the monkey epidemic ceased at once, and chimpanzees, ring-tail apes, and dog-faced baboons, were no longer daily carried out dead by the wheel-barrowful, while all the survivors of every grade were immediately restored to the highest standard of brisk monkey health. Would that our doctors were as careful of the health of American women as their professional brethren are of the health of the monkeys in the Zoological Gardens of London! Why is not the furnace denounced as it should be? Is it because the doctor finds that it is the best friend he has in the family? It certainly does more than any thing else to swell out the professional visiting list, and is more promising of carrion to the medical vultures than an epidemic.

The excessive heating of our houses by furnaces is destructive of health and life because it is the substitution of an artificial for a natural process, upon which not only the heat of the body, but other products essential to vitality depend. Animal heat is chiefly produced by the combustion of the carbon—in other words charcoal, which is a pervading element in most food—in the oxygen, which is taken into the lungs with the air we breathe. This chemical action, however, is not confined to the lungs, but is going on in all parts of the body where the processes essential to organization are in a state of activity. Moreover, unless these internal furnaces are well-supplied with fuel, and the fire kept briskly burning, not only does the body grow cold, but the very light of life flickers and goes out. Animal life and animal heat are mutually dependent. "If we should regard," says an eminent chemist, "the conditions of temperature as independent of the organism, and unconnected with the phenomena of life, these phenomena would be unavoidably and perpetually disturbed, and the due course of the organism altogether destroyed." Our ladies, however, with their artificial habits, practically disregard science and nature, and will not probably believe us when we tell them that, however hot the furnaces in their houses may be, the heat essential to health and life can not be kept up without proper food, air, and exercise. When at home and at rest, it is no doubt essential that the in-door temperature should be higher than that of the outside winter atmosphere. The in-door temperature, however, should be never more than 60° in the coldest, and 65° in the more moderate winter weather. To a healthy sensation such a de-

* *London Quarterly Review.*

gree of heat in December should be as warm as 80° in July. Our wives and daughters, however, we are sorry to say, have not healthy sensations. Their husbands and brothers are in a more wholesome condition in this respect. "How confoundedly hot you've got the house, my dear," is the universal exclamation of every hearty householder as he enters after the brisk work of the day. "No, my dear (*dears* always presage a domestic storm), it's you that's hot." The husband has on his side the thermometer, which indicates 80°, but the wife scouts the thermometer, and believes it is in league with her spouse to destroy her happiness. "You're always talking of the thermometer; I wish there were no such things. Don't I know better than any thermometer when I feel cold?" responds the wife to the scientific argument. Of course Smith and the thermometer have to give in, and Mrs. S. triumphs with a ring at the bell, and the order to Bridget, "Put more coal on the furnace." The furnaces are responsible for three-fourths of the family quarrels.

That the wife feels cold and the husband feels hot, while the thermometer is fast rising to the boiling-point, may be true; but the difference of sensation involves all the difference between health and disease. The husband has, by air and exercise in the course of the routine of the day's work, kept up the natural heat of his body in accordance with the laws of Nature. The wife has striven, while lounging indolently at home, to warm her slippered feet but in vain, notwithstanding the hot furnace and a thermometer at eighty.

Nature has beneficently provided the means by which man can live, either under the equator or at the north pole, and still possess the exact quantity of animal heat necessary to health. This only varies a degree or two in the hottest and coldest climates. In the former, the heat is kept down by a smaller supply of oxygen in the rarified air, diminished appetite for carbonized food, and the cooling, by evaporation, of the abundant perspiration. In the latter the heat is kept up by the abundant oxygen in the highly condensed atmosphere, and the voracious appetite for fatty and other highly carbonized food. When, in climates where the thermometer often indicates a difference of more than a hundred degrees of temperature in the atmosphere, the same animal heat is kept up, the resources for its production must vary enormously. In the cold regions these must be exceedingly great, and in the hot excessively small. One feels hot with less heat in a cold climate, and chilly with less cold in a hot one. It is easier to overheat the body in mid-winter than in mid-summer. A celebrated French naturalist, in the month of February, surrounded a cage containing sparrows with ice, and found, at the end of three hours, they had lost only two degrees of temperature. He did the same with the same birds in the midst of summer, and it was found that they lost in three hours twenty-one degrees of temperature. The sparrows, by the last experiment, in fact, were almost frozen to death. It is clear that the resources for producing heat, independently of the external temperature, must have been possessed in a much greater degree by these birds in winter than in summer. The same is undoubtedly true in regard to man and woman, and the inference to be drawn is, that we should regulate our supplies of external heat in accordance with the season. In winter much less is required than in summer, and when our houses are heated to eighty degrees, as they often are, it may be well to understand that we are enduring a heat which is like that of the inside of an oven to a mild day in June. This excessive heat is, however, not felt to be excessive by our women, because they neither breathe, exercise, nor eat as they should. They make no heat of their own, preferring to trust to the furnace for a supply. This may barely keep their feet warm for a while, but it will never digest their food, circulate their blood, and perform other functions which are necessary to health and life, and which are dependent upon the natural process of generating heat within the body. We exhort our ladies to believe in science and nature, and to put more trust in their husbands' healthy instincts and the thermometer, than in their own sensations and the confounded furnaces.

The heating process of our domestic ovens, of course, is not complete unless every breath of cold air is diligently excluded, and exceeding care is accordingly taken by keeping the windows closed, by constructing double casements and other ingenious contrivances, to make the atmosphere not only too hot for health but too impure to breathe. A hogshead of pure air is computed the necessary allowance for a pair of healthy lungs per hour, and we are sure our ladies hardly get a thimbleful in the course of twenty-four. The excessive furnace heat so rarifies the atmosphere, that it becomes as weak in oxygen as the boarding-school beverage was in coffee, which we used to believe was made by carrying a pot of boiling water through the kitchen while the genuine Mocha was being roasted for the master's breakfast. This scant supply of oxygen is, of course, soon sucked up by the exhausted lungs, and as no fresh air is admitted, the poisonous carbonic acid, which is thrown off by expiration, must be again taken in by inspiration. The result, of course, is ill health. A Dr. M'Cormack has just written a clever book to prove that consumption, which is the most extensively mortal of all known diseases, is caused entirely by the want of pure air. We are not prepared to give in our adherence to the doctor's views in regard to consumption, but there would be no difficulty in pointing out many other diseases in the nosology which are undoubtedly caused by a want of proper ventilation.*

* M. Lombard, of Geneva, records, that in various occupations 127 of a 1000 die of consumption where the air is necessarily hot and dry, while only 73 is the proportion of deaths of those who work in the open air.

The circumference of our ladies' dresses is increasing inversely as their figures. As their bodies collapse their skirts dilate, and we would as soon expect to find a substantial woman, within the expansiveness of modern female dress, as to dine heartily upon an *omelette soufleé*. If we were satirically disposed we might quote, for the benefit of our female readers, Addison's paper on hoops (*aside*, see Spectator, No. 127), or we might repeat the scandal, rife among the scandal-mongers, which attributes the prevailing proportions of female dress to the fashion set by the Empress Eugenie, for which, however, nature is more responsible than art. We have no desire, God forbid, for the perpetuity of Louis Napoleon's dynasty, but if the settlement of that question is to reduce the periphery of our ladies' dresses and to bring into the world a more rational fashion, we sincerely hope that the French tyrant may soon be dandling an infantile Napoleon, prince or princess as it may be, upon his imperial knee.* If the present fashion should turn out to be only a nine months' wonder! so much the better. Our objection to the ladies' skirts, however, is not upon the score of taste, but on the ground, if the doctors are to be believed, of the ill effect of so much weight of dress upon the health of women. The ladies themselves confess, that they feel as if they had only half struggled through a millstone, and had to bear its weight upon their hips. To disrobe a lady of fashion costs more labor than it did Belzoni to unwrap a mummy, and to discover nature hid in such an involved complexity of art, is as difficult as it was for Layard to find the remains of the Assyrian queen concealed beneath the accumulated rubbish of centuries. "*Ma foi!*" exclaims the bright-eyed French soubrette, "*c'est de trop*," as she breathlessly unties the tenth skirt, and reduces her mistress to her natural proportions. And then the knowing jade, with a cunning smile, half in contented satisfaction at her own healthy fullness of person, and half in disguised contempt at her lady's meagreness, counts upon her ten fingers, 1st, the robe of moire antique; 2d, the laced petticoat; 3d, the whalebone ditto; 4th, the crinoline; 5th, the moreen skirt; 6th, the cotton ditto; 7th and 8th, the two corded ditto; 9th, the flannel petticoat; and then, and then—*mais vraiment c'est de trop.*

Among the half-dozen things said by Rogers on his own account in his "Table Talk," he states that the head-dresses of the ladies were of so preposterous a size in his youth, that he recollects having gone to Ranelagh in a coach with a lady who was obliged to sit upon a stool placed in the bottom of the coach, the height of her head-dress not allowing her to occupy the regular seat. We know of a case, where a lady of our acquaintance, on going in full toilet to a ball, not only was obliged to stand up in the coach, but the periphery of her multiple skirts so filled the vehicle that her husband was forced to cool his shins, during a long February drive, in company with the coachman on the box.

It is, indeed, too much, as the cunning ladies'-maid remarks; for this accumulated dress weighs down upon certain organs of the female frame with a pressure that prevents their healthy action, and after first perverting their functions, finally destroys their vitality. Many of the diseases to which females are particularly subject are justly attributed to the mode in which the caprice of fashion insists upon clothing their bodies. Nor is the practice of cultivating nudity above,

> "——with nothing of her
> To be seen that's woman, but her upper part,"

and indulging in multiple circumvolutions of covering below, any more sensible than that of the Irishman who, finding his feet cold from the shortness of his blanket, cut off the top and sewed it on the bottom. Like bad architects, our women are diminishing the upper structure, while they increase the foundation, and with a worse result, for while the former only spoil beauty, the latter destroy strength. The excessive heat produced by the thick layers of the clothing upon the loins, renders the wearer susceptible of all the ill effects of exposure to cold, and the scant covering of the breast exposes the weakest point liable to attack. Corsets we had supposed obsolete; but it is said that the ladies still constrict themselves with these ingenious devices—or rather, vices—for self-torture. When applied early, in the malleable state of youth, the corset deadens, by its pressure, the action of the muscles, chokes respiration, bends the bones, caves in the chest, and gives that twisted, hour-glass form to the female figure which is as ugly as it is unnatural.

As a dinner on *meringues à la crême*, at Thompson's, varied with courses of chocolate-drops, and succeeded by a dessert of Stewart's candy, is by no means a wholesome substitute for beef and pudding, it is proper to protest against the ordinary diet of many of our ladies. The elements of food—water, sugar, albumen, and oil—necessary to wholesome aliment, are best obtained in a simple, well-ordered dinner of soup, fish, meat, vegetables, and dessert. Any waste of appetite upon innutritious diet is a waste of health, strength, and life. Dinner should be treated with more respect than it is, and should be always substantial and regular. It is poor economy to content ourselves with any makeshifts for that great event of the day. It is as well to inform the ladies that, when, after satiating themselves with sugar-candy in the morning, they come home to a melancholy dinner of tea, apple-pie, and cold buck-wheat cakes (their husbands in the mean time fattening at Delmonico's), that although they may be satisfying their appetites, they are by no means satisfying

* Napoleon-Eugène-Louis-Jean-Joseph, *fils de France*, and son of the Empress Eugenie and the Emperor Louis Napoleon, was born on the 16th of March, and, as Jeames records, "of so robust a constitution that he was nearly as big as the child of his nurse, two months his elder." We congratulate the female "swells" of fashion on the prospect of a collapse proportionate to so stupendous an event.

the demands of health and life. Let the family-dinner be regarded with proper dignity, and the social board as the gathering-point daily for all members of the family. Husbands would be more in their place at the head of their table at home, than in hob-nobbing with convivial stock-jobbers over their Champagne at Delmonico's, or their Madeira at the Club. Let the wife, too, eschew the poison of the confectioners, and keep in reserve a hearty appetite for wholesome beef at home.

We have exhausted, for the present, our catalogue of complaints against the ladies, whose pouts and frowns at our plain speaking we shall patiently endure, knowing that when they have improved their health by taking our advice, there will be a corresponding improvement in their tempers.

"For mind and body are so close combined,
Where health of body, health of mind you find."

THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC.*

ALVA had been sent to the Netherlands to carry out no half-way measures. He was to suppress heresy, re-establish the Inquisition, and abrogate all the privileges which the provinces had so hardly won, and which every successive sovereign had solemnly sworn—Philip more solemnly than any—to maintain inviolate. The government of the Netherlands was henceforth to be as absolute as that of Spain and Italy.

The first thing to be done was to entrap all the leading nobles who had taken part in the Opposition, including, if possible, William of Orange. Egmont had of his own accord put his neck into the noose, and the favorable reception accorded to him was a lure to induce the others to present themselves. A close intimacy was fostered between the Count and the Grand Prior, Don Ferdinando, Alva's illegitimate son, who was also instructed to address a friendly leter to Horn, urging him to pay his respects to Alva. In spite of warnings from without and misgivings from within, this ill-starred noble yielded to these blandishments, and repaired to Brussels. Two of the three great nobles were now within the grasp of Alva. It was vain to hope that the wary William would fall into the trap. The mask of friendship had been worn long enough. It was now to be dropped.

On the 9th of September the Grand Prior gave a banquet to the Flemish nobles. Alva sent his own military band to enliven the feast. At its close he desired Egmont and Horn to proceed to his own house, as he wished to consult with them upon public affairs. The doomed nobles obeyed the summons and were received with the utmost consideration.

The council lasted for three hours. As it broke up, the Don Sancho de Avila, Captain of the Duke's guard, requested Egmont to wait for a moment after the others had retired. When these two were alone, Avila announced that he was commissioned to arrest his companion. At that moment the doors of the adjacent apartment were flung open, and Egmont saw that it was filled with Spanish soldiers. He surrendered his sword, saying that it had done the King good service in other days. The arrest of Horn was effected in a similar manner by another officer. Both were placed in close confinement, and interdicted from all communication with their friends. Their confidential secretaries were also arrested, in order to be used as witnesses against them. Their papers were secured and placed in the hands of the Duke.

The joy of Philip was unbounded when he was apprised of the arrest of Egmont and Horn. But shrewd Granvelle eagerly inquired whether the Prince of Orange had also been taken, adding that if he was not in the net, Alva had caught just nothing. The worn-out old Inquisitor, Peter Titelman, asked if "wise William" had been caught. When he learned that he had not been entrapped, he said, "Then will our joy be brief. Woe unto us for the wrath to come from Germany."

Egmont and Horn being in safe custody, Alva determined to partake slowly of the luxury of taking vengeance upon them. Their doom had been fixed before he left Spain; but months elapsed before the charges against them were prepared. Meanwhile the process against all minor offenders was to be prompt and speedy. The ordinary tribunals were too slow and uncertain to serve the present purpose. Alva therefore organized a new court to try all offenses that had arisen during the late troublous times. He named it the "Council of Troubles," but indignant history has rebaptized it as the "Blood-Council."

Its special function was to define the crime of treason, to fix the punishment, and see it carried into execution. The definition which it gave was comprehensive. It was treason to have signed or delivered any petition against the new Bishops, the Inquisition, or the Edicts. It was treason to have attended field-preaching, or to have failed to oppose it or the image-breaking. It was treason to have been concerned in the "Request" of the nobles. It was treason to have asserted that the King had not the right to annul the privileges of the States. And especially was it treason to maintain that the Blood-Council was bound to respect any law or charter. If the definition of the crime was long and varied, the penalty was announced in brief terms. It was death, without exception or delay.

The twelve members of the Council were appointed by Alva. With the exception of two Spaniards, Vargas and Del Rio, their business was merely to collect information, prepare charges, and recommend to the two Spaniards what punishment should be inflicted. Vargas and Del Rio only had the right of voting. If the report concluded with recommending that death should be inflicted, it was at once approved and carried into execution within eight-

* Concluded from the May Number.

and-forty hours. If it concluded otherwise, the commissioners were loaded with reproaches, and ordered to take back the report and revise it.

Alva was determined that no traitor should escape, either from failure of positive proof, or through any possible human weakness on the part of his subordinates. He was not at first sure that they could be trusted; but he was sure of himself. He therefore retained in his own hands the final decision in all cases brought before the Council. "Two reasons," he wrote to the King, "have determined me thus to limit the power of the tribunal: The first, that not knowing its members, I might easily be deceived by them; The second, that men of the law condemn only for crimes that are proved." So the Duke labored seven hours a day in the Blood-Council.

His apprehensions were groundless. He might at least have reposed full confidence in Juan de Vargas. What Alva was to Philip, Vargas was to Alva. Alva did his bloody work with the cold remorseless solemnity of a Stratford; Vargas performed his task with the brutal buffoonery of a Jeffreys. The proceedings of the Council were conducted in Latin, for Vargas understood no Flemish; and even in their own imminent peril the Flemings took grim delight in ridiculing the uncouth phrases in which he couched his bloody decisions.

Hessels, one of the subordinate members, was worthy of his place. He was accustomed to indulge in a nap during the course of the afternoon's proceedings; but when suddenly awakened to give his opinion, his answer, "*Ad patibulum, ad patibulum*—to the gallows, to the gallows!" was always ready, though he was wholly ignorant of the merits of the case under discussion, or even of the name of the victim. Had Alva known his merits he would probably have given him the right to vote on the sentence.

This fearful tribunal was busily at work within a fortnight after the arrest of Egmont and Horn. Besides the desire for vengeance, Alva had another potent motive for urging on its action. The goods of the condemned were to be confiscated, and he had promised Philip an annual income of half a million ducats from the proceeds of the confiscations. Though the possession of wealth was abundant reason for accusation, poverty formed no ground for exemption. If any one failed to appear when summoned, he was outlawed without further form; if he appeared, he was sure of condemnation. The natural sequence of trial, sentence, and punishment, was sometimes reversed. Upon one occasion when the name of a person was called for examination, it was found that he had been already executed; and a cursory glance at the evidence showed that, for a wonder, the offense charged upon him did not fall within any clause of the definition of treason. "No matter for that," said Vargas, jocosely; "if he died innocent, it will be all the better for him when he takes his trial in the other world."

Cases of this precise character could not, however, be of frequent occurrence, for it was hardly possible that there should be a man, Protestant or Catholic, who did not come within some of the categories of treason as laid down by Alva, and expounded by Vargas. One citizen was beheaded because in a popular tumult he had persuaded a rioter not to fire upon a magistrate. It was held that this proved him to be a person holding authority among the rebels. A woman was arraigned for having offered some indignity to an image of the Virgin, together with her maid-servant who had seen the offense and had not denounced it. Both were drowned in a hogshead of water placed upon the scaffold.

The prisons were soon filled to overflowing with the accused awaiting trial; though, to do the Council justice, this delay was owing to no fault of theirs. No means were spared to expedite the proceedings. The accusations were often made out in batches, twenty, thirty, fifty, or a hundred together. At Shrovetide a grand razzia was made, resulting in the arrest of five hundred, who were sentenced and executed. The old machinery for executions was inadequate to the work required, and the guillotine had not yet been invented. The columns in the streets, the posts of dwellings, were converted into extempore gallows. The whole country was fast becoming a charnel-house. The best blood of the Netherlands stained the scaffold.

Schiller, writing in 1788, can find in the history of civilized nations but one feeble parallel to this bloody tribunal. It is the proscriptions of Cinna and Sulla and Marius at Rome. Had his noble fragment been written five years later, the French Revolutionary Tribunal would have furnished a more apposite illustration. But the atrocities of the tribunal of Fouquier Tinville pale before those of the Blood-Council of Alva. Within less than three months from its organization the Council condemned more than 1800 persons. The victims of the Revolutionary Tribunal during the fifteen months of its existence amounted to 1862. Thus the Blood-Council, in three months, and out of a population of two or three millions, found as many victims as were sacrificed by the Revolutionary Tribunal, during a space five times greater, out of a population ten times as numerous.* The

* Alison, indeed, following Prudhomme, says that 18,000 were executed by the Revolutionary Tribunal. Very probably he intended to include other tribunals besides that of Paris. Even then, his statistics are wholly unreliable. He invariably multiplies the number of victims, but is quite indifferent whether by five, ten, or twenty. Thus the four or five thousand executed by Carrier at Nantes, are raised by him to 32,000. He puts down the number of men slain in La Vendée (exclusive of 15,000 women and 22,000 children who are separately enumerated) at 900,000. Now the whole population of La Vendée in 1793 could not have reached 300,000: it is now but 380,000. It is true that the Vendéean war was not confined within the precise boundaries of La Vendée; but the population of the whole territory covered by it must have been less than half a million, which would give little more than 100,000 men. If we divide Prud-

September massacres at Paris, and the *noyades* and *fusillades* of Lyons and Nantes all find their prototypes, on a still more murderous scale, during the administration of Alva in the Netherlands. When impartial History sums up the crimes against humanity wrought by Despotism and by Revolution, she will write down that, for every wrong done by the oppressed in their uprisings against tyranny, a hundred have been perpetrated by the oppressors in maintaining despotism. The true monsters of history are the Philips and Alvas, not the Dantons and Robespierres.

Early in 1568 Philip laid the affairs of the Netherlands before the Papal Inquisition. The Holy Office speedily pronounced the entire population, with certain exceptions specifically named, tainted with heresy; and as such condemned them to death. The King forthwith issued a decree confirming the sentence of the Inquisition, and ordering it to be put in execution. This is certainly the most sweeping sentence of death ever pronounced. Compared with it the wildest carmagnoles of Barrère and the most insane ravings of Marat are the soul of mildness. Three lines condemned to death as many millions of men, women, and children.

No one can believe that it could have been intended by Philip that this decree should be executed to the letter. But this much was certain—the life and estate of every man in the Netherlands was now at the absolute disposal of Alva. Where all were under sentence, any one might be selected for punishment at a moment's warning. In fact, the executions were pushed on with a vigor that put to shame even the celerity of the Blood-Council. Alva wrote to Philip that he was only waiting for the close of Holy Week to order eight hundred executions at once. Heretofore the executions had been simply on political charges; and death satisfied the demands of the civil law. Now the victims suffered as heretics as well as traitors, and torture was superadded. In order to prevent the sufferers from haranguing the populace as they passed on to execution, their tongues were screwed tightly into an iron compress, and the tip was then seared with a hot iron. The swelling and inflammation precluded all possibility of speech, while the groans and unintelligible sounds wrung out by the extremity of agony formed abundant occasion for merriment to the executioners and Inquisitors.

Sentence of outlawry and confiscation had been passed upon William of Orange. His oldest son, a lad at school, had been kidnapped and sent to Spain. The country was reduced to the very extremity of misery. A whole people lying under sentence of death could run no greater peril by rising in revolt, no matter against what odds. So thought the Prince of Orange, who now, from his retreat in Germany, began to organize an insurrection.

The materials were scattered over half Europe out of which his grand and subtle genius was to weave an organization strong enough to be matched against the gigantic power of the Spanish monarchy. In a short time he had formed open or secret leagues with half the princes of Germany. He had secured promises of aid from the Protestants of England and the Huguenots of France. He had summoned around him the exiles who had escaped from the Netherlands. He sold his jewels, his furniture, and his plate to raise funds. They realized 50,000 florins. Other nobles contributed according to their ability. The mother of the imprisoned Count Horn gave 10,000 florins. From these sources half of the 200,000 crowns which he deemed necessary for the commencement of a campaign was realized. The other half was furnished by the merchants of Amsterdam and Leyden and other towns, and by refugee traders in England.

On the 6th of April, 1568, William issued a commission to his brother Louis, authorizing him to levy troops and wage war against the Spaniards. This document reads strangely to us. War was to be waged, in Philip's name, against Philip's chosen deputy and agent. For the first time, but not for the last, was the maxim of despotism, "The King can do no wrong," wrested in favor of liberty, and that by a strict logical necessity. Since the King could do no wrong, the flagrant wrongs that were undeniably perpetrated by Alva must be done without the consent of Philip and against his will. Hence loyalty to his gracious Majesty demanded that his gracious Majesty's troops and their commander should be driven from the country.

The Netherlands were to be entered simultaneously at three points: on the south by a band of Huguenots from France; on the west by an army from Germany; while Louis was to raise the standard of revolt in Frieseland on the north. William himself was to remain near Cleves with a fourth army, ready to march in the direction which circumstances should indicate.

The first two attacks failed at once and totally. The armies were scattered at a blow. Louis was at the outset more successful. On the 24th of April he entered Frieseland with a small body of troops. His banners were emblazoned with patriotic devices: "Freedom for Fatherland and for Conscience;" "Now or Never, Save or Die." Thousands flocked around him, and he soon found himself at the head of a large ill-armed and ill-disciplined force.

Alva ordered two of his best officers, Aremberg and Meghem, to make head against Louis. It was agreed between these two commanders that battle should not be given until their forces were united. But Meghem was delayed, and Aremberg alone came up with the insurgents strongly posted near the monastery of Heiliger

homme and Alison's 900,000 victims by 20, the quotient will probably exceed the true amount. The number of victims of the Revolutionary Tribunal which we have given above, is that stated in the lists drawn up, after the fall of Robespierre, by the Convention, who had every motive not to understate it. They are doubtless reliable.

Lee—the *Holy Lion*. Sorely against his will, he was forced by the impatience of his troops to attack the enemy without waiting for his colleague. The Spaniards paid dearly for their overweening self-confidence. Hopelessly entangled among morasses and ditches, they were shot down and cut to pieces. Aremberg made a last desperate attempt to retrieve the lost battle. At the head of a handful of cavalry he dashed into the midst of the patriot horse, commanded by Adolphus of Nassau, a younger brother of William. The two leaders met hand to hand. Aremberg shot his antagonist and clove his head with a sabre stroke. Of the five noble brothers of the House of Orange, four were to meet a bloody death. Adolphus was the first. Two more were to die on the field of battle; the fourth, and noblest, was to fall by the hand of an assassin. Aremberg, sorely wounded, attempted to escape from the mêlée; but his horse fell dead under him; he was surrounded by a body of the enemy, and slain, fighting valiantly to the last.

When the news of this disastrous defeat reached Alva, he prepared at once to take the field in person. But before doing so he had bloody work to perform at Brussels. A large batch of prisoners were ordered for immediate execution; and the protracted process against Egmont and Horn was brought to a summary close. The slow proceedings of the Blood-Council in their case afforded a striking contrast to its usual celerity. It seems as though Alva was desirous to ascertain whether vengeance was sweeter when tasted drop by drop or swallowed at a draught. After they had been four months in close confinement, they were furnished with a copy of the charges against them. Bakkerzeel, the faithful secretary of Egmont, had been repeatedly put to the rack, in the vain hope of wringing something from him which might implicate his master. The accusations were drawn up respectively in sixty-three and ninety long articles, to which they were required to furnish written answers, without the aid of counsel, within five days. Afterward a commission was granted them to collect evidence for their defense, but before this could be completed the case was pronounced closed, and none of their testimony was introduced. It is useless to recount these charges, or to examine the foundations upon which they rested. The whole affair, from beginning to end, was a deliberate mockery. The fate of Egmont and Horn had been decided at Madrid before Alva had left Spain. On the 2d of June Vargas and Del Rio pronounced sentence of death against them. This was approved by Alva on the evening of the 4th; and on the morning of the 5th they were beheaded in the great square of Brussels. Their bodies were delivered to their friends; their heads, after having been exposed, stuck upon spikes, on the scaffold, were put in boxes. If common report is to be trusted, they were sent to Spain for the personal gratification of Philip.

Their estates were confiscated. The family of Egmont were left in utter poverty. Alva wrote to Philip that he did not believe there was in the world so miserable a family as the wife and eleven children of that wealthy noble. He doubted whether they had the means of buying a single meal, and advised that they should be taken to Spain and placed in a convent, where the daughters might take the vail.

The Duke was now ready to proceed against Louis. He acted with a vigor worthy of the greatest captain of the age. By the middle of July he had concentrated his forces within a few miles of Groningen, where the insurgents were entrenched. Louis had been unable to derive any solid advantage from his victory at Heiliger Lee. He had no money to pay his mercenaries, and they were in a state of perpetual mutiny. He was attacked by Alva, and after a sharp skirmish, ending in a virtual rout, he retreated along the dykes and through the marshes, toward the little village of Jemmingen. This lies at the bottom of a peninsula, almost surrounded by the river Ems, and a deep arm of the sea. Here the Duke came up with them. Further retreat was impossible. Behind them was the broad river, which they had no adequate means of passing; before them were the veteran forces of Alva, through which the tumultuary bands of Louis must cut their way or perish. There was indeed one possible loophole for escape. Between Louis and Alva lay a tract lower than the sea, which was fenced out by strong dykes. If the sluices could be opened, and the country laid under water, the Spaniards would be unable to advance. Time at least would be saved. Louis commenced the work of cutting through the dykes; Alva dispatched a body of troops to prevent this. They were just in time. A breach had been made through which the waters were already rushing furiously. The Spaniards threw themselves upon those who were engaged in destroying the dykes, drove them off, and closed the openings. In vain Louis tried to recover possession of the ocean barrier. The Spaniards clung to this key of their position with a tenacity worthy of their renown, until strongly reinforced.

Louis now advanced from his entrenchments, and resolved upon attempting to cut his way through the enemy. But the moment his troops came near the foe, they were seized with a sudden panic, and fled back to their camp, the Spaniards closely upon their heels. There was no longer a battle. It was a confused flight and massacre. The fugitives were driven into the river or slaughtered without resistance. Seven thousand insurgents were slain in a few hours. The Spanish loss is variously stated at from seven to eighty men. Count Louis escaped by swimming the Ems.

Alva returned in triumph to Brussels, and resumed his butchery with new vigor. But he was soon summoned to make head against William of Orange. These accumulated disasters had not shaken the constancy of the Prince.

He had succeeded in gathering a force of 30,000 men in Germany, and early in October marched into Brabant. He was resolved to risk all upon the issue of a single battle. One decisive victory would rally the whole country to his standard. Alva had also studied the posture of affairs, and had determined not to fight. He knew that William had no means of carrying on a long campaign, and that to him delay was equivalent to defeat. The chances of victory were indeed ten to one in his own favor; but he was unwilling to risk the one chance against him. He preferred a sure victory by delay to a probable one by fighting. The campaign on his part was a game of chess played by a consummate master. Wherever William moved, Alva was close at his side; yet so skillfully were his movements conducted that no opening for an attack was presented. The fiery Spaniards murmured at this apparent cowardice; but Alva was immovable. The young Baron de Chevreau dashed down his pistols before the Duke, as if to signify that under such a commander arms were useless. Alva smiled at his impetuosity, and told him that it was the business of a soldier to fight, but that of a general was to conquer; and a bloodless victory was the best of all.

Alva was right. A total defeat could scarcely have been as fatal to the Prince as these Fabian tactics. Winter was approaching. His troops, without pay or plunder, were distressed for food and forage. Without a victory there would be no rising in the Netherlands, and without a rising there would be no supplies. William saw that it was useless to try to keep his army longer in the Netherlands. He led them to the French frontier, where he disbanded them, after vainly endeavoring to induce them to follow him into France, there to take part in the civil war then raging. The campaign had lasted barely a month.

Alva was justly elated at his brilliant success. His return to Brussels was greeted with hollow rejoicing. The great square, where Egmont and Horn had died—and many another victim, nobler if less known than these—was enlivened by a succession of gay tournaments. He caused the cannon taken at Jemmingen to be melted down and cast into a colossal statue of himself with a pompous inscription in his honor. It was hardly necessary for him to be his own eulogist. The Pope was duly sensible of his transcendent merits as a defender of the true faith. In testimony of these, he transmitted to him a jeweled hat and sword, accompanied by a letter written by the hand of the Holy Father. The Duke was bidden to remember that he was guarded by the hat as by the helmet of righteousness, and that it was symbolical of the heavenly crown ready for princes who should support the Holy Church. The sword bore this motto, in Latin: "Take this holy sword, the gift of God by which thou shalt overthrow the enemies of my people Israel."

There was one annoying exception to the brilliant success of the Duke's measures. The net result of the confiscations had somehow failed to equal his anticipations. So far from affording a large surplus revenue for Philip, his administration did not pay its own expenses. Early in the spring of 1569 he issued a decree imposing new taxes to meet the deficiency. An extraordinary impost of one per cent. upon the value of all property of every description was to be paid at once. A perpetual tax was ordered of five per cent. upon every sale or transfer of real estate, and ten per cent. upon every transfer of personal property or merchandise.

The Duke was a consummate strategist, but a poor financier. The extraordinary tax of one per cent. might perhaps be endured for once; but no trade or commerce could survive the perpetual five and ten per cent. upon sales; and trade and commerce were the life of the Netherlands. A house might be sold a score of times during the year; an article of merchandise might change hands ten times in a week; the cost of each would then be doubled within those periods by the tax. If these were to be enforced the country would be ruined, but the government would not be enriched. It would be killing the goose that laid the golden eggs. Alva could not see this. He wrote joyously to Philip that the extraordinary impost would give him five millions in hand, and that he might rely upon two millions of net yearly income from the perpetual taxes.

The Estates, however, resisted these impositions upon their property with a boldness greater than they had shown in defense of their lives. At length a temporary compromise was agreed upon. The extraordinary tax was to be paid, and two millions yearly should be accepted for two years, in lieu of the others.

The events of the next two years may be more briefly dispatched. The fury of the religious persecution had in a measure exhausted itself. The health of Alva began to break. The failure of his financial schemes had injured his credit at court. His enemies in Spain were undermining him. He knew that he was hated in the Netherlands; for this he cared little, but unmistakable signs showed that his favor with Philip was waning. The question of a general pardon began to be agitated at Madrid. Alva grew weary of his work, and begged to be recalled. He had fulfilled his errand, he urged, and had reduced the country to absolute submission.

Philip, who never made up his mind hastily, took Alva's request into consideration. In the mean while he forwarded to him four programmes for a general amnesty in the Netherlands, from which the Duke was to take his choice. In July, 1570, this selection was made, and the terms were publicly proclaimed in Brussels. Full pardon was offered to all—with certain exceptions—who should within two months make peace with the Church and receive absolution. The exceptions, however, excluded all

heretical teachers, and those who had favored or harbored them; all who had been implicated in the destruction of the images; and all who had taken up arms or furnished money against the government. Those who fell within any of these classes might report themselves within six months, and were assured that they might hope for a favorable consideration of their case. The amnesty seems to have differed from the universal sentence of the Inquisition chiefly in this: By the sentence, all were condemned, with exceptions that practically included nobody; by the amnesty all were pardoned, with exceptions that practically included everybody. Alva declared that he had chosen the mildest of the four programmes sent to him. It is to be regretted that the severer ones have not been recorded for the instruction of posterity.

Meanwhile the time expired during which the two millions were to be paid, and Alva found himself again without money. He could burn and hang, but to raise funds passed his power. He insisted upon the payment of the taxes upon sales. The Flemings foiled him as our Revolutionary fathers nullified the tea-tax. They ceased to buy and sell. Shops were closed in the towns. Trade and industry were at an end. Bread, meat, and clothing were not to be had. The provinces seemed ruined. The troops of Alva clamored for their pay, and he had no money to give them. He at last resolved to give an impetus to traffic by hanging a score of the leading traders of Brussels who had dared to shut up shop. Just as he was on the point of trying this ingenious financial experiment, he received tidings from the little seaport-town of Brill, which gave him something to do better adapted to his genius. The narrative of this affair takes us back to William of Orange.

During these two years and more the Prince had been sometimes in France, sometimes in Germany. He had, with his brothers, fought under the banners of Condé and Coligny. The Huguenots had been overthrown at Jarnac and Moncontour, partly by means of aid furnished to Charles IX. by Alva. Then new changes were seen upon the cards. A peace was patched up between Charles and Coligny, and Alva was to be attacked in the Netherlands by French forces.

William, who had been driven from the land, resolved to transfer the war to the ocean. He issued commissions to privateers to prey upon Spanish commerce. The "Sea-Gueux," as these privateers were styled, became formidable. They were the germ of that naval power which was in the next century to dispute the mastery of the sea with England. William de la Marck, a kinsman of Egmont, was the admiral of this fleet. He had sworn that his hair should not be cropped or his beard shorn until he had avenged the death of his kinsman. He had been allowed to furnish himself with supplies in the English ports; but early in 1572 Elizabeth issued a proclamation forbidding this, and La Marck was forced to put to sea almost in a state of starvation. He determined to make a descent upon the coast of Holland. Chance and the winds brought him to Brill. A bold idea suggested itself to the Sieur de Treslong, one of his captains. It was to take possession of the town, and hold it in the name of William of Orange. The magistrates neither quite consented nor quite refused to surrender the place. The wild Sea-Beggars cut the matter short. They built a bonfire before the gate; then battering down the half-burned portals with the fragment of a mast, entered in triumph, and took possession in the name of William.

From this chance exploit of two or three hundred half-starved buccaneers rose in time the United Dutch Republic. The revolt spread like wild-fire. In a few weeks all the important towns in the six northern provinces declared for William, as Stadtholder for Philip. He had been appointed to this post in 1559, and still claimed it. Upon this slender fiction the whole government of the virtual republic rested until 1581, when the authority of Philip was solemnly renounced.

William was in Germany, busily engaged in turning to advantage the errors of Alva. He sent Sonoy as his lieutenant to Holland. Among the written instructions with which he was furnished, were strict directions to secure perfect toleration to the Catholics in that Protestant province. His negotiations in France and Germany seemed about to be crowned with success. The French Court, as well as the Huguenot leaders had promised him aid. His gallant brother Louis, by a sudden coup-de-main, had taken possession of the strong city of Mons, close by the French frontier, where he was soon joined by a body of Huguenots.

Success followed hard upon success. The great Lisbon fleet had cast anchor at Flushing, ignorant that the town had declared for Orange. All its rich treasure and merchandise fell into the hands of the insurgents. Among this were half a million crowns in gold, and a large quantity of ammunition. A thousand Spanish soldiers were taken prisoners. William had meanwhile raised another army in Germany, and had promise of large succors from France. It seemed as though Alva was at last in his power.

The Duke confronted these disasters with a courage worthy of his renown. He dispatched his son, Don Frederick, to besiege Mons with what forces were at his command, while he set about providing reinforcements. Frederick routed a large force of Huguenots who were on their way to join Louis, and laid strict siege to the city. But with the northern provinces in arms against him, William making head in Brabant, and France ready to support him, the case of Alva seemed desperate.

He was saved by a great crime, in the commisssion of which he had no share. On the 11th of August Coligny had written to William that he would join him, with the sanction of his king, at the head of 15,000 French troops. Two weeks from that day occurred the Massacre of

Saint Bartholomew. All hope of a French alliance was at an end. Charles and Philip were reconciled; the blood of the slaughtered Huguenots was a pledge of amity between them. Herod and Pilate had become friends. Alva repaired to Mons to press the siege in person. The army of William again disbanded. Mons was recaptured. All the towns which had surrendered to William shared the same fate. A new chapter of executions followed of course.

William took his way to Holland, which alone remained faithful. He expected to perish. "There," said he, "will I make my sepulchre." Thither he was followed by Don Frederick, with orders to conquer this one remaining rebel province. The little town of Naarden, which lay in his way, hesitated to surrender at the first summons. Though no formal resistance was offered it was doomed to destruction. The soldiers entered, and were sumptuously entertained. At the conclusion of the banquet the citizens were summoned to the church. When they were collected they were told to prepare for death. The door was flung open, and the Spaniards rushed with sword and dagger upon the unarmed herd. When all had been cut down, the church was set on fire, and dead and dying were consumed together.

The fate of Naarden was a warning of what was to be expected elsewhere. The ancient courage of the Batavi revived in the imminent peril, and they resolved to die with arms in their hands. Amsterdam had not yielded to William, and there Alva took up his position, as a point whence to recover the whole province. Ten miles from Amsterdam, on the opposite side of the narrow inlet leading from the Zuyder Zee to the Harlem Lake was the city of Harlem, which from its position was the key to the province of Holland. The city was almost destitute of defenses, and its garrison amounted to but four thousand fighting men. To these were added three hundred fighting women, who bore their full share in the fearful drama that was to be enacted. Over the ruins of Harlem it was the purpose of Alva to march to the conquest of Holland.

It was intended to make the siege a brief one, and Don Frederick concentrated before it a veteran force of 30,000 men. After a vigorous cannonade of three days an assault was ordered. The church-bells summoned the population to the walls to repel the assault. The stout burghers plied sword and musket; they pitched down heavy stones upon the heads of the assailants; live coals were showered upon them; hoops smeared with burning pitch were dextrously flung over their necks. The Spaniards were astounded at this unexpected resistance. Don Frederick saw that the town was not to be taken by assault, and recalled his soldiers from the trenches. Three hundred of them could not obey the summons, for they were cold in death. Only three or four of the defenders lost their lives. The assault was converted into a siege—one of the most memorable recorded in history. Besiegers and besieged mined and countermined. One defense was battered down only to show a new and stronger one raised behind it. Regular approaches were as vain as the sudden attack had been.

But if arms could not win the city, famine might. It was mid-winter, and the sufferings of the Spaniards were hardly less severe than those of the Hollanders. Don Frederick wished to raise the siege; but his iron father refused. If his son fell he himself would supply his place; if he perished his wife should come from Spain to share his fate. He wrote to Philip that such a war had never been seen on earth. The besieged made constant sallies. In March a thousand men burst out, drove in the enemy's outposts, burned three hundred tents, and killed eight hundred of the unsuspecting enemy, with a trifling loss on their part. To their memory they erected a trophy upon the ramparts—a huge grave, with the taunting inscription, "Harlem is the grave-yard of the Spaniards." The Prince endeavored to succor the town by water, and the battle was waged by sea as well as by land. On the 28th of May, the Spanish fleet gained a decisive victory. This gave them the command of the lake, and cut off all supplies from the town. Famine now began to prevail. The store of bread, carefully husbanded, was exhausted. Every unclean animal was caught and eagerly devoured. The hides of horses, the leather of shoes, became delicacies. All hope of succor was gone. Death by sword or famine seemed inevitable. It was determiued to sally out in one body—the women and children in the midst—and either fight their way through or all die together.

This determination became known in the Spanish camp. Don Frederick had learned by experience what the besieged could dare and do. Rather than run this peril he offered absolute indemnity, upon condition of surrender. The offer was accepted, and Harlem yielded on the 12th of June, 1573, after a siege of seven months and two days. The garrison had been reduced from four thousand men to eighteen hundred.

The promise of indemnity was made only to be broken. Six hundred Germans who formed part of the garrison, were dismissed; the remaining twelve hundred were butchered to a man; at least an equal number of citizens shared the same fate. Alva himself, writing to his master, states the number butchered in cold blood at twenty-three hundred. Five executioners were kept busily at work, and when they were wearied with the toil, three hundred living wretches, tied in couples, back to back, were flung into the lake.

The Spaniards had little reason to congratulate themselves upon the conquest of Harlem. It had cost them 12,000 men, and seven months of time, to take a city defended by four thousand men. At this rate how many years, how many troops, how much treasure, would the conquest of Holland cost?

Equally memorable with the siege of Harlem was that of the little town of Alkmaar, upon which Don Frederick next advanced, with a force of 16,000 men. Within the city were a garrison of eight hundred soldiers, besides thirteen hundred burghers capable of bearing arms —twenty-one hundred men, all told, against sixteen thousand. The siege was opened in August. Alva seems to have somewhat reproached himself for his mildness at Harlem, and to have wondered that since some of the inhabitants had been spared, the whole province had not at once flung itself at his feet in a transport of joy and gratitude. He was resolved that since Harlem had witnessed his clemency, Alkmaar should be a monument of his just severity. "If I take Alkmaar," he wrote to Philip, "I am resolved not to leave a single creature alive; the knife shall be put to every throat. Since the example of Harlem has proved of no use, perhaps an example of cruelty will bring the other cities to their senses."

For a while the story of the siege of Alkmaar is but a repetition of that of Harlem. The fierce attacks of the Spaniards were met by a determined resistance. Boiling water, blazing pitch, molten lead, fire-hoops, were rained down upon the assailants. The first assault cost the Spaniards a thousand lives. One officer who had gained the top of the rampart, and caught a glimpse of the defenders before he was hurled back into the moat, reported that he had seen neither helmet nor harness within; only a few plain-looking people, who appeared like fishermen. Despair had made these plain fishermen more than a match for the veteran soldiers of Alva. Yet they soon manifested that they were capable of still higher daring. They ventured to call in the remorseless sea as an ally. The opening of a few dykes would let in the ocean over the province from which it had been won. The fields and meadows would be flooded and the harvests ruined; but the Spaniards would be drowned. A messenger from Orange, at peril of his life, made way through the besieging forces, with a promise that on a given day the dykes should be opened. The communication was inclosed in a hollow staff. The messenger lost this in his perilous passage, and it fell into the hands of the Spaniards. They knew that the Prince would fulfill his promise. A council of war was held, at which it was resolved that it was useless to contend with this new enemy. The siege was forthwith raised, after it had lasted seven weeks.

Negotiations were renewed between William and the Court of France before the year had closed. The elective throne of Poland had become vacant, and the French King was desirous to secure it for his brother, the Duke of Anjou. The influence of William was great among the German and Polish Protestants, and for the sake of gaining this Charles was willing to throw Philip overboard. A treaty was actually arranged, in virtue of which Charles was to supply William with men and money, in consideration of which he was to receive the protectorate, under stringent restrictions, over Holland and Zealand, and the sovereignty over such other portion of the Netherlands as should be wrested from the Spaniards.

These multiplied disasters had brought Philip to a conclusion with respect to the petition of Alva for recall. At the end of the year 1573 his successor, Requesens, arrived and assumed the post. Alva, tortured with the gout, oppressed with age, and burdened with debt, left the Netherlands. In five years, by his own estimate, he had brought 18,600 victims to the stake and the scaffold, while those that perished by siege, and massacre, and starvation, defied computation. He survived for nine more years, at the close of which he was attacked by a lingering fever, which reduced him so low that he was only kept alive by milk which he drank from a woman's breast. Such was the quiet close of the life of the bloody Duke of Alva.

The administration of Requesens lasted three years. It was marked by negotiations and fighting. But so evenly was success balanced that at its close the issue was as doubtful as ever. On the sea, the success of the Hollanders was almost unvarying; and they defended their towns with the obstinate pertinacity which they had displayed at Harlem and Alkmaar. On the land the iron discipline of the Spaniards gave them the superiority over the hasty levies which the Prince and his brother Louis could raise among the German and French mercenaries. Both parties were constantly harassed for want of money to pay their troops; and both armies ever and anon broke out into open mutiny; but with this difference, that the insurgents mutinied before going into action, and the Spaniards after they had won the victory. On the 14th of April, 1574, a great battle was fought at Mook, between the Spaniards under Avila, and a body of German and French troops led by Louis and Henry, the brothers of William. The Spaniards were completely victorious, and the two brothers were slain.

The siege of Leyden, which commenced late in May of this year, is still more noteworthy than those of Harlem and Alkmaar. This city, one of the most beautiful in the Netherlands, stood in the midst of broad pastures and green meadows that had been reclaimed from the sea. Over these fertile fields many an eager eye was soon to be cast, in the hope that the waters might be seen rolling again over the land, once their bed. From the first, preparations were made for a long siege. All the food was put into the hands of the authorities and doled out by weight, half a pound of meat, and as much bread daily to a man, and a due proportion to women and children. The Prince of Orange implored the citizens to hold out for three months, assuring them that within that time he would devise some means for their deliverance. He had no force with which to raise the siege, but he held a position which would enable him to cut through the dykes and allow the ocean

to reclaim the land which had been wrested from it. "Better a drowned land than a lost land," exclaimed the patriots as they calmly devoted their fertile fields to desolation. The waters that should flood the Spanish camp would also bear supplies to the starving town. We need not dwell upon the mere fighting during this siege. It was a repetition of the scenes of Harlem and Alkmaar. Early in August the sluices were opened, and the waters began slowly to rise. The bread in the city was gone, the only food left was malt cake. On the 21st a letter reached the Prince, from the city, stating that they had fulfilled their promise. They had held out three months—two with food, and one without. Their malt-cake would last but four days longer. The Prince lay ill of a fever; but from the sick bed he directed all the operations.

Five miles from Leyden was the great dyke, called the Land-Scheiding. The piercing of the outer dykes had already laid the ten miles between this and the ocean under water. The besieging forces lay between this Land-Scheiding and the city. If this dyke were cut through, the Spanish entrenchments would be flooded, and it was supposed that the waters would float the boats of the deliverers, laden with provisions, to the very walls of the beleaguered city. It was now the 11th of September, and still the starving town held out. On that night the Land-Scheiding was pierced, and the boats passed through the gaps. But it was found that another dyke, three quarters of a mile beyond, intervened. This had been left unguarded by the Spaniards, and was also breached. Yet now the waters diffused over so large a space, rose but slowly. A strong east wind also was driving them back toward the sea. So passed a week from the time of the opening of the Land-Scheiding, and the boats lay aground three miles from the city. But on the 18th the wind veered and blew a gale from the northwest. The waters rose; the armada was again afloat, and came within a mile and three-fourths of the city. Again the wind veered, the waters fell, leaving the boats fast aground. In the narrow space between the town and the fleet lay now the beleaguering forces. They knew that the town was at its last gasp, and tauntingly called the defenders cat-eaters and dog-eaters. "It is true," they replied, "and so long as you hear a cat mew or a dog bark, ye may know that we hold out, and when all has perished but ourselves, we will devour our own left arms and fight you with the right. When the last hour has come, we will set fire to the city and perish in the flames." Still the fleet lay stranded, and the city vanes pointed ever eastward. Until the wind changed the waters would not rise. At last, on the 2d of October, a violent equinoctial storm arose from the west, dashing the waters fiercely in upon the land, over the ruined dykes. The vessels were again afloat for the city walls. Two strong forts lay in their way, which might have disputed their advance. But the Spaniards were panic-stricken at being thus invaded by the ocean, and poured tumultuously over the narrow dyke, which formed the only path to the firm land. The wild Zealand sailors, almost amphibious, leaped from their vessels upon the retreating masses, and drove them from the crumbling dyke into the sea. So, on the morning of the 3d of October, Leyden was relieved. On the very next day the wind again shifted and drove the waters back. In a few days the land was again bare: and the work of re-constructing the dykes was begun.

In memory of this great deliverance the University of Leyden was at once founded. In its charter of institution the fiction of the supremacy of Philip was still gravely kept up. He himself was made to declare that in consideration of what had passed he had "resolved, after ripely deliberating with his dear cousin, William of Orange, Stadtholder, to erect a free public school and university," and so on. The legal fiction of Philip's supremacy now seemed like grave irony.

The remaining years of the government of Requesens passed in barren diplomacy, enlivened by a few brilliant exploits on either side. Orange labored with desperate earnestness to consolidate the insurrection in the north, thwarted often by the jealousy and parsimony of the States, and always embarrassed for want of means to carry on his great enterprise. Requesens was no less embarrassed for want of money to pay his troops, who were continually breaking out into open mutiny. So the war languished, now blazing up for a time, then dying away. It was during this weary time that the Prince first meditated the gigantic scheme of gathering the inhabitants of Holland with their movable property on board his vessels; and then opening all the dykes that had been reared by the patient labor of centuries, to suffer the sea to roll forever over its ancient bed; while the people were to sail away to the New World and build up another Holland under strange stars. The sudden death of the Governor, on the 5th of March, 1576, opened a new phase of affairs. So sudden was his decease that he had no time to nominate a provisional successor, and for a while the government was in the hands of the Council of State.

The treasury was utterly bare, and the whole body of Spanish troops broke out into a terrific mutiny. In vain were appeals made to honor and loyalty. They demanded money and not fine words. They had done their work and would have their pay. The King was their debtor, and the Netherlands belonged to him. If he would not pay, they should. They would if need were, levy tribute on the country. They deposed their officers, and put themselves under the command of chiefs appointed by themselves. They resolved to sack some rich city. After swarming hither and thither they fell upon Alost, in Flanders. On the 26th of July the mutineers were formally outlawed. Little

cared they for this. Avila, the victor at Mook, the same officer who had arrested Egmont, held command of the citadel which Alva had built to overawe Antwerp, the wealthiest city in Christendom. The mutineers from Alost joined their comrades in the citadel of Antwerp, and on the 3d of November burst into the devoted and defenseless town. There was no organized defense, and had there been, the peaceful traders and unarmed artisans could offer but feeble resistance to the disciplined band which swept through stately place, broad street, and narrow lane, mingling with the national war-cry, "Saint James! Saint James!" shouts of "Blood! Sack! Fire! Flesh!" Through square and street flowed the tide of slaughter. The beautiful Town Hall was set on fire, and soon the fairest portions of the Queen City of Christendom were in flames. All resistance ceased on the first evening; yet the work of havoc went steadily on for three full days. When the lust for plunder was fully satiated, and not before, passions darker and more brutal began to claim sway. We dare not attempt to paint the horrors of that fearful sack. Let those who wish to know them in detail turn to the pages of the history over which we have briefly passed. Think of seven thousand outlawed soldiers trained in the school of Alva, and now free from all restraint, thirsting for plunder, burning with lust, and mad with rage, let loose to work their will among the treasures and beauty of a great city—and imagine the rest. Five lines of statistics shall coldly sum up all that we may add. In three days eight thousand men, women, and children, were slaughtered; a thousand houses were burned; plunder to the amount of six millions of crowns was seized, and property to at least an equal amount was wantonly destroyed. The dead lay unburied in the streets and squares, and under the stately Gothic arches of the Exchange, where the slaughter had been fiercest, until the overseers of the poor were compelled by the Spaniards to provide for their burial from the funds intended to relieve the living paupers. The murderers were too thrifty to spend any portion of their plunder to bury their victims. Such, in faint outline, was the famous "Spanish Fury."

The very day before the sack of Antwerp, a Spanish cavalier, attended by a half dozen men-at-arms and a single Moorish slave, rode into the streets of Luxemburg. They had traversed France, in their journey from Spain. No sooner were they fairly over the Flemish borders than the aspect of the slave underwent a sudden transformation. His Moorish garb was replaced by the attire of a Spanish cavalier; his swarthy skin at once became fair, and his long bright locks, pushed gracefully from his brow, fell over his shoulders. The seeming infidel slave was Don John of Austria, the illegitimate brother of Philip, the hero of Lepanto, the newly-appointed Governor of the Netherlands.

Fiction has never dared to invent a more romantic career or character than that of Don John. His father was Charles V., Emperor of Germany, King of Spain, and Lord of both Indies; his mother was Barbara Blomberg, a washerwoman of Ratisbon, endowed with a beautiful person, a magnificent voice, and a most shrewish temper, and enjoying no very enviable reputation for chastity. The infant who drew his life-blood from fountains so widely apart in the social organization, was given into the charge of a member of the royal household, who took him to Spain, and reared him as his own son. He was destined to the ecclesiastical profession, but the qualities which he manifested as he grew up were hardly those which gave promise that he would become a luminary of the Church. Young Juan de Quixada excelled all his compeers in throwing the javelin, wielding the lance, and managing the steed. He was kept in ignorance of his royal descent until after the death of his father. When he had reached his fourteenth year the secret of his birth was confided to him by Philip, who took his young brother to court to be educated in company with Don Carlos, his ill-conditioned son, the heir to the Spanish crown, and his nephew, Alexander Farnese, son of Margaret of Parma. Still destined for the Church, the young John excelled his companions in all knightly exercises. At length he succeeded in obtaining permission to abandon the cowl and tonsure for the sword and steed. At the age of twenty-three he commanded the expedition to Granada, by which the remnant of the Moorish population were expelled from their ancient homes. Three years later Don John was put in command of the combined fleet of Spain, Naples, and Rome, numbering more than three hundred vessels. In the Bay of Lepanto, close under the heights of that Actium where the world had been lost and won sixteen hundred years before, they encountered a Turkish fleet of nearly equal force. The battle had raged for half of an October day, when the sun set upon the complete annihilation of the Turkish fleet. Of three hundred galleys scarcely fifty made their escape. It was the bloodiest sea-fight ever fought. Ten thousand Christians and three times as many infidels were slain: yet it is now best known in history as the fight in which Cervantes lost his hand. The fame of the youthful victor filled the world. Alva wrote to him from the Netherlands that it was the most brilliant victory ever won by the Christians, and that no such captain had appeared since the death of Julius Cæsar. Visions of a crown filled the mind of the imperial bastard. He would found a new Christian empire on the edge of the African desert. Tunis should be its capital, and the glory of the new Carthage should exceed that of the old. Foiled in the attempt to win a kingdom in the South, he turned his eyes to the North. The heretics had wrested England from the Church. The beautiful Mary Stuart was prisoner to the haughty Elizabeth. He would dethrone the usurper, liberate and espouse the lovely cap-

tive; and together they would reign over a land redeemed from heresy. Keeping his ambitious projects from his brother, he sought the counsel and aid of the Head of the Church. The Pope gave him some money and an abundant supply of bulls and briefs, letters of excommunication and patents of investiture. In the command in the Netherlands, which was just now conferred upon him, he saw the material force which was to give potency to these spiritual weapons. He would soon put an end to the petty contest there, and would then lead his ten thousand veteran soldiers into England.

William of Orange, in the mean while, had turned to account the events which had followed the death of Requesens. His one great object was to unite all the Netherlands in a combined effort to expel the Spaniards. There were many obstacles in the way of such a union, the chief of which grew out of the differences in religion; for while the Protestants had gained the ascendency in the north, the Catholics still predominated in the south. No sooner had the Protestants begun to find themselves in power, than they in turn set about the work of persecution; and it had taxed all the power of William to gain a bare toleration for the adherents of the old faith. Still the provinces were devotedly attached to their ancient privileges, and were disposed to avail themselves of the present crisis to regain them. But the one great bond of sympathy between all was the universal hatred to the foreign soldiery. This was shared alike, and with equal reason, by Protestant and Catholic, Frisian and Walloon, Teuton and Celt.

When the mutiny of the soldiers broke out, William seized upon it as a lever providentially put into his hands to overthrow the Spanish power. His own direct authority was confined to Holland and Zealand, but his influence was great in the whole seventeen provinces. He dispatched messengers and letters to the Estates and principal men in every province, urging them to unite in one effort to effect the object so dear to all. Now or never was the time to free themselves from the intolerable burden of the foreign troops. The flower of the Spanish army had fallen in the vain attempt to reduce two feeble provinces; if the whole seventeen would unite, they would sweep them from the land. When this was accomplished, and the ancient privileges of the Netherlands restored, all other questions could be settled by the States General, to whom their decision belonged. And besides, they had gone too far to recede. In outlawing the mutineers they had committed an unpardonable offense. For less than this the heads of Egmont and Horn, Catholics and loyalists though they were, had fallen. They could not hope even for the honorable scaffolds of these nobles, should the Spaniards retain their power; they would be doomed to the whipping-post and the scaffold.

These stirring appeals struck the right chord. While the mutineers were swaying hither and thither, uncertain where to strike their great blow, now threatening Brussels, and now menacing Antwerp, a general congress of deputies had assembled at Ghent, to confer upon a scheme of union. Even in their imminent peril, they could not lay aside their religious bigotry. The Catholics would hardly grant that the Protestant soldiers dispatched by William at their request, to protect them, should sing their hymns in their own camp. But the tidings of the sack of Antwerp brought them to a sudden agreement. On the 8th of November, before the close of the eventful week which witnessed the outburst of the Spanish Fury and the arrival of Don John at Luxemburg, a treaty of union was definitely signed between the Prince of Orange and the Estates of Holland and Zealand on the one side, and the deputies of the fifteen provinces on the other. All the jealousies and injuries of the past should be forgiven and forgotten, and faithful friendship should be maintained for the future. First and foremost, the Spaniards should be expelled from the land; and then the States General should be convoked to take order concerning every thing else. In the mean time the Placards of Charles, the Edicts of Philip, and the Ordinances of Alva should be suspended; the Reformed religion was to be recognized as established in Holland and Zealand, and its private exercise tolerated elsewhere; and the Prince of Orange, as royal Stadtholder, should be Admiral and General of the forces of all the associated provinces.

Such was the famous "Pacification of Ghent." The great heart of Orange beat proudly as he looked upon this result of his labors, which seemed all the more auspicious when the treaty was followed by a solemn agreement drawn up and signed by all the leading men—Catholic and Protestant—throughout the provinces, pledging themselves individually to maintain the Pacification. One shout of joy and exultation went up as the tidings flew from town to town. Men fancied that the long reign of war and rapine had come to an end, and that peace was again to bless the wasted land. They little dreamed that the struggle had but just begun; that no one who had reached man's estate should live to see a day of peace; and that at last, when a whole generation had passed away, only seven out of the seventeen provinces should have won their freedom.

The commission of Don John directed him to appease the provinces without yielding a particle of the royal authority, or suffering the supremacy of the Church to be infringed. He found the task less easy than he had supposed. The Estates refused to receive him as Governor until he had sanctioned the Pacification, and given proof of his sincerity by sending his Spanish troops from the country. He refused, then hesitated and parleyed. The Theologians of Louvain, to whom the matter was referred, gravely decided, and proved to their own satis-

faction, that the Pacification contained nothing that conflicted with the absolute supremacy of the Church; and the State Council as gravely assured him that it did not in the least infringe upon the royal authority. Don John might have been excused for failing to perceive how the establishment of heresy in two provinces, and its tacit toleration in all, could consist with the one; and how the abolition of all that his Majesty had directed Granvelle and Margaret and Alva and Requesens to do, and the appointment of the arch-rebel and traitor as admiral and general, could comport with the other. And worse then all, to send away his Spanish veterans would be to throw aside the only means by which he could hope to win his Scottish bride and his English crown. Yet he was forced to surrender his common sense to the decision of the Doctors of Louvain, and sacrifice his personal ambition to his political necessities. On the 12th of February, 1577, he signed the "Perpetual Edict," yielding every thing demanded by the Estates. Philip confirmed the treaty with a promptness quite unusual, and it seemed that all obstacles in the way of the recognition of Don John were removed.

William of Orange, in the mean while, had carefully studied the posture of affairs. He came to the conclusion that all this compliance was a snare and a trap. He knew that Philip was not to be trusted; that he had sanctioned the treaty with the mental proviso that he should be bound by it only just so long as he pleased. Theologians and Councilors to the contrary notwithstanding, the Pacification did limit the power claimed by Philip, and did infringe upon the supremacy of the Church, and was intended so to do. The thousands who had perished at the stake and upon the scaffold, who had been massacred at Harlem, or had faced starvation at Leyden, were so many swift witnesses that Philip could never mean in good faith to sanction the Pacification. So, in spite of the demands of Don John, and the urgency of the Estates of the fifteen provinces—in spite of threats and promises—he refused to be a party to the treaty, or to recognize Don John as Governor. Unless the Silent One, backed as he was by his faithful Holland and Zealand, were won, Don John was only half a Governor.

Philip had now learned his ambitious designs upon England, and suspecting him of he knew not what treason against himself, returned evasive answers to his urgent demands for men and money. The annoyances of the luckless Governor increased every day. He was in hourly apprehension of being made prisoner. He hated the people whom he had been sent to appease, and they were not slow to return the feeling. Insult was added to annoyance; the bar-sinister in his escutcheon was bluntly brought to his remembrance. If he was displeasing to them, he said, he would resign his post in favor of some other member of the royal family. They coolly replied that they hoped his successor would be of legitimate birth. At length he grew weary of fruitless negotiation, and resolved to strike a decisive blow. He attempted to take possession of the chief fortresses and citadels in the country. He succeeded at Namur, but failed in the more vital attempt upon Antwerp. The Estates broke off negotiations, declared that he had forfeited his position, and that all who should adhere to him were rebels and traitors to their country. The Prince of Orange had succeeded in his design. The treacherous peace was to give place to open war; the Perpetual Edict was heard of no more.

One gleam of apparent success lighted up the close of the life of the hero of Lepanto. At Gemblours a small detachment of his cavalry put the whole army of the States to total rout. The slaughter was immense; six or eight thousand were slain, while the Spanish loss was less than a score. It was a brilliant but fruitless victory. Don John was unable to follow up his success, and the imminence of the peril drew the States into still closer union. In a few weeks the position of the victor became critical. The enemy was hemming him in front. The French were assuming a hostile attitude in his rear. He could barely hold his own posts; to advance against the foe was out of the question. "They have cut off our hands," he wrote, "and we have nothing for it now but to stretch forth our heads also to the ax." The pest was raging in his army, twelve hundred were in the hospital, besides those nursed in private houses, and he had neither means nor money to remedy the evil. He felt that he was in disgrace with his sovereign, besides being unsuccessful in his command; and yet he could not gain the royal permission to leave his post. His proud heart died within him, and he longed for death.

Death came to his relief on the 1st of October, 1578; and three days after, his embalmed remains were temporarily deposited in the church at Namur. Just two years before, he had set out for the Netherlands with such high hopes; seven years before, lacking a day, he had won the battle of Lepanto. His dying request had been that his body might rest in the vaults of the Escorial, by the side of that of his Imperial father. Philip granted the prayer, and obtained permission to dispatch a small corps of troops through France to Spain, from the Netherlands. The body of Don John was cut into three parts, and each, enveloped in a sack, was hung from the saddle-bow of a trooper; and thus were the remains of the dead hero borne ingloriously to their distant resting-place.

The supreme command in the Netherlands now devolved upon Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma, the son of the old Regent Margaret. He was by far the ablest Governor into whose hands Philip had committed the provinces. To personal courage, rivaling that of Don John, and military skill superior to that of Alva, he added political dexterity and finesse to which

neither of these could lay claim. If any living man could successfully cope with William of Orange, Alexander of Parma was that man. Circumstances, too, had been silently working in his favor. The strength of William lay among the burghers and people; the great nobles, always lukewarm at best, grew jealous of his extending influence. Already, when the troubles with Don John had reached their height, they had offered the Governorship to the Archduke Matthias, the young brother of the Emperor of Germany. But Queen Elizabeth, who had furnished the States with men and money, threatened to withdraw her aid unless William was recognized as the lieutenant of Matthias. The stronger mind soon acquired dominion over the weaker, and Matthias was reduced to a cipher. Men called him, in derision, the clerk of Orange. The real authority of William was increased rather than diminished by this hostile measure of the nobles.

But more fatal than the distrust of the nobles was the reviving spirit of religious dissension. Where Catholics were in the ascendant, they prohibited conventicles; where Calvinists were in power, they put down the Mass; and both united in persecuting the Anabaptists. In Holland, Sonoy had tortured the Catholics with a diabolical ingenuity that might have served as a lesson for the most accomplished member of the Holy Office. In Ghent and Antwerp the adherents of the old faith were in constant peril. Again and again was William forced to visit these towns to secure even a bare toleration. Turbulent demagogues and disfrocked monks denounced his wise tolerance of a faith different from his own, and howled at the religious peace for which he constantly labored. Meanwhile, the great Catholic reaction had been going on in the South, where the warm Celtic blood prevailed over the cooler Teutonic. The Walloon provinces in particular, which were now wholly Catholic, grew alarmed, and were inclined to break off their alliance with the States and return to their allegiance to Philip.

Alexander of Parma played his part with consummate skill. His resources were largely augmented; and with the sword in one hand and the purse in the other, and promises on his lips, he was ever busy. Now he besieged a town; now he bought up the governor of a fortress, or the commander of a regiment. Maestricht fell into his hands, after a siege which rivaled those of Harlem and Leyden; a revolution and a counter-revolution left Arras in his hands. In the North, the treason of Renneberg gave him the upper hand in Groningen; in the South, Hainault and Artois entered into a formal truce, preparatory to final submission; and the peril was imminent that all the Southern provinces would follow their example.

To counteract this fatal tendency, a closer union was proposed between the seven Northern provinces, and in January, 1579, was formed the Union of Utrecht. The framers of this league little knew how great a work they were doing. They proposed only a temporary arrangement to meet a present peril. It proved to be the beginning of a great State. Those seven provinces alone became the Dutch republic. They alone, on the 26th of July, 1581, put forth the Act of Abjuration, by which they renounced the authority of Philip, declared themselves independent of the Spanish crown, and assumed a place among the nations of the earth. Still, they did not intend to found a republic. Their purpose was to establish a constitutional monarchy, with a hereditary sovereign. All eyes were turned to "Father William" as the head of the State. But he resolutely refused the place. He had sought religious freedom for the people, not a kingdom for himself. He counseled that the sovereignty should be bestowed upon some foreign prince, who might afford them aid in the deadly struggle that was about to ensue.

Recourse was therefore had to Elizabeth. The wary Queen dealt with the States as coquettishly as she dealt with her suitors; she gave them vague encouragement, but few tangible favors, and finally declined their offers. They then turned to France. The Duke of Alençon and Anjou, the brother of the King, had already brought a body of troops to their support, though his aid had been of little practical value. Finally a treaty was arranged with him, by which he was to receive the sovereignty upon condition of swearing to respect and maintain all the old privileges of the provinces. Holland and Zealand, however, resolutely refused to join in this treaty. William of Orange, and he only, should be their ruler. They would enter into a firm alliance with Anjou, as Duke or Margrave, or whatever his title in the other provinces might be according to their old constitutions, and that was all. Elizabeth, who was jealous of the predominance of French interest in the Netherlands, opposed this arrangement so vigorously, that for a time it remained in abeyance. But toward the close of the year 1581, her position underwent a change. Anjou became a suitor for the hand of the Virgin Queen; rings were exchanged, and it was supposed that the marriage was on the point of consummation. Royal marriages are not always governed by common rules; but the incongruity between the parties in this case was great even for crowned heads. The Duke was twenty-eight years of age, slight, ill-formed, his face scarred by the small-pox, deformed with blotches, and distinguished by a nose swollen to twice its proper size. The Queen was fifty years old, tall, and raw-boned. The Duke went to England to press his suit in person. The splendid Earl of Leicester was also an adorer of the venerable virgin; and when she saw her puny French suitor, she could not make up her mind to discard in his favor the handsomest man of the day. Men, indeed, said that she was unreasonable; for if the young Duke could overlook her age, she might forgive his ugliness. But to outward appearance, the wooing of the Duke was prosperous, and the

Queen gave the States to understand that any honor shown to him would be pleasing to her. The King of France also assured his brother that he would assist him "even to his last shirt." The States thereupon dispatched a special mission to England, to urge Anjou to come over and take upon himself the sovereignty. Elizabeth was glad of so good an opportunity to rid herself of her lover. True, however, to her usual method with her suitors, she dismissed him with great honor, sending a train of her most brilliant nobles to accompany him to the Netherlands.

The formal installation of Anjou took place early in 1582. We need not pause to narrate the strict stipulations by which his power was limited, or the abundant oaths by which the new sovereign bound himself to respect and maintain the old privileges of the various States; it is enough that these oaths were taken only to be violated; and a few months were to show how much of baseness and treachery were concentrated in the favorite son of Catherine de Medicis. Failing miserably in the attempt, made in January, 1583, to take possession with his French troops of the principal fortresses of Flanders, he fawned before the Prince of Orange, flattered the Estates, and intrigued with Parma, all at the same time, and finally abandoned the country he had betrayed. The States pressed William to take upon himself the general sovereignty; but, true to himself, he refused, and urged them still to bestow it upon Anjou, in spite of his treachery; for the hostility of France was not now to be braved. Negotiations were in progress with the Duke, when his miserable death, on the 10th of June, 1584, removed him from the scene, freed the States from the embarrassment of his alliance or his hostility, and left them once more free to bestow the supreme power upon the only man worthy to hold it.

If from all the days and hours in the calendar we were to select the one in which the prospects of the Netherlands were, to human judgment, fairest, we would have named the noon of Tuesday, the 11th of July, 1584. The death of Anjou had rendered it morally certain that William must accept the sovereignty of the United Provinces, which he had so often refused. He had, in fact, already so far yielded as to have accepted the Countship of Holland and Zealand, and the complicated legal formalities were in course of execution preparatory to his formal installation. The same unselfish patriotism which had before impelled him to refuse the government of the other States must now compel him to accept it. He had hitherto wrought with the most inadequate means. He had no certain revenues at his disposal; he was never sure of an army for a whole campaign, and those which he was able to raise were never a match in the open field for the renowned Spanish veterans. In the defense of their homes and firesides the Dutch had fought with a pertinacity and determination never exceeded, as is testified by the sieges of Harlem, and Alkmaar, and Leyden, and Maestricht; and the Zealand sailors had performed many desperate isolated achievements; but the Spaniards were successful in every pitched battle. The genius of William was that of a statesman rather than of a general; he had no subordinate of decided military ability, and he had to contend with the greatest captains of the age. Yet in spite of all these disadvantages, Alexander of Parma in five years had been able to maintain Spanish authority in only two provinces. The struggle seemed now about to commence under fairer auspices. The consolidation of the States would render the resources of William more sure and permanent. His young son Maurice had begun to give evidence of those rare military talents which were soon to be so conspicuously displayed. With William for the head of the new State, and Maurice for its hand, there could be little doubt that the whole seventeen provinces would be united into one compact and powerful State, in which Dutch firmness and constancy should have been warmed by Belgic fire. To this new State the empire of the sea must have fallen, rather than to the British Isles.

But why speculate on what might have been? All these great possibilities depended upon the continuance for years of a life whose moments were numbered. On that July day, in the old city of Delft, as the Prince passed into his dining-room, a short, pale, insignificant young man stood in the passage, and asked for a passport. The Princess noticed him, and thought he was the most villainous-looking fellow she ever beheld. But William had seen the man before, and giving orders that the passport should be prepared, passed on. An hour and a half later, returning from dinner, the Prince passed through the same hall. Just as he reached the foot of the stairway, this insignificant youth started from a dark passage, and without a word discharged a pistol. Three balls entered the body of William, one of which passed sheer through and struck the opposite wall. "O my God, have mercy upon my soul! O my God, have mercy upon this poor people!" were the last articulate words of the dying man. A moment after, he was asked if he commended his soul to Christ. He answered with a half audible "Yes," as his great soul passed away. The little, insignificant, villainous-looking assassin had performed for Philip, in a single moment, a greater service than Alva, and Don John, and Alexander had been able to do in seventeen years. He had saved to the Spanish crown, for a time, ten fertile provinces. He paid the forfeiture of his crime, but the Spanish monarch ennobled and pensioned his family.

The death of William decided the fate of his country. No more provinces were added to the Union of Utrecht. The Dutch Republic, not the Republic of the Netherlands, had risen. We trust that it will not be long before the History of this Republic will be written by the hand which has so worthily traced the story of its Rise.



BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XIX.—THE FATHER OF THE MARSHALSEA IN TWO OR THREE RELATIONS.

THE brothers William and Frederick Dorrit, walking up and down the College-yard—of course on the aristocratic or Pump side, for the Father made it a point of his state to be chary of going among his children on the Poor side, except on Sunday mornings, Christmas days, and other occasions of ceremony, in the observance whereof he was very punctual, and at which times he laid his hand upon the heads of their infants, and blessed those young Insolvents with a benignity that was highly edifying—the brothers, walking up and down the College-yard together, were a memorable sight. Frederick the free, was so humbled, bowed, withered, and faded; William the bond, was so courtly, condescending, and benevolently conscious of a position, that in this regard only, if in no other, the brothers were a spectacle to wonder at.

They walked up and down the yard, on the evening of Little Dorrit's Sunday interview with her lover on the Iron Bridge. The cares of state were over for that day, the Drawing-room had been well attended, several new presentations had taken place, the three-and-sixpence accidentally left on the table had accidentally increased to twelve shillings, and the Father of the Marshalsea refreshed himself with a whiff of cigar. As he walked up and down, affably accommodating his step to the shuffle of his brother, not proud in his superiority, but considerate of that poor creature, bearing with him, and breathing toleration of his infirmities in every little puff of smoke that issued from his lips and aspired to get over the spiked wall, he was a sight to wonder at.

His brother Frederick of the dim eye, palsied hand, bent form, and groping mind, submissively shuffled at his side, accepting his patronage as he accepted every incident of the labyrinthian world in which he had got lost. He held the usual screwed bit of whity-brown paper in his hand, from which he ever and again unscrewed a spare pinch of snuff. That falteringly taken, he would glance at his brother not unadmiringly, put his hands behind him, and shuffle on so at his side until he took another pinch, or stood still to look about him—perchance suddenly missing his clarionet.

The College visitors were melting away as the shades of night drew on, but the yard was still pretty full, the Collegians being mostly out, seeing their friends to the Lodge. As the brothers paced the yard, William the bond looked about him to receive salutes, returned them by graciously lifting off his hat, and, with an engaging air, prevented Frederick the free from running against the company, or being jostled against the wall. The Collegians as a body were not easily impressible, but even they, according to their various ways of wondering, appeared to find in the two brothers a sight to wonder at.

"You are a little low this evening, Frederick," said the Father of the Marshalsea. "Any thing the matter?"

"The matter?" He stared for a moment, and then dropped his head and eyes again. "No, William, no. Nothing is the matter."

"If you could be persuaded to smarten yourself up a little, Frederick—"

"Ay, ay!" said the old man, hurriedly. "But I can't be. I can't be. Don't talk so. That's all over."

The Father of the Marshalsea glanced at a passing Collegian with whom he was on friendly terms, as who should say, "An enfeebled old man, this; but he is my brother, Sir, my brother, and the voice of Nature is potent!" and steered his brother clear of the handle of the pump by the threadbare sleeve. Nothing would have been wanting to the perfection of his character as a fraternal guide, philosopher, and friend, if he had only steered his brother clear of ruin, instead of bringing it upon him.

"I think, William," said the object of his affectionate consideration, "that I am tired, and will go home to bed."

"My dear Frederick," returned the other, "don't let me detain you; don't sacrifice your inclinations to me."

"Late hours, and a heated atmosphere, and years I suppose," said Frederick, "weaken me."

"My dear Frederick," returned the Father of the Marshalsea, "do you think you are sufficiently careful of yourself? Do you think your habits are as precise and methodical as—shall I say as mine are? Not to revert again to that little eccentricity which I mentioned just now, I doubt if you take air and exercise enough, Frederick. Here is the parade, always at your service. Why not use it more regularly than you do?"

"Ha!" sighed the other. "Yes, yes, yes, yes."

"But it is of no use saying yes yes, my dear Frederick," the Father of the Marshalsea in his mild wisdom persisted, "unless you act on that assent. Consider my case, Frederick. I am a kind of example. Necessity and time have taught me what to do. At certain stated hours



THE BROTHERS.

of the day you will find me on the parade, in my room, in the Lodge, reading the paper, receiving company, eating and drinking. I have impressed upon Amy during many years, that I must have my meals (for instance) punctually. Amy has grown up in a sense of the importance of these arrangements, and you know what a good girl she is."

The brother only sighed again, as he plodded dreamily along, "Ha! Yes, yes, yes, yes."

"My dear fellow," said the Father of the Marshalsea, laying his hand upon his shoulder, and mildly rallying him — mildly, because of his weakness, poor dear soul; "you said that before, and it does not express much, Frederick, even if it means much. I wish I could rouse you, my good Frederick; you want to be roused."

"Yes, William, yes. No doubt," returned the other, lifting his dim eyes to his face. "But I am not like you."

The Father of the Marshalsea said, with a shrug of modest self-depreciation, "Oh! You

might be like me, my dear Frederick; you might be if you chose!" and forbore, in the magnanimity of his strength, to press his fallen brother further.

There was a deal of leave-taking going on in corners, as was usual on Sunday nights; and here and there in the dark, some poor woman, wife or mother, was weeping with a new Collegian. The time had been when the Father himself had wept, in the shades of that yard, as his own poor wife had wept. But it was many years ago; and now he was like a passenger aboard ship in a long voyage, who has recovered from sea-sickness, and is impatient of that weakness in the fresher passengers taken aboard at the last port. He was inclined to remonstrate, and to express his opinion that people who couldn't get on without crying had no business there. In manner, if not in words, he always testified his displeasure at these interruptions of the general harmony; and it was so well understood, that delinquents usually withdrew if they were aware of him.

On this Sunday evening he accompanied his brother to the gate with an air of endurance and clemency; being in a bland temper and graciously disposed to overlook the tears. In the flaring gaslight of the Lodge, several Collegians were basking: some taking leave of visitors, and some who had no visitors watching the frequent turning of the key, and conversing with one another and with Mr. Chivery. The paternal entrance made a sensation of course; and Mr. Chivery, touching his hat (in a short manner though) with his key, hoped he found himself tolerable.

"Thank you, Chivery, quite well. And you?"

Mr. Chivery said, in a low growl, "Oh! *he* was all right." Which was his general way of acknowledging inquiries after his health when a little sullen.

"I had a visit from Young John to-day, Chivery. And very smart he looked, I assure you."

So Mr. Chivery had heard. Mr. Chivery must confess, however, that his wish was that the boy didn't lay out so much money upon it; for what did it bring him in? It only brought him in Wexation. And he could get that any where, for nothing.

"How vexation, Chivery?" asked the benignant father.

"No odds," returned Mr. Chivery. "Never mind. Mr. Frederick going out?"

"Yes, Chivery, my brother is going home to bed. He is tired, and not quite well. Take care, Frederick, take care! Good-night, my dear Frederick!"

Shaking hands with his brother, and touching his greasy hat to the company in the Lodge, Frederick slowly shuffled out of the door which Mr. Chivery unlocked for him. The Father of the Marshalsea showed the amiable solicitude of a superior being that he should come to no harm.

"Be so kind as to keep the door open a moment, Chivery, that I may see him go along the passage and down the steps. Take care, Frederick! (He is very infirm.) Mind the steps! (He is so very absent.) Be careful how you cross, Frederick! (I really don't like the notion of his going wandering at large, he is so extremely liable to be run over.)"

With these words, and with a face expressive of many uneasy doubts and much anxious guardianship, he turned his regards upon the assembled company in the Lodge: so plainly indicating that his brother was to be pitied for not being under lock and key, that an opinion to that effect went round among the Collegians assembled.

But he did not receive it with unqualified assent; on the contrary, he said, No, gentlemen, no; let them not misunderstand him. His brother Frederick was much broken, no doubt, and it might be more comfortable to himself (the Father of the Marshalsea) to know that he was safe within the walls. Still, it must be remembered that to support an existence there during many years required a certain combination of qualities—he did not say high qualities, but qualities—moral qualities. Now, had his brother Frederick that peculiar union of qualities? Gentlemen, he was a most excellent man, a most gentle, tender, and estimable man, with the simplicity of a child; but would he, though unsuited for most other places, do for that place? No; he said confidently, no! And, he said, Heaven forbid that Frederick should be there in any other character than in his present voluntary character! Gentlemen, whoever came to that College, to remain there a length of time, must have strength of character to go through a good deal, and to come out of a good deal. Was his beloved brother Frederick that man? No. They saw him, even as it was, crushed. Misfortune crushed him. He had not power of recoil enough, not elasticity enough, to be a long time in such a place, and yet preserve his self-respect and feel conscious that he was a gentleman. Frederick had not (if he might use the expression) Power enough to see in any delicate little attentions and—and—Testimonials that he might under such circumstances receive, the goodness of human nature, the fine spirit animating the Collegians as a community, and at the same time no degradation to himself, and no depreciation of his claims as a gentleman. Gentlemen, God bless you!

Such was the homily with which he improved and pointed the occasion to the company in the Lodge, before turning into the sallow yard again, and going with his own poor shabby dignity past the Collegian in the dressing-gown who had no coat, and past the Collegian in the sea-side slippers who had no shoes, and past the stout greengrocer Collegian in the corduroy knee-breeches who had no cares, and past the lean clerk Collegian in buttonless black who had no hopes, up his own poor shabby staircase, to his own poor shabby room.

There, the table was laid for his supper, and his old gray gown was ready for him on his chair-back at the fire. His daughter put her little prayer-book in her pocket—had she been praying for pity on all prisoners and captives! —and rose to welcome him.

Uncle had gone home, then? she asked him, as she changed his coat and gave him his black velvet cap. Yes, uncle had gone home. Had her father enjoyed his walk? Why, not much, Amy; not much. No? Did he not feel quite well?

As she stood behind him, leaning over his chair so lovingly, he looked with downcast eyes at the fire. An uneasiness stole over him that was like a touch of shame; and when he spoke, as he presently did, it was in an unconnected and embarrassed manner.

"Something, I—hem!—I don't know what, has gone wrong with Chivery. He is not—ha! —not nearly so obliging and attentive as usual to-night. It—hem!—it's a little thing, but it puts me out, my love. It's impossible to forget," turning his hands over and over, and looking closely at them, "that—hem!—that in such a life as mine I am unfortunately dependent on these men for something every hour in the day."

Her arm was on his shoulder, but she did not look in his face while he spoke. Bending her head, she looked another way.

"I—hem!—I can't think, Amy, what has given Chivery offense. He is generally so—so very attentive and respectful. And to-night he was quite—quite short with me. Other people there too! Why, good Heaven! if I was to lose the support and recognition of Chivery and his brother-officers, I might starve to death here."

While he spoke, he was opening and shutting his hands like valves; so conscious all the time of that touch of shame, that he shrunk before his own knowledge of his meaning.

"I—ha!—I can't think what it's owing to. I am sure I can not imagine what the cause of it is. There was a certain Jackson here once, a turnkey of the name of Jackson (I don't think you can remember him, my dear, you were very young), and—hem!—and he had a—brother, and this—young brother paid his addresses to—at least, did not go so far as to pay his addresses to—but admired—respectfully admired—the—not the daughter, the sister—of one of us; a rather distinguished Collegian; I may say, very much so. His name was Captain Martin; and he consulted me on the question whether it was necessary that his daughter—sister—should hazard offending the turnkey brother by being too—ha!—too plain with the other brother. Captain Martin was a gentleman and a man of honor, and I put it to him first to give me his—his own opinion. Captain Martin (highly respected in the army) then unhesitatingly said, that it appeared to him that his—hem!—sister was not called upon to understand the young man too distinctly, and that she might lead him on—I am doubtful whether lead him on was Captain Martin's exact expression; indeed I think he said tolerate him—on her father's—I should say, brother's—account. I hardly know how I have strayed into this story. I suppose it has been through being unable to account for Chivery; but as to the connection between the two, I don't see—"

His voice died away, as if she could not bear the pain of hearing him, and her hand had gradually crept to his lips. For a little while there was a dead silence and stillness; and he remained shrunk in his chair, and she remained with her arm round his neck, and her head bowed down upon his shoulder.

His supper was cooking in a saucepan on the fire, and, when she moved, it was to make it ready for him on the table. He took his usual seat, she took hers, and he began his meal. They did not, as yet, look at one another. By little and little he began; laying down his knife and fork with a noise, taking things up sharply, biting at his bread as if he were offended with it, and in other similar ways showing that he was out of sorts. At length he pushed his plate from him, and spoke aloud. With the strangest inconsistency.

"What does it matter whether I eat or starve? What does it matter whether such a blighted life as mine comes to an end now, next week, or next year? What am I worth to any one? A poor prisoner, fed on alms and broken victuals: a squalid, disgraced wretch!"

"Father, father!" As he rose, she went on her knees to him, and held up her hands to him.

"Amy," he went on in a suppressed voice, trembling violently, and looking at her as wildly as if he had gone mad. "I tell you, if you could see me as your mother saw me, you wouldn't believe it to be the creature you have only looked at through the bars of this cage. I was young, I was accomplished, I was good-looking, I was independent—by God I was, child!—and people sought me out, and envied me. Envied me!"

"Dear father!" She tried to take down the shaking arm that he flourished in the air, but he resisted, and put her hand away.

"If I had but a picture of myself in those days, though it was ever so ill done, you would be proud of it, you would be proud of it. But I have no such thing. Now, let me be a warning! Let no man," he cried, looking haggardly about, "fail to preserve at least that little of the times of his prosperity and respect. Let his children have that clew to what he was. Unless my face, when I am dead, subsides into the long departed look—they say such things happen, I don't know—my children will have never seen me."

"Father, father!"

"Oh, despise me, despise me! Look away from me, don't listen to me, stop me, blush

for me, cry for me—even you, Amy! Do it, do it! I do it to myself! I am hardened now, I have sunk too low to care long even for that."

"Dear father, loved father, darling of my heart!" She was clinging to him with her arms, and she got him to drop into his chair again, and caught at the raised arm, and tried to put it round her neck.

"Let it lie there, father. Look at me, father; kiss me, father! Only think of me, father, for one little moment!"

Still he went on in the same wild way, though it was gradually breaking down into a miserable whining.

"And yet I have some respect here. I have made some stand against it. I am not quite trodden down. Go out and ask who is the chief person in the place. They'll tell you it's your father. Go out and ask who is never trifled with, and who is always treated with some delicacy. They'll say, your father. Go out and ask what funeral here (it must be here, I know it can be nowhere else) will make more talk, and perhaps more grief, than any that has ever gone out at the gate. They'll say, your father's. Well then. Amy! Amy! Is your father so universally despised? Is there nothing to redeem him? Will you have nothing to remember him by but his ruin and decay? Will you be able to have no affection for him when he is gone, poor castaway! gone?"

He burst into tears of maudlin pity for himself, and at length suffering her to embrace him, and take charge of him, let his gray head rest against her cheek, and bewailed his wretchedness. Presently he changed the subject of his lamentations, and clasping his hands about her as she embraced him, cried, Oh, Amy, his motherless, forlorn child! Oh the days that he had seen her careful and laborious for him! Oh the baby life that had been overshadowed by the prison walls, the tender feet so soon acquainted with the prison stones, the slender form so lonely in the streets, the youth so soon made old! Then he reverted to himself, and weakly told her how much better she would have loved him if she had known him in his vanished character, and how he would have married her to a gentleman who should have been proud of her as his daughter, and how (at which he cried again) she should first have ridden at his fatherly side on her own horse, and how the crowd (by which he meant in effect the people who had given him the twelve shillings he then had in his pocket) should have trudged the dusty roads respectfully.

Thus, now boasting, now despairing, in either fit a captive with the jail-rot upon him, and the impurity of his prison worn into the grain of his soul, he revealed his degenerate state to his affectionate child. No one else ever beheld him in the details of his humiliation. Little recked the Collegians who were laughing in their rooms over his late address in the Lodge, what a serious picture they had in their obscure gallery of the Marshalsea that Sunday night.

There was a classical daughter once—perhaps—who ministered to her father in his prison as her mother had ministered to her. Little Dorrit, though of the unheroic modern stock, and mere English, did much more, in comforting her father's wasted heart upon her innocent breast, and turning to it a fountain of love and fidelity that never ran dry or waned, through all his years of famine.

She soothed him; asked him for his forgiveness if she had been, or seemed to have been, undutiful; told him, Heaven knows truly, that she could not honor him more if he were the favorite of Fortune and the whole world acknowledged him. When his tears were dried, and he sobbed in his weakness no longer, and was free from that touch of shame, and had recovered his usual bearing, she prepared the remains of his supper afresh, and, sitting by his side, rejoiced to see him eat and drink. For, now he sat in his black velvet cap and old gray gown, magnanimous again; and would have comported himself toward any Collegian who might have looked in to ask his advice like a great moral Lord Chesterfield, or Master of the ethical ceremonies of the Marshalsea.

To keep his attention engaged, she talked with him about his wardrobe; when he was pleased to say, that yes, indeed, those shirts she proposed would be exceedingly acceptable, for those he had were worn out, and, being ready-made, had never fitted him. Being conversational and in a reasonable flow of spirits, he then invited her attention to his coat as it hung behind the door: remarking that the Father of the place would set an indifferent example to his children, already disposed to be slovenly, if he went among them out at elbows. He was jocular, too, as to the heeling of his shoes; but became grave on the subject of his cravat, and promised her that when she could afford it, she should buy him a new one.

While he smoked out his cigar in peace, she made his bed, and put the small room in order for his repose. Being weary then, owing to the advanced hour and his emotions, he came out of his chair to bless her and wish her good-night. All this time he had never once thought of *her* dress, her shoes, her need of any thing. No other person upon earth, save herself, could have been so unmindful of her wants.

He kissed her many times with "Bless you, my love! Good-night, my dear!"

But her gentle breast had been so deeply wounded by what she had seen of him, that she was unwilling to leave him alone, lest he should lament and despair again. "Father dear, I am not tired; let me come back presently, when you are in bed, and sit by you."

He asked her, with an air of protection, if she felt solitary?

"Yes, father."

"Then come back by all means, my love."

"I shall be very quiet, father."

"Don't think of me, my dear," he said, giving her his kind permission fully. "Come back by all means."

He seemed to be dozing when she returned, and she put the low fire together very softly lest she should awake him. But he overheard her, and called out who was that?

"Only Amy, father."

"Amy, my child, come here. I want to say a word to you."

He raised himself a little in his low bed, as she kneeled beside it to bring her face near him; and put his hand between hers. Oh! Both the private father and the Father of the Marshalsea were strong within him then.

"My love, you have had a life of hardship here. No companions, no recreations, many cares I am afraid?"

"Don't think of that, dear. I never do."

"You know my position, Amy. I have not been able to do much for you; but all I have been able to do, I have done."

"Yes, my dear father," she rejoined, kissing him. "I know, I know."

"I am in the twenty-third year of my life here," he said, with a catch in his breath that was not so much a sob as an irrepressible sound of self-approval, the momentary outburst of a noble consciousness. "It is all I could do for my children—I have done it. Amy, my love, you are by far the best loved of the three; I have had you principally in my mind—whatever I have done for your sake, my dear child, I have done freely and without murmuring."

Only the wisdom that holds the clew to all hearts and all mysteries, can surely know to what extent a man, especially a man brought down as this man had been, can impose upon himself. Enough, for the present place, that he lay down with wet eyelashes, serene, in a manner majestic, after bestowing his life of degradation as a sort of portion on the devoted child upon whom its miseries had fallen so heavily, and whose love alone had saved him to be even what he was.

That child had no doubts, asked herself no questions, for she was but too content to see him with a lustre round his head. Poor dear, good dear, truest, kindest, dearest, were the only words she had for him, as she hushed him to rest.

She never left him all that night. As if she had done him a wrong which her tenderness could hardly repair, she sat by him in his sleep, at times softly kissing him with suspended breath, and calling him in a whisper by some endearing name. At times she stood aside, so as not to intercept the low fire-light, and, watching him when it fell upon his sleeping face, wondered did he look now at all as he had looked when he was prosperous and happy; as he had so touched her by imagining that he might look once more in that awful time. At the thought of that time, she kneeled beside his bed again, and prayed "Oh, spare his life! Oh, save him to me! Oh, look down upon my dear, long-suffering, unfortunate, much changed, dear, dear father!"

Not until the morning came to protect him and encourage him, did she give him a last kiss and leave the small room. When she had stolen down stairs, and along the empty yard, and had crept up to her own high garret, the smokeless house-tops and the distant country hills were discernible over the wall in the clear morning. As she gently opened the window, and looked eastward down the prison-yard, the spikes upon the wall were tipped with red, then made a sullen purple pattern on the sun as it came flaming up into the heavens. The spikes had never looked so sharp and cruel, nor the bars so heavy, nor the prison space so gloomy and contracted. She thought of the sunrise on rolling rivers, of the sunrise on wide seas, of the sunrise on rich landscapes, of the sunrise on great forests where the birds were waking and the trees were rustling; and she looked down into the living grave on which the sun had risen, with her father in it, three-and-twenty years, and said, in a burst of sorrow and compassion, "No, no, I have never seen him in my life!"

CHAPTER XX.—MOVING IN SOCIETY.

If Young John Chivery had had the inclination and the power to write a satire on family pride, he would have had no need to go for an avenging illustration out of the family of his beloved. He would have found it amply in that gallant brother and that dainty sister, so steeped in mean experiences, and so loftily conscious of the family name; so ready to beg or borrow from the poorest, to eat of any body's bread, spend any body's money, drink from any body's cup and break it afterward. To have painted the sordid facts of their lives, and they throughout invoking the death's-head apparition of the family gentility to come and scare their benefactors, would have made Young John a satirist of the first water.

Tip had turned his liberty to hopeful account by becoming a billiard-marker. He had troubled himself so little as to the means of his release, that Clennam scarcely needed to have been at the pains of impressing the mind of Mr. Plornish on that subject. Whoever had paid him the compliment, he very readily accepted the compliment with *his* compliments, and there was an end of it. Issuing forth from the gate on these easy terms, he became a billiard-marker; and now occasionally looked in at the little skittle-ground in a green Newmarket coat (second hand), with a shining collar and bright buttons (new), and drank the beer of the Collegians.

One solid stationary point in the looseness of this gentleman's character was, that he respected and admired his sister Amy. The feeling had never induced him to spare her a moment's uneasiness, or to put himself to any restraint or

inconvenience on her account; but, with that Marshalsea taint upon his love, he loved her. The same rank Marshalsea flavor was to be recognized in his distinctly perceiving that she sacrificed her life to her father, and in his having no idea that she had done any thing for himself.

When this spirited young man and his sister had begun systematically to produce the family skeleton for the overawing of the College, this narrative can not precisely state. Probably at about the period when they began to dine on the College charity. It is certain that the more reduced and necessitous they were, the more pompously the skeleton emerged from its tomb; and that when there was any thing particularly shabby in the wind, the skeleton always came out with the ghastliest flourish.

Little Dorrit was late on the Monday morning, for her father slept late, and afterward there was his breakfast to prepare and his room to arrange. She had no engagement to go out to work, however, and therefore staid with him until, with Maggy's help, she had put every thing right about him, and had seen him off upon his morning walk (of twenty yards or so) to the coffee-house to read the paper. She then got on her bonnet and went out, having been anxious to get out much sooner. There was, as usual, a cessation of the small talk in the Lodge as she passed through it; and a Collegian who had come in on Saturday night, received the intimation from the elbow of a more seasoned Collegian, "Look out! Here she is!"

She wanted to see her sister; but when she got round to Mr. Cripples's she found that both her sister and her uncle had gone to the theatre where they were engaged. Having taken thought of this probability by the way, and having settled that in such case she would follow them, she set off afresh for the theatre, which was on that side of the river, and not very far away.

Little Dorrit was almost as ignorant of the ways of theatres as of the ways of gold-mines; and when she was directed to a furtive sort of door, with a curious up-all-night air about it, that appeared to be ashamed of itself and to be hiding in an alley, she hesitated to approach it; being further deterred by the sight of some half a dozen close-shaved gentlemen, with their hats very strangely on, who were lounging about the door, looking not at all unlike Collegians. On her applying to them, reassured by this resemblance, for a direction to Miss Dorrit, they made way for her to enter a dark hall—it was more like a great grim lamp gone out than any thing else—where she could hear the distant playing of music and the sound of dancing feet. A man so much in want of airing that he had a blue mould upon him, sat watching this dark place from a hole in a corner, like a spider; and he told her that he would send a message up to Miss Dorrit by the first lady or gentleman who went through. The first lady who went through had a roll of music, half in her muff and half out of it, and was in such a tumbled condition altogether, that it seemed as if it would be an act of kindness to iron her. But as she was very good-natured, and said "Come with me; I'll soon find Miss Dorrit for you," Miss Dorrit's sister went with her, drawing nearer and nearer, at every step she took in the darkness, to the sound of music and the sound of dancing feet.

At last they came into a maze of dust, where a quantity of people were tumbling over one another, and where there was such a confusion of unaccountable shapes of beams, bulk-heads, brick walls, ropes, and rollers, and such a mixing of gaslight and daylight, that they seemed to have got on the wrong side of the pattern of the universe. Little Dorrit, left to herself, and knocked against by somebody every moment, was quite bewildered when she heard her sister's voice.

"Why, good gracious, Amy, what ever brought you here!"

"I wanted to see you, Fanny dear; and as I am going out all day to-morrow, and knew you might be engaged all day to-day, I thought—"

"But the idea, Amy, of *you* coming behind! I never did!" As her sister said this in no very cordial tone of welcome, she conducted her to a more open part of the maze, where various golden chairs and tables were heaped together, and where a number of young ladies were sitting on any thing they could find, chattering. All these young ladies wanted ironing, and all had a curious way of looking every where, while they chattered.

Just as the sisters arrived here, a monotonous boy in a Scotch cap put his head round a beam on the left, and said, "Less noise there, ladies!" and disappeared. Immediately after which, a sprightly gentleman with a quantity of long black hair looked round a beam on the right, and said, "Less noise there, darlings!" and also disappeared.

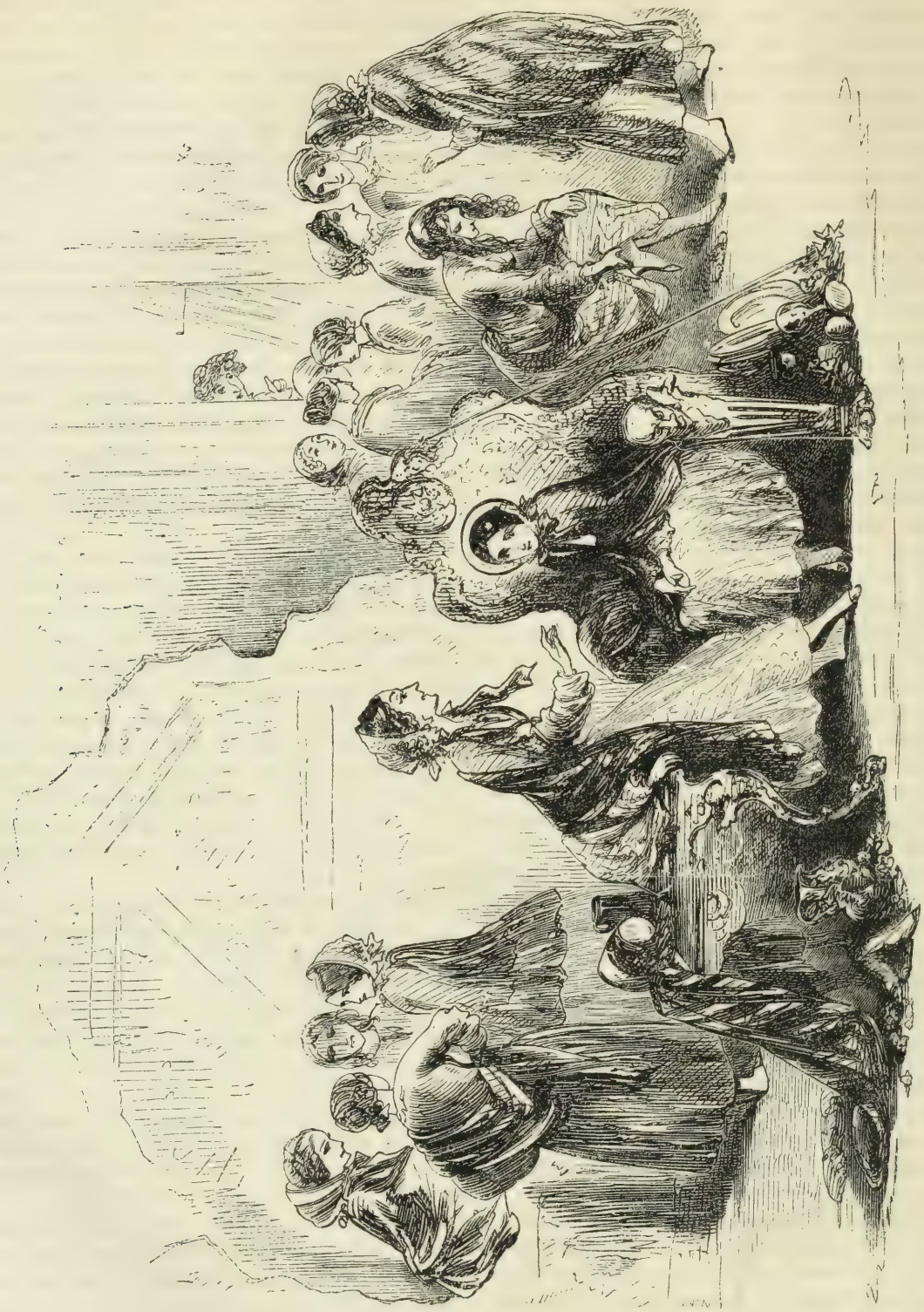
"The notion of you among professionals, Amy, is really the last thing I could have conceived!" said her sister. "Why, how did you ever get here?"

"I don't know. The lady who told you I was here, was so good as to bring me in."

"Like you quiet little things! You can make your way any where, I believe. *I* couldn't have managed it, Amy, though I know so much more of the world."

It was the family custom to lay it down as family law, that she was a plain domestic little creature, without the great and sage experiences of the rest. This family fiction was the family assertion of itself against her services. Not to make too much of them.

"Well! And what have you got on your mind, Amy? Of course you have got something on your mind about me?" said Fanny. She spoke as if her sister, between two and three years her junior, were her prejudiced grandmother.



MISS DORRIT AND LITTLE DORRIT.

"It is not much; but since you told me of the lady who gave you the bracelet, Fanny—"

The monotonous boy put his head round the beam on the left, and said, "Look out there, ladies!" and disappeared. The sprightly gentleman with the black hair as suddenly put his head round the beam on the right, and said, "Look out there, darlings!" and also disappeared. Thereupon all the young ladies rose, and began shaking their skirts out behind.

"Well, Amy," said Fanny, doing as the rest did, "what were you going to say?"

"Since you told me a lady had given you the bracelet you showed me, Fanny, I have not been quite easy on your account, and indeed want to know a little more, if you will confide more to me."

"Now, ladies!" said the boy in the Scotch cap. "Now, darlings!" said the gentleman with the black hair. They were every one gone in a moment, and the music and the dancing feet were heard again.

Little Dorrit sat down in a golden chair, made quite giddy by these rapid interruptions. Her

sister and the rest were a long time gone; and during their absence a voice (it appeared to be that of the gentleman with the black hair) was continually calling out through the music, "One, two, three, four, five, six—go! One, two, three, four, five, six—go! Steady, darlings! One, two, three, four, five, six—go!" Ultimately the voice stopped, and they all came back again, more or less out of breath, folding themselves in their shawls, and making ready for the streets. "Stop a moment, Amy, and let them get away before us," whispered Fanny. They were soon left alone; nothing more important happening, in the mean time, than the boy looking round his old beam, and saying, "Every body at eleven to-morrow, ladies!" and the gentleman with the black hair looking round his old beam, and saying, "Every body at eleven to-morrow, darlings!" each in his own accustomed manner.

When they were alone, something was rolled up or by other means got out of the way, and there was a great empty well before them, looking down into the depths of which Fanny said, "Now, uncle!" Little Dorrit, as her eyes became used to the darkness, faintly made him out, at the bottom of the well, in an obscure corner by himself, with his instrument in its ragged case under his arm.

The old man looked as if the remote high gallery windows, with their little strip of sky, might have been the point of his better fortunes, from which he had descended, until he had gradually sunk down below there to the bottom. He had been in that place six nights a week for many years, but had never been observed to raise his eyes above his music-book, and was confidently believed to have never seen a play. There were legends in the place that he did not so much as know the popular heroes and heroines by sight, and that the low comedian had "mugged" at him in his richest manner fifty nights for a wager, and he had shown no trace of consciousness. The carpenters had a joke to the effect that he was dead without being aware of it; and the frequenters of the pit supposed him to pass his whole life, night and day and Sunday and all, in the orchestra. They had tried him a few times with pinches of snuff offered over the rails, and he had always responded to this attention with a momentary waking up of manner that had the pale phantom of a gentleman in it: beyond this he never, on any occasion, had any other part in what was going on than the part written out for the clarionet; in private life, where there was no part for the clarionet, he had no part at all. Some said he was poor, some said he was a wealthy miser; but he said nothing, never lifted up his bowed head, never varied his shuffling gait by getting his springless foot from the ground. Though expecting now to be summoned by his niece, he did not hear her until she had spoken to him three or four times; nor was he at all surprised by the presence of two nieces instead of one, but merely said, in his tremulous voice, "I am coming, I am coming!" and crept forth by some underground way which emitted a cellarous smell.

"And so, Amy," said her sister, when the three together passed out, at the door that had such a shamefaced consciousness of being different from other doors: the uncle instinctively taking Amy's arm as the arm to be relied on: "so, Amy, you are curious about me?"

She was pretty, and conscious, and rather flaunting; and the condescension with which she put aside the superiority of her charms, and of her worldly experience, and addressed her sister on almost equal terms, had a vast deal of the family in it.

"I am interested, Fanny, and concerned in any thing that concerns you."

"So you are, so you are, and you are the best of Amys. If I am ever a little provoking, I am sure you'll consider what a thing it is to occupy my position and feel a consciousness of being superior to it. I shouldn't care," said the Daughter of the Father of the Marshalsea, "if the others were not so common. None of them have come down in the world as we have. They are all on their own level. Common."

Little Dorrit mildly looked at the speaker, but did not interrupt her. Fanny took out her handkerchief, and rather angrily wiped her eyes.

"I was not born where you were, you know, Amy, and perhaps that makes a difference. My spirit is not quite so subdued to it as yours is—never was. You can bear what I couldn't possibly bear. You can let the wretchedest little Being make up to you. I couldn't do that, Amy. I couldn't do it, and I wonder you can."

Even the patient Little Dorrit thought this rather hard, under the circumstances; but she only said, "Don't be unkind, Fanny, without meaning it. Tell me about yourself instead."

"My dear child," said Fanny, "when we get rid of uncle, you shall know all about it. We'll drop him at the cook's shop where he is going to dine."

They walked on with him until they came to a dirty shop-window in a dirty street, which was made almost opaque by the steam of hot meats, vegetables, and puddings. But glimpses were to be caught of a roast leg of pork bursting into tears of sage and onion in a metal reservoir full of gravy, of an unctuous piece of roast beef and blisterous Yorkshire pudding bubbling hot in a similar receptacle, of a stuffed fillet of veal in rapid cut, of a ham in a perspiration at the pace it was going at, of a shallow tank of baked potatoes glued together by their own richness, of a truss or two of boiled greens, and other substantial delicacies. Within, were a few wooden partitions, behind which such customers as found it more convenient to take away their dinners in their stomachs than in their hands, packed their purchases in solitude. Fanny, opening her reticule as they surveyed these things, produced from that repository a shilling and handed it to Uncle. Uncle, after not looking at it a little

while, divined its object, and muttering "Dinner? Ha! Yes, yes, yes!" slowly vanished from them into the mist.

"Now, Amy," said her sister, "come with me, if you are not too tired to walk to Harley Street, Cavendish Square."

The air with which she threw off this distinguished address, and the toss she gave her new bonnet (which was more gauzy than serviceable) made her sister wonder; however, she expressed her readiness to go to Harley Street, and thither they directed their steps. Arrived at that grand destination, Fanny singled out the handsomest house, and knocking at the door inquired for Mrs. Merdle. The footman who opened the door, although he had powder on his head, and was backed up by two other footmen likewise powdered, not only admitted Mrs. Merdle to be at home, but asked Fanny to walk in. Fanny walked in, taking her sister with her; and they went up stairs with powder going before and powder stopping behind, and were left in a spacious semicircular drawing-room, one of several drawing-rooms, where there was a parrot on the outside of a golden cage holding on by its beak with its scaly legs in the air, and putting itself into many strange upside-down postures. This peculiarity has been observed in birds of quite another feather, climbing upon golden wires.

The room was far more splendid than any thing Little Dorrit had ever imagined, and would have been splendid and costly in any eyes. She looked in amazement at her sister and would have asked a question, but that Fanny, with a warning frown, pointed to a curtained doorway of communication with another room. The curtain shook next moment, and a lady, raising it with a heavily-ringed hand, dropped it behind her again as she entered.

The lady was not young and fresh from the hand of Nature, but was young and fresh from the hand of her maid. She had large unfeeling handsome eyes, and dark unfeeling handsome hair, and a broad unfeeling handsome bosom, and was made the most of in every particular. Either because she had a cold, or because it suited her face, she wore a rich white fillet tied over her head and under her chin. And if ever there were an unfeeling handsome chin that looked as if, for certain, it had never been, in familiar parlance, "chucked" by the hand of man, it was the chin curbed up so tight and close by that laced bridle.

"Mrs. Merdle," said Fanny. "My sister, ma'am."

"I am glad to see your sister, Miss Dorrit. "I did not remember that you had a sister."

"I did not mention that I had," said Fanny.

"Ay!" Mrs. Merdle curved the little finger of her left hand as who should say, "I have caught you. I know you didn't!" All her action was usually with her left hand because her hands were not a pair; the left being much the whiter and plumper of the two. Then she added: "Sit down," and composed herself voluptuously, in a nest of crimson and gold cushions, on an ottoman near the parrot.

"Also professional?" said Mrs. Merdle, looking at Little Dorrit through an eye-glass.

Fanny answered No. "No," said Mrs. Merdle, dropping her glass. "Has not a professional air. Very pleasant; but not professional."

"My sister, ma'am," said Fanny, in whom there was a singular mixture of deference and hardihood, "has been asking me to tell her, as between sisters, how I came to have the honor of knowing you. And as I had engaged to call upon you once more, I thought I might take the liberty of bringing her with me, when perhaps you would tell her. I wish her to know, and perhaps you will tell her."

"Do you think, at your sister's age—" hinted Mrs. Merdle.

"She is much older than she looks," said Fanny; "almost as old as I am."

"Society," said Mrs. Merdle, with another curve of her little finger, "is so difficult to explain to young persons (indeed is so difficult to explain to most persons), that I am glad to hear that. I wish Society was not so arbitrary, I wish it was not so exacting—Bird, be quiet!"

The parrot had given a most piercing shriek, as if its name were Society, and it asserted its right to its exactions.

"But," resumed Mrs. Merdle, "we must take it as we find it. We know it is hollow and conventional and worldly and very shocking, but unless we are Savages in the Tropical Seas (I should have been charmed to be one myself—most delightful life and perfect climate, I am told), we must consult it. It is the common lot. Mr. Merdle is a most extensive merchant, his transactions are on the vastest scale, his wealth and influence are very great, but even he—Bird, be quiet!"

The parrot had shrieked another shriek; and it filled up the sentence so expressively that Mrs. Merdle was under no necessity to end it.

"Since your sister begs that I would terminate our personal acquaintance," she began again, addressing Little Dorrit, "by relating the circumstances that are much to her credit, I can not object to comply with her request, I am sure. I have a son (I was first married extremely young) of two or three and twenty."

Fanny set her lips, and her eyes looked half triumphantly at her sister.

"A son of two or three and twenty. He is a little gay, a thing Society is accustomed to in young men, and he is very impressible. Perhaps he inherits that misfortune. I am very impressible myself, by nature. The weakest of creatures. My feelings are touched in a moment."

She said all this, and every thing else, as coldly as a woman of snow; quite forgetting the sisters except at odd times, and apparently addressing some abstraction of Society. For whose behoof, too, she occasionally arranged her dress,

or the composition of her figure upon the ottoman.

"So he is very impressible. Not a misfortune in our natural state, I dare say, but we are not in a natural state. Much to be lamented, no doubt, particularly by myself, who am a child of nature if I could but show it; but so it is. Society suppresses us and dominates us—Bird, be quiet!"

The parrot had broken into a violent fit of laughter, after twisting divers bars of his cage with his crooked bill, and licking them with his black tongue.

"It is quite unnecessary to say to a person of your good sense, wide range of experience, and cultivated feelings," said Mrs. Merdle, from her nest of crimson and gold—and there put up her glass to refresh her memory as to whom she was addressing—"that the stage sometimes has a fascination for young men of that class of character. In saying the stage, I mean the people on it of the female sex. Therefore, when I heard that my son was supposed to be fascinated by a dancer, I knew what that usually meant in Society, and confided in her being a dancer at the Opera, where young men moving in Society are usually fascinated."

She passed her white hands over one another, observant of the sisters now; and the rings upon her fingers grated against each other with a hard sound.

"As your sister will tell you, when I found what the theatre was, I was much surprised and much distressed. If we were less conventional (those dear happy savages!) I might not have been so, but we *are* conventional, and I was. The merits of these things are questions of such minute geography with Society! It is of no use to rebel, Society is too strong for us. But when I found that your sister, by rejecting my son's advances (I must add, in an unexpected manner), had brought him to the point of proposing marriage, my feelings were of the profoundest anguish—acute."

She traced the outline of her left eyebrow, and put it right.

"In a distracted condition which only a mother—moving in Society—can be susceptible of, I determined to go myself to the theatre, and represent my state of mind to the dancer. I made myself known to your sister. I found her, to my surprise, in many respects different from my expectations; and certainly in none more so than in meeting me with—what shall I say? a sort of family assertion on her own part?" Mrs. Merdle smiled.

"I told you, ma'am," said Fanny, with a heightening color, "that although you found me in that situation, I was so far above the rest, that I considered my family as good as your son's; and that I had a brother who, knowing the circumstances, would be of the same opinion, and would not consider such a connection any honor."

"Miss Dorrit," said Mrs. Merdle, after frostily looking at her through her glass, "precisely what I was on the point of telling your sister, in pursuance of your request. Much obliged to you for recalling it so accurately, and anticipating me. I immediately," addressing Little Dorrit, "(for I am the creature of impulse), took a bracelet from my arm, and begged your sister to let me clasp it on hers, in token of the delight I had in our being able to approach the subject, so far on a common footing." (This was perfectly true, the lady having bought a cheap and showy article on her way to the interview, with a general eye to bribery.)

"And I told you, Mrs. Merdle," said Fanny, "that we might be unfortunate, but were not common."

"I think, the very words, Miss Dorrit," assented Mrs. Merdle.

"And I told you, Mrs. Merdle," said Fanny, "that if you spoke to me of the superiority of your son's standing in Society, it was barely possible that you rather deceived yourself in your suppositions about my origin; and that my father's standing, even in the Society in which he now moved (what that was, was best known to myself), was eminently superior, and was acknowledged by every one."

"Quite accurate," rejoined Mrs. Merdle. "A most admirable memory."

"Thank you, ma'am. Perhaps you will be so kind as to tell my sister the rest."

"There is very little to tell," said Mrs. Merdle, reviewing the breadth of bosom which seemed essential to her having room enough to be unfeeling in, "but it is to your sister's credit. I pointed out to your sister the plain state of the case; the impossibility of the Society in which we moved recognizing the Society in which she moved—though charming, I have no doubt; the immense disadvantage at which she would consequently place the family she had so high an opinion of, upon which we should find ourselves compelled to look down with contempt, and from which (socially speaking) we should feel obliged to recoil with abhorrence. In short, I made an appeal to that laudable pride in your sister."

"Let my sister know, if you please, Mrs. Merdle," Fanny pouted, with a toss of her gauzy bonnet, "that I had already had the honor of telling your son that I wished to have nothing whatever to say to him."

"Well, Miss Dorrit," assented Mrs. Merdle, "perhaps I might have mentioned that before. If I did not think of it, perhaps it was because my mind reverted to the apprehensions I had at the time that he might persevere, and you might have something to say to him. I also mentioned to your sister—I again address the non-professional Miss Dorrit—that my son would have nothing in the event of such a marriage, and would be an absolute beggar. (I mention that, merely as a fact which is part of the narrative, and not as supposing it to have influenced your sister, except in the prudent and legitimate way in which, constituted as our artificial system is, we must all be influenced by such considerations.)

Finally, after some high words and high spirit on the part of your sister, we came to the complete understanding that there was no danger; and your sister was so obliging as to allow me to present her with a mark or two of my appreciation at my dressmaker's."

Little Dorrit looked sorry, and glanced at Fanny with a troubled face.

"Also," said Mrs. Merdle, "as to promise to give me the present pleasure of a closing interview, and of parting with her on the best of terms. On which occasion," added Mrs. Merdle, quitting her nest, and putting something in Fanny's hand, "Miss Dorrit will permit me to say Farewell with best wishes, in my own dull manner."

The sisters rose at the same time, and they all stood near the cage of the parrot, as he tore at a clawful of biscuit and spat it out, seemed to mock them with a pompous dance of his body without moving his feet, and suddenly turned himself upside down and trailed himself all over the outside of his golden cage, with the aid of his cruel beak and his black tongue.

"Adieu, Miss Dorrit, with best wishes," said Mrs. Merdle. "If we could only come to a Millennium, or something of that sort, I for one might have the pleasure of knowing a number of charming and talented persons from whom I am at present excluded. A more primitive state of society would be delicious to me. There used to be a poem when I learned lessons, something about Lo the poor Indian whose something mind! If a few thousand persons moving in Society could only go and be Indians, I would put my name down directly; but as, moving in Society, we can't be Indians, unfortunately—Good-morning!"

They came down stairs with powder before them and powder behind, the elder sister haughty and the younger sister humbled, and were shut out into unpowdered Harley Street, Cavendish Square.

"Well?" said Fanny, when they had gone a little way without speaking. "Have you nothing to say, Amy?"

"Oh, I don't know what to say!" she answered, distressed. "You didn't like this young man, Fanny?"

"Like him? He is almost an idiot!"

"I am so sorry—don't be hurt—but, since you ask me what I have to say, I am so very sorry, Fanny, that you suffered this lady to give you any thing."

"You little Fool!" returned her sister, shaking her with the sharp pull she gave her arm. "Have you no spirit at all?"

"Perhaps not, but I can't help saying I am sorry, Fanny."

"You mean little creature!" returned the other, with great anger. "But that's just the way! You have no self-respect, you have no becoming pride. Just as you allow yourself to be followed about by a contemptible little Chivery of a thing," with the scornfulest emphasis, "you would let your family be trodden on, and never turn."

"Don't say that, dear Fanny. I do what I can for them."

"You do what you can for them!" repeated Fanny, walking her on very fast. "Would you let a woman like this, whom you could see if you had any experience of any thing to be as false and insolent as a woman can be—would you let her put her foot upon your family, and thank her for it?"

"No, Fanny, I am sure."

"Then make her pay for it. What else can you make her do? Make her pay for it, you stupid child, and do your family some credit with the money!"

They spoke no more, all the way back to the lodging where Fanny and her uncle lived. When they arrived there, they found the old man practicing his clarionet in the dolefulest manner in a corner of the room. Fanny had a composite meal to make, of chops, and porter, and tea; and indignantly pretended to prepare it for herself, though her sister did all that in quiet reality. When, at last, Fanny sat down to eat and drink, she threw the table implements about and was angry with her bread, much as her father had been last night.

"If you despise me," she said, bursting into vehement tears, "because I am a dancer, why did you put me in the way of being one? It was your doing. A pretty thing, indeed, that you should consider yourself disgraced by my being a dancer, when I never should have been one if it hadn't been for you!"

"But you know I don't, Fanny."

"How do I know you don't? I know you do. Don't tell stories, Amy. You would have me stoop as low as the ground before this Mrs. Merdle, and let her say what she liked and do what she liked, and hold us all in contempt, and tell me so to my face. Because I am a dancer!"

"Oh, Fanny!"

"And Tip, too, poor fellow. She is to disparage him just as much as she likes, without any check—I suppose because he has been in the law, and the docks, and different things. Why, it was your doing, Amy. You might at least approve of his being defended."

All this time the uncle was dolefully blowing his clarionet in the corner, sometimes taking it an inch or so from his mouth for a moment while he stopped to gaze at them, with a vague impression that somebody had said something.

"And your father, your poor father, Amy. Because he is not free, to show himself and to speak for himself, you would let such people insult him with impunity. If you don't feel for yourself because you go out to work, you might at least feel for him, I should think, knowing what he has undergone so long."

Poor Little Dorrit felt the injustice of this taunt rather sharply. The remembrance of last night added a barbed point to it. She said nothing in reply, but turned her chair from the

table toward the fire. Uncle, after making one more pause, blew a dismal wail and went on again.

Fanny was passionate with the teacups and the bread as long as her passion lasted, and then protested that she was the wretchedest girl in the world, and she wished she was dead. After that, her crying became remorseful, and she got up and put her arms round her sister.

"Amy, I am a miserable temper. I reproach myself so much for having spoken to you so unfeelingly, that I hate myself. I beg your pardon. Forgive me!"

Little Dorrit tried to stop her from saying more, but she answered that she would, she must! Thereupon she said again, and yet again, "I beg your pardon, Amy," and "forgive me, Amy," almost as passionately as she had said what she regretted.

"But indeed, indeed, Amy," she resumed, when they were seated in sisterly accord side by side, "I hope and I think you would have seen this differently if you had known a little more of Society."

"Perhaps I might, Fanny," said the mild Little Dorrit.

"You see, while you have been domestic and resignedly shut up there, Amy," pursued her sister, gradually beginning to patronize, "I have been out, moving more in Society, and may have been getting proud and spirited—more than I ought to be, perhaps?"

Little Dorrit answered "Yes. Oh yes!"

"And while you have been thinking of the dinner or the clothes, I may have been thinking, you know, of the family. Now, may it not be so, Amy?"

Little Dorrit again nodded "Yes," with a more cheerful face than heart.

"Especially as we know," said Fanny, "that there certainly is a tone in the place to which you have been so true, which does belong to it, aud which does make it different from other aspects of Society. So kiss me once again, Amy dear, and we will agree that we may both be right, and that you are a tranquil, domestic, home-loving, good girl."

The clarionet had been lamenting most pathetically during this dialogue, but was cut short now by Fanny's announcement that it was time to go; which she conveyed to her uncle by shutting up his scrap of music, and taking the clarionet out of his mouth.

Little Dorrit parted from them at the door, and hastened back to the Marshalsea. It fell dark there sooner than elsewhere, and going into it that evening was like going into a deep trench. The shadow of the wall was on every object. Not least upon the figure in the old gray gown and the black velvet cap, as it turned toward her when she opened the door of the dim room.

"Why not upon me, too!" thought Little Dorrit, with the door yet in her hand. "It was not unreasonable in Fanny."

CHAPTER XXI.—MR. MERDLE'S COMPLAINT.

Upon that establishment of state, the Merdle establishment in Harley Street, Cavendish Square, there was the shadow of no more common wall than the fronts of other establishments of state on the opposite side of the street. Like unexceptionable Society, the opposing rows of houses in Harley Street were very grim with one another. Indeed, the mansions and their inhabitants were so much alike in that respect, that the people were often to be found drawn up on opposite sides of dinner-tables, in the shade of their own loftiness, staring at the other side of the way with the dullness of the houses.

Every body knows how like the street, the two dinner-rows of people who take their stand by the street will be. The expressionless uniform of twenty houses, all to be knocked at and rung at in the same form, all approachable by the same dull steps, all fended off by the same pattern of railing, all with the same impracticable fire-escapes, the same inconvenient fixtures in their heads, and every thing without exception to be taken at a high valuation—who has not dined with these? The house so drearily out of repair, the occasional bow-window, the stuccoed house, the newly-fronted house, the corner house with nothing but angular rooms, the house with the blinds always down, the house with the hatchment always up, the house where the collector has called for one quarter of an Idea, and found nobody at home—who has not dined with these? The house that nobody will take, and is to be had a bargain—who does not know her? The showy house that was taken for life by the disappointed gentleman, and which doesn't suit him at all—who is unacquainted with that haunted habitation?

Harley Street, Cavendish Square, was more than aware of Mr. and Mrs. Merdle. Intruders there were in Harley Street, of whom it was not aware; but Mr. and Mrs. Merdle it delighted to honor. Society was aware of Mr. and Mrs. Merdle. Society had said "Let us license them; let us know them."

Mr. Merdle was immensely rich; a man of prodigious enterprise; a Midas without the ears, who turned all he touched to gold. He was in every thing good, from banking to building. He was in Parliament, of course. He was in the City, necessarily. He was Chairman of this, Trustee of that, President of the other. The weightiest of men had said to projectors, "Now, what name have you got? Have you got Merdle?" And, the reply being in the negative, had said, "Then I won't look at you."

This great and fortunate man had provided that extensive bosom, which required so much room to be unfeeling enough in, with a nest of crimson and gold some fifteen years before. It was not a bosom to repose upon, but it was a capital bosom to hang jewels upon. Mr. Merdle wanted something to hang jewels upon, and he bought it for the purpose. Storr and Mor-

timer might have married on the same speculation.

Like all his other speculations, it was sound and successful. The jewels showed to the richest advantage. The bosom, moving in Society with the jewels displayed upon it, attracted general admiration. Society approving, Mr. Merdle was satisfied. He was the most disinterested of men—did every thing for Society, and got as little for himself, out of all his gain and care, as a man might.

That is to say, it may be supposed that he got all he wanted, otherwise with unlimited wealth he would have got it. But his desire was to the utmost to satisfy Society (whatever that was), and take up all its drafts upon him for tribute. He did not shine in company; he had not very much to say for himself; he was a reserved man, with a broad, overhanging, watchful head, that particular kind of dull-red color in his cheeks which is rather stale than fresh, and a somewhat uneasy expression about his coat-cuffs as if they were in his confidence, and had reasons for being anxious to hide his hands. In the little he said, he was a pleasant man enough; plain, emphatic about public and private confidence, and tenacious of the utmost deference being shown by every one, in all things, to Society. In this same Society (if that were it which came to his dinners, and to Mrs. Merdle's receptions and concerts), he hardly seemed to enjoy himself much, and was mostly to be found against walls and behind doors. Also when he went out to it, instead of its coming home to him, he seemed a little fatigued, and upon the whole rather more disposed for bed; but he was always cultivating it nevertheless, and always moving in it, and always laying out money on it with the greatest liberality.

Mrs. Merdle's first husband had been a colonel, under whose auspices the bosom had entered into competition with the snows of North America, and had come off at little disadvantage in point of whiteness, and at none in point of coldness. The colonel's son was Mrs. Merdle's only child. He was of a chuckle-headed high-shouldered make, with a general appearance of being not so much a young man as a swelled boy. He had given so few signs of reason, that a by-word went among his companions that his brain had been frozen up in a mighty frost which prevailed at St. John's, New Brunswick, at the period of his birth there, and had never thawed from that hour. Another by-word represented him as having in his infancy, through the negligence of a nurse, fallen out of a high window on his head, which had been heard by responsible witnesses to crack. It is probable that both these representations were of *ex post facto* origin; the young gentleman (whose expressive name was Sparkler) being monomaniacal in offering marriage to all manner of undesirable young ladies, and in remarking of every successive young lady to whom he tendered a matrimonial proposal that she was "a doosed fine gal—well educated too—with no bigodd nonsense about her."

A son-in-law, with these limited talents, might have been a clog upon another man; but Mr. Merdle did not want a son-in-law for himself; he wanted a son-in-law for Society. Mr. Sparkler having been in the Guards, and being in the habit of frequenting all the races, and all the lounges, and all the parties, and being well known, Society was satisfied with its son-in-law. This happy result Mr. Merdle would have considered well attained, though Mr. Sparkler had been a more expensive article. And he did not get Mr. Sparkler by any means cheap for Society, even as it was.

There was a dinner giving in the Harley Street establishment, while Little Dorrit was stitching at her father's new shirts by his side that night; and there were magnates from the Court and magnates from the City, magnates from the Commons and magnates from the Lords, magnates from the bench and magnates from the bar, Bishop magnates, Treasury magnates, Horse Guards magnates, Admiralty magnates—all the magnates that keep us going, and sometimes trip us up.

"I am told," said Bishop magnate to Horse Guards, "that Mr. Merdle has made another enormous hit. They say a hundred thousand pounds."

Horse Guards had heard two.

Treasury had heard three.

Bar, handling his persuasive double eye-glass, was by no means clear but that it might be four. It was one of those happy strokes of calculation and combination, the result of which it was difficult to estimate. It was one of those instances of a comprehensive grasp, associated with habitual luck and characteristic boldness, of which an age presented us but few. But here was Brother Bellows, who had been in the great Bank case, and who could probably tell us more. What did Brother Bellows put this new success at?

Brother Bellows was on his way to make his bow to the bosom, and could only tell them in passing that he had heard it stated, with great appearance of truth, as being worth, from first to last, half a million of money.

Admiralty said Mr. Merdle was a wonderful man. Treasury said he was a new power in the country, and would be able to buy up the whole House of Commons. Bishop said he was glad to think that this wealth flowed into the coffers of a gentleman who was always disposed to maintain the best interests of Society.

Mr. Merdle himself was usually late on these occasions, as a man still detained in the clutch of giant enterprises when other men had shaken off their dwarfs for the day. On this occasion, he was the last arrival; and, stealing into the room in a modest manner, went about among his guests as if he were the last person who had any business there. Treasury said Merdle's work punished him a little. Bishop said he was

glad to think that this wealth flowed into the coffers of a gentleman who accepted it with meekness.

Powder! There was so much Powder in waiting, that it flavored the dinner. Smoothly as the dazzling men who wore it moved about, and greasily as they had anointed their heads to stick it on as with bird-lime, pulverous particles got into the dishes, and Society's meats had a seasoning of first-rate footmen. Mr. Merdle took down a countess who was secluded somewhere in the core of an immense dress, to which she was in the proportion of the heart to the overgrown cabbage. If so low a simile may be admitted, the dress went down the stair-case like a richly brocaded Jack in the Green, and nobody knew what sort of small person carried it.

Society had every thing it could want, and could not want, for dinner. It had every thing to look at, and every thing to eat, and every thing to drink. It is to be hoped it enjoyed itself; for Mr. Merdle's own share of the repast might have been paid for with eighteenpence. Mrs. Merdle was magnificent. The chief butler was the next magnificent institution of the day. He was the stateliest man in company. He did nothing, but he looked on as few other men could have done. He was Mr. Merdle's last gift to Society. Mr. Merdle didn't want him, and was put out of countenance when the great creature looked at him; but inappeasable Society would have him—and had got him.

The invisible countess carried out the Green at the usual stage of the entertainment, and the file of beauty was closed up by the bosom. Treasury said, Juno. Bishop said, Judith.

Bar fell into discussion with Horse Guards concerning courts-martial. Brother Bellows and Bench struck in. Other magnates paired off. Mr. Merdle sat silent, and looked at the table-cloth. Sometimes a magnate addressed him, to turn the stream of his own particular discussion toward him; but Mr. Merdle seldom gave much attention to it, or did more than rouse himself from his calculations and pass the wine.

When they rose, so many of the magnates had something to say to Mr. Merdle individually, that he held little levees by the side-board, and checked them off as they went out at the door.

Treasury hoped he might venture to congratulate one of England's world-famed capitalists and merchant-princes (he had turned that original sentiment in the House a few times, and it came easy to him) on a new achievement. To extend the triumphs of such men, was to extend the triumphs and resources of the nation; and Treasury felt—he gave Mr. Merdle to understand—patriotic on the subject.

"Thank you, my lord," said Mr. Merdle; "thank you. I accept your congratulations with pride, and I am glad you approve."

"Why, I don't unreservedly approve, my dear Mr. Merdle. Because," smiling Treasury turned him by the arm toward the side-board and spoke banteringly, "it never can be worth your while to come among us and help us."

Mr. Merdle felt honored by the—

"No, no," said Treasury, "that is not the light in which one so distinguished for practical knowledge, and great foresight, can be expected to regard it. If we should ever be happily enabled, by accidentally possessing the control over circumstances, to propose to one so eminent to—to come among us, and give us the weight of his influence, knowledge, and character, we could only propose it to him as a duty. In fact, as a duty that he owed to Society."

Mr. Merdle intimated that Society was the apple of his eye, and that its claims were paramount to every other consideration. Treasury moved on, and Bar came up.

Bar, with his little insinuating Jury droop, and fingering his persuasive double eye-glass, hoped he might be excused if he mentioned to one of the greatest converters of the root of all evil into the root of all good, who had for a long time reflected a shining lustre on the annals even of our commercial country—if he mentioned, disinterestedly, and as, what we lawyers called in our pedantic way, *amicus curiæ*, a fact that had come by accident within his knowledge. He had been required to look over the title of a very considerable estate in one of the eastern counties—lying, in fact, for Mr. Merdle knew we lawyers loved to be particular, on the borders of two of the eastern counties. Now, the title was perfectly sound, and the estate was to be purchased by one who had the command of —Money (Jury droop and persuasive eye-glass), on remarkably advantageous terms. This had come to Bar's knowledge only that day, and it had occurred to him, "I shall have the honor of dining with my esteemed friend Mr. Merdle this evening, and, strictly between ourselves, I will mention the opportunity." Such a purchase would involve not only great legitimate political influence, but some half dozen church presentations of considerable annual value. Now that Mr. Merdle was at no loss to discover means of occupying even his capital, and of fully employing even his active and vigorous intellect, Bar well knew; but he would venture to suggest that the question arose in his mind, whether one who had deservedly gained so high a position and so European a reputation did not owe it—we would not say to himself, but we would say to Society, to possess himself of such influences as these; and to exercise them—we would not say for his own, or for his party's, but we would say for Society's—benefit.

Mr. Merdle again expressed himself as wholly devoted to that object of his constant consideration, and Bar took his persuasive eye-glass up the grand stair-case. Bishop then came undesignedly sliding in the direction of the side-board.

Surely the goods of this world, it occurred in an accidental way to Bishop to remark, could

scarcely be directed into happier channels than when they accumulated under the magic touch of the wise and sagacious, who, while they knew the just value of riches (Bishop tried here to look as if he were rather poor himself), were aware of their importance, judiciously governed and rightly distributed, to the welfare of our brethren at large.

Mr. Merdle with humility expressed his conviction that Bishop couldn't mean him, and with inconsistency expressed his high gratification in Bishop's good opinion.

Bishop then—jauntily stepping out a little, with his well-shaped right leg, as though he said to Mr. Merdle "Don't mind the apron; a mere form!" put this case to his good friend:

Whether it had occurred to his good friend, that Society might not unreasonably hope that one so blest in his undertakings, and whose example on his pedestal was so influential with it, would shed a little money in the direction of a mission or so to Africa?

Mr. Merdle signifying that the idea should have his best attention, Bishop put another case:

Whether his good friend had at all interested himself in the proceedings of our Combined Additional Endowed Dignitaries Committee, whether it had occurred to him that to shed a little money in *that* direction might be a great conception finely executed?

Mr. Merdle made a similar reply, and Bishop explained his reason for inquiring.

Society looked to such men as his good friend to do such things. It was not that *he* looked to them, but that Society looked to them. Just as it was not Our Committee who wanted the Additional Endowed Dignitaries, but it was Society that was in a state of the most agonizing uneasiness of mind until it got them. He begged to assure his good friend, that he was extremely sensible of his good friend's regard on all occasions for the best interests of Society; and he considered that he was at once consulting those interests, and expressing the feeling of Society, when he wished him continued prosperity, continued increase of riches, and continued things in general.

Bishop then betook himself up stairs, and the other magnates gradually floated up after him until there was no one left below but Mr. Merdle. That gentleman, after looking at the table-cloth until the soul of the chief butler glowed with a noble resentment, went slowly up after the rest, and became of no account in the stream of people on the grand stair-case. Mrs. Merdle was at home, the best of the jewels were hung out to be seen, Society got what it came for, Mr. Merdle drank twopennyworth of tea in a corner, and got more than he wanted.

Among the evening magnates was a famous physician, who knew every body, and whom every body knew. On entering at the door, he came upon Mr. Merdle drinking his tea in a corner, and touched him on the arm.

Mr. Merdle started. "Oh! It's you!"

"Any better to-day?"

"No," said Mr. Merdle, "I am no better."

"A pity I didn't see you this morning. Pray come to me to-morrow, or let me come to you."

"I should have done so to-day, but that I really don't think you do me any good. I don't suppose the failure to be with you; I know that if any body could do me good, you could; but I believe nobody can."

"Tut!" returned the Doctor. "Many patients say that; it belongs to their cases. Let me see you to-morrow, Mr. Merdle."

"Well!" he replied. "I will come to-morrow as I drive by."

Bar and Bishop had both been by-standers during this short dialogue, and as Mr. Merdle was swept away by the crowd, they made their remarks upon it to the Physician. Bar said, there was a certain point of mental strain beyond which no man could go; that the point varied with various textures of brain and peculiarities of constitution, as he had had occasion to notice in several of his learned brothers; but, the point of endurance passed by a line's breadth, depression and dyspepsia ensued. Not to intrude on the sacred mysteries of medicine, he took it, now (with the Jury droop and persuasive eye-glass), that this was Merdle's case? Bishop said that when he was a young man, and had fallen for a brief space into the habit of writing sermons on Saturdays—a habit which all young sons of the Church should sedulously avoid—he had frequently been sensible of a depression, arising, as he supposed, from an overtaxed intellect, upon which the yolk of a new-laid egg, beaten up by the good woman in whose house he at that time lodged, with a glass of sound sherry, nutmeg, and powdered sugar, acted like a charm. Without presuming to offer so simple a remedy to the consideration of so profound a professor of the great healing art, he would venture to inquire whether the strain, being by way of intricate calculations, the spirits might not (humanly speaking) be restored to their tone by a gentle and yet generous stimulant?"

"Yes," said the physician, "yes, you are both right. But lest you should one or both suppose Mr. Merdle to be laboring under a touch of liver complaint, or an access of this common disorder, I may as well tell you that I can find nothing the matter with him. He has the constitution of a rhinoceros, the digestion of an ostrich, and the concentration of an oyster. As to nerves, Mr. Merdle is of a cool temperament, and not a sensitive man: is about as invulnerable, I should say, as Achilles. How such a man should suppose himself unwell without reason, you may think strange. But I have found nothing the matter with him."

A curious case, they thought.

"Yes," said the physician, who was used to curious cases, "so far, curious enough. He may have some deep-seated recondite complaint. I can't say. I only say, that at present I have not found it out."

There was no shadow of Mr. Merdle's complaint on the bosom now displaying precious stones in rivalry with many similar superb jewel-stands; there was no shadow of Mr. Merdle's complaint on young Sparkler hovering about the rooms, monomaniacally seeking any sufficiently ineligible young lady with no nonsense about her; there was no shadow of Mr. Merdle's complaint on the Barnacles and Stiltstalkings, of whom whole colonies were present; or on any of the company. Even on himself, its shadow was faint enough as he moved about among the throng, receiving homage.

Mr. Merdle's complaint. Society and he had so much to do with one another in all things else, that it is hard to imagine his complaint, if he had one, being solely his own affair. Had he that deep-seated recondite complaint, and did any doctor find it out? Patience. In the mean time, the shadow of the Marshalsea wall was a real darkening influence, and could be seen on the Dorrit Family at any stage of the sun's course.

CHAPTER XXII.—A PUZZLE.

Mr. Clennam did not increase in favor with the Father of the Marshalsea in the ratio of his increasing visits. His obtuseness on the great Testimonial question was not calculated to awaken admiration in the paternal breast, but had rather a tendency to give offense in that sensitive quarter, and to be regarded as a positive shortcoming in point of gentlemanly feeling. An impression of disappointment, occasioned by the discovery that Mr. Clennam scarcely possessed that delicacy for which, in the confidence of his nature, he had been inclined to give him credit, began to darken the fatherly mind in connection with that gentleman. The father went so far as to say, in his private family circle, that he feared Mr. Clennam was not a man of high instincts. He was happy, he observed, in his public capacity as leader and representative of the College, to receive Mr. Clennam when he called to pay his respects; but he didn't find that he got on with him personally. There appeared to be something (he didn't know what it was) wanting in him. Howbeit, the father did not fail in any outward show of politeness, but, on the contrary, honored him with much attention; perhaps cherishing the hope that, although not a man of a sufficiently brilliant and spontaneous turn of mind to repeat his former testimonial unsolicited, it might still be within the compass of his nature to bear the part of a responsive gentleman in any correspondence that way tending.

Clennam, for his part, only remembered his promise to Little Dorrit, and kept it. His interest was in her; his sympathy was with her; and what he did or abstained from doing in this association, was for her. He came to the Marshalsea from time to time, to keep before her the silent assurance of his friendship. She understood that, and gratefully showed him so in her eyes.

In the three-fold capacity of the gentleman from outside who had been accidentally locked in on the night of his first appearance, of the gentleman from outside who had inquired into the affairs of the Father of the Marshalsea with the stupendous idea of getting him out, and of the gentleman from outside who took an interest in the Child of the Marshalsea, Clennam soon became a visitor of mark. He was not surprised by the attentions he received from Mr. Chivery when that officer was on the lock, for he made little distinction between Mr. Chivery's politeness and that of the other turnkeys. It was on one particular afternoon that Mr. Chivery surprised him all at once, and stood forth from his companions in bold relief.

Mr. Chivery, by some artful exercise of his power of clearing the Lodge, had contrived to rid it of all sauntering Collegians; so that Clennam, coming out of the prison, should find him on duty alone.

"(Private) I ask your pardon, Sir," said Mr. Chivery, in a secret manner; "but which way might you be going?"

"I am going over the Bridge." He saw in Mr. Chivery, with some astonishment, quite an Allegory of Silence, as he stood with his key on his lips.

"(Private) I ask your pardon again," said Mr. Chivery; "but could you go round by Horsemonger Lane? Could you by any means find time to look in at that address?" handing him a little card, printed for circulation among the connection of Chivery and Co., Tobacconists, Importers of pure Havana Cigars, Bengal Cheroots, and fine-flavored Cubas, Dealers in Fancy Snuffs, etc., etc.

"Why, the fact is," said Clennam, "I don't take—"

"(Private) It ain't tobacco business," said Mr. Chivery. "The truth is, it's my wife. She's wishful to say a word to you, Sir, upon a point respecting—yes," said Mr. Chivery, answering Clennam's look of apprehension with a nod, "respecting *her*."

"I will make a point of seeing your wife directly."

"Thank you, Sir. Much obliged. It ain't above ten minutes out of your way. I should have been happy to have shown you the place myself, but that I don't need to say to you I can't leave the lock. Thank you, Sir. You can't miss seeing it—name of Chivery and Co. over the window—Scotchman again the doorpost. Please to ask for *Mrs.* Chivery!" These instructions Mr. Chivery, who had already let him out, cautiously called through a little slide in the outer door, which he could draw back from within for the inspection of visitors when it pleased him.

Arthur Clennam, with the card in his hand, betook himself to the address set forth upon it, and speedily arrived there. It was a very small establishment, wherein a decent woman sat behind the counter working at her needle. Little

jars of tobacco, little boxes of cigars, a little assortment of pipes, a little jar or two of snuff, and a little instrument like a shoeing-horn for serving it out, composed the retail stock in trade.

Arthur mentioned his name, and his having promised to call on the solicitation of Mr. Chivery. About something relating to Miss Dorrit, he believed. Mrs. Chivery at once laid aside her work, rose up from her seat behind the counter, and deploringly shook her head.

"You may see him now," said she, "if you'll condescend to take a peep."

With these mysterious words, she preceded the visitor into a little parlor behind the shop, with a little window in it commanding a very little dull back-yard. In this yard, a wash of sheets and table-cloths tried (in vain, for want of air) to get itself dried on a line or two; and among those flapping articles was sitting in a chair, like the last mariner left alive on the deck of a damp ship without the power of furling the sails, a little woe-begone young man.

"Our John," said Mrs. Chivery.

Not to be deficient in interest, Clennam asked what he might be doing there?

"It's the only change he takes," said Mrs. Chivery, shaking her head afresh. "He won't go out, even in the back-yard, when there's no linen; but when there's linen to keep the neighbors' eyes off, he'll sit there hours. Hours, he will. Says he feels as if it was groves!" Mrs. Chivery shook her head again, put her apron in a motherly way to her eyes, and reconducted her visitor into the regions of the business.

"Please to take a seat, Sir," said Mrs. Chivery. "Miss Dorrit is the matter with Our John, Sir; he's a-breaking his heart for her, and I would wish to take the liberty to ask how it's to be made good to his parents when bust?"

Mrs. Chivery, who was a comfortable-looking woman, much respected about Horsemonger Lane for her feelings and her conversation, uttered this speech with fell composure, and immediately afterward began again to shake her head and dry her eyes.

"Sir," said she in continuation, "you are acquainted with the family, and have interested yourself with the family, and are influential with the family. If you can promote views calculated to make two young people happy, let me, for Our John's sake, and for both their sakes, implore you so to do."

"I have been so habituated," returned Arthur, at a loss, "during the short time I have known her, to consider Little—I have been so habituated to consider Miss Dorrit in a light altogether removed from that in which you present her to me, that you quite take me by surprise. Does she know your son?"

"Brought up together, Sir," said Mrs. Chivery. "Played together!"

"Does she know your son as her admirer?"

"Oh! bless you, Sir," said Mrs. Chivery, with a sort of triumphant shiver, "she never could have seen him on a Sunday without knowing he was that. His cane alone would have told it long ago, if nothing else had. Young men like John don't take to ivory hands a pinting, for nothing. How did I first know it myself? Similarly."

"Perhaps Miss Dorrit may not be so ready as you, you see."

"Then she knows it, Sir," said Mrs. Chivery, "by word of mouth."

"Are you sure?"

"Sir," said Mrs. Chivery, "sure and certain as in this house I am. I see my son go out with my own eyes when in this house I was, and I see my son come in with my own eyes when in this house I was, and I know he done it!" Mrs. Chivery derived a surprising force of emphasis from the foregoing circumstantiality and repetition.

"May I ask you how he came to fall into the desponding state which causes you so much uneasiness?"

"That," said Mrs. Chivery, "took place on that same day when to this house I see that John with these eyes return. Never been himself in this house since. Never was like what he has been since, not from the hour when to this house seven years ago me and his father, as tenants by the quarter, came!" An effect in the nature of an affidavit was gained for this speech by Mrs. Chivery's peculiar power of construction.

"May I venture to inquire what is his account of the matter?"

"His account?" repeated Mrs. Chivery. "Our John's? No, Sir, no, you little know him. To ask him for his account would not be, I think, to make it over pleasant to the next customer that might want a shilling's worth of Cuba, Bengal, or Havana, and pick 'em out himself. He's much too honorable besides."

"May I ask, then, what is your account of it?"

"You may," said Mrs. Chivery, "and I will give it you in honor and in word as true as in this shop I stand. Our John has every one's good word and every one's good wish. He played with her as a child when in that yard a child she played. He has known her ever since. He went out upon the Sunday afternoon when in this very parlor he had dined, and met her, with appointment or without appointment, which I do not pretend to say. He made his offer to her. Her brother and sister is high in their views, and against our John. Her father is all for himself in his views, and against sharing her with any one. Under which circumstances she has answered our John, 'No, John, I can not have you, I can not have any husband, it is not my intentions ever to become a wife, it is my intentions to be always a sacrifice; farewell, find another worthy of you, and forget me!' This is the way in which she is doomed to be a constant slave to them that are not worthy that a constant slave she unto them should be. This is the way in which our John has come to find no pleasure but in taking cold among the linen, and in showing in that yard, as in that yard I have myself

shown you, a broken down ruin that goes home to his mother's heart!" Here the good woman pointed to the little window, whence her son might be seen sitting disconsolate in the tuneless groves; and again shook her head and wiped her eyes, and besought him, for the united sakes of both the young people, to exercise his influence toward the bright reversal of these dismal events.

She was so confident in her exposition of the case, and it was so undeniably founded on correct premises in so far as the relative positions of Little Dorrit and her family were concerned, that Clennam could not feel positive on the other side. He had come to attach to Little Dorrit an interest so peculiar—an interest that removed her from, while it grew out of, the common and coarse things surrounding her—that he found it disappointing, disagreeable, almost painful, to suppose her in love with young Mr. Chivery in the back-yard, or any such person. On the other hand, he reasoned with himself that she was just as good and just as true, in love with him, as not in love with him; and that to make a kind of domesticated fairy of her, on the penalty of isolation at heart from the only people she knew, would be but a weakness of his own fancy, and not a kind one. Still, her youthful and ethereal appearance, her timid manner, the charm of her sensitive voice and eyes, the very many respects in which she had interested him out of her own individuality, and the strong difference between herself and those about her, were not in unison, and were determined not to be in unison, with this newly-presented idea.

He told the worthy Mrs. Chivery, after turning these things over in his mind—he did that, indeed, while she was yet speaking—that he might be relied upon to do his utmost at all times to promote the happiness of Miss Dorrit, and to further the wishes of her heart if it were in his power to do so, and if he could discover what they were. At the same time, he cautioned her against assumptions and appearances; enjoined strict silence and secrecy, lest Miss Dorrit should be made unhappy; and particularly advised her to endeavor to win her son's confidence, and so to make quite sure of the state of the case. Mrs. Chivery considered the latter precaution superfluous, but said she would try. She shook her head as if she had not derived all the comfort she had fondly expected from this interview, but thanked him nevertheless for the trouble he had kindly taken. They then parted good friends, and Arthur walked away.

The crowd in the street jostling the crowd in his mind, and the two crowds making a confusion, he avoided London Bridge, and turned off in the quieter direction of the Iron Bridge. He had scarcely set foot upon it, when he saw Little Dorrit walking on before him. It was a pleasant day, with a light breeze blowing, and she seemed to have that minute come there for air. He had left her in her father's room within an hour.

It was a timely chance, favorable to his wish of observing her face and manner when no one else was by. He quickened his pace; but, before he reached her, she turned her head.

"Have I startled you?" he asked. For she flushed.

"I thought I knew the step," she answered, hesitating.

"And did you know it, Little Dorrit? You could hardly have expected mine."

"I did not expect any. But when I heard a step, I thought it—sounded like yours."

"Are you going further?"

"No, Sir, I am only walking here for a little change."

They walked together, and she recovered her confiding manner with him, and looked up in his face, as she said, after glancing around:

"It is so strange. Perhaps you can hardly understand it. I sometimes have a sensation as if it was almost unfeeling to walk here?"

"Unfeeling?"

"To see the river, and so much sky, and so many objects, and such change and motion. Then to go back, you know, and find him in the same cramped place."

"Ah yes! But going back, you must remember that you take with you the spirit and influence of such things, to cheer him."

"Do I? I hope I may! I am afraid you fancy too much, Sir, and make me out too powerful. If you were in prison, could I bring such comfort to you?"

"Yes, Little Dorrit. I am sure of it!"

He gathered from a tremor on her lip, and a passing shadow of great agitation on her face, that her mind was with her father. He remained silent for a few moments, that she might regain her composure. The Little Dorrit, trembling on his arm, was less in unison than ever with Mrs. Chivery's theory, and yet was not irreconcilable with a new fancy which sprung up within him, that there might be some one else, in the hopeless—newer fancy still—in the hopeless, unattainable distance.

They turned, and Clennam said, Here was Maggy coming! Little Dorrit looked up, surprised, and they confronted Maggy, who brought herself at sight of them to a dead stop. She had been trotting along, so preoccupied and busy, that she had not recognized them until they turned upon her. She was now in a moment so conscience-striken, that her very basket partook of the change.

"Maggy, you promised me to stop near father."

"So I would, Little Mother, only he wouldn't let me. If he takes and sends me out I must go. If he takes and says, 'Maggy, you hurry away and back with that letter, and you shall have a sixpence if the answer's a good 'un,' I must take it. Lor, Little Mother, what's a poor thing of ten year old to do? And if Mr. Tip—if he happens to be a-coming in as I come out, and if he says, 'Where are you a going, Maggy?'

and if I says, 'I'm a going So and So.' and if he says, 'I'll have a Try too,' and if he goes into the George and writes a letter, and if he gives it me and says, 'Take that one to the same place, and if the answer's a good 'un I'll give you a shilling,' it ain't my fault, mother!"

Arthur read, in Little Dorrit's downcast eyes, to whom she foresaw that the letters were addressed.

"Say where you are going, Maggy. It is of no use for you to keep the secret now."

"I'm a going So and So. There! That's where I am a going to," said Maggy. "I'm a going So and So. It ain't you, Little Mother, that's got any thing to do with it—it's you, you know," said Maggy, addressing Arthur. "You'd better come, So and So, and let me take and give 'em to you."

"We will not be so particular as that, Maggy. Give them me here," said Clennam, in a low voice.

"Well, then, come across the road," answered Maggy, in a very loud whisper. "Little Mother wasn't to know nothing of it, and she would never have known nothing of it if you had only gone, So and So, instead of bothering and loitering about. It ain't my fault. I must do what I am told. They ought to be ashamed of themselves for telling me."

Clennam crossed to the other side, and hurriedly opened the letters. That from the father, mentioned that most unexpectedly finding himself in the novel position of having been disappointed of a remittance from the City on which he had confidently counted, he took up his pen, being restrained by the unhappy circumstance of his incarceration during three-and-twenty years (doubly underlined), from coming himself, as he would otherwise certainly have done—took up his pen to entreat Mr. Clennam to advance him the sum of Three Pounds Ten Shillings upon his I. O. U., which he begged to inclose. That from the son, set forth that Mr. Clennam would, he knew, be gratified to hear that he had at length obtained permanent employment of a highly satisfactory nature, accompanied with every prospect of complete success in life; but that the temporary inability of his employer to pay him his arrears of salary to that date (in which condition said employer had appealed to that generous forbearance in which he trusted he should never be wanting toward a fellow-creature), combined with the fraudulent conduct of a false friend, and the present high price of provisions, had reduced him to the verge of ruin, unless he could by a quarter before six that evening raise the sum of eight pounds. This sum, Mr. Clennam would be happy to learn, he had, through the promptitude of several friends who had a lively confidence in his probity, already raised, with the exception of a trifling balance of one pound seventeen and fourpence; the loan of which balance, for the period of one month, would be fraught with the usual beneficent consequences.

These letters Clennam answered, with the aid of his pencil and pocket-book, on the spot; sending the father what he asked for, and excusing himself from compliance with the demand of the son. He then commissioned Maggy to return with his replies, and gave her the shilling of which the failure of her supplemental enterprise would have disappointed her otherwise.

When he rejoined Little Dorrit, and they had begun walking as before, she said all at once,

"I think I had better go. I had better go home."

"Don't be distressed," said Clennam. "I have answered the letters. They were nothing. You know what they were. They were nothing."

"But I am afraid," she returned, "to leave him; I am afraid to leave any of them. When I am gone, they pervert—but they don't mean it—even Maggy."

"It was a very innocent commission that she undertook, poor thing. And in keeping it secret from you, she supposed, no doubt, that she was only saving you uneasiness."

"Yes, I hope so, I hope so. But I had better go home! It was but the other day that my sister told me I had become so used to the prison that I had its tone and character. It must be so. I am sure it must be when I see these things. My place is there. I am better there. It is unfeeling in me to be here when I can do the least thing there. Good-by. I had far better stay at home!"

The agonized way in which she poured this out as if it burst of itself from her suppressed heart, made it difficult for Clennam to keep the tears from his eyes as he saw and heard her.

"Don't call it home, my child!" he entreated. "It is always painful to me to hear you call it home!"

"But it is home! What else can I call home? Why should I ever forget it for a single moment?"

"You never do, dear Little Dorrit, in any good and true service."

"I hope not, oh I hope not! But it is better for me to stay there; much better, much more dutiful, much happier. Please don't go with me, let me go by myself. Good-by. God bless you. Thank you, thank you!"

He felt that it was better to respect her entreaty, and did not move while her slight form went quickly away from him. When it had fluttered out of sight, he turned his face toward the water, and stood thinking.

She would have been distressed at any time by this discovery of the letters; but so much so, and in that unrestrainable way?

No.

When she had seen her father begging with his threadbare disguise on, when she had entreated him not to give her father money, she had been distressed, but not like this. Something had made her keenly and additionally sensitive just now. Now, was there some one in the hopeless, unattainable distance? Or had

the suspicion been brought into his mind, by his own associations of the troubled river running beneath the bridge with the same river higher up, its changeless tune upon the prow of the ferry-boat, so many miles an hour the peaceful flowing of the stream, here the rushes, there the lilies, nothing uncertain or unquiet?

He thought of his poor child, Little Dorrit, for a long time there; he thought of her going home; he thought of her in the night; he thought of her when the day came round again. And the poor child, Little Dorrit, thought of him—too faithfully, ah, too faithfully! in the shadow of the Marshalsea wall.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

THE proceedings in Congress during the month present few features of special interest. In the House a bill was passed authorizing the purchase of 15,000 copies of Dr. Kane's Arctic Expedition. The Committee on Foreign Affairs were instructed to inquire into the expediency of forbidding the engagement of American vessels in the Chinese Coolie trade. General Quitman advocated a repeal of the Neutrality Laws, which he pronounced to be a violation of the Constitution and a stigma upon American intelligence. He affirmed that our possession of Cuba was required for the protection of our commerce and our national repose; and that it was necessary that we should have the control of the Isthmus, as the connecting link between our Atlantic and Pacific possessions. The affairs of Kansas still continue to afford the subject of protracted debates in both Houses. In the Senate, Mr. Cass presented a memorial from the Free State Legislature of Kansas, which, after a protracted debate, was referred to the Committee on Territories. A question was at length raised as to the authenticity of the document, on the ground that the signatures appended to it were all in one handwriting. Mr. Cass would not vouch for the authenticity of the paper, and it was finally withdrawn from the Committee, in order that it might be returned to Mr. Lane, Senator-elect from Kansas, by whom it had been put into the hands of Mr. Cass. A statement was subsequently presented from Mr. Lane, to the effect that the Legislature of Kansas had accepted a rough draft of the memorial; but as it was crude in form and prolix in expression, it was placed in the hands of a committee with full power to make the necessary corrections; and that the document presented by Mr. Cass was this memorial so corrected. In the course of the debate, it was asserted that the paper offered to the Senate varied materially from that originally signed by the members of the Legislature. A very caustic correspondence between Messrs. Lane and Douglas grew out of this affair. A motion to receive the statement of Mr. Lane was laid on the table by a vote of 29 to 12.

The Legislature of the State of New York adjourned on the 9th of April, leaving a large amount of important business unfinished. The Governor was urged to call an extra session, which he positively refused to do. A Committee appointed to examine into the condition of tenement houses in New York and Brooklyn, after making an elaborate examination, presented a report recommending the enactment of laws regulating the construction and management of these houses.——In Rhode Island William W. Hoppin, American, has been elected Governor, by a vote of 9951 against 7076 for A. V. Potter, Democrat.——In Connecticut the vote for Governor was 30,856 for Ingham, Democrat, against 31,871 for other candidates, of whom Miner, American, received 24,598. There was no choice by the people; but the Opposition have a majority in both Houses of the Legislature, which secures the election of their candidate.——In *California* the season has been quite unfavorable for mining operations. The old system of *placer* digging has ceased to exist, and the yield of gold is almost wholly dependent upon the supply of water. The dryness of the early part of the season has had an unfavorable effect upon agricultural operations. In the southern counties, which depend mainly upon pasturage, the drought has been especially disadvantageous. A vigorous effort is on foot to induce the General Government to open a post-road and establish a line of weekly posts between California and Missouri. An Act has passed the Legislature providing that all lands in the State shall be considered as public property, until the General Government has issued a patent for them; and that the squatter shall be entitled to payment for his crops and improvements in case the land shall be decided to be private property; and that no rents shall be collected for occupation prior to the date of the patent. A considerable trade has sprung up between San Francisco and the Russian possessions on the Pacific.——In *Oregon* and *Washington Territory* Indian hostilities still continue with increased violence. On the 25th of March a body of Indians, numbering some 800, attacked the Cascades, and burned every building in the town; they also burned the steamer *Mary*, killing a number of citizens. In the neighborhood of Vancouver the savages were burning and laying waste the whole country. It is reported that scrip, to the amount of more than a million dollars, has been already issued to defray the cost of the Indian war in Oregon. In Washington Territory a fight took place on the 10th of March between the Volunteers and the Indians, in which twenty-five or thirty of the latter were killed; of the whites only three or four were wounded. The agent for Indian affairs in *Florida* offers a premium for the delivery at Fort Brooke of Indians. For warriors the reward is from 250 to 500 dollars; for women, from 150 to 200 dollars; for boys, from 100 to 150 dollars.

Mr. John A. Washington, the proprietor of Mount Vernon, has published a letter saying that the estate has never been, strictly speaking, for sale. The State of Virginia or the United States were the only parties to whom he would ever consent to dispose of it; and as both these had in effect declined to become purchasers, he had but one answer to return to inquiries constantly made, and that was that Mount Vernon was not for sale.——The new Cunard steamer *Persia*, which brought the news of the ratification of the peace, made the shortest passage ever performed across the Atlantic, accomplishing the voyage from Liverpool to New

York in 9 days 12 hours and 17 minutes, being four hours less than the shortest passage hitherto made. At this season the boats go several degrees south of the direct summer course. It is therefore confidently believed that this steamer will, in favorable seasons, perform the western voyage in less than nine days.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

In *Mexico* there seems to be at the present moment no organized insurrection against the government. The insurgents at Puebla, under Haro y Tamariz, numbering 3000 privates and 600 officers, surrendered on the 23d of March. They were incorporated into the army of the government, the officers being sentenced to serve in the ranks. Government is greatly embarrassed for want of funds, and the only apparent resource is to appropriate a portion of the revenues of the Church. There is less disinclination to this measure, from the fact that the late insurrection was fomented by the clergy. President Comonfort issued an edict on the 31st of March, setting apart a portion of the ecclesiastical wealth to indemnify the State for the expenses incurred in suppressing the insurrection, and to compensate those who had suffered in consequence. In spite of the threatened excommunication from the Bishop of Puebla, this decree has been carried into execution.

Hostilities have opened vigorously between *Nicaragua* and *Costa Rica*. Colonel Schlessinger, with about 300 men, was dispatched by General Walker to invade the territory of Costa Rica, immediately after the declaration of war. On the 20th of March, he was surprised at Santa Rosa by a superior force, and totally defeated, with a loss of one third of his men. Walker then advanced from Granada to Rivas, with the apparent intention of marching upon Costa Rica with all his force; but fell back, in a day or two, upon Granada. The Costa Rican force, numbering three or four thousand, advanced into the territory of Nicaragua, and took possession of Virgin Bay, upon the Lake, and San Juan del Sur, the Pacific terminus of the Nicaragua route to California, thus cutting off the communication across the Isthmus in that direction. Rivas also fell into their hands; whereupon Walker marched back with 600 men, in order to drive them from the city, where they were posted, to the number of two or three thousand. The attack was made on the 11th of April, with great spirit, and a sanguinary conflict ensued, lasting for many hours. The Nicaraguans claim a decisive victory, asserting that the enemy were driven out, with a loss of 600 or more. The loss of Walker, as given in the official paper, was 58 killed and 79 wounded and missing. If, as is claimed, he re-took the city of Rivas, he was unable to maintain himself there, but fell back upon Granada, which place he reached three days after the battle. Before the army set out for Rivas, a forced loan of 8000 dollars was imposed upon the city of Granada, to be paid with "interest as soon as possible;" the official of the treasury being authorized to "use such means of constraint in the collection as he might deem necessary, considering the public necessities." The feeling of the Costa Ricans is of intense exasperation against the Americans, and the design is openly expressed of driving them all from the country. President Mora has issued a proclamation, threatening death to all filibusters taken with arms in their hands. Accompanying the document was a list of 19 prisoners, captured at Santa Rosa, who had been shot. Of these, all except two were natives of Europe. When Virgin Bay fell into the hands of the Costa Ricans, they attacked the unarmed employés of the Transit Company, and killed a number of them without any resistance. Mr. Wheeler, our Minister to Nicaragua, has addressed a letter to President Mora, remonstrating against these barbarities. The forces of Costa Rica appear to be composed in good part of Europeans, who are armed with Minie rifles. A correspondence between the Consul General of Costa Rica, in London, and the British Government has been intercepted, from which it appears that the latter had agreed to furnish Costa Rica with two thousand stand of arms. *El Nicaraguense*, the organ of General Walker, under date of April 19, says, that a courier has just arrived with the intelligence that San Salvador had disclaimed any hostile intentions toward Nicaragua, and had disbanded the troops which had been already levied. It is also stated that Honduras and Guatemala were not disposed to go to war, having suspended enlistments, and dismissed the soldiers already levied. If these States are detached from the league against Nicaragua, it seems hardly probable that Costa Rica, with only about 130,000 inhabitants, will be able to maintain a protracted war, unless aided by foreign assistance, or a rising of the natives of Nicaragua against the Government of Walker.

While the communications with California by the Nicaragua route are thus for the present wholly interrupted, serious disturbances have taken place at Panama, where an unusually large number of passengers to and from California had accumulated. On the evening of the 15th of April a dispute about some trifling matter occurred between a drunken passenger and a native. Weapons were brandished, and in a few minutes the affray became general. A desperate attack was made upon the hotels occupied by the passengers, who were for the most part unarmed, and could make no effectual resistance. Some escaped to the steamers in the bay, others fled to the woods, while many sought refuge in the railroad dépôt. The armed police took part with the natives, and fired upon the Americans, who were finally driven from the dépôt, which was then plundered. The firing lasted far into the night. On the next morning about twenty dead bodies were collected, many of which were horribly mutilated. These were supposed to be only a portion of the slain. The natives then tore up a portion of the railroad track, with the purpose of throwing off the train expected from Aspinwall, in order that they might plunder the goods on board. The engine, however, was stopped before it reached the spot; and the train at once put back to Aspinwall. The amount of plunder seized by the natives was very large. There is reason to suppose that this outbreak was the result of a concerted design to rob and plunder the Americans by the native population, who have for some time manifested a hostile feeling; and that they eagerly seized upon the conduct of the drunken passenger as a pretext for robbery and murder. Colonel Totten, the chief engineer of the railroad, addressed a letter to the Governor of Panama, censuring his conduct and that of the police in not taking measures to avert the riot and protect the lives and property of the passengers, giving him notice that the Government of Panama would be held responsible for the outrages upon persons and property. The steamer Golden Age being hourly expected from California,

a note was also addressed to the Governor, asking whether he could and would protect the passengers and treasure from outrage and robbery. An answer was returned that all the disposable force of the gendarmes, and a body of forty armed citizens should be posted at the railway station the moment the steamer appeared in sight, and hereafter, whenever necessity seemed to require it. The United States sloop-of-war *St. Mary's* was daily expected at Panama; and immediately upon the receipt at Washington of the intelligence of the riot, telegraphic orders were dispatched to the *Fulton*, then at Pensacola, directing the vessel to touch at Aspinwall as soon as possible.

EUROPE.

The treaty of peace was signed on the 30th of March, the day on which Paris capitulated to the Allies in 1814. It has been noted as another singular coincidence that Count Orloff, the Russian Plenipotentiary, affixed his signature to the capitulation of Paris forty-two years before. The acceptance of the treaty by all the Powers having been announced by telegraph, the Conference held its final sitting on the 16th of April. The precise terms of the peace have not been made public; but it is known that they are substantially in accordance with the propositions submitted by Austria as a basis, which we have already detailed. The pen with which the treaty was signed was made from the quill of an eagle in the *Jardin des Plantes;* it has been since splendidly ornamented, and presented to the Empress as a keepsake. Preparations are to be made at once for removing the troops and *materiel* from the seat of war, though some months will pass before the evacuation is completed. The affairs of Italy present a somewhat ominous aspect, and it is reported that they gave occasion to an able memoir presented to the Conference by the Sardinian Minister, in which the conduct of Austria and the Holy See was commented upon with much asperity. Apprehensions are not wanting that Austria and Sardinia may come into collision in Italy.——On the Continent the news of peace has been welcomed with the utmost satisfaction. The Emperor of Russia announced it in a manifesto stating that the war had not been begun by Russia, for the late Emperor could not believe that the urging of his just claims would lead to hostilities; and that after it had broken out, he had always manifested a desire for peace. During the continuance of the war the Russians had performed many brilliant feats of arms. They had repulsed the attacks of the most powerful nations of the world in Siberia, in the White Sea, and at Sweaborg; while the defense of Sebastopol, for eleven months, would live in the memory of the most distant posterity. In Asia, after two victorious campaigns, Kars had been compelled to surrender, while the flower of the Turkish army, sent to relieve it, had been forced to retreat. All the objects for which the war had been waged had been gained by the peace. The rights of the Christians in the East were secured, and by guaranteeing these Turkey had entered into the concert of the European States. In order to dispel any apprehensions from the supposed ambitious designs of the Empire, he had given his consent to measures designed to prevent any collision between Russian and Turkish vessels in the Black Sea, and had agreed to a new boundary in Bessarabia. These concessions were of no weight compared with the cost of war and the advantages of tranquillity.

——The Government of Austria has issued a circular to its diplomatic agents, giving a *resumé* of its policy in relation to the affairs of the East. Of the peace it says, that never before were seen so much disinterestedness on one side and so much abnegation on the other. Turkey, which had been on the brink of ruin, would now, it was to be hoped —thanks to its entry into the family of European States—be able to recover itself.

The Emperor of France has signalized the birth of his son by offering an amnesty to all political exiles who would return and take the oath of allegiance. The *Moniteur* states that of the 11,000 persons transported to Africa in 1848, only 306 remained in exile; and of the 11,204 banished at the *Coup-d'Etat*, only 1058 were still under sentence. ——It is proposed to reduce the army to 400,000 men, instead of its present force of 610,000.

The peace is not so favorably received in England as on the Continent, and the secret dissatisfaction is not lessened by the evidences of a feeling of amity springing up between France and Russia. ——Mr. Dallas, the American Minister, has been received with great honor. On the 17th of April he was entertained by the Lord Mayor of London, who, in proposing the health of his guest, expressed his conviction that no question could arise between the two nations which would require the sword to settle it. Lord Stanley said that Great Britain and the United States constituted the hope of mankind, and he who said one word hostile to the latter was an enemy of the former country. Mr. Dallas said that his only desire was to endeavor to bring about the restoration of harmonious feelings between the two countries; and if he failed it would be because of some overruling state policy, or some foregone conclusion, not to be undone by uniform, steady, and honorable conciliation.—In the Peers, Lord Elgin asked if there was any truth in the report that it was the intention of the Government considerably to increase the British forces in Canada. Lord Panmure replied that it was the intention of Government to send back to North America a certain number of regiments which had been withdrawn for the purpose of carrying on the war, and it was not improbable that the new organization which was about to be made would involve a small addition to the number of troops in that quarter. But there was no foundation for the impression that a large force was to be sent for purposes of aggression. In relation to munitions of war, all that was now being done was to replace the stores of powder and *materiel* which had been almost wholly withdrawn from British North America.——In consequence of a suggestion that the *Pacific* might have been disabled at sea, and then driven by the wind far to the north of the usual track of vessels, the British Government dispatched two steamers to make diligent search in the quarter indicated as affording a possibility of the safety of the missing vessel. These steamers returned without discovering any traces of the object of their search.

Recent intelligence from the *Cape de Verd Islands* shows that these islands are now upon the very verge of absolute starvation, and want and misery were universal. By the arrival of a small quantity of food from Brazil, and the exertions of the Governor General, actual starvation, except in a few instances at St. Antonia, had thus far been prevented. The present supply will soon be exhausted, when outside assistance will be required.

Literary Notices.

The Spanish Conquest in America, by Arthur Helps. (Harper and Brothers.) Mr. Helps is an English scholar of rare accomplishments. His mind is of an elegant and graceful character, addicted to the contemplation of great social and ethical problems, and marked by the well-proportioned harmony of its powers, rather than by striking boldness or originality. He belongs to a class of men more common in England than in this country, devoted to the quiet pursuit of truth, familiar with all scholar-like culture, possessing tastes of singular refinement, and not free from the skeptical tendencies of the age, seeking the foundation of a lofty faith in the vigorous exercise of thought. His former productions, like "Friends in Council," and a series of works of a similar character, are remarkable for their genial flow of speculation, their fine vein of criticism, their quiet beauty of expression, and the pure and delicate tone of their moral sentiments. Without aiming at popularity with the million, they make a powerful appeal to the sympathies of the cultivated and thoughtful reader. If they do not startle by the audacity of their views, or the splendor of their diction, they leave a deep impression on the mind by the admirable good sense of their discussions, no less than by the charms of a refined and intelligent scholarship. In the present work the author has struck out a new path. He now devotes himself, for the first time, to historical composition. The point of view which he takes is also peculiar. He has aimed not merely to present a lucid narrative of the Spanish Conquest, but to present a consistent explanation of its effects in the character of the colonial government, the extirpation of the native races, and the introduction and growth of negro slavery in the New World. The last-named topic is the centre around which every thing in this work revolves. Modern slavery, as Mr. Helps justly regards it, is the creature of commerce. Unlike the ancient system of servitude, which sought its subjects from military captives, it was introduced and long sustained by the passion for trade. Still its history is not merely a record of commercial rapacity. It embodies the efforts of the most eminent men at various epochs of modern civilization. It illustrates their intellectual advancement, and the clearness or obscurity of their ethical decisions. It entered deeply into the politics and theology of the age preceding the Reformation, and still perplexes the counsels of Protestantism both in Church and State. Of the remarkable persons connected with its establishment, a few names will show its extensive and complicated relations. Besides the members of the royal family of Portugal throughout the fifteenth century, with Prince Henry at their head, there are Ferdinand and Isabella, Columbus, and the whole band of brave captains who succeeded him in the discovery and conquest of Spanish America, together with Charles the Fifth, Ximenes, Las Cases, Viegra, who have been succeeded by a host of ecclesiastics and politicians to the present day. Commencing his record of this vast subject with an account of African discovery, Mr. Helps gives a minute description of the incidents of Spanish conquest, pursuing the fortunes of Columbus, Ovando, Vasco Nuñez, Las Casas, and Hernando Cortez, in all the variety of their bold and romantic career, and closing his narrative with the fall of Mexico. In the execution of his task he has certainly not shown a rigid adherence to the conventional rules of historical writing. His manner is singularly individual. He never confines himself to the strict limits of consecutive narrative, but obeying the fancy of the moment, indulges freely in discursive episodes, ethical reflections, and ingenious suggestions, which, if sometimes in excess, are readily forgiven, as showing the heart of the writer, which is so easily concealed in the folds of historical disquisition. Many passages are marked by a colloquial ease and carelessness of expression, doubtless growing out of the peculiar form of composition which has been the favorite medium of the writer for the delivery of his most profound speculations. But whatever errors of idiosyncrasy are chargeable upon the composition of this work, it makes its appearance at an opportune moment, and the intrinsic weight and interest of its contents will secure it an important place in the public mind.

A Popular History of English Bible Translation, by Mrs. H. C. Conant. (Sheldon, Blakeman, and Co.) The intention of the author in preparing this volume was to present a popular view of the history of the received version of the Holy Scriptures. The subject is one of great and increasing interest, and a numerous portion of the religious public will gratefully welcome the information which is here furnished in such a lucid and impressive form. It is no more than justice to Mrs. Conant to say, that she has brought to the accomplishment of her task the erudition of a scholar and the tact of a woman.

The first person who conceived the idea of giving to his countrymen the whole Bible in the English tongue, was the illustrious reformer John Wickliffe. With the assistance of the ripest scholars among his followers, he completed a translation of the Old and New Testaments in the year 1384. This version was not made from the original Hebrew and Greek Scriptures, of which no copies at that time existed in Western Europe, but from the Latin Vulgate, the celebrated translation made by Jerome in the fourth century of the Christian era. For a period of a hundred and thirty years Wickliffe's translation was the only one in the English language. No book before the invention of printing ever had such facilities for wide circulation. It was at once put into the hands of the active itinerant preachers, who, under the auspices of Wickliffe, had traversed every part of England, and were fully acquainted with the wants of the population. When first sent abroad, moreover, it enjoyed the favor of Ann of Bohemia, the accomplished wife of Richard II., who was herself a decided student of the Scriptures. Nearly twenty years elapsed before its progress was materially checked by persecution. The character of this version furnished, for all time, the type and pattern of the English Bible. Its homely and child-like phraseology became consecrated in the English mind as the appropriate medium of inspiration. The subsequent versions which have found favor with the common people, have been the offshoots of this parent stock. Whatever improvements they may have received, they are in all essential

points but reproductions of that in which our unlettered forefathers first read the word of God. And, as the author remarks, "in graphic nervous force, in a certain untamed vigor, and a raciness of flavor which belongs to the youth of language, the patriarchal version has never been quite equaled." To use Lord Bacon's illustration of another topic, it was "the first crush of the grape."

The next attempt at English translation was the version of the New Testament by William Tyndale. This was completed in 1525. The printing of the first edition was commenced at Cologne, but through the jealousy of the opponents of vernacular translations, the work was interrupted, and it was finally brought out in the city of Worms. The first complete copies were put in circulation in England toward the close of the year 1525. Every means for its suppression were adopted by the highest power in Church and State. Royal and priestly prohibitions, decrees, mandates, secret inquisition, foreign diplomacy, and persecution were tried in turn. But all in vain. In spite of all opposition, it made steady progress in England, and proved a powerful instrument in the cause of the Reformation. The New Testament of Tyndale was translated directly from the original Greek. It was worthy to become the basis of all subsequent translations. Tyndale was not only a master of Greek learning to a degree rare in his age, but possessed a mind of wide and earnest grasp, and was inspired by the sole purpose of ascertaining the revealed will of God, and worthily making it known to man. His successors recognized in his translation the stamp of his master spirit, and while they freely corrected its errors by the increasing light of biblical scholarship, they transferred its substance unchanged into their own versions.

Several years after the publication of Tyndale's New Testament, a new version of the whole Bible was made by Miles Coverdale. This was followed by Taverner's Bible, which was little more than a revision of Tyndale, and after a few editions disappeared from the list of versions in public use. In 1540 a reprint of Tyndale's whole Bible was published by Archbishop Cranmer, which, on account of its critical comparison of the translation with the Greek and Hebrew text, formed an important contribution to the work of Bible translation. The Geneva Bible was the work of the English exiles who had taken refuge in Switzerland from the religious persecutions in their own country. The English church at Geneva numbered several hundred members, including many distinguished scholars and preachers. Their activity was naturally directed toward an improved translation of the Scriptures. The spirit of the age which had already given birth to several versions and revisions of the English Bible, demanded the perfecting of the great work. It is not unlikely that the first suggestion of the new translation came from Calvin himself. At all events, it is conceded that his brother-in-law, William Whittingham, was the translator of the New Testament. The proposal was received with deep interest by the whole body of exiles. The lay members of the church encouraged the projectors both with their sympathy and with offers of pecuniary aid. Among the chief promoters of the work was John Bodleigh, father of the founder of the famous Bodleian Library at Oxford. He was a man of wealth and of a liberal spirit, and on the completion of the version assumed the principal expenses of the publication. The New Testament was first translated, and was published in 1557. It was made directly from the Greek, aided by comparisons with versions in other languages. An original introduction to it was written by Calvin. The New Testament was no sooner completed than the attention of the translator was directed to the Hebrew Scriptures. In 1560 the first edition of the complete Genevan version appeared in England. Compared with Tyndale's, the manner of this translation sometimes appeared constrained, but the meaning is often brought out with far greater distinctness. In every respect the English is no less intelligible than that of our common version. The division of the text into verses was introduced for the first time into the English Bible by the Geneva translators. This, in the opinion of the author, has been a source of great mischief. "No single thing, probably," she observes, "has done more toward multiplying sects in the Christian body, and substituting a dry dogmatic theology in place of the living sap of revealed truth than this device, for which there is but one poor plea—the advantage of easy reference." The Geneva Bible at once found favor with the people, and in a short period took its place as the Family Bible of England. The Bishop's Bible, published in 1568, was an attempt to supersede the Geneva version by one emanating directly from the Established Church. This version passed through twenty-nine editions, most of them for public religious service, during the reign of Elizabeth, but it never became a popular favorite. The last edition appeared in 1608, and three years after it was superseded as the Bible of churches by the common version. The Douay Bible was translated by several English Catholics, who had once been connected with the University of Oxford, but who, on the accession of Elizabeth to the English throne, had fled to the Continent and found refuge in the Romish seminaries of Douay and Rheims. The New Testament in this version was published in 1582, and the Old Testament in 1610. It was made from the Latin Vulgate in preference to the Greek and Hebrew Scriptures.

For many years before the death of Elizabeth, the question of a revised translation of the Scriptures had been frequently agitated. Upon the accession of James, the subject was pressed with new ardor, and the consent of the monarch was at last obtained to favor the project. Taking the matter into his own hands, he soon completed the requisite arrangements, which were on a scale surpassing all that had been witnessed in England in the way of Bible translation. Before the close of July, 1604, fifty-four scholars had been selected as translators, and divided into six companies, two of which were to meet at Westminster, and two at each of the universities. Ample provision was made from the royal treasury for the maintenance and remuneration of the translators. Explicit directions were given as to the manner in which they should execute their task. After great care in its preparation, the version was published in 1614, with a dedication to the King, "in which flattery was carried to its culminating point." The work was not immediately received with the unanimity for which James had hoped. Attempts were made to supersede it by a new translation in 1652, and in 1656, but the political changes which soon intervened frustrated the purpose, and King James's version came into universal use.

Besides the curious information with which this volume abounds on the main subject to which it is devoted, it contains numerous historical episodes, illustrating the progress of the Reformation and the manners of the times. The author does not conceal her partialities for the work of thoroughly revising the common version of the Bible; but she states her convictions without sectarian zeal, and in a manner adapted to secure to them a considerate hearing. The execution of the work is highly favorable to the literary reputation which she has already gained by her excellent translations from the German. In point of thoroughness of research, clearness of statement, and dignity of tone, it has rarely been surpassed by any production of a female pen in this country.

Men and Times of the Revolution; or, Memoirs of Elkanah Watson, edited by his son, WINSLOW C. WATSON. (Published by Dana and Co.) The subject of these memoirs died a few years since, at an advanced age, in the interior of this State. He was well known for his devotion to the cause of agriculture and of internal improvements, to which he applied the energies of his declining years. In early life he was largely engaged in mercantile pursuits, and for that purpose traveled extensively in the United States and in Europe. He was born in the year 1758, in the old Pilgrim town of Plymouth, Massachusetts, and accordingly was just entering upon early manhood when the Revolution was at its height. In 1779 he was the bearer of dispatches to Dr. Franklin at Paris, and in 1782 was present in the House of Lords during the delivery of the King's speech recognizing the Independence of the United States. The work is filled with interesting reminiscences of the most distinguished public men of that day, with whom he was often brought into familiar relations. After his return from Europe, he paid a visit to Washington at Mount Vernon, in 1785, of which he gives an agreeable description. The awe with which he entered the presence of the great man was at once dissipated by his kindly manners and affable conversation. Washington at that time was in the fifty-fourth year of his age. An interview with him, in the bosom of his family, was regarded by the narrator as one of the highest privileges of his life. He found his illustrious host mild and benignant in the domestic circle, revered and beloved by all around him, social without ostentation, delighting in anecdote and adventures, and systematic and orderly in his domestic arrangements. His servants seemed to watch his eye and to anticipate every wish. Billy, the faithful companion of his military career, was constantly at his side. Every countenance in his presence was bright with content. In his recollections of other celebrated men of the Revolution, Mr. Watson often indulges in a natural diffuseness, but the interest of his narrative easily obtains pardon for the prolixity of his manner.

The Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, edited by Mrs. SARAH J. HALE, form the second volume of "The Library of Standard Letters." (Published by Mason Brothers.) Lady Mary Wortley Montague was one of the strong-minded women of her day, in the best sense of that ambiguous term. She was remarkable for her excellent sense, great powers of observation, uncommon acuteness of judgment, and a rare gift of terse and vigorous expression. Her cultivation was not inferior to her natural abilities, and was above the usual standard of the best female education in her day. The letters now published are highly characteristic. With scarcely a trace of womanly sentiment or tenderness, they overflow with intellect, keen satire, and bold humor, and are clothed in the most direct and idiomatic language which is furnished by the English vernacular.

Vagabond Life in Mexico, by GABRIEL FERRY (published by Harper and Brothers). In a free and easy colloquial narrative, the author of this volume relates a multitude of odd adventures in the interior of Mexico. His errant life, and perhaps, it must be conceded, his natural tastes, led him much into the society of the less exemplary orders, and has furnished him with copious materials for amusing descriptions of Mexican vagabondage. The subject is singularly fruitful and suggestive, if not always edifying, and the author has not hesitated to avail himself of its advantages for dashing and audacious pictures to its utmost extent.

Ninety-Eight and Forty-Eight: The Modern Revolutionary History and Literature of Ireland, by JOHN SAVAGE. (Published by Redfield.) The enthusiastic Irish temperament of a young author here finds expression in an eloquent tribute to the patriots and martyrs who have been foremost in the struggle for the freedom of his country. His comments on the career of O'Connell are severe, and, indeed, are often tinctured with caustic bitterness, while his eulogiums on the heroes of "Young Ireland" are uttered with the genial and sympathetic glow of a partisan. In point of style, Mr. Savage indulges in the characteristic exuberance of his nation, but we find no reason to doubt the accuracy of his details. As a commentary on Irish genius, illustrated by striking biographical incidents, his work will interest a large class of readers.

C. Scribner has issued a new story, by CHARLES BURDETT, entitled *The Second Marriage*, in which the incidents of real life in New York are made to serve as the foundation for a popular narrative. The story is told in chaste and agreeable language, and inculcates a wholesome moral.—The same publisher has brought out a "book for young men and women," by Mrs. TUTHILL, entitled *Reality; or, the Millionaire's Daughter*, written, for a wonder, in an unpretending style, and presenting many natural portraitures of American society.

The Pioneers of the West, by W. P. STRICKLAND. (Published by Carlton and Phillips.) A series of graphic delineations, representing the salient characters which sprang up in the primitive times of Western exploration and settlement, forms the substance of this interesting volume. The ancient hunters, preachers, schoolmasters, and other pioneers of civilization figure in its pages, furnishing materials for a variety of piquant descriptions, anecdotes, and reminiscences. Such pictures of a state of society which is rapidly fading before the advances of a more artificial civilization, are valuable not only for the amusement of a leisure hour, but as a faithful record of a wonderful phasis of human history.

The latest issue of *Harper's Classical Library* contains *Cicero's Select Orations*, translated by C. D. YONGE, presenting those celebrated masterpieces of ancient eloquence in an appropriate English dress. The translation is sufficiently literal, but does not violate the idiomatic graces of the vernacular.

Editor's Table.

TOWN AND COUNTRY often look each other in the face during the year, and as they meet, either in green fields or crowded streets, their various people take pretty close account of each other's ways. Here with us, in the great city, each season has its own peculiar migration from the rural districts, and as Linnæus constructed a dial of flowers, each of which marked its own hour by its blooming, some philosophic observer of the natural history of society might devise a calendar for the year, in which each month or week should be noted by some rural products or persons most characteristic of the time. The characters that figure among our visitants are quite as various as the growths of the soil, and the flower and fruit market, in their range from spring violets to autumn chrysanthemums, and from early strawberries to ruddy winter apples, have their full match in the varieties of human life that come to throng our streets and hotels. In one respect, however, the analogy between the life of nature and society does not hold, for here society is most active when nature abroad is most idle, and our winter and spring are the summer and the autumn of the mind and heart, as if the vitality that had deserted the green fields had taken shelter in the great town, and come to warm itself in our parlors, and lecture-rooms, and churches.

The month of May, that has just past, is peculiarly the harvest time of religion and philanthropy, and, as usual, our streets have swarmed with a throng of visitors quite different from the common crowd of buyers and sight-seers. The clergy have come up to their yearly Pentecost, and have given us ample proof of the industry and success of their year's service. We do not propose to review the various specimens of platform oratory that have been presented, nor to gather up here the statistics of the great charities that have been so effectively advocated, nor to classify the forms of faith and morality that have found champions in the wide range from the old-fashioned orthodoxy to the new-fangled reforms. We confess to a little willful pleasure in saying a few words about the chief actors in these doings, or in preaching a little upon these preachers, although our pen is not laden with much gall at present. Our friends of the pulpit do not generally bear collision with each other or with opponents as well as lawyers and politicians, who are so much accustomed to contradiction; and were we disposed to be captious, we might criticise somewhat severely the not infrequent asperity of clerical debates. But it is very rare that bad blood is engendered by the passing dispute, and the easy explanation of the brief loss of good temper is to be found in the fact, that ministers, like glass bottles or pointed arches, are not so much adapted to pressure from the side as from above, and are much more readily disturbed by social collisions than by religious duties. We listen charitably, then, to the little skirmishes of temper between rival champions in black, and know very well that many a fierce declaimer, who seems to breathe defiance in every tone, has too gentle a heart to give any human creature an intentional pang, and is busy every day in helping somebody out of trouble.

If there is any financial problem that it might puzzle Wall Street to solve, it is the problem, how the clergy of this country, on the whole, manage to keep soul and body together, and educate their families upon their scanty pittance. Our city clergy are not, upon the whole, very generously provided for, and we doubt if there is one man among them all who is not tempted to spend more than his salary upon himself and his family. No matter whether his salary be five thousand dollars or five hundred, his position is sure to bring outlays fully up to his means. But the country clergy are often, if statistics can be relied upon, kept on the very borders of pauperism, and many a keen and honest eye has been this last month turned upon the enormous extravagance of this metropolis, with sad thoughts at the leanness of the parsonage, upon which its vision too habitually broods. There were, by the last census, 26,842 clergymen in this country, and we doubt whether, leaving the cities out of account, their pay averages that given to the coarsest manual labor among us, or a dollar and a quarter a day. We give a few facts that have been carefully compiled from reliable authorities in the most favored of our States and communities, and leave them to make their own impression upon our readers. One of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church not long since declared, in the city of New York, that he did not believe that the ministerial salaries of his brethren throughout the country would average more than $250. A Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church has lately stated, that of 130 churches in his diocesan circle, the average salary is $490; and of these, 29 in two cities average $1178, while the remaining 100 average about $300. In New England, where religious institutions are supposed to have so strong a hold upon the traditional reverence of the people, the average salary of the clergy does not appear to exceed $500, while in many counties the average does not much exceed $300. The most complete statistics that we have seen were gathered from the State of Massachusetts about two years ago, and probably give as high an average of clerical compensation as any State in the Union can furnish. It appears by the results that the Orthodox Congregational clergy, who are the lineal descendants of the old Puritan pastors, and therefore represent the traditional faith of the State, do not receive, on an average, more than $600 a year, and in some cases the mark falls below $400; while the Baptist and Methodist ministers receive a considerably less sum, generally ranging from $250 to $500. In Essex County, where there is much wealth and population, the figures are a little higher. There the salaries of the Orthodox Congregational clergy range from $500 to $1200, and average about $700; the Baptists, in the cases specified, $650; the Methodists, $480; Unitarians, about $900; and Universalists, about $700. We naturally suppose that Boston, which is sometimes called the Paradise of ministers, would show a very high rate of clerical compensation, yet the average salary there is estimated as low as $1200; and this statement is deceptive, unless we remember that there are probably thirty or forty clergymen who receive three-quarters of the whole amount paid to the more than 100 in Suffolk County, of which Boston makes the chief part. Such was the financial condition of the parsonages of Massachusetts some two years ago. It is

perhaps better now, yet the changes can not be universally for the better; and in some cases the very rise of prices that makes famine in the pulpit makes famine also in the pews, and not a few poor congregations throughout the country now feel poorer. These general statistics give a feeble idea of the pressure of poverty upon many of the clergy. There are men of high culture, who can not spare a dollar to buy the books needed for their studies; and one accomplished village minister writes a friend, that with him new clothes are traditional, and boots have become obsolete.

Imagine the thoughts of some well-educated but impoverished country minister as he looks upon our city during Anniversary Week. Perhaps some well-to-do parishioner or kinsman has given him the money to pay his traveling expenses, and some hospitable Christian family has received him as a guest. He finds himself at once in dream-land, and the numerical figures which he is forced to note seem to him wilder than any figures of rhetoric. He perhaps sees on his host's table every day more dishes than would serve him at home for a week; and he may chance to be asked to a grand dinner-party of a dozen or twenty guests which costs as much as the sum total of his own family diet for a whole year. If he questions the trinkets in the shop-windows, and the dresses of the passers in the street, he will hear facts that do not lessen his amazement. That single pearl in the jeweler's window—a gem found, too, on our own sea-coast —will not long want a purchaser at the price of $1000, and, instead of being dissolved into vinegar for Cleopatra's imperial cup, might be dissolved in fair Charity's alembic into an elixir for all the want that he sees in his whole parish for a twelvemonth. There, too, is a single diamond already purchased at $8000, and awaiting its less stately companions in the setting. To his vision it twinkles with an unearthly but not very celestial lustre, and seems like the eye of a siren who has come up from her vasty deeps to lure men to give their gold and their souls for her smiles. That little gem might, if its owner chose, build the astonished beholder a new and pretty church, and put a new face on religion in the parish for an age. The costumes in the street are quite as marvelous. There is a lace that cost more than his year's salary, and there is a shawl that might almost build him a parsonage. Perhaps his good-wife is with him, and looks with a woman's shrewdness upon the silks and velvets that sweep the dust of the sidewalks. That the rich should dress so she may not marvel, but what can be the meaning of this extravagance among the comparatively poor? The Irish chamber-maid of her hostess, or the colored cook, may think little of spending upon a velvet cloak or a satin dress as much money as supplies the parson's wife with clothing for the entire year; and such preposterous extravagance is not very uncommon. If these comparisons seem to be exaggerated, and we are reminded that city life has its miseries, and that most persons here find it quite as much as they can do to secure a livelihood for themselves and families, we reply, that what is here generally regarded as essential to living includes much that is thought quite luxurious in country parsonages, and that there are families of refined culture among the clergy whose table is more meagre than that set for the poor in our charitable institutions. More than one good scholar dines more frequently without fresh meat than with it; and were it not for those old stand-bys, baked beans and salt fish, there would be a famine in the larder.

These, and the like facts, have been commented upon by grave theologians and dignitaries of all denominations, and the stern question is forced upon them, "What shall be done to meet the evil?" which has been probably, on the whole, growing worse with the expansion of prices. There are cases in which a minister's salary has remained the same for twenty years, while the cost of the chief articles of consumption has about doubled, and the standard of respectable living has been vastly raised. One of our leading bankers, who is the son of an honored country clergyman, once said that he had made more money in a single financial operation than his good father's salary amounted to in his whole professional career of some forty years. This patriarch, who died on the borders of threescore years and ten in his peaceful homestead, with habits so simple and primitive, and a temper so cheerful, could have little idea of the trials in store for his successor who comes to the village after railroads have brought the contagion of city prices and manners to the country, and the ancient reverence that made the simplicity of the parsonage so sacred has yielded to a more exacting and critical code of respectability. It is evident that there must be some change in the policy of our people toward the pulpit, or its light will fade and go out. The evil is not merely in the need of the sacrifice of luxuries and comforts, but in the distracting anxiety and disheartening dependence that come from constant impoverishment. The Methodist clergy have sometimes been thought to lead the army of martyrs under the pincers and screws of poverty; but there are others who now go beyond them, by being compelled, in spite of their wishes, to join the ranks of itinerant preachers without the comforting assurance that there will always be a new place for them to go to, and a shelter for them in old age. Noble efforts are in progress throughout the land to make the matter better, and we are glad to say our word in behalf of a movement demanded so emphatically by justice and charity. From our lay position at an Editor's Table we may speak with entire freedom to thousands of ears that may not hear in vain.

It is obvious that unless the American clergy are generally sustained upon a better footing of permanence and liberality, one of several evil consequences must ensue. They must be celibates, or must secularize themselves, or they must become an inferior class in respect to costliness of education and dignity of social position. As to celibacy, it is a hard yoke for men of sensibility to wear, and one that is full of evils to the wearer and to society. The human heart was made for domestic ties, and he is the best teacher of home duties and affections who can teach by experience and example. Yet no young man can reasonably hope to support a family now upon the average income of the ministry. There is a somewhat ominous significance in the emphasis with which the Romish priesthood contrasts the cost of its celibates with the expenses of a Protestant minister's family; and in the remote regions of our country the great question of religious liberty is sometimes decided adversely, simply because liberty can not or will not sustain its champions, while despotism can and will.

Dr. Debreyne, the famous priest-physician of

Paris, who wrote prescriptions and heard confessions for twenty-five consecutive years, makes quite a point of the difference between the cost of the Catholic and Protestant clergy to the French establishment. The table of pastoral salaries which he gave in 1848, in his book upon the "Priest and Physician in Relation to Society," is worth quoting for its facts:

	Catholic Pastors.	Protestant Ministers.
First Class.....	1500 francs.	.... 2000 francs.
Second Class.....	1200 "	.... 1800 "
Third Class.....	800 "	.... 1500 "

He complains that the legal allowance of the lowest grade of Protestant ministers is equal to the full salary of the regular Catholic pastors, and thinks that the particular friends of ministers who indulge in wives and children, and not the public, should pay for the support of those costly superfluities. The argument surely has present frugality in its favor, if nothing else, and might perhaps find advocates among the retrenchment parties in our American parishes, especially on grounds of missionary influence.

A bachelor priest, who can carry a portable chapel, with altar-stone and vestments in his carpet-bag, and, if need be, rough it for months among backwoodsmen or Indians, and who leaves no wife and children to mourn for him if he is burned by savages or eaten by bears, is comparatively a very independent sort of person. Yet it is not from men of his class that the homes and churches of America have received their most cherished thinkers and examples; and sad would be the day when the American pulpit parts company with household life. The nearer danger is secularization; and, without being converts to Quakerism, great numbers of our clergy eke out their living by some secular occupation — whether editing, authorship, teaching, lecturing, or what not. The Lyceum has been a godsend to the whole profession, and there are few clergymen of any popular gifts who do not lecture more or less during the year—from the village pastor, who gets his five dollars from some neighboring hamlet, to the city orator, who traverses the land and gathers up the dollars by fifties and hundreds at a time. Yet this secularization, when carried to any great extent, is pernicious, and dissipates the thoughts and devours the time of those who follow it. A preacher who is roaming the West when he ought to be visiting the sick or counseling the inquiring, and who comes home on Friday or Saturday to lash himself into trim for the Sunday's work, is surely not wholly true to his vocation. A certain amount of collateral labor, indeed, is good, and enlarges the mind as well as the means, but it should be wholly incidental to the main work of the profession. Great wrong is done to all parties when the preacher is driven from his proper task to earn bread, and must thus give to the world the thought and zeal that belong to his ministry. When the starving system is carried out to any extent, it will end in driving the ablest men to rely upon the more abounding mercies of the world, and their places will be filled with an inferior class of persons, whose education cost little, and whose flippant speech may, perhaps, for a while disguise the superficiality of their culture and the mediocrity of their powers. Already in many quarters this deterioration has appeared, and not a few pulpits, once occupied by the first scholars in the land, have been possessed by comparative novices, who, after a brief study at an academy, are glad to underbid the better disciplined theologians, and afford a supply as cheap as it is poor.

The remedy for these evils must come, first of all, from seeing them, and then fairly meeting them. The whole subject is presenting itself in new phases, with new developments of society and religion; and it may be that our Wall Street glance at the black coats of the Tabernacle may stir wholesome reflection quite as effectively as any more ambitious theological or metaphysical discussion. Our financial friends may think to corner us by the old adage, that price does not depend upon opinion but upon the demand, and that the demand regulates the supply. Very true; but does not the demand for a product depend upon the estimate of its true worth, and of the best method of bringing out its true worth? Now what product of human thought depends more for appreciation upon the prevalence of just ideas in the community than that which our public teachers furnish? It is an undeniable fact that every step in the proper appreciation of the leaders of intellectual and moral education has led to more just and generous provision for the laborious men by whom the great work of education is conducted. Within ten years the school-teacher has risen to new honor and independence, while in too many cases his noble helper, the preacher, has been left to pine in poverty. Our country has vast energy and elasticity, and needs not to renounce but organize her liberty, in order to correct these mistakes and infirmities of our voluntary institutions. Our religious liberty has been, thus far, a great conservative as well as progressive power; and wherever it has been most earnest, it has been most constructive and generous. The next twenty-five years must see great changes in our religious policy, and there are many signs that some of the changes will be auspicious. But these good auspices can only follow in the track of faithful effort, and liberty surrenders her post to despotism the moment she abates her vigilance and zeal. We make a wretched mistake if we measure the security of freedom by the growth of wealth; for wealth brings luxury, and luxury brings tyranny on the one hand and sycophancy on the other, that are, if unchecked, the death of civil virtue. It will be a dark day for our country if popular indifference to religion deprives the people at large of their best representatives and educators, their able preachers, and the pulpit is degraded into the luxurious and dependent ornament of affluence and fashion. We need, in these times of extravagance and ostentation, a clergy quite as devoted and resolute as those who withstood our colonial hardships, and braved the revolutionary struggles. We must look for them, not solely or mainly to the more aristocratic congregations of our cities, who may think to command all the talent by wealth, but to the heart and sense of the great body of the people who are attached to their churches, and determined to sustain their ministers in usefulness and independence. We have seen no more cheering sight than the scores of able and effective ministers from our better class of villages and towns, who bring to the city Conventions the healthy hue and the manly tones that are proof of their own earnestness and their people's kindness. May the time soon come when such cases shall be the rule and not the exception. As to those less-favored ones, who are in some degree represented at the May Anniversaries in threadbare clothes, antediluvian hats, and with faces too full of anx-

iety for the morrow, their poverty is not too sacred in our eyes to prevent our hoping to make it much less, and wishing, as the best thing that can befall them, that they may have their deserts. This wish might be more severe than merciful if applied to some classes of visitants to our city, but it means only mercy to these hard-working and ill-paid reapers of our spring harvest of faith and humanity.

In one respect our voluntary system is peculiarly unmerciful, and awaits the day of reform. It sets a high bounty upon youth and its quick blood, and has too little honor for age and its tranquil wisdom. While the faithful minister is in the prime of his judgment, not a few impatient ears begin to itch for some more tingling voice; and when infirmities creep upon him, his gray hairs are not always a crown of honor, nor a guaranty of kindly care. Herein America can not boast of her voluntary system in comparison with the religious establishments of Europe, that often make up for the slender support of their common clergy by the stability of the office, and some tolerable provision for old age. There, moreover, where the Church is regarded more as a fixed institution, and less as a variable means of popular excitement, old age wears something of the stable dignity of the sanctuary, and the gray head and tremulous voice are not wholly out of keeping with the time-hallowed liturgy and the ivy-mantled tower. Many acts of cruel neglect of aged ministers lie at the doors of our churches; and no aspect of American religion is more cheering than the recent movements to correct this evil, by some systematic provision for the aged and indigent clergy. The new charitable societies may do much good, but the best charity begins earlier, and endeavors to enable every faithful preacher to secure, in his days of vigor, a frugal competence for the season of decline.

This whole matter is one of so delicate a nature, that our clergy can not agitate it conspicuously for themselves, and there is something always ungracious in a minister's complaining of his stipend, and asking for an increase. The less he complains of personal grievances, and the more fervently he tries to kindle a humane and spiritual temper among his people and the churches, the better for him and his whole profession. The more effectively the ministry does its own sacred work, and keeps the world in its own place, and gives the Church its own true dignity and power, the greater will be its ability to command justice for its own needs. It is generally quite true that the congregation that is educated by the pastor to be most generous toward Christian charities, and most zealous for the Christian faith, will be least ready to allow him to suffer at their hands.

Some of our readers may think that we are very carnally-minded in taking this pecuniary view of the American clergy, and in talking of pence instead of spirituality. But we are quite ready to bear the reproach, and are very sure that a fair judgment of the case will turn the reproach toward the other side, and prove those not abounding in spirituality who throw a cruel weight of worldly anxiety upon men who ought to be free for sacred thought and service. It is evident that sometimes the most arrant selfishness hides itself under the protection of great self-sacrifice, and the men who are too mean to give the laborer his due, urge upon him the glory of laboring without his due, as was the manner of the Apostles among the heathen. This very plea refutes itself, by quoting the heathen as precedents for neglect of provision for the ministry, whereas the true precedents to be quoted are the primitive Christians, who provided for their own spiritual guides and supplied the heathen fields likewise. Many an affluent man, who solaces his miserable parsimony toward the Church by quoting the hardships of the primitive clergy, is unconsciously defining his own true position, and taking his place in the ranks of the heathen who caused those hardships.

In fact there needs to be a thorough revision of the whole matter of labor and its reward. The true principle will show that a due maintenance of the teacher of spiritual religion, instead of impairing, rather secures the spirituality of his service, and leaves the heart as much a debtor as before. The mind that is emancipated from serving tables is freer to preach the Gospel with a love which no gold can repay. Indeed, all the more exalted forms of intellectual and social service illustrate the great truth that, whatever the external reward may be, the heart only can requite the heart's tribute. We pay the author, for example, for a noble history or poem, but who looks upon the price of the volume as an equivalent for the wisdom or eloquence which it contains? We give a fee for visiting a gallery of pictures, but who is such a churl as to think the paltry pittance a discharge from the debt of gratitude to the artist who has brought so much of divine beauty to our vision? A noble fellow saves our child's life by the exposure of his own, and we give him some token of our gratitude, and insist upon repairing his losses, but who of us dares insult such heroism by pretending to balance the sacrifice with money, or pay the heart's dues in the world's coin? The gift has the chief value from the sentiment that prompted it, and repeats God's declaration that while we are to owe no man any thing, but to love one another, we can never cease to owe this debt of love. Much more does this principle apply to the highest spiritual service, and the just support of the Christian ministry should but serve to make more prominent the unbought and priceless worth of the wisdom and zeal, the piety and charity that should animate its ministrations. We are not in favor of magnificent establishments and luxurious endowments, for we do not think them favorable to the best vitality of the churches. But the other extreme is quite as bad, and quite as little friendly to the spirituality of religion. The laborer in the Lord's vineyard is worthy of his hire, and to give it to him justly is to speed his work, and to refresh the branches of the heavenly vine through his nurturing care.

We may believe in the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer without forgetting the Ledger and Multiplication Table, and Christian morality can have no quarrel with good mathematics. He who has numbered the stars and balanced the heavens does not bid us exalt his glory by slighting the rules of fair dealing between man and man. The Church will be a great gainer by converting the world's far-seeing calculus to the service of its divine faith, and we could heartily desire that, among the new lights who may be raised up to illuminate the opening ages, kind Providence would send some constructive organizing intelligence who can bring into the administration of religion the same largeness, method, and consistency that have done such marvels in the world of mechanism and

commerce. The counting-room needs to learn many things of the Church, but the Church has something to learn of the counting-room. To pay our debts when we can is quite as much a duty as to forgive the debts that can not be paid. When the new song of the Apocalypse rings through the earth, the music of its harmonious numbers will have no mean response from the rhythm of the more utilitarian numbers that mark the measure of justice and peace in the daily relations between fellow-men.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IF any intelligent friend of this Chair, anxious to see foreign cities without being sea-sick, should pay two shillings for the privilege of looking at the representation of them in Barnum's Diorama, and should then find that a neighboring individual ceaselessly waved a yellow pocket handkerchief between the picture and his eyes, what would the intelligent friend do? He might slap the neighboring individual's face, or kick him, or insult him in some other manner; or he might call the police, and have the offender and the yellow handkerchief removed; he might write to the newspapers; or he might submit.

Now there are plenty of people who are constantly guilty of this gross and indecent conduct; who go to dioramas only to wave yellow pocket handkerchiefs; who, if they were only children, would be scolded, spanked, and sent home, for disturbing those who wished to enjoy what they had paid for enjoying.

The other afternoon we stepped in to hear the rehearsal of the Philharmonic Society, in Niblo's Saloon. You know this Society; you know that they play the finest German music, and that those who like such music are dependent upon these concerts and rehearsals for hearing it; and you also know how few the concerts are, and how rare the opportunities of hearing such music. It was a lovely day, and the room was crowded. Upon seeing the great multitude we were conscious of an emotion of exulting pride in the taste and æsthetic accomplishment of our fellow-citizens. "They are reproached," we said to ourselves, "with a want of love for art, a want of appreciation for the beautiful. Let the scoffers come to the rehearsals of the Philharmonic, and see a people which loves the loveliest of arts, and honors its ministers."

We surveyed the throng in the concert-room with inward satisfaction, and saw, to our joy, that it was largely composed of young persons—youths of tender age, and of both sexes. We could hardly repress our delight. We wished to ascend to the balcony appropriated to the orchestra when there are balls, and to say to the audience, "Let us congratulate ourselves upon being here, and upon the prospects of music in our free and enlightened country. Let us, in particular, take a survey of the progress of the art upon this continent from the earliest ages, with a glance at the general history of music since the expulsion from Paradise, and—" But at this point of our imaginary harangue of congratulation the squeak of tuning fiddles ceased, and the performance of a sublime symphony commenced.

There was perfect silence, and a sympathy of attention which made it a pleasure to be there? There was a true sensibility to the grand and tender changes of the work? There were wonder, and awe, and delight, and intense satisfaction? There were interest, at least, and pleasure?

Not at all. None of them. There was only an incessant waving of that yellow pocket handkerchief. Only, as it was a matter of the ears this time, and not of the eyes, the yellow handkerchief was an incessant whispering and giggling; and before we were driven from the room in despair, by the noisy chattering, we perceived that the youths of tender age, and of both sexes, were assembled without the remotest interest in music; but only to flirt and gossip, and disturb their neighbors, and they did so. Without the slightest regard to those who came to hear, and with the most selfish obstinacy, they buzzed through the grand movements of the symphony, making a perfect Babel of the concert-room.

We marked especially Bobbs, certainly the possessor of the smallest feet in town. Bobbs reposes upon his feet with sublime complacency. Bobbs gives to fashion all he has—a stare, and gains from fashion all he needs—a bow. He stood at the door and looked calmly in while the instruments were tuning. He bowed, with that easy grace which is Bobbs's charm, to Cobbs and Hobbs and Dobbs, who were looking calmly in from the side of the room; and as he stood leaning superbly against the side of the door, we only wished we were a young lady, that we might admire Bobbs, and believe him to be the most ennuied youth in town, with a profound knowledge of the world, and of such great talent. Not being a young lady, we were forced to know that Bobbs's knowledge of the world was only a knowledge of bar-rooms and gaming-houses, and that his elegant repose of manner was mere vacuity. Still we were glad to see his interest in music, and, before the rehearsal commenced, thought more gently of Bobbs than ever before.

When the music began he came in and seated himself by Belinda Grigs, and talked and talked, buzz, buzz, buzz, until we said "hist!" in a low tone, and they stopped for a moment, but immediately began again. When the allegro ended we turned to Bobbs, whom we have not the advantage of personally knowing, and said, with as much mildness and politeness as we could put into our manner, "It would be a great gratification to those of us who wish to hear the music if you would not talk during the adagio."

Now had we been of small figure, a gentleman of the Bobbs kind would probably have insulted us; had we been a woman, such a gentleman might very likely have struck us; but being apparently able to take our own part in any quarrel, Bobbs turned from us contemptuously, and tattled incessantly through the rest of the rehearsal.

We could not have changed our place if we had wished to do so, the crowd was so dense; and even had we done so, we saw and heard Bobbses all over the room. The next evening we went to hear "Don Giovanni" at the Academy. No opera requires closer attention, or rewards it more entirely. We sat comfortably in the middle of the parquette. During the overture there was a great rustling and bustling in the seat just behind us, a great adjusting of hoops and skirts, and little giggles and talk. Our heart sank, for we knew that Bobbs and Belinda had arrived. When the curtain rose, and the beautiful music began, they began also. They had noisy, giggling quarrels about the singers and their dresses, and who was who, and what was what; and read aloud out of their opera-book, and

laughed loud and long whenever Leporello winked, and bet half pounds of sugar-plums that the figure on the horse in the cemetery was not a man, and thought the velvet masks so funny, and wondered in the midst of the trio why Sarah Bates, up there in the second circle, had daisies instead of violets in her spring bonnet; and during all the sublime music in the cemetery scene laughed hysterically at the fright of Leporello—and so rattled on, while we "hished" and "pished" at them until we were as great a nuisance as they; and in the very last scene, where the Commendatore's statue comes tramping into the hall of Don Giovanni, and that wild, supernatural wail sets in in the music, and crash upon crash of thrilling chords smite the heart with awe and terror, Bobbs, in an ecstasy of delight, shouted out to Belinda, who was continually rustling the leaves of the libretto, and saying she could not find the place, "Oh, Miss Belinda, jest you see them fiddles!"

How much of this is it necessary to endure? When may a man summon the usher, and tell him to put Bobbs out? You know we don't suffer other puppies to snarl and bark during performances of any kind; why then should Bobbs be tolerated, who makes much more noise, and more incessantly?

The Philharmonic Society has done one good thing in printing upon its concert programmes that there will be an opportunity offered to the audience to go out just before the last piece. This was done because so many persons indecently marched out of the hall—squeak, squeak, squeak—while some exquisite overture was played by the orchestra. The great joke of the whole was, that these people went out innocently staring and blandly squeaking and rustling as if it were the most natural and decent thing in the world. It was like starting out of church when the sermon is done, and complacently slamming doors and studying bonnets during the last prayer and benediction. Nothing is so silly as for people who have no fondness for music to go to concerts—except to come away during the performance.

Margaret Fuller once sat at a concert near a party of boys and girls, who talked and laughed the whole evening. Upon coming out she beckoned to one of the girls, who left her friends and came toward her. "Young woman," said Miss Fuller, "I hope you may never lose so much pleasure as you have made others lose to-night by your idle talking."

It was a severe lesson; but who that goes to public places does not know how necessary such a lesson is? We have seen royal princes hissed in their own realms for coming late to concerts and disturbing the audience. What do you suppose would be done to any body who should chatter at a concert of the Conservatoire in Paris, or of the Sing-Akademie in Berlin?

But whether they talk there or not is of no consequence. It is gross bad manners any where. Bobbs is called a gentleman because his feet are small and he wears the English shirt-collar. But Bobbs has not the rudiments of good manners. Politeness is instinctive kindness. It is consideration for others, not the mere expression of that consideration. And since there never will be any police regulation of these matters, and since those of us who like music like it too well to listen to Bobbs's talk, and since Bobbs will talk, let us all agree to hiss him down, and to insist that when we pay to hear Beethoven, we will NOT hear Bobbs, whom we can hear gratis whenever we choose.

"THE newly-elevated Duke of Norfolk, when Earl of Arundel and Surrey, was traveling in Greece, when he was attacked with fever, and his life was despaired of. He was removed to the house of the British Minister, Sir Edmund Lyons, at Athens, when a 'ministering angel,' in the person of Sir Edmund's daughter, became his nurse, and, by her devoted attention, was believed to have saved the life of the young heir of the oldest ducal house in England, at the hazard of her own. The gratitude of the young Earl to his fair preserver took the usual shape; but as soon as Sir Edmund found reason to suspect what was going on, he wrote to the Earl's father, informing him of his son's convalescence, and begging that he might be removed, since he knew that his daughter had no pretensions to mate with such illustrious lineage. Sir Edmund's letter displayed so much honorable feeling, and the young man's attachment seemed so insurmountable, that the consent of the parents was obtained."

This lovely *morceau* is from a late English paper. How pleasant to read of the domestic relations of the beautiful Britons, who never, never, never will be slaves! Here is a gentleman whom England thinks fit to represent her name and dignity in a foreign country, who is also a Baronet by birth or creation, yet whose daughter has no pretension to mate with such an illustrious personage as a prospective Duke of Norfolk. Poor young man! his attachment was insurmountable. The awful house of Norfolk was obliged to accept a daughter who was only a lady, and a noble, capable friend. That such things should be, is terrible; but that they should get into the newspapers, that it should be known to the unfeeling world that the son of an English Duke fell in love with the daughter of an English Baronet, and married her, must be a cause of the truest grief to every rightly constituted British mind. Sir Edmund, excellent man! hastens to sacrifice his daughter to the pride of the oldest ducal house in England. The embryo Duke must be saved from marrying the woman he loves, and she may go hang or break her heart. What is she, that she should be thought of? She merely did all that a woman could do for a stricken man, and was nothing but a Baronet's daughter. Would you mix the crockery clay with the porcelain? How about "our glorious institutions," if you allow dukelings to marry where they happen to fancy?

How pleasing it must be for the venerable John Bull to have his eyes so clear from beams that he can detect the minutest motes in those of other people. The Reports of the Factory and Mining Commissions—the pamphlets of Mayhew about London—the stories of Dickens and Mrs. Gaskell, show us what freedom from poverty and suffering and crime there is in the lower ranges of English life; and the tales of Thackeray and the novels of society expose the same condition of Christian amity in the higher circles. And now we catch this waif of illustration of the same manly, generous spirit which animates that society. No wonder that our Uncle Bull's eyes are so sparkling. Surveying his own condition, we must pardon his complacent condemnation of that of all others. Even that dull old Tory, *Blackwood*, was lately really facetious over the Life of Horace Greeley; and the

joke of jokes was that it saw nothing but a joke in the book. Mr. Parton it regarded as the ridiculous biographer of a ridiculous person in a ridiculous country. Let us cry *peccavi*. Let us haste to concede that Mr. Greeley had no more pretension to claim such illustrious notice than the daughter of Sir Edmund Lyon to mate with the Earl of Arundel and Surrey.

When Mr. Thackeray wrote his Book of Snobs what a singularly inappropriate criticism he made.

THE painters have been sorely criticised this year. Every newspaper has opened upon them with the most relentless bark. The critics have been in a fine fury, and the only unconcerned people have been the painters themselves. Why not? said one of them, we have all plenty to do, and we are no more starving than you authors.

So we thought at Cropsey's sale. One of the most famous of our landscape painters is going to Europe for an uncertain time, and so sells all his pictures, sketches, and portfolios before he sails. His rooms were crowded; the pictures were conveniently arranged; many a connoisseur wanted a Cropsey; many a friend wanted a memento; and the bidding was brisk, and the sales satisfactory to the artist and the purchasers. Yet it was easy to fancy that the painter was sad as he saw his darlings depart. A poet prints his song, and he has it in his own hands as his readers have it. But an artist sells his picture, and it goes from his sight, sometimes forever. His heart and fancy yearn for their children; and if somewhere they meet again, when the painter has grown old, perhaps, can you not see him bending his eyes wistfully upon that blossom of his younger life, saluting through the tears of age the beautiful promise of his youth.

There is another event in our realm of art besides the Exhibition and Cropsey's sale, and that is Edwin White's picture of the Signing of the Contract in the cabin of the *Mayflower*. It was not finished in time for the Exhibition, and stood for a few days in his studio. Those who were fortunate enough to see it saw a beautiful picture. The gentleman who was fortunate enough to buy it, bought one of the best works ever painted in this country. The artist selects the moment at which the pilgrims unite in prayer, led by Elder Brewster, who stands at the table holding the document they are about to sign. Miles Standish is there, and Carver, and Winthrop, and Rose Standish. They kneel, or bend reverently as they stand and sit, while the pastor, raising his face and his hand to heaven, commends that little company and their hopes to heavenly care. The grouping of the picture is perfectly natural and unobtrusive. The expression, which is fully indicated in all the faces and forms, culminates in the fervent look and figure of Brewster. There is no touch of melodramatic feeling in the picture, and this is one of its great excellences. It is admirable for what it avoids.

There are very few among the Düsseldorf pictures, which deal with this class of subjects, that are not unpleasantly exaggerated and melodramatic. Lessing's Huss at the Council and the Stake are both liable to this objection, fine as they are. Leutze's Washington Crossing the Delaware and Departure of Columbus both fail in this respect. Leopold Robert's delicious Italian Scenes have the same defect. It is very difficult, indeed, to mass a group of figures engaged in some common action without making it strained and stiff, or unduly exaggerating the chief figure.

Mr. White has felicitously eluded this snare. His picture has all the simplicity of reality. It is rich and affluent in detail; the light happily falls through the hatchway full upon the face of Elder Brewster and upon the Contract, which is the centre of interest. The likenesses are good, the costumes accurate, and the whole is full of repose and feeling. It is without doubt one of the best historical pictures ever painted in this country. It is to be engraved, and is quite as worthy that honor as many of the pictures which have recently become so popular through that means.

Then, when it comes fairly before the public, it will be criticised. Will it be judged by what it is, or by what it is not? We have been led to meditate this question by the recent criticisms upon the Academy Exhibition.

How many people are capable of criticising a picture? We gently stirred this inquiry last month. It would be hard to trust the answer to the artists; for it was only the other day that Bistre told this Easy Chair that, if a man, speaking of his works in the papers, would only say, "Bistre has not hit the true shade of brown for that Sorrento girl's cheek, and his drawing of the orange-tree is wrong, and his picture is not in harmony because he has fallen from his original key —as witness this and that, and here and there— and if the man would prove all this, why, that is a criticism by which I could profit, and which would be worth while," said Bistre; and he speaks, doubtless, for many painters.

But what he says is as if a poet should say: "If Mr. Editor Owl would only show me where my rhythm is wrong, where I have made false rhymes, or any where convict me of bad grammar, I will avail myself of his corrections, and confess the imperfection of my poem."

Now Bistre being a man of sense and intelligence, he will surely understand that a criticism must be something more than technical. A picture is a work of art addressed to the human mind and heart. That work is performed by certain technical processes, without which it can not be executed, and which can only be mastered by great labor. Those processes, in their detail, can only be known to the initiated. But when the means are mastered we come to the matter. Every work of art is the elaborate expression of a thought. A man can not write a poem without having something to say, nor can a man paint a picture of dignity without having some meaning. If he intends to make a study of color, of drawing, or of effect, that is well and essential to his profession; but it is not a picture, any more than such curious and beautiful performances as Poe's "Raven" and "Sleigh-bells" are poems. They are ingenious experiments upon the sound of words; and they convey no other meaning than that remote sadness excited by the association of the words and the rhythm which the true artist uses with their significance in some real connection elsewhere.

The triumph of the work of art is in the relative success with which it expresses the thought of the artist; and that depends primarily upon the fact that he has a thought, and then upon the treatment; for there is often a perfectly well-painted picture which means nothing; and a very badly painted and crude work which is full of interest and fascination. "Academic" excellence is understood

to be any thing but real excellence. If the critic follows Bistre's advice, he must commend the picture if he find the details correct; if he can not trip the artist over his own crooked lines, or confuse him in his own composition. But surely he has to deal with something else than this. If Romeo goes to see the portrait of Juliet, what does he care that the lace upon her dress looks like scalloped leather, if he can find in the face the charm that makes his life a dream? and what does he care if the flesh tints are perfect, and the shadows transparent, and the gradations exquisite, and the drawing faultless, if he does not find the light in the eyes which lies softer upon his heart than sunshine upon June meadows?

Bistre must grant that if a painter uses his pallet to say nothing, it is not to be called a good picture because nothing is well said.

But then, on the other hand, it does not follow that the thought is not expressed because Owl does not happen to see it. It is very easy for such a facile and sprightly writer as Owl to make a telling article about the Academy and the Exhibition, wanting to know what the Institution has done for the progress of art in the country, and complaining that the pictures indicate no aspiration nor inspiration. In one of his articles this spring, Owl criticises in this lucid and sparkling manner: "'No. 10,002. Portrait of Richard Roe, by John Doe.' Who is Mr. Richard Roe, and who is Mr. John Doe? that is all we have to say of this picture." Bravo, Owl! what a wonder, as you say, that art does not flourish among us. It certainly is not because it does not enjoy the benefit of astute criticism. With what subtle discrimination Owl impresses the reader with the fact that not only is the painter nobody, but the individual who had the temerity to sit to him is equally an imbecile. You see how comprehensive the criticism is. It is not only the artists whom Owl benefits by his candid and kindly observations, but the lovers of art and of artists who buy pictures. In his impartial regard for the dignity of art and the character of mankind, he should not have weakly spared the gentle sex. In the same discriminating and intelligent strain he should have added: "'3010. Portrait of a Young Lady, by Vandyke Brown.' As to this person's being a lady opinions may differ, for the fools are not all dead, but as to the youth, it is a deliberate falsehood upon the catalogue, which is undoubtedly to be attributed to Mr. Brown." That would settle the claims of that artist and subject without delay. It would show clearly that Brown knew nothing of his business, and conclusively prove that the sitter (not the critic) was an old woman. It is so encouraging to have critics of the Owl species. If art does not flourish with us, criticism does; and it is consoling, when the Painters' Exhibition is not entertaining, that we may go and see the very amusing exhibition that the critics make of themselves.

At a recent celebration in a great city, a reverend Sir proposed, in the fullness of his heart, that hereafter, at the anniversary banquet of the society, "women should take the place of wine" at the festive board.

This very extraordinary proposition was received with enthusiasm, and widely reported in the morning's papers, and we impatiently await the next anniversary feast and the inauguration of the new era. Meanwhile several questions present themselves to the philosophic mind—"such as yours, my dear Sir," as Thackeray would say—and Moal, having a philosophic mind, has already proposed them to this Chair.

"Did the enthusiasm with which the suggestion that wine should be omitted was received, proceed from wine?" asks Moal.

"Did the remark imply that men, if they had wine for dinner, were sure to become improper company for ladies?" asks Moal.

"Did it insinuate that ladies must not be trusted with wine?" asks Moal.

"Did it mean that the presence of ladies would confer no choicer exhilaration than that of wine?" asks Moal.

"Did it mean that at a banquet ladies were only a dissipation like wine?" asks Moal.

"What did it mean?" asks Moal.

Fearful as are the woes of intemperance, and heartily as we sympathize with every humane effort for their alleviation by the extension of the temperance reform, we do not suppose every man or woman who drinks a glass of wine to be a brute and a ruined, lost soul. But we certainly have no such respect for wine that we should consider it other than a graceful insult to suggest that ladies should be a substitute for it upon festive occasions. That such a thing should have been said at all, is clearly the best proof that something should replace wine at those particular banquets: that the ladies were proposed as that something, shows that the wine had done its perfect work. The Easy Chair is very anxious to hear more from that reverend Sir. His name is not much known to the public mind. It will be curious to remark how he behaves at the next dinner; and, indeed, how all the company behave, and to see if they receive the ladies in person with the same enthusiasm without wine, that they receive them in fancy, touched by the merry magic of the grape. Yet if, *in vino veritas*, if truth indeed be hidden in the wine glass (although of old it was held to be in a well of water), surely we ought to accept, and every woman should accept, with gratitude, this involuntary homage to the sex. In moments of sad sobriety that whole dinner-company might have wondered whether, at table, the grape or the goddess of the grape should be preferred. But in the glow of the happy hour, when already the Champagne was removed, and the Bourdeaux and Burgundy were briskly flowing, the same company hipped with ecstasy, a little irregularly, doubtless, as beseemed the hour,

"Let the draught! let the draught be dear woman!"

"Do you think," asks Moal, as a last question, and with a pensive skepticism in his eye; "do you think that the next dinner of the society, and the next year's speech of the reverend Sir will be as enthusiastic as the last?"

People of philosophic minds will probably differ.

It is June, and the fields are green. Long ago, long before it came in the country, the spring looked out of the open city windows in the flowers that bloomed there in the May sunshine, and sang from them in the voice of the birds in their cages in the warm air. It is one of the alleviations of city life, which we hear from our country friends is so very disagreeble, that the spring comes earlier and in a much neater and cleaner manner than beyond the sound of city bells. We poor Cockneys are not without some compensation for our condemna-

tion to the trials of dry streets, Wallack's, Burton's, the Opera, all the churches, all the lectures, all the galleries, all the charm of a brilliant thoroughfare, and the opportunity of seeing, hearing, knowing, tasting, and touching whatever is most famous, new, or beautiful in art and society. For these misfortunes and exposures of the citizen, he has streets that are passable in winter and dry in spring; he has gay flowers at windows while the grass is still brown and the trees leafless in the country, and even later has he not ices at the corner, and soda and other snowy beverages of which Mr. John B. Gough does not approve, and at home spacious cool rooms, muslin-hung, straw-matted?

But there is still another solace even in the mid terrors of the Dog Star, when the country is superbly luxuriant, and the whole earth seems but a vast tropic. While his cousin Corydon promenades his teeming acres, and sees on every hand the bounteous blossoms of a kind nature—luscious yellow melons, tomatoes, young apples, pulpy peaches and plums, and all the lovely largess of the year—a contemplative Gunnybags strolls up street and down street, sees the churches, the hospitals, the temples of a thousand charities, and is glad that his eye and heart are refreshed by such signs of a genial human kindliness and piety; and if he should chance into Astor Place, and seeing the noble Astor Library near by, and the Mercantile Library, and the Bible House, and the Society Library, should also see the stately and massive neighbor of theirs, which is not yet fully completed, and should know its story, would he envy his cousin Corydon seeing the goodness of God in his fruitful fields? Would he not rather feel that the city held as fine a blossom of as great a goodness, shown through art rather than through nature?

The man who looks at the Cooper Institute need not envy the man who looks at roses and elm-trees.

It is not only the monument of thoughtful munificence—it is not only one of the works which make every body glad that this particular man should have been so rich, but it is the first adequate step toward a university commensurate with the country and with its metropolis.

The details we have not learned. But it is greatly to be hoped that the opportunity of a genuine American University will not be lost. The spirit of Europe, as of every old country, is blindly conservative. It honors the traditions, and scorns to ask whether they are honorable. Its universities hold fast to old habits, and subjects of study which were better supplanted. And we amiably follow. Our colleges must, at all events, have a professorship of Latin and the dead languages. How many of them have, until recently, admitted the claims of the modern languages? They have chairs of foreign literature; how many have a professorship of English literature? And what literature, except the Greek, is at all comparable with the English?

Also every student, until recently, has been drawn through the same keyhole. Young Euclid and young Keats were both compelled to pursue the same studies, if they expected to receive a degree. No consideration was made of their different sympathies, and tastes, and powers. The academic object was not to *educate* the man—that is, to draw out of him what he had in him—it was to fill him up with a certain amount of erudition, or the appearance of it, and then issue a certificate that he had that amount. Common Sense, which is a valuable, but generally suppressed, reformer, began to grow very restive a few years since, and, by constant agitation, has succeeded in effecting material changes in many of our colleges. But from the beginning Common Sense has been an extremely unwelcome visitor in all old and comfortably-settled institutions. Common Sense never dozes over habits which have become mere forms, nor over forms which have become abuses. Common Sense does not even wait for forms to become abuses, but begins to clear the garden while the weeds are small, and can be easily pulled up, and prefers not to wait until they have become rooted into vigorous, choking vines. Common Sense does not believe in any kind of finality. It believes in constant improvement. It believes in continually keeping the eyes open, the hands busy, and the feet moving. It is astonishing what a cold shoulder it gets from the academic authorities. If it had painted the President's horse, or snored during morning prayers, or snickered during those of evening-tide, it could not be more virtuously put down by the faculty. Common Sense is perpetually rusticated by the college. It is disgraced with all the honors of black cap and gown. But the sly-boots often enough slips back again, and looks in at the college window, and shows the fun to the world, and they laugh merrily together over the timid following of a routine which has become pernicious or useless.

The first friend of the new Cooper Institute is Common Sense; and we have such faith in him, and his sagacity, that we have no fear but that he will prove completely the wisdom of founding a true university, that a true university will be founded, with lectures on all the branches of study which the need of the country and the genius of the people demand: with collections which shall assist with all the emphasis of fact the professorial statements of great theories: with libraries which shall keep our scholars and historians at home, and not oblige them to cross the sea before they can master the subjects they are to treat. Above all, with a humane and catholic spirit which shall bend and conform to all the changes and advances of the times as they arise. This is surely not to be done at once, and can only be very gradually effected in any case. But with Common Sense as Chancellor and President of the Board, with Common Sense carrying a majority in every council, and moulding every measure, with Common Sense calling every teacher and pupil to strict account, there seems to be no reason why the Cooper Institute should not amply fulfill the generous and noble intentions of its founder.

May we, therefore, venture humbly to nominate for the absolute head of the Institute, Common Sense; for Chairman of all the Committees, Common Sense; for the Faculty, Corporation, and Council, Common Sense; for Lecturer, in ordinary and extraordinary, Common Sense; for Steward and Janitor, Common Sense. And if this ticket prevail, we may be quite sure that we shall have an American University.

"A Friend of Man" complains that, as he was walking rapidly to dine with a friend the other afternoon, he saw a poor old woman sitting upon a door-step, and bent nearly double with age and infirmity. "A Friend of Man," who, we learn by

a private note in his communication, is no other than our valued friend Howard Wilberforce, says that he stopped in commiseration and gave the poor old woman a sixpence. His conscience would not let him pass coolly by.

At the same moment a superb equipage reined up suddenly close by him, and he saw the exquisite Tom Tandem holding his prancing steeds.

"Look here, Howard! do you know what you've been doing?" cried Tom, energetically.

"No!" replied Wilberforce.

"Well, Sir, you have been encouraging laziness, idleness, and extravagance."

"Encouraging laziness, idleness, and extravagance!" said Wilberforce, staring at Tom's carriage, horses, and costly dress. "What do you mean?"

"Why, I saw you giving money to a beggar in the streets; and you know they are all cheats and swindlers; so that you may console yourself by knowing that you are merely inciting to falsehood and crime."

"Yes, Sir, falsehood, and crime, and idleness, and laziness, and debauchery!" said another voice; and Wilberforce turned to see the severe face of Solomon Gunnybags, whose coat was buttoned very closely indeed, and who shook his seals defiantly, as if it were perfectly useless for bent-up old women, on door-steps, to try to bamboozle him.

"That's the way all our charities are paralyzed, Sir," said Tom Tandem, cutting his horses to make them stand.

"All, Sir!" ejaculated Gunnybags.

"What's the use of benevolence, if you are going to thwart it in this way, Sir?" asked Tandem.

"Thwart it in this way, Sir!" responded Gunnybags.

"Are there not societies, and schools, and tickets for the poor, Sir?" continued Tom.

"Tickets for the poor, Sir!" echoed Solomon.

"I don't wish to say any thing hard of you, Howard, for you are my friend; but I am sincerely of opinion that every man who aids and abets vagabondage by giving money in the streets, should be committed as a common vagrant."

"Committed as a common vagrant!" put in Solomon Gunnybags, with prodigious emphasis and an awful rattling of watch seals.

Howard Wilberforce tells us that he waited until these gentlemen, so zealous in good theories, had concluded their tirade, and then said:

"Gentlemen, I was going cheerily to dinner with a party of friends. I was happy, and the world seemed quite beautiful, as it has been very kind, to me. I feel myself comfortable in many ways—in health, in fortune, in prospects; and in the midst of my complacency and real pleasure my eye falls upon a poor, old, shriveled, unfortunate woman, cowering upon a door-step. She can not work; she can not crawl about and beg; she has not sense enough to understand your admirable system of soup-tickets, nor to avail herself of your well-ordered benevolence. I gave her relief upon no system. She was hungry, and I fed her; she was thirsty, and I gave her drink: had she been sick and in prison, I hope I should have visited her as I have visited others like her. Street-begging is a bad business, but all street-beggars are not scoundrels and criminals, nor idle vagabonds. You can not spin a theory of the matter strong enough to hold all the varieties and cases. Had you not better go wrong several times, Mr. Gunnybags, in giving your alms indiscreetly, than wrong once by not giving where it is a case of absolute necessity? Do you, Mr. Tandem, who do nothing all the day, who smoke and play billiards at the club, and drive your pair, and dine sumptuously, and dance gracefully with the fairest fair—do you suppose that I have encouraged idleness, laziness, and extravagance, by giving a sixpence to the broken-backed and broken-hearted old woman upon the steps? Why, man, my dinner would have choked me otherwise."

So said a "Friend of Man" to his friends as he stopped with them in Union Square. Street-begging *is* a bad business, but a worse business is that selfishness which masks as principle when it passes the wretched old man and old woman who are being roughly hustled into the grave.

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Two topics are topmost in our foreign mention of the month—a Peace and a Prince. At our last writing both were in expectancy.

The Prince came first. The pretty and kind Eugénie, whose hooped dresses had made the fashions of the early winter, and whose smiling face was to be seen, on every warm day of January, out of doors, was close-housed in March. From time to time groups of people were gathered before the iron gateways of the Tuileries garden, looking up eagerly at the tall windows of the palace, watching for the bustle and the movement which might betoken the coming of a new Imperial inhabitant.

Farther down the Seine, upon the opposite shore, before the railings of a princely building, where the Count Walewski held his foreign office, were gathered, from time to time, other groups watching the equipages which dashed along the quay, if so be they might catch a glimpse of the tall, soldier-like Orloff, who had been the adviser of the Russian despot, and who carried (it was thought) peace or war in his hand. Sometimes these lookers-on would catch sight of Orloff and Clarendon, or of Brunow and Bourqueney, driving off together, and with such agreement in their looks that they would cry out directly "a Peace!"

And sometimes the other group, at the other palace windows, would catch a peep at the tall bonnet of a Breton nurse, and would spread the story of a birth.

The day came at last when there was no mistaking the hurried and stealthy movements which the people saw through the halls, above and below. Officials, in brilliant uniforms, drove rapidly into the palace gates; the guards at the doors talked in whispers; dragoons galloped fast and far through the city; there was a buzz at the Bourse, and, for a day, a suppressed tone to business and to talk, which told plainly how the kindness and womanliness of the Empress had kindled sympathy for the sufferer in the palace.

Indeed, had she been far less the favorite, such trial would have stayed evil speech, and in bringing down the Imperial dignity to that dreadful level of suffering where all women are sisters, would have prompted every where gentle and hopeful thoughts of her.

There were many wakeful ones upon the night which followed—the gunners at the Invalides; the Guards, with horses saddled; the Emperor himself, striding through the Imperial chambers and questioning eagerly the fortunate Baron Dubois.

And there were those who saw in the Emperor,

on this occasion, a lifting of that leaden vail of indifference which, to the eye of most observers, hangs always upon the face of the French Sovereign. Now, even his emotionless countenance was quickened by parental, perhaps conjugal, tenderness, and a new bond of sympathy united him to his court. The mother of the Empress, overcome with grief and anxiety, pleaded hard with the physicians to alleviate by what means they could the daughter's suffering. The Emperor placed in his wife's hand a *reliquaire* which was the gift of Hortense, and begged her to remember that the hopes and the prayers of a whole nation were with her in that time of trial.

At length, when the Paris streets were quiet, and when the members of the household were dozing over the long delay, the Princes Napoleon and Murat were ushered into the Imperial chamber to give their greeting and their testimony to a new-born heir.

Before day had dawned the telegraph had carried the news to the Vatican, to Vienna, to Berlin, and to London; and before the guns of the Invalides had finished the tale of one hundred and one guns, gratulations had come back from the various courts, while long-sleeping Parisians were still dozing off the fatigues of night.

Singularly enough, among the first who came to congratulate the Emperor upon his new-found honor was the Count Orloff; who, if accounts speak truly, has become the sworn friend of Napoleon, and has avowed publicly his regrets that his late Imperial master, Nicholas, had not known a monarch so much after his own heart, and whose opinions would have chimed so agreeably with his own. "Had Nicholas met Napoleon but for an hour," such is the speech rumor puts in the mouth of Orloff—"there had been no war with France."

Rumor does not tell us how this odd coquetry between the two most despotic monarchs of Europe is viewed by the representatives of Her Majesty of England. One would think it might bode no good to their alliance. But while Clarendon and Palmerston are so earnest in their assertion of the perfect understanding existing between the neighbor powers, what right has rumor to be propounding doubts?

We have no need to dwell upon the junketings and illuminations which belonged to the birthday of the French Prince. Our own journals have told us enough—how the theatres were thrown open; how economic bourgeois availed themselves of the chance for free tickets; how one or more of the great plenipotentiaries pushed their way into the theatre throng, to see how the *blouse* of the capital would relish a *chef d'œuvre* of Corneille; how the physicians of the court were made glad with an Imperial fee; how all the employées of the palace rejoiced in a doubled salary; how the dragoons on guard were served with extra rations of wine from the Imperial cellars; how a qualified amnesty set many a poor prison delinquent free; and how every boy and girl, born on the joyful day, became godsons and god-daughters of the Imperial pair.

All this, and more, has belonged to a great many princely birthdays at the Tuileries palace; will the boy Jean-Louis-Joseph be luckier than the princes who came before him?

Peace lighted a new and even larger stream of fire along the Boulevards and through the side-streets. By this new light poor mothers saw their sons coming back from the Crimean fevers and the guns unlimbered; merchants saw their gains increasing; and householders saw the old tide of Russian travel again setting strongly toward the metropolitan city.

And what has the war been worth? Any thing to counterbalance a million of lives and its millions of cost? Has Turkey won any new strength —any sign of healing for its old sickness? or has it not become rather more decrepit and dependent than ever?

Russia has surely gained very little, indeed, by the old-fashioned mode of reckoning balances. She is the greatest loser of all—having lost more battles, more fortresses, more men, than either of the great combatants. But she has learned meantime many wholesome lessons. She has learned that the science and skill which attend upon the civilization of the West avail more than the material strength, whether of great fortresses or great armies. She has learned, moreover, how much depends, in a great country, upon the development of internal resources, and that an industrious and thriving people is always strongest in the end.

England—though her losses in men, money, and reputation, have been immense—has at least been taught the evils of her old and corrupt military administration; and has learned that war-making, like cloth-making, is a thing of progress, in which the greatest skill, economy, and energy—no matter to whom they belong—will reap the grandest results.

The lesson has been an expensive one, but it will be remembered.

France, or at least her Governor, seems, at first sight, to have been the only substantial gainer by the war. But it is more in seeming than in earnest. Napoleon has, indeed, by his shrewdness and his energy, conquered the position of first monarch of Europe. The French army has asserted its superiority in organization and in action; but the French gains are, after all, those which go to the account of a chivalric pride, but make no show on the balance-sheet. It may be a very proud thing to keep a protecting army on the Bosporus, but it will not cure the grape-vines of Medoc, or lend any vigor to the industries of Lyons or Rouen. The taking of the Malakoff was a very splendid affair, but it will not pay for the new Boulevard of Sebastopol.

As for the desolate nationalities of Hungary and of Poland, their condition seems more hopeless than ever; and poor Italy—represented feebly in the conference of Paris—must console itself with the reflection of having furnished brave but hireling troops in a war whose progress and whose issues have been wholly foreign to her sympathies.

Kossuth is under a cloud. The threadbare coat of Thaddeus of Warsaw has replaced the looped velvet of Governor of Hungary. Romantic hopes and romantic friendships are all which keep alive now (so far as the world's ear can reach) the vision of a redeemed fatherland.

Even Lamartine, the graceful representative of a lost Republican epoch, seems to feel the palsying effects of the new congress of monarchies; and with poverty, age, and hurt pride pressing him sorely, he gives such utterance as this:

"I will now speak with all the unreservedness of intimacy. There are things which a man says but once in his life, but which must be said once; otherwise you could not fully comprehend the all-powerful influences of literature over the public

life of the politician and the heart of the individual.

"Away with all timidity of language! In these pages I will open my heart even to its inmost folds. The decorous scruples of timorous writers will not suffer them to lay bare the soul in public, but the heart swelling with bitterness in manlier bosoms will throw off such vain coverings with an unblushing sincerity far more chaste in reality than the mock reserve of conventional modesty. If the Laocoon writhing in marble within the serpent's folds were not naked, who would see his tortures? When the heart breaks, will not the vein burst?

"In spite of deceitful appearances, my life is not an enviable one; I will say more, it is ended; I no longer live, I survive. Of all the different characters which, to a certain extent, made up my being—the man of feeling, the poet, the orator, the man of action—the man of letters alone remains. Nor is the man of letters happy; my years do not weigh upon me yet, but they must be taken into account, and heavier far than my years I feel the weight of my heart. The former, like the phantoms of Macbeth, stretch their hands over my shoulder and point—not to crowns—but to a grave. Would to God I were stretched in it already!

"Nothing smiles upon me in the past, nor in the future; I am growing old without posterity in my empty home, surrounded by the graves of those I have loved. I can not cross my threshold without tripping against one of those stumbling-blocks of our love or our hopes. There they are, like so many bleeding fibres torn from my still living heart and buried before my eyes, while that heart beats in my bosom like a forgotten time-piece in a forsaken home, which continues to strike in solitude hours that no one reckons.

"What life I have left is concentrated in a few loving hearts and a small patrimonial estate. And even those hearts suffer through me, and I am not sure that I shall not be stripped of my inheritance to-morrow and sent, in the words of Dante, to die in a stranger's home. The hearth on which my father stood, and on which I stand to-day, is but a borrowed hearth, whose ashes may be scattered at a moment's notice; it may be sold to the highest bidder to-morrow, and resold again for a whim; so may my mother's bed, and even the very dog that licks my hands in pity when he sees my brow contracted with anguish. I must account to others for all I possess; on the faith of my honor and my labor they have staked the inheritance of their children and the fruits of their own industry. If I ceased to work daily for them, if even I slept my whole nights through, or if an illness (which may God spare me till his appointed time!) were to arrest my pen—the diligent instrument that I am wearing out for them—these honest friends would suffer with me, and would have to seek for their fortune among my ashes. They would recover it all, no doubt, but they would find it beneath my ruins."

Whatever we may think of the taste which determines a man to make such show of his private griefs, we are sure that from such minds as Lamartine's the exposure will breed quick sympathy; most of all here, where, in the wraithful days of 1848, his name and action bore up our hopes of a French Republic, out of the bloody fangs of such as Barbés and Caussidière, will the misfortunes of Lamartine find a willing and attentive ear.

But much as we regard his sincerity and his kindliness of heart, we trust he may not come (as rumor hints) to spend the remnant of his days here. There is no niche in our fast America—whether we review city or country life—for such romancist and dreamy humanitarian as Lamartine.

He might be met by a splendid ovation; his oratoric fervor might kindle at the first hearing of our noisy welcome; but there would be no retiring ground, amidst our swiftnesses of emotion and of work, where his tastes might feed themselves, and his *amour propre* escape the affliction of neglect.

Lamartine, with all his republicanism (which with him is ideal, and only a disguise for philanthropy), is a child of the old feudal splendor—nurtured on elegancies, and with no possible toleration for the homeliness and roughness of our work-day habit.

Our foul streets, our brandy-smelling and tobacco-chewing senators, our noisy puffs of exaltation, our Antoinette Browns in breeches, our slops and steam, our red-brick houses and bespittled railway-carriages, would drive Lamartine mad.

He does not, and could not belong to the early epochs of a nation's civilization, however free or strong; but only to one that has ripened into those luxuries which forebode decay. He is no Bob-o'-Lincoln singer, to pipe cheerily on alder bushes or tufts of rushes, but a nightingale, that loves the lee of old houses and plaintive songs by twilight.

We can fancy him wearing a joyous exile under the shadow of English rookeries; but never at home on our swift-river margins, or under the shelter of our staring houses.

About Louis Napoleon—now that he seems to have reached the pinnacle of human greatness—there has latterly been much gossip, even on this side of the water; and *apropos* to this matter, we cite a foot-note from one of the forthcoming volumes (Harpers' press) of Alison's *History of Europe:*

"The idea of a destiny, and his having a mission to perform, was throughout a fixed one in Louis Napoleon's mind. No disasters shook his confidence in his star, or his belief in the ultimate fulfillment of his destiny. This is well known to all who were intimate with him in this country after he returned from America in 1837. Among other noble houses the hospitality of which he shared, was that of the Duke of Montrose, at Buchanan, near Lochlomond, and the Duke of Hamilton, at Brodick Castle, in the Island of Arran. His manner in both was grave and taciturn; he was wrapt in the contemplation of the future, and indifferent to the present. In 1839, the present Earl of W——, then Lord B——, came to visit the author, after having been some days with Louis Napoleon at Buchanan House. One of the first things he said was, 'Only think of that young man, Louis Napoleon. Nothing can persuade him he is not to be Emperor of France. The Strasbourg affair has not in the least shaken him; he is thinking constantly of what he is to do when on the throne.' The Duke of N—— also said to the author in 1854, 'Several years ago, before the Revolution of 1848, I met Louis Napoleon often at Brodick Castle, in Arran. We frequently went out to shoot together; neither cared much for the sport, and we soon sat down on a heathery brow of Goatfell, and began to speak seriously. He always opened these conferences by discoursing on what he would do when he was Emperor of France. Among other things he

said he would obtain a grant from the Chambers to drain the marshes of the Bries, which, you know, once fully cultivated, became flooded when the inhabitants, who were chiefly Protestants, left the country on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes; and, what is very curious, I see in the newspapers of the day that he has got a grant of two millions of francs from the Chambers, to begin the draining of these very marshes.' All that belongs to Louis Napoleon is now public property, and these noble persons will forgive the author if he endeavors to rescue from oblivion anecdotes so eminently illustrative of the *fixity of purpose* which is the most remarkable feature in that very eminent man's character. This idea of destiny, of a star, or a mission, which are only different words for the same thing, will be found to have been a fixed belief in most men who attain to ultimate greatness. Whether it is that the disposition of mind which leads to such a belief works out its own accomplishment, by the energy and perseverance which it infuses into the character, and which enables its possessor to rise superior to all the storms of fate, or that Providence darkly reveals to the chosen instruments of great things—'the vessels of honor,' to which the working out of its purposes in human affairs is intrusted—enough of the future to secure its accomplishment, will forever remain a mystery in this world."

It were worth one's while to be in Paris during these days which usher in the peace and the prince. To say nothing of the Venetian lanterns—which have made all the city gleam again, like so many fire-flies in a June copse—the Hôtel de Ville is to fête the diplomatic workers with one of its marvelous balls; the resident embassadors of those countries that are parties to the treaty are to vie with each other in protracting the splendid joy of the occasion. Orloff is to illustrate the magnificence of his master's court, by a fairy display of every thing that wealth can add to revelry.

To be sure it might not be easy for a simple republican to be the immediate witness of these shows—far less easy, indeed, than for a lordling to gain access to a Washington ball; but they are shows which lend their liveliness to the whole heart and face of Paris. The streets rattle with the pageants; shop-fronts brighten with the festivities; girls' faces sparkle under the lighted palaces, and all the Boulevard is in a buzz from dark till midnight with the wassail that waits on the peacemakers.

Have we hinted at Italy, and her chances under the new disposition of events? Have we said how busy tongues were making hopeful or hopeless speeches thereanent? Have we told how hard it was for the trustful ones of Milan, of Verona, and of Padua to find the Count Buol, and the despotic court he represents, shaking hands again with the West and the East (making a fat commercial treaty with the United States even), and to feel that, by tacit acknowledgment of all who have power to speak, the gigantic Lombard wrong, and the slavedom of North Italy must abide?

Is any thing to be credited to the whispers about Cavour and England, and to the half-mention of a few liberty-pleading utterances in this great Diet of Paris? Can any thing be hoped of them when Orloff and Napoleon are so fast friends? when a leading journal (*Assemblée Nationale*) receives a warning on the very day of the peace celebration; and when Master *Punch* is expelled from France, because he puts a picture of Liberty by the Imperial cradle, asking if she may be godmother?

There was a feeling—and we believe it was very strong among the most earnest British supporters of the French alliance—that Louis Napoleon had a warm heart-beat for the oppressed nationalities of Europe; that with all his tyrannic home-machinery, he cherished a kind of generous sympathy for Poland, defrauded of her king, and for Italy, shorn of her name and pride and dignity; and it was half felt and half hoped that, after standing so bravely in the gap between sick Turkey and domineering Russia, he would surprise Europe with some bold sword-thrust between the tyrant of Hapsburg and bleeding Italy.

But gossip says no; gossip says the new joining of hands with the monarch of the North has more love in it than tolerance; it is another Marie Louisa marriage with the great families; it is another slipping away from the pretty democratic enthusiasm which was kindled at Ham, which overflowed in his socialist books, and which culminated when he swore fealty to the Constitution of 1848.

Will French opinion, which now gives him the glory of great successes, continue to see cause for pride in what he may do in Algiers or Madagascar? Is the fate of Europe fixed for the time we live in? Are the Hungarian and Italian refugees to pass out of mind and memory, except some Miss Porter give us a new Thaddeus of Warsaw? Will Kossuth die in his London garret without other sign? Will the Lombard peasants carry up their tens of tithes to the military masters of Milan, and the young Emperor at Vienna go on washing the feet of the Apostles (the Pope's apostles) to the end of the chapter.

Will the men of Naples and of Rome, crying out from their bondage, get any thing from slavery-hating England but philanthropic wood-cuts in *Punch?* or any thing from Napoleon beyond a recommendation to the mercy of brother monarchs?

Editor's Drawer.

EDWARD EVERETT'S oration on the character of Washington is the noblest monument yet reared to the memory of the Father of his Country. Its crowning excellence is in so identifying Washington with the Union, that no American can love the one and hate the other. An eye and ear witness tells us that as the audience were assembling in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, to hear Mr. Everett, a wealthy merchant of this city was accosted by a friend as he came in.

"What! you here to-night?"

"Oh, yes," said he; "I belong to the Abolition party in Church and State; but I've come to hear *the other side.*"

The other side! Washington on one side, and Money-bags on the other. The Union on one side, and Money-bags on the other! And this man—an American by birth, as Arnold was, and a traitor at heart, as Arnold was—this man—a native of the State that gave Adams and Hancock and Warren, and Bunker Hill and Lexington and Concord to the cause of American independence—this man sat and heard that oration which thrilled the hearts of thousands, moving them as the oaks of the field are swayed by the rushing wind, till old men, and gray-haired divines, and beautiful women rose up,

and sent cheer on cheer through the vaulted roofs, and the walls trembled in the thunders of applause, "WASHINGTON! THE UNION! FOREVER!" and while the hearts of the people swelled and heaved with emotions of patriotic ardor, this craven-hearted dry-goods man sat with sealed and shriveled lips, doubtless saying to himself the while, "*I am on the other side!*"

A GOOD Methodist minister at the West, who lived on a very small salary, was greatly troubled at one time to get his quarterly installment. He had called on his steward a number of times, but had each time been put off with some excuse. His wants at length becoming urgent, he went to his steward and told him that he must have his money, as his family were suffering for the necessaries of life.

"Money!" replied the steward. "*You preach for money!* I thought you preached for the good of souls!"

"*Souls!*" replied the minister; "I can't *eat* souls, and if I could, it would take a thousand such as yours to make a decent meal."

LORD BROUGHAM, who knows a little of every thing, and talks about it all the time, wrote the following epitaph on himself:

"Here, reader, turn your weeping eyes,
My fate a useful moral teaches:
The hole in which my body lies
Would not contain one half my speeches."

"POP goes the weasel" has become the chorus of a thousand snatches of song, but not one of a thousand who sing it ever heard of its origin. But its parentage is as easily traced as that of an English baronet. A famous Methodist preacher, by the name of Craven, was once preaching in the heart of Virginia, and spoke as follows: "Here are a great many professors of religion to-day. You are sleek, fat, good-looking, yet something is the matter with you. Now, you have seen wheat, which was plump, round, and good-looking to the eye, but when you weighed it you found that it only came to forty-five or perhaps forty-eight pounds to the bushel, when it should be sixty or sixty-three pounds. Take a kernel of that wheat between your thumb and finger, hold it up, squeeze it, and—*pop* goes the weevil. Now you good-looking professors of religion, you are plump and round, but you only weigh some forty-five or forty-six pounds to the bushel. What is the matter? Ah! when you are taken between the thumb of the law and the finger of the Gospel, held up to the light and squeezed, out pops the whisky-bottle." From "pop goes the weevil" to "pop goes the weasel" the transition is easy.

WE expect the thanks of the universal SMITH family for the following very obvious explanation of the fact that their name is so common in the community, and so invariably associated with the highest order of respectability. It is true that the police reports in the newspapers have now and then intimated that *John* Smith was up for some moral delinquency, but this can be accounted for by supposing that the reporters mistook the name, or that the rascal *mis*-took that very honorable name for his own. But to the genealogy of the Smiths:

In the city of Worcester, Massachusetts, one of the newspapers is edited by a gentleman who has the misfortune to wear a very rough and ugly name, for which he is not to be blamed indeed, as his father had it and gave it to him before he was able to remonstrate against the hereditary patronymic. In one of his editorial effusions he chanced to give utterance to his gratitude that his name was *not* "*Smith!*" The next day, in a rival newspaper, one of this numerous family appeared on this wise:

"The hard-named editor who blesses himself he is not a *Smith*, is probably not aware that originally all white men were called by that name, as all had something to do, and a Smith is a doer: but whenever one of them fell into disgrace, by the commission of crime, his name was changed that he might not be reckoned thereafter among the respectable Smiths. And the greater the crime, the worse the name assigned to the criminal. Hence the hard title by which this editor is compelled to be called; and hence the number and the credit of the Smith family."

That is certainly a very simple solution of a genealogical problem.

A BEAUTIFUL superstition prevails among the Seneca tribe of Indians. When an Indian maiden dies, they imprison a young bird until it first begins to try its power of song, and then, loading it with kisses and caresses, they loose its bonds over the grave, in the belief that it will not fold its wings nor close its eyes until it has flown to the spirit land, and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost. It is not unfrequent to see twenty or thirty birds let loose over one grave.

A FRIEND sends us some bulls that are so old we shall turn them out immediately.

A traveling gentleman, looking for the house of an acquaintance in Dublin, inquired of a native-born Irishman:

"Who lives in that house over the way?"

"Johnny O'Brien, to be sure," replied Patrick, "but he don't live there now, for he is dead, he is."

"Ah! how long has he been dead?"

"And, your honor, if he had lived till next Monday he would have been dead a fortnight."

Our traveling friend pursued his walk and his inquiries, and seeing a very large funeral procession, he asked another native whose funeral that was.

"Be gorrah, Sir," said Pat, with a most innocent look, "it's myself that can not say for sartain, but I'm after thinkin' it's the *man's in the coffin.*"

That is very well for Patrick, but the other is a real *John Bull.* An English barber in the season of the epidemic, remarked to one of his customers that there was "cholera in the *h*air."

"Then I hope you are careful about the brushes you use."

"Oh," said the barber, "I don't mean the 'air of the 'ed, but the *h*air of the *h*atmosphere."

FATHER NEALE, of Fauquier County, Virginia, has left a name to be praised among the Baptists in all that region of country. By trade he was a carpenter, and before he forsook that business for the Gospel ministry, he was head carpenter to General Washington, so that some of the incidents we are about to record will bring out pleasing remin-

iscences of the man of men, whom the world delights to honor.

It was late in his life when Father Neale was converted, and so great was his zeal that he embraced every possible chance to preach, and then preached as long as the people would stay to hear him. Full of anecdote, and fond of humorous stories, he amused the crowds that gathered around him, and often sent some of them away more serious than they came, for he was a good man, and preached only to make other people good. His only book was the Bible, and when he found a young preacher using a Concordance to aid him in finding texts, he said,

"You had better let that alone: it will do you more harm than good: it will make you lazy."

"But how can I do without it?"

"Why, do as I do: study the Bible till you know it by heart."

And he had studied it so thoroughly that he knew the least incidents recorded in it, and could cite them whenever they would come in play. One time he heard a Presbyterian minister trying to prove that the people could not have been *immersed* in Jordan, because that river was so small that a man could dam it up with his foot! At the close of the sermon Father Neale got up and said,

"I don't pretend to have any great larning: you all know me too well to think that of me; but if I don't read books of travels and other books, there's one book I do read, and that's the Bible. That's my book. Now our brother here says the Jordan is so small that you may stop it with your foot. His books may tell him so, but my book tells me another story. I read in the Bible how David, when he was flying from Absalom, and wanted to cross that same river, had to *hire a boat to carry him over!* That's what my book tells me."

The audience were very well satisfied with the authority.

Without knowing it, he once borrowed a good thing from a court preacher of England, who rebuked his master by a sally at the people. Father Neale was one time preaching of a hot day in summer, when the people were on the outside in crowds by the open windows as well as in. Among the latter was Mrs. Neale, who was so much overcome by the heat that she sank down into sleep profound, and intimated the fact by audible signs. Father Neale heard her, and pausing in his sermon, said,

"Brethren on the outside there, please not to talk so loud, I'm afraid you'll wake up my wife."

It was one of Father Neale's delights to cut up the politicians, and he did the work so cleverly that it was a pleasure to a man fond of notoriety to fall into the parson's hands. Among his hearers was Thomas Brown, who afterward moved to Florida, became Governor of the State, and resides there now. Father Neale was speaking of politicians, and the ways and means they take to get votes, when his eye lighted on Mr. Brown, and instantly he went at him:

"Now there's Brother Brown, he's one of them. He don't mind treating a man to liquor till he gets dead drunk. A man comes along, calls on Brown, and says to him, 'Well, you have a fine field of wheat there; the best I've seen, decidedly.'

"'Yes, it's very good wheat,' says Brown; 'won't you step up to the side-board and drink something?'

"The man steps up and drinks, and presently he says again:

"'Those sheep of yours in the pasture are the best I ever did see—must be first-rate breed.'

"'Yes,' says Brown, 'very good breed: hadn't you better take another glass of brandy and water?'

"Drinks again, and presently remarks on Brown's splendid horse, and gets another invitation, and goes on praising Brown and drinking his brandy till he can drink no more."

All the time the preacher has been telling this fictitious story, no one has been enjoying it more than Mr. Brown, who sees himself in the glass, and the people know the picture to be true to the life.

Some of Father Neale's recollections of Washington, never before published, are worthy of being put on record, and they are intrinsically more interesting than many of the anecdotes told of that illustrious man.

One of Washington's habits he mentioned as brought to Mount Vernon from the camp, where every thing was sacrificed to dispatch. Whenever he received a note by a private messenger, he never asked the bearer into the house, but generally took the letter himself at the front door, and read it standing with his head bare in the open air. If it required a verbal reply he gave it, and dismissed the bearer; or if he must write, he usually retired to his office, wrote the answer, and bringing it out, delivered it to the messenger with his own hand.

Father Neale states that he was once engaged doing some carpenter work on one of the northeast windows that opens upon the front piazza of the mansion at Mount Vernon, and several ladies were taking tea on the colonnade. Washington was walking up and down, joining in the conversation. One of the ladies asked him his opinion of some of the battles of Napoleon, the fresh fame of which was then ringing through the world. Washington's reply, as heard by Mr. Neale, was in these words: "Something more than the art of man achieved those battles."

The Attorney-General of the United States, Mr. Caleb Cushing, is one of the most remarkable men now living. We have nothing to do with his politics in the Drawer, but a tithe of his wit would fill the Drawer monthly. He knows all the languages of Europe, and many more besides, reads law *constantly*, and every thing else all the rest of the time. In Washington you meet him at every dinner and every evening-party where the great are gathered; you see him in his place before the Supreme bench, or riding on horseback into the country; and so frequently is he in sight, that one would think he had no time for study; yet he is one of the most, if not *the* most laborious officer of government, making personal researches and writing out legal opinions with his own hand, requiring an amount of time and strength apparently quite beyond the command even of a man of secluded habits, which are emphatically not his. This is a very long introduction to a very little matter, as we had it only in view to say that, some years ago, that celebrated and charming poetess, Miss H. F. Gould, amused herself and friends in Newburyport, Massachusetts, by writing *epitaphs* on some of the gentlemen of the circle of wits to which she and they belonged. The following was composed on the aspiring Mr. Caleb Cushing:

"Lie aside all ye dead,
For in the next bed
Lies buried the body of Cushing;
Since he, when alive,
Would incessantly strive,
And now he is dead, may be pushing."

This falling under the eye of Mr. Cushing, he retorted in these lines:

"Here lies one whose wit
Without wounding hit;
And green grow the grass that's above her!
Having sent every beau
To the regions below,
She's gone down herself for a lover."

Our neighbor, William Willitson, had a remarkable facility for not telling the truth. Indeed, he became so much addicted to saying the thing that was just the other way from true, that he lived and died with the reputation of being the most notorious liar in our town. But his mourning family caused a decent tombstone to be set up to his memory, with this epitaph thereon:

"Weep not for me, my friends so dear,
I am not dead, but *sleeping* here."

This remarkable assertion seemed so like to those that William W. was apt to make while he was living, that one of his neighbors inscribed with his pencil the following lines beneath the above, and a friend copies them for us:

"Released from sorrow and from sighing,
Here rests the body of poor Will,
Who, while he lived, was always lying,
And in his grave is lying still."

A correspondent in St. Louis, from whom we hope to hear again, and then again, says that he has seen a better version of the classical pun of Professor Porson given in a late number of the Drawer:

"Porson, being at the house of a friend and disposed to retire for the night, desired to have a *toddy*, and at the same time asked for a *candle*. For some reason or other, there was so long a delay in the coming of either, that the Professor became impatient, and exclaimed, '*ουδε τοδε, ουδε ταλλα*,' which, being interpreted freely, may mean, Can I have 'no toddy, no tallow?'"

"Among classical puns," writes the same correspondent, "the Drawer should contain that felicitous quotation, whose paternity at this moment I can not recall, made upon seeing a fine violin accidentally swept off a table and broken to pieces by catching in the folds of a lady's mantle, viz.,

"'Mantua, væ nimium
Miseræ vicina Cremonæ.'"

And the same Missouri writer goes on to say:

"The other day I heard a charge given to a Grand Jury by a Western Judge, which I would be glad to see reported in full for your pages; but I can give you only one passage. He was dwelling upon the offenses in the penal code to which the attention of the jury should be directed, and after dwelling on the crime of perjury, he proceeds in the next place to say: 'Then, gentlemen, thar's subornation of perjury, which is likewise forbid by law, and which I reckon is one of the meanest crimes that men get to do fur money. It's when a feller's too smart or too scary to swar to a lie hisself, and so gits another man to do it fur him—one of yer mean, dirty, snivelin', little-minded fellers! Why, a whole regiment of sich souls could hold a jubilee in the middle of a mustard-seed, and never hear of one another!'"

At Belfast, Maine, or at a place not very far distant, as a clever writer in those parts informs us, there was recently held a meeting of the church, when one of the members who had not spoken for many years on such occasions, now rose, and to the surprise of all, went on to say that he was moved to confess himself a very great sinner, and so great did his sins appear that he very much feared the brethren would not be willing to forgive him; but he hoped they would, and he would try to lead a better life in time to come. Whereupon one of his neighbors rose and said he felt it to be his duty and privilege to testify to all Mr. Simmons had said about being a great sinner: "Ever since I have known him he has been the biggest scoundrel in this town, and I will just relate only one of his acts, and you may judge of all the rest by that one. My sheep got into his lot the other day, and he cornered them all up, cut the gambril of one hind-leg and stuck the other through it, of every one of the whole flock; and now you may do as you please about forgiving such a man, but I tell you I never will."

College boys are so full of their mischief that they ought to be spoken to. We shall put some of them in the Drawer and shut them up. It has just come to our knowledge that the learned and distinguished President of one of our colleges has been made the victim of a practical joke which we are induced to record with the expression of our regret that the boys will do such things. It seems that the worthy President went down to Virginia, where he was personally a stranger, to attend an ecclesiastical meeting at which many eminent ministers were to be present. On arriving, he was surprised to find that, after making himself known, no attention whatever was shown him, and from certain ominous whispers, he inferred that he was an object of suspicion. His position was embarrassing, and the conduct of his brethren inexplicable. In vain he sought to make himself agreeable or useful, and when at last he was constrained to make a formal demand, he was informed that a few days before his arrival a letter had been received from the President of the college which he professed to represent, stating that he should be unable to attend, and that a man who was unfortunately *out of his mind* was traveling around the country pretending to be the President of the college, and would very likely present himself at the meeting.

The truth flashed on the reverend Doctor's mind in a moment. He had been "sold" by his students for a crazy man; some of the rogues having got up the letter and dispatched it in advance of his visit. After much difficulty, with the aid of other letters in his possession, he succeeded in dispossessing the minds of the brethren of their first impressions, and he took his seat as a member. But they kept a bright look out on him all the while, lest the *crazy* should get the better of him.

The ludicrous blunders of translation are often repeated; even the best of books being sometimes dreadfully misused through the ignorance of those who undertake to do it into other languages than their own. We heard a good story the other day of a young missionary who had been studying the

Tamil language in Ceylon, and was ready to preach. He gathered a company of natives around him, and held forth with great eloquence, while they hung on his lips in fixed attention. He at last concluded, more than satisfied with his great effort. Judge of his downfall, when one of his hearers cried out to him, "That's very well, master; now please *give us that in Tamil.*" They had not understood a word.

A German clergyman, in our sister State of Pennsylvania, was frequently called upon to perform the marriage ceremony in the English language, with which he was not very familiar. He made a translation from the German form in his liturgy, and read it off with a good round tone of voice, as if he were quite at home; but he always noticed that when he recited a certain part of it, the final declaration, the surrounding company invariably tittered and sometimes laughed outright. Being unable to discover any thing wrong in his words or manner, he requested a brother clergyman, well versed in the English tongue, to revise his formula. As he proceeded to read it he smiled at some of the singular forms of expression, but at the close exploded, where the good German, in all simplicity, instead of saying, "And they twain shall be one *flesh*," had invariably astounded his bridal parties by declaring, "And they twain shall be one BEEF!"

A CORRESPONDENT in St. Genevieve, Missouri, writes to the Drawer, and says that no one in Madison County, in that State, will pretend to deny the truth of the following:

A few years since the priest of Fredericktown, having raised sufficient funds to erect a new church in place of an old wooden chapel that had been long the resort of the faithful, set a corps of masons at work on the edifice. As an appropriate inscription to be placed over the main entrance, and to be there engraven in stone, he selected from the Gospel of St. Matthew xxi. 13, these words: "My house shall be called the house of prayer." That the words might be copied literally he left his Bible with the master mason, and having pointed out the words distinctly, thought no more of the subject till the day of consecration, when he was horrified, as were all his brethren, by reading in deep letters over the door, "My house shall be called the house of prayer, *but ye have made it a den of thieves.*" As it was impossible to remove the inscription, the surplus letters were filled up with putty, as may be seen by the traveler to the lead-mines of Missouri.

IN a grave-yard near Hartford, Connecticut, is an epitaph in these words, sent to the Drawer by a correspondent:

"Here lies two babies, so dead as nits:
De Lord he kilt dem mit his ague fits.
When dey was too good to live mit me,
He took dem up to lif mit He,
So he did."

THE President of Dartmouth College, New Hampshire, caught one of the students helping himself to wood from the presidential pile.

"Young man," saith the venerable officer, "what authority have you for taking away that wood?"

To which the youthful rogue, mindful of his Latin syntax, replied, "*Opus* and *Usus*, signifying NEED, require the *Ablative*."

"Take it, my son, take it; but when you have need again, come to me and I will give you better authority than that."

WHY is the new French baby like the tail of a herring?

Because it is the last of the bony-parts.

YEARS ago, C—— was a quiet, orthodox sort of a town. Old Dr. M—— was pastor over the only church existing in the place. He was a very worthy man, and by his church was considered a second Daniel. He chanced to own the fleetest horse of the region, and the fame of the beast for speed was somewhat widely extended. One autumn day one of those strolling peddlers, who come from nobody knows where and depart as strangely, came over the border. He was a bragging genius, reverential to nothing earthly. About the hotel he said his horse was a marvel for speed, that he could out-run or out-trot any thing traveling in those parts. This boasting was the source of great trouble to the manor-born citizens. To be cowed down by the braggart was beyond endurance; yet his horse possessed strong wind and limb. They had no faith in being able to find its equal in the circle of their acquaintance, save only the parson's roan mare. The hope of putting her on the course was a forlorn one; but to make an effort was settled upon. Accordingly some of the most respectable of the tavern loungers called upon the good man, and, with some art of logic, stated their case.

"The peddler was," they said, "a boastful heathen, who spoke derogatorily of the town, its people, and particularly of its horses. If they could borrow his roan mare, they had no doubt of their ability to at least convince the varlet of his underestimate of the inmates of their stables, and thus they might shake his belief in the other points of his doctrine."

The D.D. appreciated their position. He said he considered horse-racing a very bad practice, morally wrong in itself, and productive of evil in its results. He could not consent to lend the mare to them for a race; and he would only remark further, that she was in the pasture, and if he noticed her at any time to be missing, he should make no immediate search for her.

The following day the mare was "missing," and a race made up with the peddler's beast. The course was the main street, which led right by the parsonage. The good man was somehow informed of the hour for starting, and his interest in the result led him to take up a position behind a window-blind, where a good view of the street could be had. The time came, and he grew nervous and excited, and strained his eyes to catch the earliest glimpse of the contending steeds. At length they came in sight, but so far away that no keenness of vision could determine which was in advance. Breathlessly he awaited their coming. As they drew nearer it became evident that the roan was ahead and gaining bravely. As they passed the house, and the ambushed divine saw his horse leading the other at a good square trot, he left his covert crazy with glee, and, despite the assembly, called out, in a spirit more consistent with the turf than the pulpit,

"*Two to one she'll beat! Two to one she'll beat!*"

There were no takers.

ALL over the Union they talk politics, more or

less, just before election. In this State (New Hampshire) the whole year is taken up in discussing party merits. At one of our district schools the children were disputing about the principles of their fathers. One said his paternal parent was a Whig, another's was a Democrat, still another's a Know Nothing. A little witch of a girl, whose father died recently, heard them so far, and then in sweet prattle stammered forth,

"'Tis no matter about that. My father has gone to heaven, and I guess he is as good as any of them."

THE following laughable incident occurred in a New England congregation, not far from Boston, scarcely five years since:

The clergyman, an aged minister, began with the text,

"I speak as unto wise men: judge ye what I say."

He had advanced as far as "Thirdly," when he observed that many of his hearers, overcome by the heat of the day, had fallen asleep. Pausing in his discourse, and wiping the perspiration from his furrowed brow, he exclaimed,

"My friends, as the day is sultry and oppressive, I will stop a while, and request the choir in the mean time to sing the tune of *Coronation*, commencing,

"'My *drowsy powers*, why sleep ye so?'"

"The effect," it is said, "was electrical, bringing the audience to their feet. They remained standing while the sublime chorus from the combined voices of the congregation and the choir soon filled the house, and effectually destroyed all disposition to sleep. The preacher resumed his discourse at his Thirdly."

A friend of ours, to whom we read this scrap for the Drawer, quietly remarked:

"Sometimes it may happen—indeed I have *known* it to so happen—that the preacher himself was more to blame than his congregation, for their 'going to sleep during sermon-time.' Perhaps they were overcome, not so much by the heat of the weather, as by the drouth of the discourse. In *that* case, the second and third lines would have 'told' harder upon the minister than upon his people:

"'Nothing has *half* thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull!'

"There are two sides," said our friend, "to all things—possibly there might have been two to this."

WE have often laughed at the half-lunatic who entered a dull country church on a still, hot summer afternoon. The minister was fatigued, having arrived at his 'Sixteenthly;' many of his congregation were fast asleep; and even one of the two deacons, leaning back against the pulpit beneath him, their heads covered with red and yellow bandanas, to keep off the flies, *he* too was in dreamland. The poor harmless vagrant entered the broad aisle, walked up cautiously, and taking out two or three eggs from his pocket, began to throw them up against the wall, over the seats of 'them that slept.'

"This aroused the minister. He lifted his eyes from his 'notes,' raised his spectacles upon his bald forehead, and called to the sexton:

"'Sexton, remove this disturber from the house!'

"'Never mind *me!*' said the demented, innocent fugitive from his usual Sunday confinement at home. 'Never you mind *me!* Just you go on! *I'll keep 'em awake for you.*'

"But just as a second egg was raised, he found his kindly and flattering offer declined, and himself assisted out upon the porch, and his way directed across the green."

THERE was some wit, though very little excuse for tippling, in the reply made by a morning dram-drinker, with a bloated face and a shining "wrap-rascal:"

"A codfish breakfast and an India rubber coat will keep a man *dry* all day!"

THAT was a timely and a beautiful thought, expressed by a clergyman at the grave of a lovely little child of four summers, from the garden of whose parents, as they all passed through to the church-yard, he had plucked a little "Forget-me-Not." When the little coffin was lowered into the grave, the clergyman, holding up the sweet flower in his hand, said,

"I hold in my hand a beautiful flower, which I plucked from the garden we have just left. By taking it from its present home it has withered; but I here plant it at the head of this grave, and it will soon revive and flourish.

"So is it with the little flower we have just planted in the grave. It has been plucked from its native garden, and has wilted; but it is *now* transplanted into the Garden of Immortality, where it will revive and flourish, in immortal glory and beauty!"

THAT certainly is a strong example of a "trusting customer" which we find recorded in a late Scottish journal. The story runs as follows:

"A week or two since a decently dressed, elderly man called at the shop of our townsman, Mr. Muirhead, jeweler and watch-maker, Buchanan Street, and quietly asked,

"'Is my watch ready?'

"As Mr. Muirhead had at the moment no remembrance of having done any business with the man, he asked him in turn,

"'When did you *leave* your watch?'

"'Oh,' said the other, 'I didn't leave it in *this* shop, for ye were owre by in Nelson Street when ye got it.'

"'That must have been a long time ago, then,' said Mr. Muirhead; 'for we left Nelson Street in 1838. That is seventeen years since.'

"'But I *left* it with ye, for a' that.'

"'What was the name and number of the watch?'

"These were described to a nicety; and on opening the repository, it was found safe and sound! Exactly *twenty-two years* had passed away since Duncan had handed it in for repair; yet he called for it at the end of that period as coolly as if he had only left it the preceding week!

"'Why have you not called for your watch *before?*' asked Mr. Muirhead.

"'Ye see, I am a sawyer by trade, and I gaed ower to America that season to see how things were looking; for I kent the watch would be safe till I cam back; but I staid a wee thocht langer than I intended!'"

Wonder if *credits* are given at that establishment to match? Many would like a "langer time," if so, probably.

Mr. Samson Shanghai's Three Days on a Farm.



Mr. Shanghai, wearied of City dissipation, decides to become a Farmer.



Mr. Shanghai's Idea of Life in the Country—taken from the Opera.



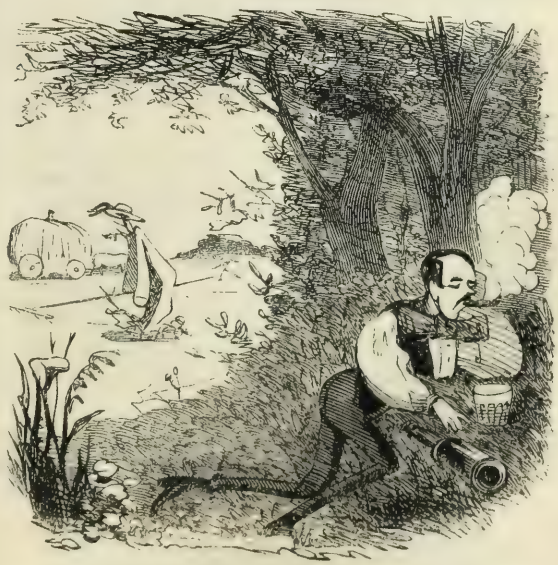
His first Dinner in the Country; the Supply exceeds the Demand.



Prepares for a "Good Day's Work." Thinks the Hay smells delightfully.



Finds Haying rather warm work. Tries an Experiment.



Knocks off for the Day, and takes a little Refreshment.



Mr. Shanghai tries another kind of Work. Finds the Odor unpleasant.



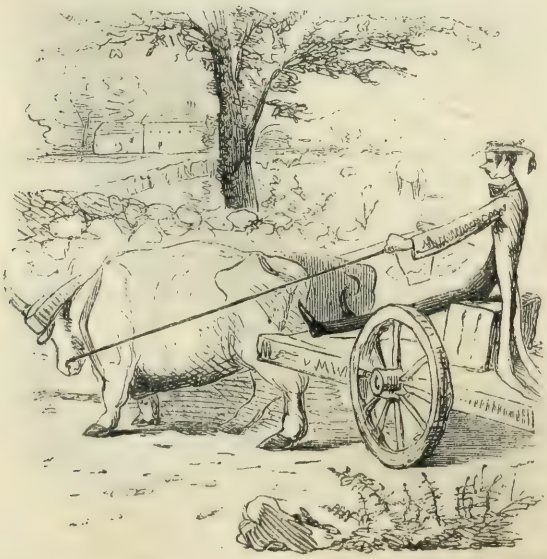
Is driven off from his work by an attack of Wild Beasts.



Makes one more Experiment. Close of Second Day.



Undertakes to yoke and drive the "Team." Slight mistake in the Gender.



This being rectified, he drives off;—a Reminiscence of the "Avenue."



After due meditation, Mr. Shanghai concludes to give up the Idea of being a Farmer.

Fashions for June.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 51 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figures 1 and 2.—Walking Dress and Girl's Costume.

IN summer fabrics many novelties are presented, combining delicacy of texture with richness of color. Among these Grenadines, Chinés, Challys, and various tissues of silk may be specially noted. — *Robes à volants*, or with flounces woven in the stuffs, predominate in all these materials. The number of flounces is variable, though three seems to be that more generally adopted.

The WALKING DRESS on the preceding page is of dove-colored *barège* with bands of checks and fringe—the latter also wrought in the material itself of a darker shade than the body of the robe. — The style of the sleeve is simple, but very graceful. When the arm is crossed over the chest, it will be observed that the sleeve falls straight down for half its depth, when it cuts off at a right angle, forming a square bottom, as seen from the outside of the arm. Upon the fore-arm it is cut up as far as the inside bend, the slashed portions being confined by fancy tassels or drops, similar to those upon the corsage. Another style of sleeve is considerably in favor. It fits to the arm as far as the elbow; whence to the bottom two large puffs are formed. This sleeve is certainly far from graceful, and is any thing but convenient; we imagine, therefore, that it can never become a general favorite; and hence we do not illustrate it.—The BONNET is of lace and straw. A *snow* of myrtle surrounds the head, and, with sprays of myrtle (periwinkle), lilies of the valley, and wild grasses, forms the face-trimmings and side-ornaments.

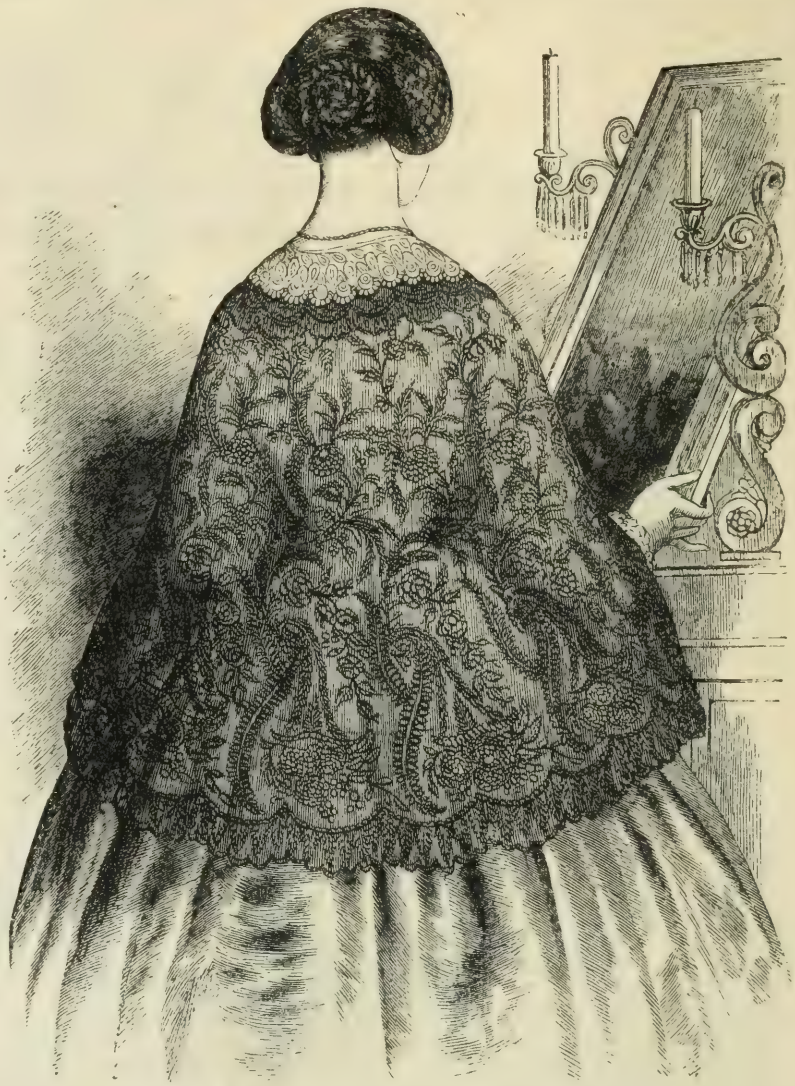


FIGURE 3.—LACE MANTILLA.

The GIRL'S DRESS consists of a lace jacket with *transparents* of azure ribbon passing through the *revers* and *basquine*, and ribbing and banding the sleeves. The skirt is of light-blue taffeta; pantalettes of English embroidery, vandyked; embroidered *jupe;* slippers with straps confined by a rosette. Pamela (Gipsy) flat.

The MANTILLA may be considered a fixed "institution" among us, and we are wholly unable to keep pace with the new and exquisite designs introduced. That illustrated above is one of the most elegant that has come under our observation. It is composed of Chantilly lace, and needs no verbal description. This and similar laces will be decided favorites during the sultry season.

The FICHU, here represented, is composed of the most transparent tulle. This is arranged in ranks of *bouillonnés*, finished by a rich edging of Honiton lace. The inner edge is outlined by a twist of narrow *cerise* ribbon, forming a *transparent*. A *nœud* of ribbon of the same color confines it at the waist. We had prepared an illustration, which space will not allow us to insert, representing a *fichu* similar to the above, but terminating with tabs more than double its depth, in place of the points here employed.

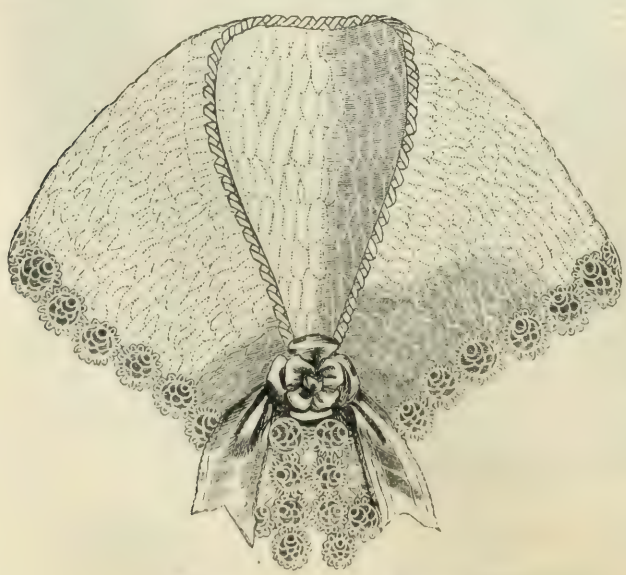


FIGURE 4.—LACE FICHU.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. LXXIV.—JULY, 1856.—Vol. XIII.



THE AUTHOR AT HIS TABLE.

THE HASTY PUDDING.

PREFACE.

A SIMPLICITY in diet, whether it be considered with reference to the happiness of individuals or the prosperity of a nation, is of more consequence than we are apt to imagine. In recommending so important an object to the rational part of mankind, I wish it were in my power to do it in such a manner as would be likely to gain their attention. I am sensible that it is one of those subjects in which example has infinitely more power than the most convincing arguments or the highest charms of poetry. Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," though possessing these two advantages in a greater degree than any other work of the kind, has not prevented villages in England from being deserted. The apparent interest of the rich individuals, who form the taste as well as the laws in that country, has been against him; and with that interest it has been vain to contend.

The vicious habits which, in this little piece, I endeavor to combat, seem to me not so difficult

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

to cure. No class of people has any interest in supporting them, unless it be the interest which certain families may feel in vying with each other in sumptuous entertainments. There may, indeed, be some instances of depraved appetites which no arguments will conquer; but these must be rare. There are very few persons but what would always prefer a plain dish for themselves, and would prefer it, likewise, for their guests, if there were no risk of reputation in the case. This difficulty can only be removed by example; and the example should proceed from those whose situation enables them to take the lead in forming the manners of a nation. Persons of this description in America, I should hope, are neither above nor below the influence of truth and reason, when conveyed in language suited to the subject.

Whether the manner I have chosen to address my arguments to them be such as to promise any success, is what I can not decide; but I certainly had hopes of doing some good, or I should not have taken the pains of putting so many rhymes together. The example of domestic virtues has doubtless a great effect. I only wish to rank SIMPLICITY OF DIET among the Virtues. In that case I should hope it will be cherished and more esteemed by others than it is at present.

CHAMBERY, SAVOY, *January*, 1793. JOEL BARLOW.

THE HASTY PUDDING.

CANTO I.

YE Alps audacious, through the heavens that rise,
To cramp the day and hide me from the skies;
Ye Gallic flags, that, o'er their heights unfurl'd,
Bear death to kings and freedom to the world,
I sing not you. A softer theme I choose,
A virgin theme, unconscious of the muse,
But fruitful, rich, well suited to inspire
The purest frenzy of poetic fire.
Despise it not, ye bards to terror steel'd,
Who hurl your thunders round the epic field;
Nor ye who strain your midnight throats to sing
Joys that the vineyard and the still-house bring;
Or on some distant fair your notes employ,
And speak of raptures that you ne'er enjoy.
I sing the sweets I know, the charms I feel,
My morning incense, and my evening meal—
The sweets of *Hasty Pudding*. Come, dear bowl,
Glide o'er my palate, and inspire my soul.
The milk beside thee, smoking from the kine,
Its substance mingled, married in with thine,
Shall cool and temper thy superior heat,
And save the pains of blowing while I eat.
Oh! could the smooth, the emblematic song
Flow like thy genial juices o'er my tongue,
Could those mild morsels in my numbers chime,
And, as they roll in substance, roll in rhyme,
No more thy awkward, unpoetic name
Should shun the muse or prejudice thy fame;
But, rising grateful to the accustom'd ear,
All bards should catch it, and all realms revere!
Assist me first with pious toil to trace
Through wrecks of time thy lineage and thy race;



INDIAN MAIDENS.

Declare what lovely squaw, in days of yore
(Ere great Columbus sought thy native shore),
First gave thee to the world; her works of fame
Have lived indeed, but lived without a name.
Some tawny Ceres, goddess of her days,
First learn'd with stones to crack the well-dried maize,
Through the rough sieve to shake the golden shower,
In boiling water stir the yellow flour:
The yellow flour, bestrew'd and stirr'd with haste,
Swells in the flood and thickens to a paste,
Then puffs and wallops, rises to the brim,
Drinks the dry knobs that on the surface swim;
The knobs at last the busy ladle breaks,
And the whole mass its true consistence takes.

Could but her sacred name, unknown so long,
Rise, like her labors, to the son of song,
To her, to them I'd consecrate my lays,
And blow her pudding with the breath of praise.
If 'twas Oella, whom I sang before,
I here ascribe her one great virtue more.
Not through the rich Peruvian realms alone
The fame of Sol's sweet daughter should be known,
But o'er the world's wide clime should live secure,
Far as his rays extend, as long as they endure.

Dear *Hasty Pudding*, what unpromised joy
Expands my heart, to meet thee in Savoy!
Doom'd o'er the world through devious paths to roam,
Each clime my country, and each house my home,
My soul is soothed, my cares have found an end:
I greet my long-lost, unforgotten friend.
For thee through Paris, that corrupted town,
How long in vain I wander'd up and down,
Where shameless Bacchus, with his drenching hoard,
Cold from his cave usurps the morning board.
London is lost in smoke and steep'd in tea;
No Yankee there can lisp the name of thee;
The uncouth word, a libel on the town,
Would call a proclamation from the crown.
For climes oblique, that fear the sun's full rays,
Chill'd in their fogs, exclude the generous maize:
A grain whose rich, luxuriant growth requires
Short, gentle showers, and bright, ethereal fires.
But here, though distant from our native shore,
With mutual glee, we meet and laugh once more.
The same! I know thee by that yellow face,
That strong complexion of true Indian race,
Which time can never change, nor soil impair,
Nor Alpine snows, nor Turkey's morbid air;
For endless years, through every mild domain,
Where grows the maize, there thou art sure to reign.
But man, more fickle, the bold license claims,
In different realms to give thee different names.
Thee the soft nations round the warm Levant
Polanta call; the French, of course, *Polante*.
E'en in thy native regions, how I blush
To hear the Pennsylvanians call thee *Mush!*
On Hudson's banks, while men of Belgic spawn
Insult and eat thee by the name *Suppawn*.
All spurious appellations, void of truth;
I've better known thee from my earliest youth;



NEW ENGLAND FAMILY.

Thy name is *Hasty Pudding!* thus our sires
Were wont to greet thee fuming, from their fires;
And while they argued in thy just defense
With logic clear, they thus explained the sense:
"In *haste* the boiling caldron, o'er the blaze,
Receives and cooks the ready powder'd maize;
In *haste* 'tis served, and then in equal *haste*
With cooling milk, we make the sweet repast.
No carving to be done, no knife to grate
The tender ear and wound the stony plate;
But the smooth spoon, just fitted to the lip,
And taught with art the yielding mass to dip,
By frequent journeys to the bowl well stored,
Performs the *hasty* honors of the board."
Such is thy name, significant and clear,
A name, a sound to every Yankee dear,
But most to me, whose heart and palate chaste
Preserve my pure, hereditary taste.

There are who strive to stamp with disrepute
The luscious food, because it feeds the brute;
In tropes of high-strain'd wit, while gaudy prigs
Compare thy nursling man to pamper'd pigs;
With sovereign scorn I treat the vulgar jest,
Nor fear to share thy bounties with the beast.
What though the generous cow gives me to quaff
The milk nutritious; am I then a calf?

Or can the genius of the noisy swine,
Though nursed on pudding, thence lay claim to mine?
Sure the sweet song I fashion to thy praise,
Runs more melodious than the notes they raise.
My song, resounding in its grateful glee,
No merit claims; I praise myself in thee.
My father loved thee through his length of days!
For thee his fields were shaded o'er with maize;
From thee what health, what vigor he possess'd,
Ten sturdy freemen from his loins attest;
Thy constellation ruled my natal morn,
And all my bones were made of Indian corn.
Delicious grain! whatever from it take,
To roast or boil, to smother or to bake,
In every dish 'tis welcome still to me,
But most, my *Hasty Pudding*, most in thee.
Let the green succotash with thee contend;
Let beans and corn their sweetest juices blend;
Let butter drench them in its yellow tide,
And a long slice of bacon grace their side;
Not all the plate, how famed soe'er it be,
Can please my palate like a bowl of thee.
Some talk of *Hoe-Cake*, fair Virginia's pride!
Rich *Johnny-Cake* this mouth hath often tried;
Both please me well, their virtues much the same,
Alike their fabric, as allied their fame,
Except in dear New England, where the last
Receives a dish of pumpkin in the paste,
To give it sweetness and improve the taste.
But place them all before me, smoking hot,
The big, round dumpling, rolling from the pot;
The pudding of the bag, whose quivering breast,
With suet lined, leads on the Yankee feast;
The *Charlotte* brown, within whose crusty sides
A belly soft the pulpy apple hides;
The yellow bread, whose face like amber glows,
And all of Indian that the bakepan knows—
You tempt me not; my favorite greets my eyes,
To that loved bowl my spoon by instinct flies.

CANTO II.

To mix the food by vicious rules of art,
To kill the stomach and to sink the heart,
To make mankind to social virtue sour,
Cram o'er each dish, and be what they devour;
For this the kitchen muse first framed her book,
Commanding sweat to steam from every cook;



MILKING.

Children no more their antic gambols tried,
And friends of physic wonder'd why they died.
Not so the Yankee: his abundant feast,
With simples furnish'd and with plainness dress'd,
A numerous offspring gathers round the board,
And cheers alike the servant and the lord;
Whose well-bought hunger prompts the joyous taste,
And health attends them from the short repast.
While the full pail rewards the milk-maid's toil,
The mother sees the morning caldron boil;
To stir the pudding next demands their care;
To spread the table and the bowls prepare:
To feed the children as their portions cool,
And comb their heads, and send them off to school.
Yet may the simplest dish some rules impart,
For Nature scorns not all the aids of art.
E'en *Hasty Pudding*, purest of all food,
May still be bad, indifferent, or good,
As sage experience the short process guides,
Or want of skill, or want of care presides.

Whoe'er would form it on the surest plan,
To rear the child and long sustain the man;
To shield the morals while it mends the size,
And all the powers of every food supplies—
Attend the lesson that the muse shall bring;
Suspend your spoons, and listen while I sing.
But since, O man! thy life and health demand
Not food alone, but labor from thy hand,
First, in the field, beneath the sun's strong rays,
Ask of thy mother earth the needful maize;
She loves the race that courts her yielding soil,
And gives her bounties to the sons of toil.
When now the ox, obedient to thy call,
Repays the loan that fill'd the winter stall,
Pursue his traces o'er the furrow'd plain,
And plant in measured hills the golden grain.



CULTIVATING THE CORN.



GATHERING ROASTING EARS.

But when the tender germ begins to shoot,
And the green spire declares the sprouting root,
Then guard your nursling from each greedy foe,
The insidious worm, the all-devouring crow.
A little ashes sprinkled round the spire,
Soon steep'd in rain, will bid the worm retire;
The feather'd robber, with his hungry maw,
Swift flies the field before your man of straw;
A frightful image, such as schoolboys bring,
When met to burn the pope or hang the king.
  Thrice in the season, through each verdant row,
Wield the strong plow-share and the faithful hoe;
The faithful hoe, a double task that takes,
To till the summer corn and roast the winter cakes.
Slow springs the blade, while check'd by chilling rains,
'Ere yet the sun the seat of Cancer gains;
But when his fiercest fires emblaze the land,
Then start the juices, then the roots expand;
Then, like a column of Corinthian mould,
The stalk struts upward and the leaves unfold;

The bushy branches all the ridges fill,
Entwine their arms, and kiss from hill to hill.
Here cease to vex them; all your cares are done
Leave the last labors to the parent sun;
Beneath his genial smiles, the well-dress'd field,
When autumn calls, a plenteous crop shall yield.
Now the strong foliage bears the standards high,
And shoots the tall top-gallants to the sky;
The suckling ears the silken fringes bend,
And, pregnant grown, their swelling coats distend;
The loaded stalk, while still the burden grows,
O'erhangs the space that runs between the rows;
High as a hop-field waves the silent grove,
A safe retreat for little thefts of love,
When the pledged roasting-ears invite the maid,
To meet her swain beneath the new-form'd shade:



THE MILL.

His generous hand unloads the cumbrous hill,
And the green spoils her ready basket fill;
Small compensation for the two-fold bliss,
The promised wedding, and the present kiss.
Slight depredations these; but now the moon
Calls from his hollow tree the sly raccoon;
And while by night he bears his prize away,
The bolder squirrel labors through the day.
Both thieves alike, but provident of time,
A virtue rare, that almost hides their crime.
Then let them steal the little stores they can,
And fill their granaries from the toils of man;
We've one advantage where they take no part—
With all their wiles, they ne'er have found the art
To boil the *Hasty Pudding;* here we shine
Superior far to tenants of the pine;
This envied boon to man shall still belong,
Unshared by them in substance or in song.
At last the closing season browns the plain,
And ripe October gathers in the grain;
Deep-loaded carts the spacious corn-house fill;
The sack distended marches to the mill;
The laboring mill beneath the burden groans,
And showers the future pudding from the stones;
Till the glad housewife greets the powder'd gold,
And the new crop exterminates the old.

CANTO III.

The days grow short; but though the fallen sun
To the glad swain proclaims his day's work done;
Night's pleasant shades his various tasks prolong,
And yield new subjects to my various song.
For now, the corn-house fill'd, the harvest home,
The invited neighbors to the *husking* come;
A frolic scene, where work, and mirth, and play,
Unite their charms to chase the hours away.
Where the huge heap lies center'd in the hall,
The lamp suspended from the cheerful wall,
Brown, corn-fed nymphs, and strong, hard-handed beaux,
Alternate ranged, extend in circling rows,
Assume their seats, the solid mass attack;
The dry husks rustle, and the corn-cobs crack;
The song, the laugh, alternate notes resound,
And the sweet cider trips in silence round.
The laws of husking every wight can tell,
And sure no laws he ever keeps so well:



HUSKING.

For each red ear a general kiss he gains,
With each smut ear he smuts the luckless swains;
But when to some sweet maid a prize is cast,
Red as her lips and taper as her waist,
She walks the round and culls one favor'd beau,
Who leaps the luscious tribute to bestow.
Various the sports, as are the wits and brains
Of well-pleased lasses and contending swains;
Till the vast mound of corn is swept away,
And he that gets the last ear wins the day.
Meanwhile, the housewife urges all her care,
The well-earn'd feast to hasten and prepare.
The sifted meal already waits her hand,
The milk is strain'd, the bowls in order stand,
The fire flames high; and as a pool (that takes
The headlong stream that o'er the milldam breaks)

Foams, roars, and rages with incessant toils,
So the vex'd caldron rages, roars, and boils.
First with clean salt she seasons well the food,
Then strews the flour, and thickens all the flood.
Long o'er the simmering fire she lets it stand;
To stir it well demands a stronger hand;
The husband takes his turn: and round and round
The ladle flies; at last the toil is crown'd;
When to the board the thronging huskers pour,
And take their seats as at the corn before.
I leave them to their feast. There still belong
More copious matters to my faithful song.
For rules there are, though ne'er unfolded yet,
Nice rules and wise, how pudding should be ate.
Some with molasses line the luscious treat,
And mix, like bards, the useful with the sweet.



PREPARING FOR THE HUSKERS.



FEEDING THE COWS.

A wholesome dish, and well deserving praise;
A great resource in those bleak wintry days,
When the chill'd earth lies buried deep in snow,
And raging Boreas dries the shivering cow.
Bless'd cow! thy praise shall still my notes employ,
Great source of health, the only source of joy;
Mother of Egypt's god—but sure, for me,
Were I to leave my God, I'd worship thee.
How oft thy teats these pious hands have press'd!
How oft thy bounties proved my only feast!
How oft I've fed thee with my favorite grain!
And roar'd, like thee, to find thy children slain!
Ye, swains who know her various worth to prize,
Ah! house her well from winter's angry skies!
Potatoes, pumpkins should her sadness cheer,
Corn from your crib, and mashes from your beer;

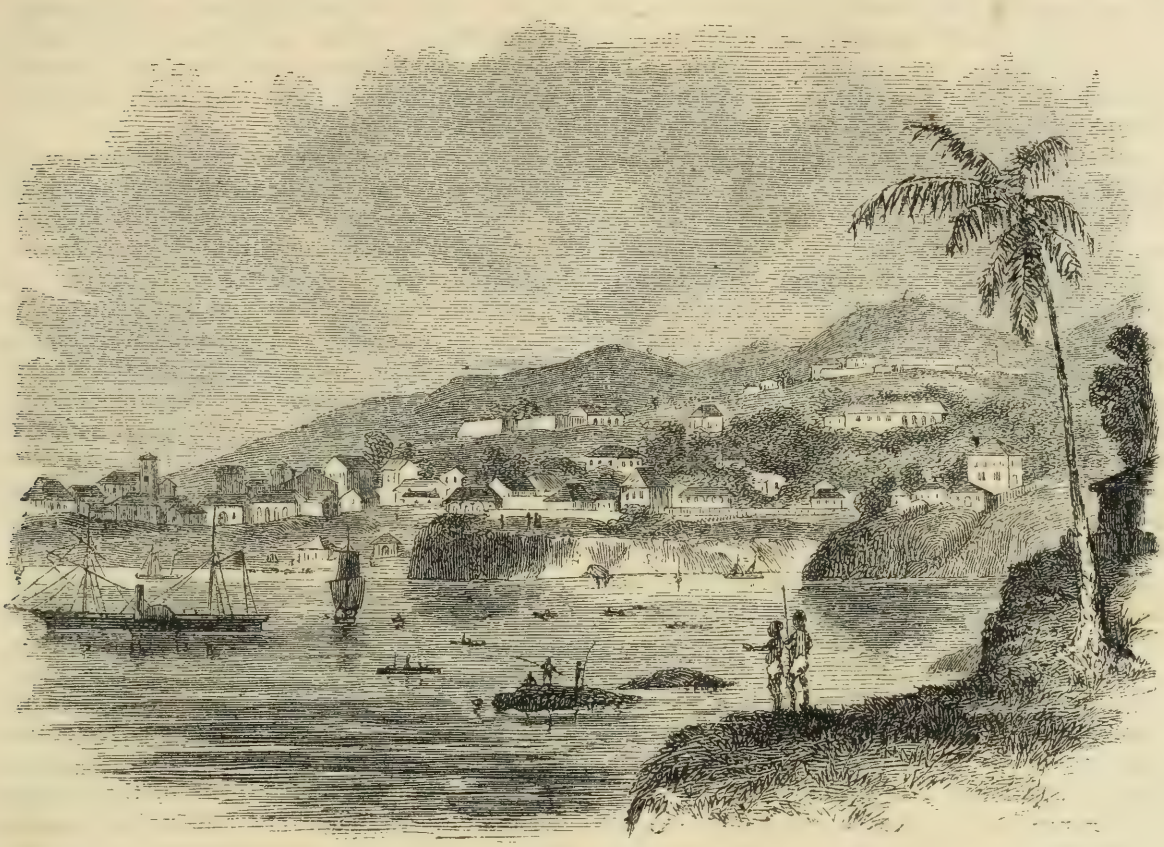


EATING HASTY PUDDING.

When spring returns, she'll well acquit the loan,
And nurse at once your infants and her own.
Milk, then, with pudding I would always choose;
To this in future I confine my muse,
Till she in haste some further hints unfold,
Well for the young, nor useless to the old.
First in your bowl the milk abundant take,
Then drop with care along the silver lake
Your flakes of pudding; these at first will hide
Their little bulk beneath the swelling tide;
But when their growing mass no more can sink,
When the soft island looms above the brink,
Then check your hand; you've got the portion due:
So taught our sires, and what they taught is true.
There is a choice in spoons. Though small appear
The nice distinction, yet to me 'tis clear.

The deep-bowl'd Gallic spoon, contrived to scoop
In ample draughts the thin, diluted soup,
Performs not well in those substantial things,
Whose mass adhesive to the metal clings;
Where the strong labial muscles must embrace
The gentle curve, and sweep the hollow space.
With ease to enter and discharge the freight,
A bowl less concave, but still more dilate,
Becomes the pudding best. The shape, the size,
A secret rests, unknown to vulgar eyes.
Experienced feeders can alone impart
A rule so much above the lore of Art.
These tuneful lips, that thousand spoons have tried,
With just precision could the point decide,
Though not in song; the muse but poorly shines
In cones, and cubes, and geometric lines;
Yet the true form, as near as she can tell,
Is that small section of a goose-egg shell,
Which in two equal portions shall divide
The distance from the centre to the side.
Fear not to slaver; 'tis no deadly sin:
Like the free Frenchman, from your joyous chin
Suspend your ready napkin; or like me,
Poise with one hand your bowl upon your knee;
Just in the zenith your wise head project;
Your full spoon, rising in a line direct,
Bold as a bucket, heed no drops that fall—
The wide-mouth'd bowl will surely catch them all!





SIERRA LEONE.

NEGROLAND AND THE NEGROES.*

TWENTY-FIVE hundred years ago—so Herodotus tells us—a company of Phœnician navigators sailed southward from the Red Sea on the eastern shore of Africa. Three years after, they passed the well-known landmarks of the Pillars of Hercules, on the opposite side of the continent, within a few days' easy sail from their starting-place. These mariners told how, as seed-time came, they had twice hauled their vessels upon the shore, planted a crop of grain, waited for it to grow and ripen, and then bearing it on board their hollow ships, had set off again on their adventurous voyage over unknown seas and along strange coasts. They related also that for a while they had seen the sun to the north of them. The Father of History was a man of large belief, but this report was too much for his credulity, and he repeats it under protest; for in all his far journeyings he had never beheld the sun except to the southward. These Phœnicians were, therefore, the first civilized men who had ever passed south of the equator, or who had seen the western slopes of the mountains that girdle the African shore.

More than two thousand years passed before the vail was again lifted, for the Carthaginian navigators never reached further south than Cape Mount, midway between Sierra Leone and Liberia. It was not till near the middle of the fifteenth century that the Portuguese made their way to the Ivory and Gold and Slave Coasts. Fifty years later Vasco de Gama rounded the Stormy Cape, misnamed of Good Hope, and for the second time completed the circumnavigation of Africa.

Neither the Catholic missionaries, who soon began their operations on a gigantic scale, nor the traders who flocked thither for gold and ivory and slaves, added greatly to the stock of knowledge respecting the people of Western Africa. It is to Protestant missionaries of our own country that we are mainly indebted for what we know of the natives of the Guinea Coast.

Mr. Wilson, from whose valuable work we propose to draw largely in this article, is probably better acquainted than any other man with the negroes of Western Africa. He has resided among them for almost a score of years. Once, in the earlier part of his missionary career, he chanced to fall among a cannibal tribe. They certainly had never heard of Sydney Smith, but manifested a particular desire to try the flavor of a bit of cold missionary. For seven years Mr. Wilson dwelt among the Krumen of Cape Palmas, and for a still longer time among the Mpongwes of the Gabun River, on the very line of the equator. He has thoroughly mastered the languages of these representatives of the two great negro races of Western Africa; has composed grammars and dictionaries of both languages, and has published books in them. He has either written or furnished the materials from which have been elaborated some of the most valuable contributions recently made to the sciences of ethnology and philology. A pamphlet on the Slave Trade, from his pen, fell under the notice of the English Government at

* *Western Africa: Its History, Present Condition, and Future Prospects.* By Rev. J. Leighton Wilson. Harper and Brothers.

a time when it was a matter of debate whether the British vessels should not be withdrawn from the Slave Coast; and as he has been informed by a letter from Lord Palmerston, this pamphlet decided the question in favor of the continuance of the effort to put a stop to the Slave Trade.

Whoever may sneer at the labors of missionaries, the philosopher and the scholar will not. They have added more than all other men to our knowledge of the uncivilized portions of the human family. Of these we have no hesitation in pronouncing the negro races of Western Africa to be the most worthy of attention. They are the ones who present most promise of a future career of civilization and Christianity. It is morally certain that a century hence there will not exist upon the face of the globe an individual of the copper-colored aborigines of North America, or of the brown races of Polynesia. Indications are not wanting that the Cingalese and Hindus will pass away before the conquering white races. We believe that the Chinese have had their youth and their manhood—such as it was—and that they are to go the way of the builders of Babylon and Nineveh, of Copan and Palenque.

The negroes, on the contrary, have shown that they can live face to face with the whites. In the West Indies they have multiplied in a condition in which the aborigines became extinct in two generations. We know how they have thriven, physically, intellectually, and morally among us. However much slaveholder and abolitionist may differ in theory and conclusion, they both insist upon the essential fact, that the colored race among us have made great advances, and are capable of and destined for still greater improvement. What the natives of the slave regions are at home, and what the country which they inhabit is, we may learn from the book of Mr. Wilson.

As we sail down the coast we pass the mouths of the great rivers Senegal and Gambia, winding through dense forests and thick jungles. Upon their banks grows the gigantic *baoba*, hugest of trees. The coast is under the control of the French and English, and is peopled by the Fulahs, Jalofs, and Mandingoes, the handsomest negroes of Africa, with tall elastic figures, woolly hair, and glossy black skins. The women, says one traveler, with a significant reservation, are as attractive as it is possible for black females to be. They are zealous Mohammedans, and are rapidly extending their faith among the tribes to the south.

At the flourishing settlements of Free-town and Monrovia we shall see a strange mingling of civilization and barbarism. The white man, rendered still paler by the wasting African fever, jostles the black emigrant from civilized countries, jauntily clad, and the sable denizen of the bush, with scarcely a rag to cover his nakedness. Free-town the chief settlement in the British colony of Sierra Leone, and Monrovia, the capital of Liberia, in spite of their unhealthy climate, may be fairly set down as successful experiments in African colonization. Monrovia, with its neat whitewashed dwellings and three or four churches presents an aspect not unlike that of American towns with a population of fifteen or eighteen hundred. Mr. Wilson makes the very sensible suggestion that the interests of both colonies would be materially advanced by the



MONROVIA.



KRU VILLAGE.

union of Sierra Leone and Liberia into one State. This new State would then have a very decided preponderance in power over all of the native kingdoms on the coast.

Leaving the settlements of Sierra Leone and Liberia, and the land of the Fulahs and Mandingoes, we pass down the coast to a country inhabited by negroes of another stock. This was once known as the "Grain Coast," not from its production of bread corn, but from the Malaguete Pepper, or "Guinea Grains," once its principal article of trade. It was formerly in great demand for giving flavor and potency to the ale and porter with which our transatlantic cousins comfort their thirsty souls. These "grains" have of late years been pronounced poisonous, and their consumption has fallen off. If we may credit Mr. Wilson, the poisonous quality belongs to a different fruit, which the natives were accustomed to mix with the genuine article, which has thus lost its reputation from being found in bad company. The country is very beautiful as we coast along. Here it spreads out into broad plains dotted over with groups of feathery palms; there it rises in wooded hills, or sinks in green valleys. The sharp conical roofs of native villages are beheld rising in every direction from among the foliage.

Long before our vessel has reached her anchorage we see a throng of tiny black objects approaching us from the shore; as they approach they take the form of canoes, in each of which three or four brawny blacks, seated upon their bent legs, are paddling with all their might to be the first to reach us. These are the Krumen, and theirs is the beautiful country before us. The crew of the foremost canoe has clambered the side of our vessel, followed at a brief interval by the others. Their object is not theft or piracy; they wish to dispose of their labor, for a very moderate compensation.

In many respects these Krumen are the most interesting race of men on the African continent. Of late years they have become the principal laborers on all foreign vessels trading to the coast of Western Africa; and hence, though they have never engaged in the Slave Trade, Johnny Kruman is well known in every settlement from Goree to Fernando Po; and now and then he makes his way as a sailor to foreign ports. As the chances are that he has picked up a "white" nickname, and a tolerable supply of very questionable English during his various cruises along-shore, he manages to make himself quite at home in New York or Liverpool or London.

If a Kruman were to write his autobiography, his first recollections would be of having his eyes thoroughly rubbed with red pepper, which is the African substitute for the use of the rod. As he grows older he is sent into the fields to scare the birds away from the rice-crop. When he approaches man's estate he is hired out to some captain, with whom he engages to remain as long as the vessel stays upon the coast;—this may be for two months or two years. The sailors now undertake his education. The first thing is to give him a "Christian" name in exchange for his native appellation. Paphruo, or Blaino, or Barrakuo, becomes transformed into "Snowball," or "Frying-Pan," or "Pea-Soup." One supercargo, whose favorite author was probably Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, named his four oarsmen respectively "Nix," "My-Dolly,"

"Pals," and "Fake-Away," so that in manning his boat, he was obliged to repeat the slang phrase of the London cracksman. The days of the week are also commonly used as names, the favorite of all being that borne by the faithful companion of our old friend Robinson Crusoe. A month's wages are paid in advance to the father or "head-man" by whom the young Kruman has been put on board; and the vessel sails away to complete her cargo on some other part of the coast. When she finally leaves, Friday ships on some other vessel, and it may be years before he finds his way back to his native village.

If by good fortune he returns to his family with a tolerable share of his accumulated wages, in the shape of cloths, guns, cutlasses, and the like, he at once becomes the lion of the village. The fatted calf is killed, guns are fired, and dances got up in his honor. He is a credit to his family, and must be furnished with a wife at once, as the first step toward taking his stand as a man of rank and respectability. Negotiations are set on foot for the purchase of a young girl; the price is agreed upon, and duly paid, and the bride is transferred to the charge of his friends. The first step has been taken, but more is to be done, for among the Krus, and in fact throughout all Africa, a man's position in society is measured by the number of his wives, quite as strictly as it is in civilized countries by the state of his bank account. He therefore sets off again, and in a few months returns with goods enough to buy another wife. In due course of time he becomes a head-man himself, and makes a profit upon the young adventurers whom he hires out. If he has good luck, by the time he is forty or fifty years old he has obtained a dozen or twenty wives, and is able to retire from business and lead the life of a gentleman of fortune and leisure. Very likely also he has inherited a number of wives by the death of a brother or uncle; for the wives of a deceased Kruman, like other property, fall to the share of some kinsman, thus keeping up the respectability of the family.

When a Kru gentleman retires from active business his domestic arrangements are wonderfully like those of our own respected fellow-citizens, Brigham Young and the other magnates of Utah. If he has any regard for "what is expected" by society, or any desire for a quiet life, he must provide a separate house for each of his wives. These he builds as close together as possible, and for the sake of privacy usually surrounds the whole with a palisade. Each hut consists of a circular wall, five or six feet in height, and from ten to thirty in diameter. Upon this is fitted a high conical roof of thatch, the eaves projecting several feet on every side. The floor is of clay, beaten hard, and sometimes paved with cocoa-nuts, which by constant friction shine like bronze globes. The fire is built upon the floor, the smoke, in default of a chimney, making its way as it best can through the thatch. Each house usually consists of but a single room, though among the upper ten one corner is sometimes partitioned off for a sleeping apartment. The furniture is of the simplest kind: a few pots, and bowls, and plates, a couple of mats for beds, wooden blocks for pillows, and a pine chest by way of wardrobe, make up the list. These, with the fondness for display innate in the African, are made, as far as possible, ornamental as well as useful. The tin washbowls and gay colored earthen plates procured from foreign vessels have holes punched in their edges, and are suspended from the walls in place of mirrors and pictures. The sleeping mats are neatly rolled up and put away, for to do the Kru matrons justice they are wonderfully cleanly and industrious, as well as good-humored. Higher qualities than these must be looked for in vain so long as the system of polygamy prevails.



KRU HOUSES.

His patriarchal establishment thus arranged, with a bevy of stout wives to attend to his wants and perform the hardest part of the labor, our Kru gentleman sets about enjoying his well-earned leisure. The cultivation and

harvesting of his rice and cassava keeps him tolerably busy for three or four months in the year; the rest of the time he is a gentleman of means, with just business enough in hand to give him pleasant employment. He gets up in the morning at such hour as he pleases, saunters about his establishment, plays a little with some of his many children, and when he has gained an appetite, drops in to breakfast with one of his wives.



AFRICAN BELLE.

The Kru *cuisine* is rather limited. Animal food is used sparingly—though in this department nothing comes amiss from a leopard to a wood-rat—and chiefly in the form of soup, so hotly peppered as to defy the palate of an East Indian. Cassava and rice are the principal articles of consumption. The Kru housewives are famous for their skill in boiling rice; and when the snowy contents of the pot are deposited into a clean wooden bowl, and the fresh, fragrant palm-oil poured over it, a man might go farther for a breakfast and fare worse. It takes time for a European to become reconciled to their mode of eating, which consists in thrusting the hand into the dish, rolling rice and oil into a ball, and then, with mouth open and head thrown back, flinging the savory mass down the throat. Not only are knife and spoon dispensed with, but even teeth seem to be of little use, which is the more remarkable, because the Krumen pride themselves greatly upon the beauty of their "ivories," and show a praiseworthy neatness in cleansing them before and after every meal.

The demands of fashion in regard to clothing are easily satisfied. A gentleman is well dressed with a strip of cotton, a couple of yards long, around his waist; a still shorter piece suffices for the costume of a Kru lady. A hat, and a large square cloth thrown over the shoulder, are proofs of very decided wealth in the wearer; the addition of a European hat and a sailor's jacket constitutes a dandy. By way of ornament, the women wear as many brass and copper rings and armlets as they can procure; but for men a broad ivory ring, upon which some friendly sailor has carved the owner's name, is held to be in better taste. Tigers' teeth, strung together, are a favorite ornament; but the most *recherché* of all is a species of blue bead, brought from the Gold Coast.

Respectable and easy as the life of a retired Kru gentleman may be, it is more than doubtful whether his domestic happiness comes quite up to his expectations. Like many another man he finds that a large establishment involves a deal of trouble. In spite of their separate huts, jealousies will now and then arise among his wives, and quarrels among their broods of children. To settle all these would tax the wisdom of Sancho Panza, while to endure them would try to the utmost the patience of Job. Not unlikely the respectable husband of a score of wives may look back with regret to his sailor days, when he was "chaffed" by the crew, "hazed" by the mate, and liable to be knocked down by the captain.

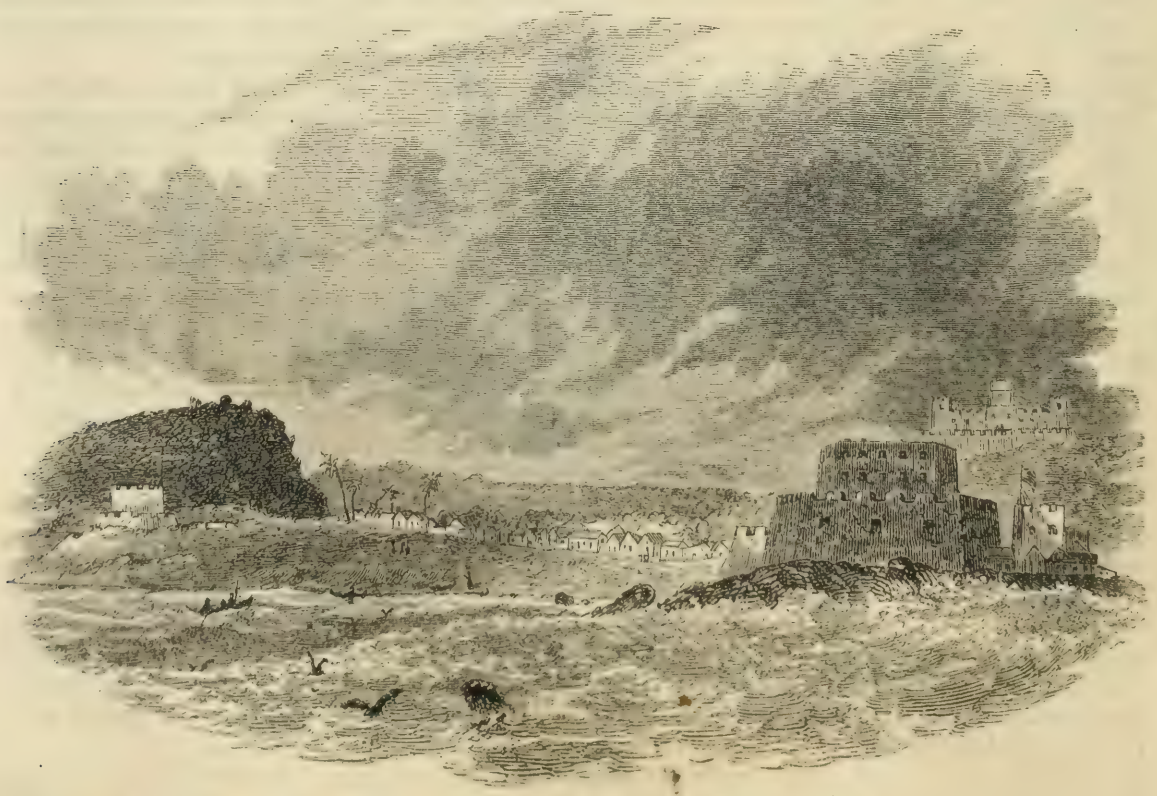
Yet it is wonderful with what tenacity polygamy is clung to by every people among whom it prevails. The Kruman is quite sure that its advantages outweigh the disagreeable accompaniments. If a man had but one wife, he reasons, how could he get his breakfast when she happened to be sick or absent? If she should chance to be out of humor, as will sometimes happen to the best of women, how could he entertain his friends as a gentleman should? So, on the whole, he votes for polygamy. The women too, strange as it may seem, are equally in favor of it. No respectable Kru family will sell their daughter, and no girl of any pretensions would willingly be sold, to a man who was supposed to be so deficient in enterprise and ambition as to content himself with a single wife. She would scorn to be connected with so humble an establishment. As well might a young American hope to induce a Fifth Avenue belle to share with him the limited paradise of a single room in the fourth story of a third-rate boarding-house.

The government of the Kru people is a pure democracy. Every village, or group of villages,

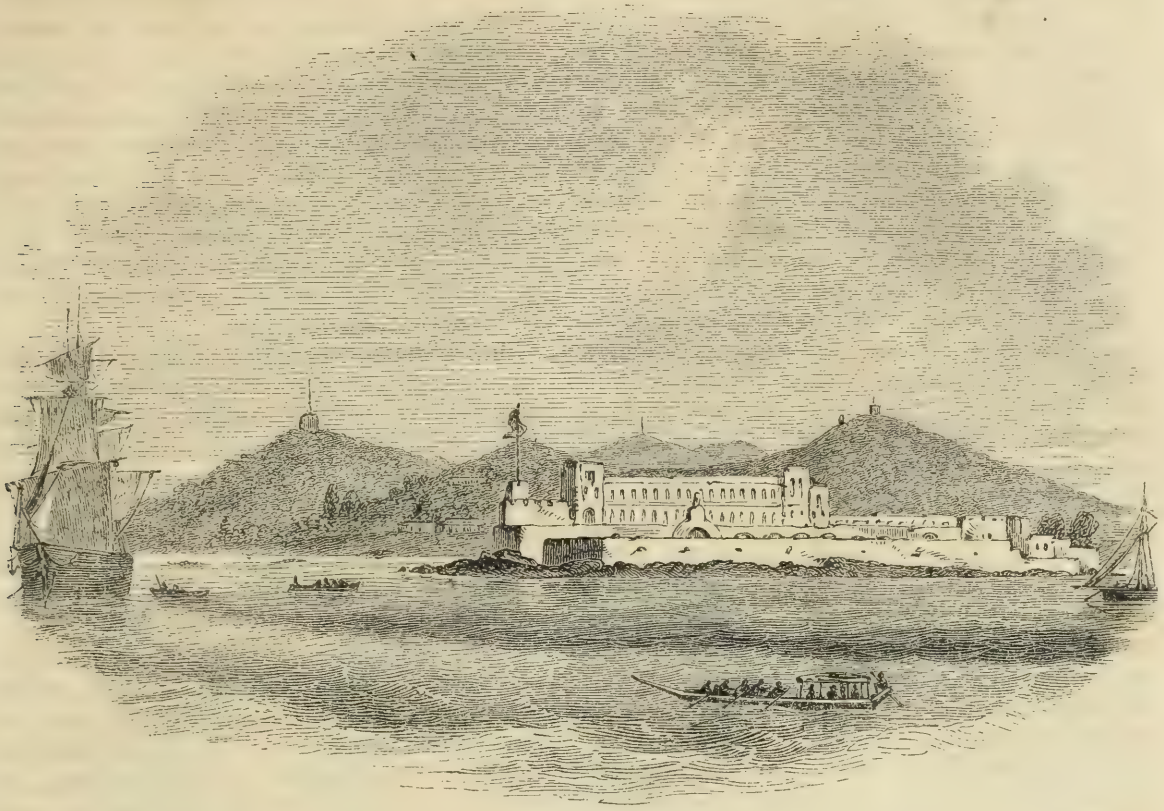
constitutes an independent community, which may number from a few hundreds of souls, up to ten or twelve thousand. In every village a large square "Palaver House" stands conspicuous in the midst of the circular huts. Here all public business is transacted. Every male adult is considered a member of the body politic, though the young men, or *Kedibo*, occupy a subordinate place. Next come the *Sedibo*, or soldiery, comprising the great body of middle-aged men. A man, before being enrolled in their ranks, must pay a fee; this is usually a cow. These form the effective strength of the community, and are not a little apt to be rapacious and overbearing. The old men, who have passed the period for active service, constitute the *Gnekbade*, or Senate. Their influence is very great; and, in ordinary cases, their decisions are law, though it sometimes happens that they are overruled by the Sedibo, yet always with a show of great respect for the elders. At the head of the Senate, in time of peace, is the *Bodio*, whose functions are mainly those of a high-priest. He takes charge of the national fetiches, and is entitled to certain choice bits from every animal that is killed for food. His house is a sanctuary, and no culprit who takes refuge there can be removed without his consent. He is held responsible for the general prosperity of the community. If the harvests happen to be unproductive, or the season unhealthy, if the fishing fails, or ships do not frequent the coast, the blame is laid upon the Bodio; and in case the evil is prolonged, he is liable to be deposed. His official insignia—a huge iron ring worn around the ankle—is looked upon with as much reverence as is paid to the circlet placed upon the head of her gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, or the iron crown of the Hapsburgs, with its veritable nail from the true cross.

Public business is conducted with great gravity and decorum. The members of our Congress or of the English Parliament might learn some valuable lessons from a Kru "palaver." Every man brings his own stool, and takes his proper place in the assembly. The discussion is opened by some one appointed for the purpose. He advances into the centre of the circle, bearing a long staff in his hand. "*Bateo*—Listen," says he. "*Bate*—We are listening," respond the auditors. When he has concluded his speech, he places the staff in the hands of some one else who desires to speak. There is no dispute as to what "honorable gentleman" is entitled to the floor. That is settled by the possession of the staff. "Admirable specimens of oratory," says Mr. Wilson, "may be heard in these African assemblies. Their popular speakers show almost as much skill in the use of happy illustrations, striking analogies, pointed arguments, historical details, and biting irony as any orators in the world; and for ease and grace of manner they are unsurpassed." When all the younger members have spoken, the Senate give their opinion, and then the whole matter is decided by popular vote.

The Gnekbade performs likewise the office of the Roman Censor. When a man is suspected of growing too powerful and proud for the safety of the State, or, as they phrase it, "got too much sass," he is forthwith mulcted in a sum that reduces him to an equality with his fellow-citizens.



ELMINA.



CAPE COAST CASTLE.

Passing the low Ivory Coast, where the long, unbroken swell of the ocean dashes furiously upon the sandbank which lines the shore, as we approach the equator we come to the region where the Slave Trade formerly had its chief seat. Almost every point and headland is crowned by a fort, erected by Europeans to protect this unholy traffic. Twenty-five of these are found within a space of two hundred miles. Since the trade in slaves has been almost wholly suppressed to the north of the equator, the greater portion of these forts have fallen into decay. Elmina, however, the first fortress erected by the Portuguese, now in the hands of the Dutch, is still kept in good repair, and strongly garrisoned. Cape Coast Castle, the residence of the British Governor of the Cape Colony, is a still more imposing fortress. Its walls inclose several acres of ground, and are mounted with more than a hundred guns. In the centre is the tall castle, the residence of the Governor. It has a garrison of natives and blacks from the West Indies, under the command of English officers. Here, a few years since, the brilliant and lamented "L. E. L." closed her earthly career. Whether by a sudden paroxysm of a disease to which she had long been subject; or by an accidental over-dose of prussic acid, taken as a remedy; or by voluntary suicide from weariness and despondency, no man knows with certainty. Her remains lie in the court-yard of the castle, the parade-ground of the garrison. A small marble tablet, with a Latin inscription, inserted in the wall opposite, commemorates her genius and her untimely fate. Her true monument, under another sky, is built of words and thoughts, not of marble or granite.

The two military despotisms of Ashanti and Dehomi furnish the only striking exceptions to the democratic communities of that portion of Western Africa lying north of the equator.

Ashanti, with its tributaries, contains some four or five millions of inhabitants. Its government is one of the most thorough despotisms in the world. The king is absolute master of the lives of every one of his subjects, and he maintains a system of espionage in his dominions which would do credit to the ingenuity of Fouché or Orloff. When a noble is summoned to the royal presence, he feels that he goes in peril of his life. He may be called to receive high honor or severe punishment. He may be about to gain some distinguished mark of favor, or to hear that his blood is required to water the grave of some member of the royal family. In either case he has nothing to do but to submit. Though the king is the heir to all the property of his subjects, he usually allows the family of a deceased person to retain all the gold which may have been wrought into ornaments. It has hence grown into a custom with the rich men to put as much of their wealth as possible into this shape. Once in the course of his life every man is allowed to make a grand display of his wealth in the streets of Kumasi, the capital. He arrays himself, his wives, and servants, in their richest robes and most splendid ornaments, and parades through the city. The amount of gold thus displayed is sometimes almost fabulous; for Ashanti is one of the richest auriferous regions in the world. The soil is every where impregnated with gold, even in the streets of Kumasi. With such abundant

sources of income, the King of Ashanti is probably by far the richest man in Africa.

Here as elsewhere a man's importance is estimated by the number of his wives. The King is prohibited from exceeding the number of three thousand three hundred and thirty-three. It is not known whether he is obliged to keep up the full complement. During the working season they are dispersed through the country, engaged in agricultural labor with their own royal hands. For the remainder of the year they are collected in Kumasi, occupying two long streets, where they are kept in strict seclusion. It is a capital crime for any man to look upon them. Sometimes they are paraded through the streets, preceded by a company of boys to warn the people to hide themselves. Those who have not time to get out of the way fling themselves down with their faces to the ground, where they lie till the procession is out of sight. Now and then, upon some extraordinary occasion, this strict rule is relaxed, and the galaxy of sable beauty may be beheld without its costing the life of the spectator. When the British Embassy was received, the King appeared in public surrounded by three hundred of his favorite wives. He was seated upon a throne encased in massive gold, his royal person enfolded in rich silken garments, with neck, arms, ankles, fingers, and toes covered with golden rings; while all his attendants were furnished with golden arms and implements of every description, brought forth from the royal treasury.

But the despotism of Ashanti pales before the still darker and more bloody absolutism of Dehomi. The King is regarded by his subjects as a demi-god. It is a grave offense to imagine that he eats or drinks or sleeps, like ordinary mortals. His meals are taken in the utmost privacy, and the wretch who should chance to see him thus engaged would be put to death on the spot. Upon certain great occasions he so far lays aside his divinity as to condescend to drink in public; but even then a curtain is interposed between him and his subjects, who prostrate themselves in adoration while he is supposed to be imbibing; and when the operation is over they rend the very heavens with their acclamations.

He is absolute proprietor of the country and every person and thing in it. The females especially are his peculiar property. No man can have a wife except by his permission. They are either sold or given as rewards for distinguished valor. The sale takes place but once a year. The price is fixed at a uniform sum, and the buyer has no privilege of choice. He must content himself with such one as his Majesty pleases to assign.

One of the most singular institutions of Dehomi is the famous body of Amazons, which constitute the *élite* of the army. Their number at present is about 5000, armed with muskets and all the weapons of African warfare. A few years ago, when the English embassy was residing in Dehomi, the king made, for their amusement, frequent displays of this favorite band. They performed all sorts of sham-fights, in order to show off their strength and dexterity. These strong-minded and strong-armed Amazons become more masculine than the men themselves, and when one wishes to reproach another for weakness or cowardice, she can find no more emphatic epithet than to say, "You



STREET IN KUMASI.



TOKO—A GABUN CHIEF.

are a man!" Their superior prowess has been quite recently displayed in a remarkable manner in connection with one of the most singular episodes of African history.

Between Dehomi and the River Niger lies a country known on the maps as Yoruba. Many years ago it was a powerful state, under the rule of a single sovereign. This was at length broken up into a multitude of petty governments, and became the favorite hunting ground of the slave-traders. Some forty years since the remnants of a few feeble tribes sought refuge in a famous cavern about seventy-five miles from the sea-shore. Here they secreted themselves, living upon roots and berries, and such food as they could find growing wild about their lurking-place. Other fugitives flocked to them, until the fragments of more than a hundred tribes were gathered in this place. They called their settlement Abeokuta, or "Understone," in memory of the cavern which had given them shelter. About fifteen years ago a number of liberated slaves from Sierra Leone came on a trading expedition to this part of the coast, from which some of them had been originally stolen. They carried back with them tidings of the settlement of Abeokuta; and a large body of civilized and Christianized freedmen from Sierra Leone at once determined to rejoin their countrymen. Between the years 1839 and 1842 these emigrants numbered five hundred. This infusion brought new life to the community, and in 1853 its inhabitants numbered more than a hundred thousand. Missionaries were sent out to them, and their efforts met with a degree of success without precedent in Africa. Abeokuta assumed the aspect of a civilized and Christianized community. About three years ago the King of Dehomi resolved to extirpate the new community, and marched against it at the head of a large army, including his female invincibles. It happened that an American missionary, Mr. Bowen, who had served as a soldier in our late war with Mexico, was at Abeokuta. He saw that other weapons than preaching must be employed against the savage invaders, and set about training the people for the contest. The Dehomans were beaten back after a desperate struggle, and their king himself was saved from capture only by the bravery with which his regiments of Amazons defended his person.

Just opposite the island of Fernando Po the Mountains of the Moon terminate at the sea-shore in a bold peak of more than fourteen thousand feet in height. These mountains form the boundary between Northern and Southern Guinea.

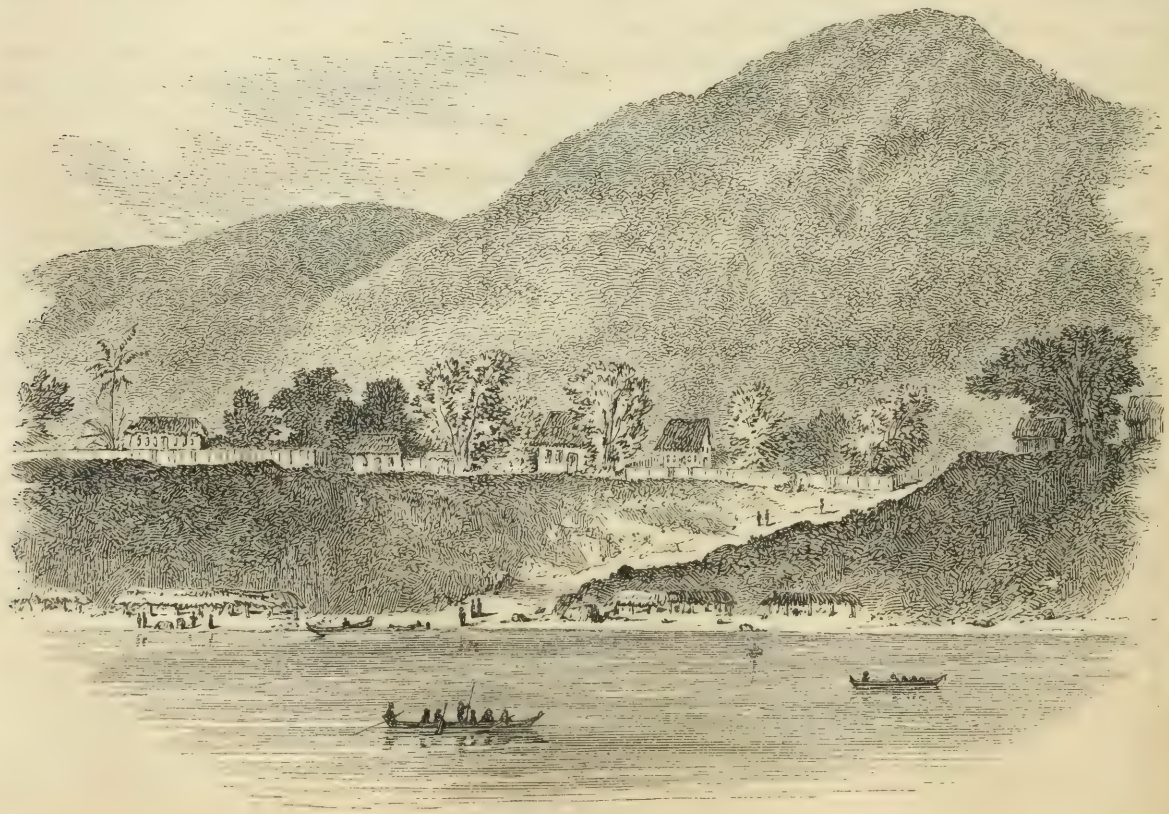
Along this coast were the chief seats of the Portuguese dominions in Africa; and in Saint Paul de Loando and Benguela they still possess two important settlements, which give them the control of the province of Angola. Spain has a nominal possession of the island of Fernando Po, which commands the mouths of the Niger. This may become a position of no little importance, when the fertile country watered by that great river is opened to commerce. At Clarence, the principal town of the island, lies the body of Richard Lander, as though keeping watch over the river, the mysterious problem of whose course he was the first to solve. No monument marks his place of rest; his great discovery is his most fitting memorial.

Since the decline of the Slave Trade, palm-oil and ivory have been the leading articles of export from the African coast. The trade in oil has grown up within the last few years, and it promises to become one of the leading branches of trade. The civilization of a people may be

pretty accurately measured by the amount of soap and cotton it consumes. No nation can claim to be thoroughly enlightened until every individual has at least three shirts made from cotton grown on the Mississippi, spun and woven on the Merrimac, and duly washed with soap made from the palm-oil of the Niger.

Congo is now a mere geographical name for a region which has furnished a larger number of slaves than any other portion of Africa. If we could put faith in the accounts of the Portuguese missionaries it was within two centuries the seat of a powerful kingdom. They speak in many cases of armies of one or two hundred thousand men; and Father Carli gravely tells us of one of 900,000, under command of a heathen monarch, Don Antonio, who were utterly put to rout by 400 Portuguese musketeers. The story of the victories of Cortéz in Mexico is outdone by the narrative of this exploit of the doughty Lusitanians; and not improbably one is about as near the truth as the other. But it is certain that Congo was the scene of one of the most remarkable missionary enterprises ever carried out by the Catholic Church. Never, perhaps, since the Day of Pentecost were converts multiplied so rapidly as in Congo. Good Father Carli says that in two years he baptized 2700; another Padre is said to have administered the holy rite to 12,000 converts in a year. Father Merolla says that he himself baptized 13,000 in five years; but when he comes to narrate the success of the labors of his brethren, his statistics partake of the miraculous: One zealous laborer made Christians of 50,000, while another, whose operations extended over a score of years, performed the saving ordinance upon more than 100,000. One thing, however, seems certain, that for nearly two centuries Christianity was the ostensible religion of the country, the rites of paganism were sternly prohibited, and the priests of the old religion were sold into slavery. Of all this great work, not a trace now exists; and, what is more wonderful than all, no record remains of the manner in which Christianity was extirpated from the country.

The dissolution of the great monarchies of Southern Guinea has left the government in a singular state. The so-called "King" is but the chief man of a village or a group of villages. He has no well-defined powers, and no revenues except the *dashes* or presents made by vessels trading with his town. The office is hereditary in a certain family; but from that family the people may choose any one as their chief. When a king dies his sister or some near female relative must occupy the throne day and night until his successor is chosen, which may not be for weeks. When a choice has been made, the people flock in a mass to the house of the new monarch. Every man, woman, child, and slave has for this day perfect impunity to say what they please to the new king, who is likely to hear unpleasant truths enough to last him his life-time. He could not be more soundly abused if he were a candidate for the Presidency of the United States. If he has ever done any thing which he would wish forgotten, it is sure to be brought to mind. He is told he must not put on any airs when he gets on the throne. Above all things he must try to get rid of the stingy disposition which he has always shown; for the meanest thing in the world is a close-fisted, niggardly king. To all this, the poor monarch elect is expected to listen with the utmost patience and meekness; and it is held that the



FERNANDO PO.



ELECTING A KING IN YORUBA.

most contemptible act of which he could possibly be guilty would be to cherish any resentment on account of it after he comes into power. They have a very sensible explanation to give of this odd custom. They say that after the king is once in power no man will dare to tell him any disagreeable truths, and they must make use of the only opportunity that will ever occur.

The natives of Southern Guinea belong to a stock entirely different from those of the north. Less robust in person, they are more dextrous and intelligent. The languages of Northern Guinea are harsh in sound, having few inflections and a meagre vocabulary. Those of Southern Guinea are remarkably soft and flowing, and are flexible beyond any others in the world. The Mpongwe dialect, which may stand as a type of all, has been thoroughly mastered by Mr. Wilson, and as far as we are qualified to judge from his grammatical analysis, it exceeds in the philosophical nature of its formation even the Greek—the tongue of the gods. It must long remain a marvel to philologists how a people but a few removes from barbarism could have framed or perpetuated such a language.

In point of finesse and cunning as traders, the natives stand pre-eminent. Yankee skippers are not usually charged with lack of capacity to drive a bargain; but they are quite overmatched by the Guinea negroes. These have indeed one advantage over the trader, of which they are not slow to avail themselves. Time is not of the least account with them. The negro who offers to sell an elephant's tusk can afford to spend a week in bargaining, while with the captain of a vessel an hour is of consequence. The negro offers his ivory with the manner of a man who is about to transact weighty business. The captain affects an air of perfect indifference. A deal of manœuvring ensues as to who shall make the first offer. The trader names a sum quite below the mark; the other rejoins by naming a sum quite as much above it. The captain don't care about trading; he is just about weighing anchor and going where ivory is cheaper; but he will make one more offer, a little better. The negro thinks there is no chance for a trade, but he will do what is fair, and lowers his price a little. So they go on approximating by degrees, until finally each reaches his ultimatum, where he declares he will stand. They are still at some distance apart. A long interval of silence ensues, and they at length agree to "split the difference." Down goes the tooth into the hold, and up come the muskets, powder, brass pans, gun-flints, and the rest of the articles wanted; for the traffic here is one of barter—the "round trade," as it is termed: so many each of some thirty different articles in exchange for a tooth.

A "corner" is sometimes got up in the ivory market with a dexterity that would do honor to Wall Street. Perhaps two vessels may be in port at the same time, each in search of ivory. The skippers are played off against each other with consummate skill; messages are carried from one to the other which neither ever dreamed of sending. Captain Larboard is told by a score of witnesses that Captain Starboard has sworn that he will buy every tooth in market, if it breaks him; and that Larboard shall not get ivory enough to make a fine-tooth comb—coupled very likely with a hint at his rival's

standing in need of such an article. Starboard is told of some similar declaration on the part of Larboard; and the two captains are soon bidding against each other. So the "Bulls" have it very decidedly in the ivory market. Or perhaps a report is started that a native up in the bush has the largest tooth ever seen. It weighs an incredible number of pounds. A cat has reared a family of kittens in its hollow. It must have belonged to the father of all elephants. Lucky will the captain be who shall add that tooth to his cargo. And what is best of all, the poor bushman does not know what it is worth. If the captain will intrust a few goods—half the value of the tooth—to the narrator of the story, he will buy the tooth for him. Very likely the captain falls into the scheme, only to find before he gets the tooth fairly into the hold of his vessel, he has, on one pretext and another, paid twice its value.

Near the mouth of the Gabun River lives the shrewdest negro in all Guinea—a bright-eyed, gray-headed, humpbacked old fellow, named Cringy. His village is perched upon a bluff, whence, spy-glass in hand, he is sure to get the first glimpse of every vessel that approaches. It matters little of what nation it may be, for Cringy speaks English, French, Portuguese, besides half-a-dozen native dialects. He has a whole library of "books"—as the Africans call any written document—certifying to his perfect honesty; and now and then, when he wants a fresh certificate, he will conduct himself with such propriety that the captain can recommend him as a model agent and factotum. But woe to the next customer after Cringy has been whitewashed. He has been put in irons half-a-dozen times by captains whom he has cheated. But somehow nobody can find it in his heart to be severe with such a good-natured, gray-headed, humpbacked old fellow; and he always gets off with a brief confinement. The captain of a French man-of-war once, acting upon African rather than European ideas of justice, compelled the whole population of the Gabun to pay certain debts that Cringy had contracted. They, of course, owe him no love, but have no way to help themselves.

The old fellow is a perfect Quilp in domestic life, and rules his household with a rough hand. It happened a few years ago that one of his wives, taking offense at his way of showing fondness, left his bed and board, and went back to her father, King George, the sovereign of a town thirty miles up the river. All Cringy's attempts to reclaim his fugitive spouse were unavailing. Just about this time the commander of a French squadron on the coast desired to enter into a treaty with King George, and Cringy was summoned to act as interpreter. He saw that he would be at all events well paid for his trouble, and his subtle brain devised a scheme for getting back his wife into the bargain; thus killing two birds with one stone. The vessels sailed up the river, and Cringy marshaled Monsieur le Capitaine and his suite into the royal presence.

"Tell King George," said the Frenchman to Cringy, "that King Louis is his friend, and wants him to sign a book that he will be a friend to the French."

The interpreter puts on a grave air, and says:

"King George, the Commodore says he is astonished that you won't give my wife back to



MR. WILSON'S RESIDENCE.—GABUN RIVER

me. He says if you don't do it at once, he will fire on your town with his great guns."

King George received this improvised communication in a manner not exactly in accordance with Cringy's expectations.

"Go out quietly and load your guns," said he to his own people, "and if the Frenchmen shed a drop of blood, don't let one of these fellows get back to their vessels; and be sure to shoot Cringy the first of all."

The cunning old humpback saw that his *coup* had failed, and at once set about appeasing his irate father-in-law. He was sorry that he had taken a mode of getting back his wife that displeased King George. The best of men did wrong sometimes; and this was the most grievous error of his whole life. But he would see that no harm came of it. One word from him to the Commodore would be sufficient to prevent him from firing upon the town; and as for his wife, why, they would talk the matter over in a friendly way.

By this time the Frenchman began to grow uneasy. He could not understand a word that had been said; but he saw that something had gone amiss, and did not like the sudden departure of King George's men.

"What does he say, Cringy?" he asked. "Will he sign the paper? And why did his men go out?"

"They have gone, Monsieur le Capitaine, to kill a sheep for your dinner; and when Monsieur le Capitaine is ready to go, King George will sign the paper."

Time was thus gained, and Cringy played his cards so well that King George agreed not only to sign the treaty but to restore the fair runaway. The high contracting parties parted on the best of terms. Cringy carried back his wife in triumph, was well paid for his services in negotiating the treaty, and a month passed before either party discovered how the cunning diplomat had played his own game, while acting as negotiator between them. If Cringy had been an Austrian, he would surely have been sent to Paris as mediator between Russia and the Allies, and it would have been strange if he had not outwitted both.

A large share of the troubles of an African's life arise, in one way and another, from his wives. The honest Kruman, as we have seen, does not escape. The Ashantis and Dehomans are obliged to wage continual wars to keep up the number that they require. These African dames have a proclivity for deserting their lords and masters when they think themselves ill used. If one goes back to her friends, the husband can demand that they should either give her up or refund the price which he paid for her. If they fail to comply with the demand, he may seize upon the property of any of her townsmen, and even inflict corporeal punishment upon them, and lay the whole responsibility upon her family. A palaver is then called, and the friends are obliged not only to make good all damages, but to give up the woman. If, however, the runaway throws herself upon the protection of some other man, he is held bound in honor to protect her at all hazards. If he can and will pay her price, the affair is ended; if not, her friends are held responsible. These complicated affairs not unfrequently lead to a deal of bloodshed before they are finally adjusted. In Southern Guinea the affair often takes a still more sanguinary turn. When a woman elopes from her husband, and he is unable to lay hands upon the fugitive, he may walk to the nearest village and shoot the first man he encounters, and announce to the people that he is satisfied, and they must look for revenge to the original wrong-doer. Nobody blames him. He is quit of the affair. But the villagers have suffered an indignity which must be wiped off upon somebody else. So they shoot a man from the next village beyond. Their hands are thus washed clean. This may be repeated a dozen times until the whole neighborhood is on its guard, and the last village is unable to pass the affront any further. A general palaver is summoned. The matter is wholly between the chief who calls the palaver, who has lost a man for whom he has got nothing, and the first offender, who has gained a wife for whom he has given nothing. All the intermediate parties have canceled their claims by shooting an innocent person. A sum is fixed which the first offender must pay to this chief in lieu of a life, and the account is declared square all around.

The African passes his life in constant dread of witchcraft. How a man comes in possession of this terrible gift is not very well settled among them. But when once he has attained it there is no limit to his power. He can transform himself into a tiger, an elephant, or a shark. He can keep back the rains, and curse the land with drought. He can bring sickness, poverty, and death upon whom he will. The possession of this power is any thing but desirable; and any African would die rather than remain under suspicion of practicing the art. Yet any man is at any moment liable to be charged with it. As every death or calamity is ascribed to this cause, it becomes a matter of moment to find out the offender. When the charge is fairly brought against a man, there is but one way for him to prove his innocence; he must submit to the *red-water* ordeal. This consists in drinking a large quantity of a decoction of the bark of a tree, which has the physical properties of a narcotic and an emetic, besides the spiritual one of detecting the perpetrator of witchcraft. The ordeal is conducted with great ceremony. A circle is formed, in the centre of which are placed pots containing the wonderful liquor. The accused, who wishes to purge himself, comes forward, almost naked, and takes his seat by the side of the vessels. The charge against him is then recited; after which he makes a solemn confession of his manifold misdeeds, but denying the special crime now laid to his charge, invoking the Divine vengeance to fall upon him



THE RED-WATER ORDEAL.

if he is guilty. He then drinks the water. If it nauseates him so that he vomits freely, he is pronounced cleared. But if he becomes giddy and delirious, his guilt is proved. A great howl of wrath rises from the spectators. The very children hoot at him, and pelt him with stones and clubs. Not unfrequently he is dragged about until life is extinct. His nearest kindred dare manifest no sympathy or offer any remonstrance. But if the infallible red-water pronounces him guiltless, he receives a solemn ovation. He is fêted and feasted; honors and presents are showered upon him almost without stint. Nor does his triumph end here. His accusers are in turn arraigned; and they must go through the red-water ordeal, or pay a fine to the man whom they had attempted to ruin.

The *Deyâbo*, or Doctor, is an important personage among the Krumen. His duties are both medical and priestly. No one is permitted to exercise the functions of this office until he has spent a couple of years with some famous practitioner. During all this time he must never cut his hair nor wash his person. What the precise connection is between dirt and sanctity has never been made out; but the existence of few facts is supported by the evidence of a more wide-spread belief. When his two years' novitiate has expired, the young aspirant is required to give a public proof of his proficiency. A number of earthen jars are brought out, in one of which the head of a chicken has been secretly deposited. If, like young Bassanio at Belmont, he succeeds in promptly pointing out the one in which the hidden article is concealed, his trial is pronounced successful, and his qualifications are henceforth never to be disputed. He is now permitted the luxury of a thorough ablution, and the accumulated two years' growth of wool is solemnly shorn from his head, and put in his possession to be carefully preserved, as upon this his whole professional skill depends. He also receives his diploma, which consists of a monkey's skin. The practice of the Deyâbo is conducted on the quack principle of no cure, no pay. If the case is a serious one, he must deposit with the family of the patient the bundle of hair that was shorn from his head at the time of his initiation. This is a kind of security for the faithful discharge of his duty.

Few countries offer as many attractions to the hunter as Southern Guinea. The monkey tribe, perhaps, do not come within the category of game, though an exception might almost be made—for or against—of the formidable *Trogdolytes Gorilla*, known and feared by the natives under the name of *Njena*. No specimen of this animal has ever yet found its way into our menageries. Mr. Wilson, who was the first to make its existence known to the civilized world, describes it as the most powerful of the Chimpanzee family. One, whose skeleton has been presented by him to the Natural Historical Society of Boston, must, when living, have been five and a half feet high, measuring four feet across the shoulders. An ugly beast he is. The natives say that he can crush a musket-barrel between his teeth. The crocodile is a pleasant friend to meet in the rivers, while the boa constrictor, or rather typhon, adds a special charm to the jungles. Mr. Wilson himself never happened to meet with one of these of more than five-and-twenty feet in length; this the natives did not consider much of a snake, affirming that they grow much larger. He once assisted in extricating a favorite dog from the coils of one of these monsters, who had seized him and was leisurely sliming him over preparatory to swallowing. The dog was not injured, but it was a week before he got rid of the varnish with which the reptile had covered him. The typhon has

no poison-fang, and his teeth hook downward, so that when he begins to swallow any thing, it must go down, or he will be choked to death. Some of the negroes eat this creature; but those of a refined taste rather object to it.

Lions are unknown on the Western Coast; so that we fear it would present few attractions to Monsieur Jules Gérard, the "Lion Killer of Algeria," whose special mission seems to be to wage war upon the King of Beasts. If he could descend to more ignoble game, he would find in the African tiger, or leopard, an antagonist not altogether unworthy of his rifle.

But Mr. Baker, the Ceylon elephant-killer, whose exploits have furnished us with materials for a couple of papers, and the redoubtable Gordon Cumming, might enjoy themselves vastly, and put money in their purse besides, by entering upon a crusade against the elephants of Guinea. Baker's tuskless Ceylon elephants, though nuisances while alive, are worthless when dead; and Cumming had to make long expeditions from the Cape in order to procure ivory. But in Guinea great "tuskers," whose every tooth is worth a nugget, come down to the very coast in such numbers that the natives, with their inefficient weapons, manage to kill ten or fifteen thousand every year in the Gabun district alone. After reading the scientific manner in which our Ceylon friend dispatches a huge "rogue" with a single ball from his favorite "two-ounce," it is painful to hear of the unscientific "tooling" to which, from want of proper instruments, the African hunter is obliged to resort. Armed with an old musket, loaded with a triple charge of powder, and filled to the muzzle with slugs and spikes and rusty nails, he creeps up behind and under the elephant, who is busily munching a fresh tree-top, and gives him the miscellaneous contents of the piece, which go crashing in like a carronade broadside fired point-blank into the hull of a man-of-war. Such a piece, so loaded, can not be discharged from the shoulder, but must be held at arm's-length; it is, therefore, a matter of chance whether any vital part is hit. If not, the hunter must look out for himself. His only hope of safety is to take to a tree, and keep running around it till the elephant is wearied with the chase, and gives it up. One false step or stumble, and the elephant is upon him.

Nor do we much more affect the other mode of killing the elephant described by Mr. Wilson. There is a forest vine which the natives suppose is so hateful to the elephant that he will never pass over it unless goaded by wounds. This is drawn around the space where a drove is feeding. Poisoned plantains are then scattered about, which the beasts devour greedily. When they have become weakened by the poison, the negroes prod them with spears until they give up the ghost from sheer loss of blood. How different this from Mr. Baker's single ball, at six yards' distance, sent through the forehead into the brain, while the elephant is dashing up, head-on, with lowered trunk. Any thing worth doing at all is worth doing well, as De Quincey argues in his famous "Murder as one of the Fine Arts." So, though no Nimrods ourselves, we hope that elephant hunting in Guinea will soon be conducted upon more artistic principles.



BOA CONSTRICTOR.

From elephants to ants may seem a long stride. But the Guinea ants are not to be despised; and the man who shall find some way of exterminating one or two species will do a greater service than if he had rid the country of elephants, tigers, crocodiles, and typhons.

Of this class, however, are not the famous *termites*, whose tumuli are decidedly better specimens of architecture than the native huts. These are eight or ten feet in diameter, and a little more in height, built of clay, in a conical form, and ornamented with turrets. They have no external opening, and the builders are never seen unless their habitations are broken into; in which case they show plenty of pluck. Break off one of the turrets, and an engineer mounts to the breach, examines the injury, and summons the laborers to repair it, which

they do with clay brought ready-tempered from within. The tumulus is a great city, with streets and avenues innumerable. In the very centre is the royal palace, the abode of the Queen and Mother of all. Her Majesty, like the sculptured kings on the monuments of Nineveh, exceeds her subjects in size tenfold. It is not easy to get a sight of her. Unless the mound is demolished very rapidly, her subjects contrive to carry her off through the subterranean ways.

The great pest is a little white ant, that burrows in the ground, and makes constant predatory expeditions. Books and clothing seem to be their favorite plunder, though furniture, and provisions of all kinds are highly acceptable. When they get into a box of clothing they begin by boring holes through and through, as if of set purpose to render it useless to the human proprietor. To get at any elevated object, they construct a sort of covered archway of clay, tempered by a secretion from their own bodies. The only way to secure provisions from them is to put them upon a scaffold, elevated upon posts. If these are kept well covered with soft pitch, the ants can not cross it. But let this get hard, and they throw their covered way across, and swarm to the plunder. Their perseverance is indomitable; tear down their arched approach, and they set about rebuilding it forthwith. This they will do a score of times in succession, and the only sure way of compelling them to abandon their work, is to sprinkle arsenic along its course. But even then, if there is something particularly to their taste to be gained, they will build a new approach by the side of the old one. A little of this active poison scattered about a box or bureau will effectually keep them away; but this remedy, like many another powerful medicine, is too dangerous to admit of general application.



ELEPHANT HUNTING.

The ant of ants is the "*Driver*," a little black fellow for whom every thing that walks or creeps must make way. They march about the country in solid columns half a mile long, with scouts flung out in front and on the flanks to see that the way is clear. When they come to a footpath, where danger is apprehended, two parallel files of soldiers are stationed across, standing upright at a short distance apart; other ants stretch themselves across the space between the files, interlocking their claws with the extended fore-claws of their supporters, so as to form with their bodies a perfect arch. This is bound firmly together by others, who stretch themselves lengthwise along it. A covered way is thus constructed under which the females and the laborers who bear the larva may pass with security. This living arch is so firmly bound together that a man may put a cane under its centre, and lift it bodily from the ground without breaking it. When disturbed, the whole army spread themselves over a considerable space, over which few animals dare attempt to pass. If they encounter the carcass of any animal in their march, they do not leave it till it is all devoured. They will make way with the body of an elephant in a few days. Living animals are not safe from their assaults. A horse or a cow, shut up with an army of them, will be harassed to death in a few hours, and in the course of a couple of days will be devoured, with the exception of the hair and skeleton. It has been said that criminals were once punished, in some parts of the country, by being bound fast and laid in the track of the Drivers, in which case they would be devoured piecemeal. There is, however, reason to believe that this refinement in cruelty is a pure invention; at all events, no such practice now exists.



ANT HILLS.

The "Drivers" very frequently visit the houses of the natives. It is of very little use to attempt to stay their progress, and the better way is for the inhabitants to vacate their dwellings while the ants are in possession. Their occupancy usually lasts but a few hours, and on their departure it is found that the house has been thoroughly cleared of every species of insect and vermin. The inhabitants indeed first learn that the Drivers are present by the fluttering of the cockroaches and the squeaking of the mice that are undergoing martyrdom. There is no chance of escape for an individual of these vermin, for the ants are every where, over the floor, under the roof, and along the walls, in every nook and crevice, in every hole, crack, and corner. The visits of the ants are usually made at night, and in the morning, if they have completed their work, they take their departure, leaving the floor strewed with the wings of cockroaches, and the bones and skins of mice. Cases have been known in which the sick and infirm who had no one to carry them off, have been utterly destroyed by these terrible Drivers. But taking all things into account, it is considered that they are a blessing rather than a pest; the temporary inconvenience of their visits being more than counterbalanced by their leaving the house free from other insects, which is no small matter in a tropical country.

So long as the Slave Trade existed, there was no hope for the civilization of the countries cursed by it. That traffic is now virtually extinct. A cargo is indeed now and then shipped by stealth, much as a house is occasionally robbed or a pocket picked among us. The death-blow to the Slave Trade was given by the prohibition of the importation of slaves into Brazil, by which the second half of this century was signalized. In 1848 there were introduced into Brazil 60,000 slaves; in 1852 only 700, of whom a large share were seized by the government. Cuba is now the chief market for the Slave Trade. With the decay of this has grown up, step by step, a very extensive commerce in the natural products of the country. Few regions on the globe are capable of producing an equal variety or amount of articles of legitimate commerce, and certainly no tropical country has a native population from whom so much may be expected, in turning these natural advantages to account. The Africans are a barbarous, but not a worn-out and effete race. They have a future before them. Their civilization will not be accomplished in one generation, perhaps not in five or ten. But it took quite as many generations to transform the wandering Pelasgi into the glorious Greeks; the rude Oscan and Etruscan tribes into the stately Romans; or the heterogeneous mixture of vagabond Celts, Scandinavian pirates, and Teutonic robbers into those kindred composite races which for want of better terms we denominate Gallic and Anglo-Saxon. The Sclavonic races, like the Negro, have no past, only a future. If, from the small portion of its orbit through which modern civilization has passed, we may venture to lay down its course for the next thousand years, we should say that the maritime portions of the temperate zone were reserved for the sea-loving Celto-Teutonic stock; the great interior plains and table-lands of Europe and Asia for the Sclavonic race; while the tropics belong to the African families.

THE GREAT SEAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

IN the year 1830 I lived four months with a bachelor kinsman not far from Washington Square, in Philadelphia. His house was sandwiched between the residences of two highly intelligent octogenarians, and was the neutral ground where they met, four nights in each week, to discuss the news of the day, taste my kinsman's good wine, help each other remember the stirring incidents of the old war for Freedom, and to fight those battles over again. I was then a fledgling of twenty summers, and had nothing to do but to sit and listen to the gray-beards, with ears, and eyes, and mouth wide open. I sat like a sponge, absorbing at all points; and during that four months' sojourn I imbibed an enormous quantity of the spirit of seventy-six. It went immediately to the brain, where it produced a chronic monomania, which the doctors pronounce incurable.

Uncle Billy, the senior by ninety days, had been a successful merchant long before the Fairmount Reservoir was built; and during much of the War for Independence he was a clerk with Robert Morris, the great financier of that old contest for right. The Squire had been all his life a miscellaneous man—a sort of Caleb Quotem. When the first Congress met in Philadelphia, he was a sub-editor of Bradford's *Pennsylvania Journal*, and always boasted of having engraved with his pen-knife that ugly-looking, disjointed snake, which figured at the head of the paper all that spring and summer, to the great annoyance of the King's men. The Squire afterward became a factotum of Aitkin's *Pennsylvania Magazine*, and frequently spoke of his amazement at the speed of Tom Paine's pen, after he had swallowed his third glass of brandy, when writing his promised monthly contribution to that periodical, in the little back room of Aitkin's establishment at the Pope's Head, above the London Coffee-House, in Market Street. The Squire was also a sort of Ariel in the public bodies of that day, and his memory being as good as phonography, he was a reporter of sayings and doings, in high repute. He was a favorite with those old Congressmen, and he followed them in their two flights, first to Baltimore and then to York. Such were the Gamaliels of living history, at whose feet I nightly sat and listened.

One day my kinsman showed me a commission, signed by Charles Thomson, the Secretary of the Continental Congress, and bearing the broad, recumbent seal of the United States, precisely the same in device as the Government signet of to-day. My curiosity was excited, and I waited impatiently for Uncle Billy and the Squire. They were always as punctual as a creditor, and at precisely seven in the evening the oracles appeared. I handed the parchment to Uncle Billy, and asked him to give me a history of the seal.

"Here, Squire," said Uncle Billy, "you know more of this than I. Tell the boy all about it."

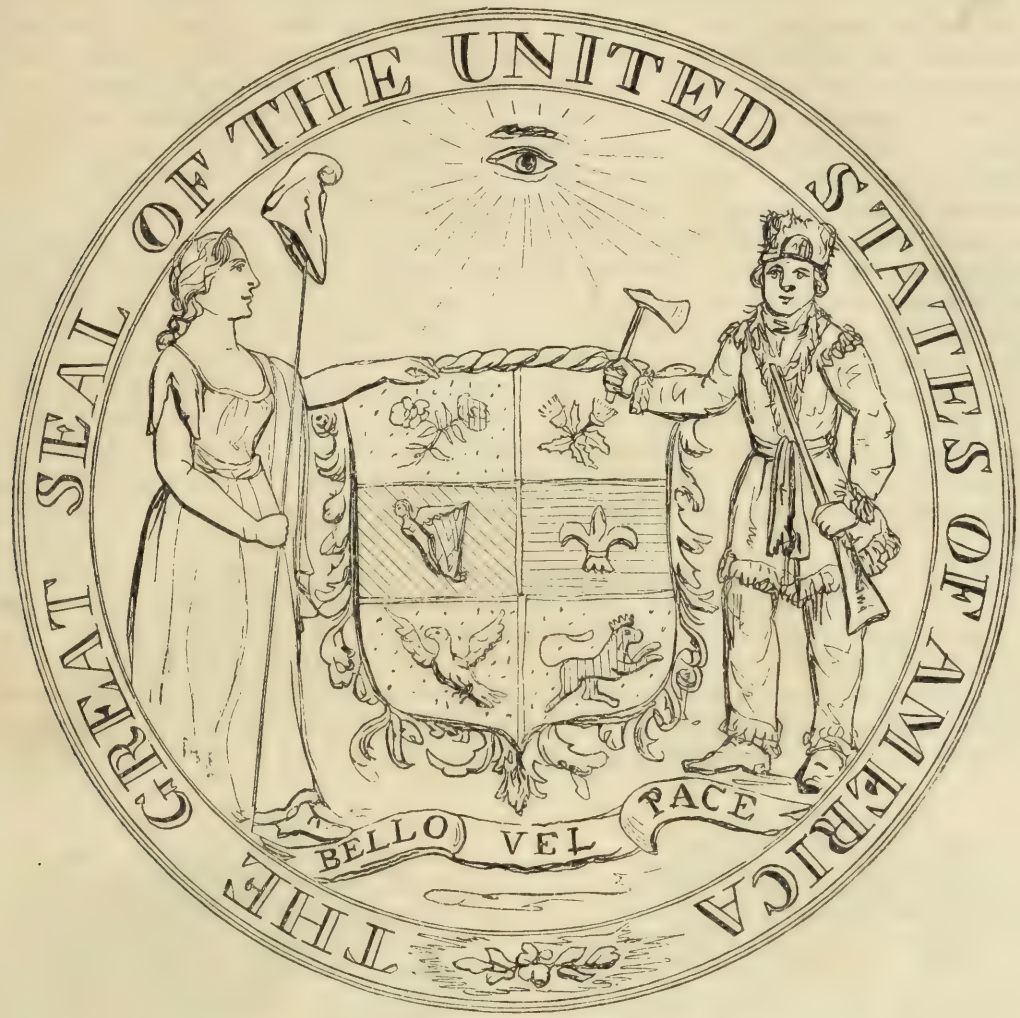
The Squire glanced at the parchment, brushed a gathering tear from his eye after looking at the solid signature of his old friend Thomson, and then commenced opening the sphinx, by asking Uncle Billy if he remembered the dreadful thunder-storm on the night of the third of July, 1776, and the cool, bracing wind from the north the next morning.

"Don't I, Squire," said Uncle Billy, shaking his head, and then lighting his pipe. "Morris sent me to Chester that night on some public business, and I thought I would freeze before I reached Philadelphia the next morning at daylight. Tom Jefferson came into the counting-room that morning, when on his way to the State House, and told Morris that his thermometer indicated only sixty-eight degrees—eight degrees below summer-heat. I remember, too, that an electric rod, which Dr. Franklin had placed on Parson Duchè's house, a little out of town, was bent by lightning during the storm. Pity it hadn't bent the frightened Tory back to a good Whig, as he seemed to be, when he preached that patriotic sermon in Christ Church, just a year before, to the First Battalion of Philadelphia."

"Well, Billy," said the Squire, "that, you know, was the day, with the wind from the north, when Congress coolly declared the colonies free and independent States. I well remember it was about two o'clock in the afternoon when the final vote was taken. I was in a corner of the room listening, and when the deep silence of the moment was broken by Dr. Franklin, saying, 'Well, gentlemen, we must now all hang together, or we must hang separately,' I concluded they would all go home to dinner, and not return again. But they did return. Those old fellows didn't take the people's money without earning it; and they remained until almost sunset. After disposing of a dozen other items of public business, they appointed a committee of three to prepare a great seal for the new empire. I thought that about the coolest proceeding of the day. The baby republic was only four hours old, and nobody felt certain it would live, and yet, with Britannia's doubled fist under their noses, they impudently proposed to give the bantling a coat of arms as heavy in its weight of sovereignty as Saul's mail was in brass."

"Ay, Squire, those men saw a great way beyond their noses, even with Britannia's fist there. They swore the baby should live, and, you know, they generally practiced what they preached. But who were the committee?"

"Let me see," mused the Squire, as he also lighted his pipe. "Oh! I remember. Dr. Franklin, whom we all thought knew every thing, and could do every thing, was made the chairman. John Adams, the plump Bostonian, in his claret-colored coat, whose bald head made him appear like a man of sixty, rather than a man of forty, as he was, was next named; and then that tall bean-stalk, Jefferson, the youngest of the three, who was only two-and-thirty years



DU SIMITIERE'S DESIGN.*

of age. But he had a world of book-wisdom under that wiry red hair of his."

"Yes, yes," said Uncle Billy, "I well remember, now, how Jefferson talked with Morris about it a day or two afterward; and perhaps a month or six weeks later, he gave Morris his plan for a seal on a bit of paper. He said it was not all original, but contained also the ideas of Adams and Franklin, the same as the Declaration of Independence did. You know how Jefferson could always use the ideas of other people as well as his own, and make them appear as fresh and bright as if just coined at the mint of his own brain. I remember seeing some rough devices for the seal, made with a pen. Do you remember who drew them?"

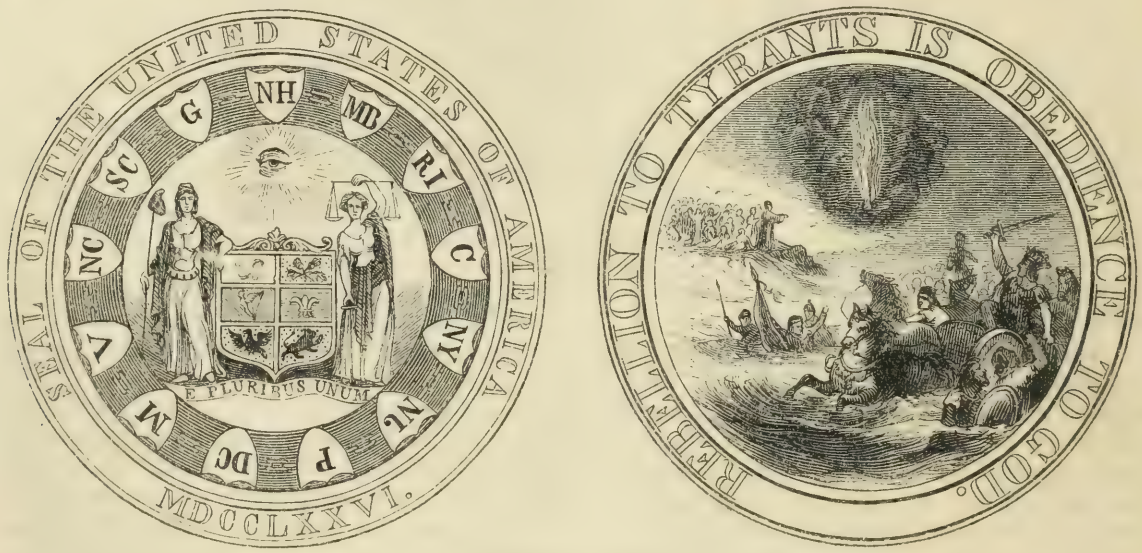
"Yes; a little West India Frenchman, named Du Simitiere, who used to cut profiles in black paper, paint miniatures and other pictures in water-colors, and, I was told, commenced collecting materials for a history of the Revolution by saving cuttings from newspapers of the time. In fact, I think I have seen four or five volumes that he prepared, in this way, in our City Library. Well, one hot afternoon, Franklin, Adams, and Du Simitiere, came into the little back-room of Atkin's establishment, and, using a little table on which I had been writing a notice of the arrival of the British fleet at Sandy Hook, for Bradford's paper, they there discussed the subject. The Frenchman displayed his sketches. In one of them he showed the arms of the several nations from whence America had been peopled, as English, Scotch, Irish, Dutch, German, etc., each in a shield. On one side of them he placed Liberty, with her cap; on the other a rifleman in his uniform, with his rifle in one hand and a tomahawk in the other, that dress and weapons being peculiar to America. Dr. Franklin proposed for the device, Moses lifting his wand and dividing the Red Sea, and Pharoah and his chariot overwhelmed with the waters. For a motto, the words of Cromwell, I believe: 'REBELLION TO TYRANTS IS OBEDIENCE TO GOD.' Adams proposed the Choice of Hercules, as engraved by Gribelin in some editions of Lord Shaftesbury's works: the hero resting on a club, Virtue pointing to her rugged mountain on one hand, and persuading him to ascend; and Sloth, glancing at her flowery paths of pleasure, wantonly reclining on the ground, dis-

* All of the illustrations in this article are correct copies of rude sketches now in the archives of the State Department at Washington City, except the representation of the seal proposed by Jefferson. This was drawn by the writer of this article, from the description of Mr. Jefferson, in his own handwriting, now among other records of the proceedings of the several committees, in the State Department. This is the exact size of all of the originals. The remainder are reduced to half the size of the originals, and, like this, present fac-similes of the rude style of drawings.

playing the charms both of her eloquence and person, to seduce him into vice. While they were discussing the matter, Jefferson came in, and he proposed, as a device, the Children of Israel in the Wilderness, led by a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night; and, on the other side, Hengist and Horsa, the Saxon chiefs, from whom we claim the honor of being descended, and whose political principles and form of government we have assumed. Franklin and Adams then, as they did when they had discussed the material for the Declaration of Independence, requested Jefferson to combine their ideas in a compact description of a proper device for a great seal. He did so, and that paper, in his handwriting, is now in the office of the Secretary of State, in Washington City."

"Do you remember its contents?" I eagerly inquired.

"I think I do," responded the Squire, taking a sip of wine. "He proposed, as the arms, a shield with six quarterings, *parti* one, *coupi* two, in heraldic phrase. The first gold, and an enameled rose, red and white, for England; the second white, with a thistle, in its proper colors, for Scotland; the third green, with a harp of gold, for Ireland; the fourth blue, with a golden lily-flower, for France; the fifth gold, with the imperial black eagle, for Germany; and the sixth gold, with the Belgic crowned red lion, for Holland. These denoted the countries from which America had been peopled. He proposed to place the shield within a red border, on which there should be thirteen white escutcheons, linked together by a gold chain, each bearing appropriate initials, in black, of the thirteen confederated States. He also proposed, as supporters, the Goddess of Liberty on the right side, in a corslet of armor, in allusion to the then state of war, and holding the spear and cap in her right hand, while with her left she supported the shield of the States. On the left hand the Goddess of Justice, leaning on a sword in her right hand, and in her left a balance. The crest, the eye of Providence in a radiant triangle, whose glory should extend over the shield, and beyond the figures. Motto: E Pluribus Unum—'Many in one.' Around the whole, Seal of the United States of America. MDCCLXXVI. For the reverse, he proposed the following device: Pharaoh, sitting in an open chariot, a crown on his head and a



JEFFERSON'S DESIGN.

sword in his hand, passing through the divided waters of the Red Sea in pursuit of the Israelites. Rays from a pillar of fire in a cloud, expressive of the Divine presence and command, beaming on Moses, who stands on the shore, and, extending his hand over the sea, causes it to overwhelm Pharaoh. Motto: Rebellion to Tyrants is obedience to God. This motto Mr. Jefferson had inscribed on his own private seal."

"That would have made a noble seal," I said. "Why didn't they adopt it?"

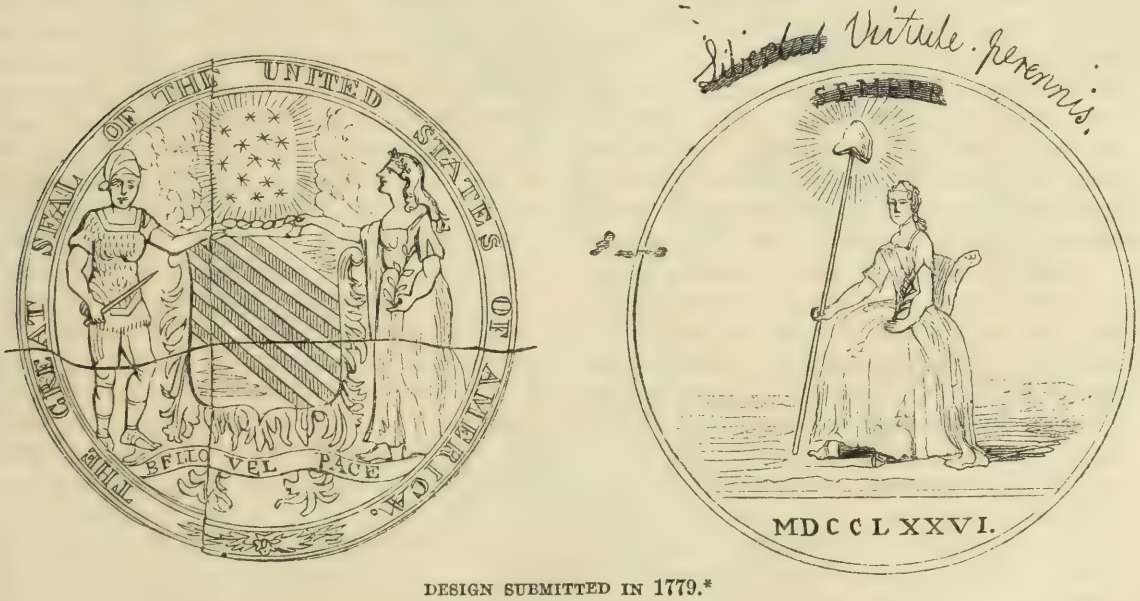
"I don't know," replied the Squire. "The fact is, we all had something more important to think of, soon after that, than making seals for a government that seemed, for a long time, to have no more stable foundation than paper—a paper declaration of existence, and a paper currency. The committee made some sort of a report on the 10th of August, but Thomson did not think it of sufficient importance to put it on record; and nothing more was done, I believe, until the spring of 1779. Jefferson, you know, soon went to Virginia; Franklin was sent to Europe to help Silas Deane, or to watch him, I don't know which; and our army, under Washington, was sadly beaten and battered on Long Island, and finally driven across the Jerseys, to the frozen banks of the Delaware."

"And Morris sent me there with a heap of hard money for them, I remember, just before Christmas," added Uncle Billy.

"And what was done in the spring of 1779?" I inquired.

"Well—let me see," mused the Squire. "I had had a hard time of it in the mean while, with the rest of the Whigs. When Congress thought the British, who were chasing Washington across the Jerseys, would come on to

Philadelphia, they told the Chief to do just what he pleased, and then they pulled up the stakes of their tents and fled to Baltimore. I went there too, and wrote many paragraphs for Goddard's paper. The next year, you remember, our army got nicely thrashed at Brandywine, and then the British did go to Philadelphia in earnest. Congress hurried off to York, in the interior of the State, where I too found safety and bread and butter; but our old friend, Aitkin, was locked up in the Walnut Street prison, and badly treated for a while. Finally, when the British thought a French fleet was coming to the Delaware, they ran away from Philadelphia. Congress came back, and matters going a little smoother, they began to think of independent sovereignty again. One morning in March—I think the 24th—the wet snow ankle-deep, I went to the State House for news. In the course of the forenoon James Lovell, who had been a schoolmaster in Boston, and a prisoner for conscience' sake at Halifax, but was now an active member of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence, moved the appointment of a committee to prepare a device for a Great Seal. John Jay, the fiery young Huguenot from New York, was in the Presidential chair, and he appointed Mr. Lovell, with Scott of Virginia, and Houstoun of Georgia, such committee. They reported on the 10th of May following. They proposed to make a seal four inches in diameter. On one side the arms of the United States, composed of a shield with thirteen diagonal stripes, alternate red and white. For supporters, a warrior holding a sword, on one side; and on the other a figure representing Peace, bearing an olive branch. The crest, a radiant constellation of thirteen stars. Motto: BELLO VEL PACE; and the legend, SEAL OF THE UNITED STATES. On the reverse, the figure of Liberty, seated in a chair, holding the staff and cap. Motto: SEMPER: and underneath, MDCCLXXVI. This report was recommitted; and just a year afterward, to a day, another report was presented. This report was almost exactly like the former, and on comparison of the drawings with pen and ink, submitted each time, I found they differed only in a single figure, and in the mottoes. The sketches, I believe, were made by Du Simitiere, who then lived with an aged widow lady a few doors from the house of Peter S. Duponceau.



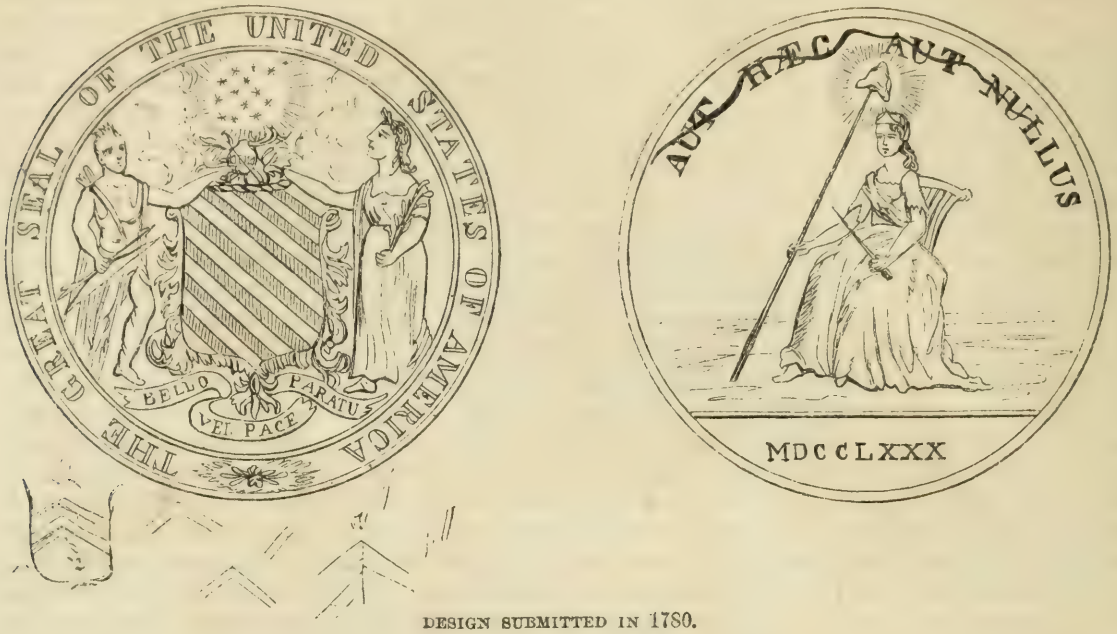
DESIGN SUBMITTED IN 1779.*

"But Congress seemed hard to please," continued the Squire. "They didn't accept the last report, and there the matter rested, as my friend Thomson told me, until April, 1782, when Henry Middleton, Elias Boudinot, and Edward Rutledge were appointed a committee to prepare a great seal. They reported, on the 9th of May following, substantially the same as the committees of 1779 and 1780 had done. Congress, despairing of getting any thing satisfactory from a committee, referred the whole matter to Charles Thomson, its secretary, on the 13th of June."

"But somebody told me that our old friend, Will Barton, Dr. Ben's younger brother, made the device for our great seal. Was it not he, instead of Du Simitiere, who made the drawings for Lovell's Committee?"

"No, no, Billy," said the Squire, a little impatiently, "he had nothing to do with it until the whole matter was placed in Thomson's hands. At that time I was very intimate with Thomson, although he was twenty years older than I. You remember, Billy, his thin face and figure, furrowed countenance, hollow, sparkling eyes, and thin white hair at the close of the war, though he was then only fifty-three years old. He appeared to be sixty-three, at least. Well, as I was saying, Thomson and I were intimate, and I well remember being at his house at about the middle of June, when he told me of the reference of the whole matter to him. He then showed me a large drawing made the

* The original design was torn, and pasted on another piece of paper, as here represented, and presenting some blots, erasures, and a line drawn with a pen across one part. The next one also shows some hints made with a pen, probably while the committee were in consultation.



DESIGN SUBMITTED IN 1780.

day before by Barton, who, you know, was a fine scholar and a fair artist. He also read a description of a device, written by Barton, but differing somewhat from his drawing. Dr. Arthur Lee and Elias Boudinot, who had accompanied Thomson when he called on Barton for a device, came in the same evening, and we discussed the subject pretty thoroughly. They did not fancy Barton's design for the arms, because it was too elaborate; but they liked his small sketch for the reverse of the seal, which was an unfinished pyramid with the eye of Providence, in a radiant triangle, over it. Finally, Thomson showed us an exceedingly simple and appropriate device, which Adams had sent to him from England, and approved of. Hoping something as good would be made by his own countrymen, he had withheld it, because it had been suggested to Mr. Adams by a proud member of the British aristocracy. All agreed that the device from England was the best yet offered. Thomson reported it to Congress on the 20th of June, and it was adopted. So you see that we are indebted for our national arms to a titled aristocrat of the country with which we were then at war!"

"Is it possible!" we exclaimed. "Do you know the name of that titled Englishman?"

"One thing at a time," said the Squire, filling his pipe. "Let me tell you first about Barton's device. He proposed an escutcheon with a blue border, spangled with thirteen stars, and divided in the centre, perpendicularly, by a gold bar. On each side of this division, within the blue border, thirteen bars or stripes, alternate red and white, like the American flag adopted on the 14th of June, 1777. Over the gold bar an eye surrounded with a glory, and in the gold bar a Doric column, resting on the base of the escutcheon, having a displayed eagle on its summit. The crest, a helmet of burnished gold, damasked, grated with six bars, and surmounted by a red cap of dignity, such as dukes wear, with black lining, and a cock armed with gaffs. For supporters: on one side the Genius of America—represented by a maiden with loose auburn tresses, having on her head a radiant crown of gold, encircled with a sky-blue fillet, spangled with silver stars, and clothed in a long, loose, white garment, bordered with green. From the right shoulder to the left side, a blue scarf with stars, the cinctures thereof the same as in the border. Around her waist a purple girdle fringed with gold, and the word Virtue embroidered in white. She rested her interior hand on the escutcheon, and in the other held the standard of the United States, on the top of which was perched a white dove. The supporter on the other side was a man in complete armor; his sword-belt blue, fringed with gold; his helmet encircled with a wreath of laurels, and crested with one white and two blue plumes. With his left hand he supported the escutcheon, and in the other he held a lance with a bloody point. Upon a green banner, unfurled, was a harp of gold with strings of silver, a brilliant star, two lily-flowers, and below two crossed swords. The two figures stood upon a scroll, on which was the motto Deo Favente, which alluded to the eye in the arms, meant for the eye of Providence. On the crest, in a scroll, was this motto: Virtus Sola Invicta."

"What a complicated affair," I remarked. "Can you explain the meaning of all the parts of that elaborate design?" I inquired.

"Not half of 'em," said Uncle Billy, with a chuckle. "You see, Squire, the boy has put you on a sand-bar by that question. I thought you sailed a little too careless, with the wind in your eye, not to fetch up all standing pretty soon."

This challenge aroused the pride of the Squire, and he summoned all the powers of his wonderful memory to his aid.

"Can't explain 'em, eh," he said, knocking the ashes from his pipe, laying it upon the table,

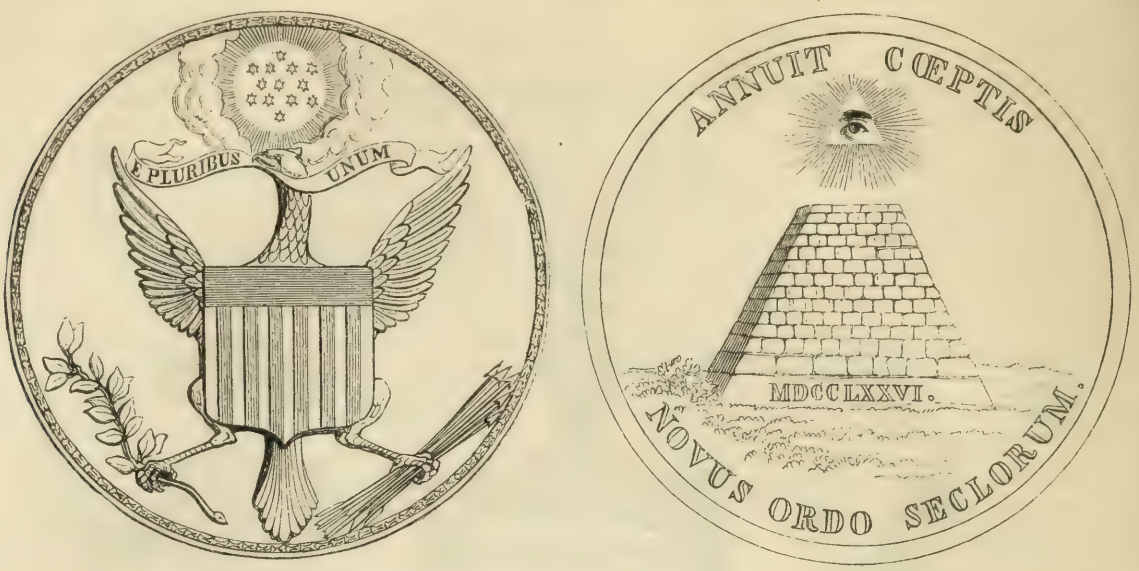


BARTON'S DESIGN.

and bringing the points of his forefingers together. "We'll see."

"First of all, the ARMS. The thirteen bars or stripes represented the Thirteen States, and the stars on a blue field denoted a new constellation, in allusion to the new empire formed in the world by the confederation of the States. This, you know, was the device of our flag, and did not thus originate with Barton. The stars disposed in a circle, the emblem of eternity, denoted the perpetuity of the confederation. The spread eagle, you know, is the symbol of supreme power and authority, and represented Congress. The Doric pillar, the most perfect of the orders, represented Fidelity and Constancy, its parts taken together forming a beautiful composition of strength, congruity, and usefulness, the attributes of a well-planned government. The eagle being placed on the summit of the column, was emblematical of the sovereignty of the United States. The eye, of course, is the All-Seeing one of Providence. The helmet represents sovereignty, and the cap is the token of freedom, as used by the old Romans. The cock represents vigilance and fortitude. The fillet, the glittering stars, and the American flag, denote the genius of the American Confederacy. The white dress, trimmed with green, denotes youth and purity; the purple girdle and radiant crown symbolize sovereignty, and the word VIRTUE implies that that should be the chief ornament of the Republic. The dove on the standard denotes the mildness and justice of the government; the white plume was a compliment to the French Allies; the green banner, with a golden harp, symbolized youth and vigor, harmony and concert. The brilliant star represented America as chief in the contest, and the lily-flower—the *fleur de lis*—was expressive of gratitude to France for its support. The crossed swords denoted the state of war, and the armed man with his flag, related totally to America and the time of the Revolution. There, Billy," said the Squire, rubbing his hands triumphantly, "isn't that as good an explanation as Will Barton himself could have given? On a sand-bar, eh!"

"Why, my old friend," said Uncle Billy, with a pleasant smile, "I knew you could tell all about men, and circumstances, and such like, but when I found your tongue reeling off such a yarn about coats of arms which so few people in this country know any thing about, or are fools enough to care any thing about, I thought you were getting into dangerous waters with your craft. But your good old pilot, memory, never



THE GREAT SEAL OF THE UNITED STATES.*

failed you yet, and I don't believe it ever will as long as there is a plank of the old hulk left. Now wind up your skein, Squire, by telling us about that English aristocrat who invented our national arms, and then we'll adjourn, for it's bed-time for youngsters like us."

"Well, you know John Adams was sent to England, in the fall of 1779, to negotiate for peace. His fame and his official position gave him great prominence, and he became acquainted with many men of all respectable classes. Among others who took quite a fancy for Adams was Sir John Prestwich, a baronet of the West of England, who was a friend of the Americans in that long quarrel, and was an accomplished antiquarian. In conversation with him one day on the bright prospects of the Americans, Adams mentioned the fact that his countrymen had not yet decided upon a national coat of arms. Sir John suggested that an escutcheon bearing thirteen perpendicular stripes, white and red, like the American flag, with the chief blue, and spangled with thirteen stars, would make a fine device. And to give it more consequence he proposed to place it on the breast of a displayed American eagle without supporters, as emblematic of self-reliance. That simple and significant device pleased Adams, and he communicated it to his friends in Congress. Thomson liked it, too, but, for reasons I have named, he withheld it until the last. Congress was pleased with it, and in the Journal of the 20th of June, 1782, you may find the great seal thus described, if my memory does not deceive me:

"'Arms.—Paleways of thirteen pieces, argent and gules; a chief azure; the escutcheon on the breast of the American eagle displayed proper, holding in his dexter talon an olive-branch, and in his sinister a bundle of thirteen arrows, all proper, and in his beak a scroll, inscribed with this motto: E Pluribus Unum.'"

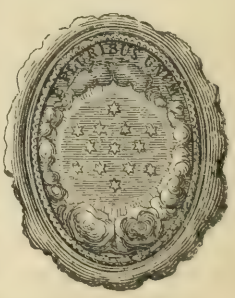
"Hold on a minute, Squire!" interrupted Uncle Billy; "you're talking above my comprehension about *paleways*, and *argent*, and *gules*, and *dexter*, and *sinister* talons. What does all that mean?"

"Why, Billy, I thought you knew something of heraldry. Paleways means perpendicular bars, like a picket-fence; argent and gules mean white and red; and dexter and sinister mean right and left. The motto is, Many in One—Many States in one Confederation."

"Yes, I know E Pluribus Unum well enough; but the rest was Greek, or Latin, or Indian to me. But go on."

"'For the Crest.—Over the head of the eagle, which appears above the escutcheon, a glory Or (that is, golden) breaking through a cloud, proper, and surrounding thirteen stars, forming a constellation, argent (white stars) on an azure (blue) field.'

"'Reverse.—A pyramid unfinished. In the zenith an eye in a triangle, surrounded with a glory, proper. Over the eye these words, Annuit Cœptis (God has favored the undertaking). On the base of the pyramid the numerical letters MDCCLXXVI; and underneath the following motto: Novus Ordo Seclorum—A New Series of Ages, denoting that a new order of things had commenced in this Western World. Such was the seal then adopted, and such yet remains the arms of the United States. Congress then ordered a seal half the size of the great one, to impress wax and paper, as you now see it upon this commission signed by my old and trusty friend, Charles Thomson. They also ordered a smaller seal for the use of the President of the Congress. It was a



THE PRESIDENT'S SEAL.†

* This is the size of the recumbent seal of the United States, which has been in use ever since its adoption in 1782. Only the side containing the arms of the Union is used.

† Copied from an impression made in 1784, on a letter written by Thomas Mifflin, then President of the Continental Congress.

small oval about an inch in length, the centre covered with clouds surrounding a space of open sky, on which were seen thirteen stars. Over these the motto, E PLURIBUS UNUM. The seal of the President of the United States now is round, you know, with an eagle upon it."

Uncle Billy now arose to depart, when the Squire said, "A few minutes more, my old friend, and I will go too. Do you remember that curious article on Merlin's prophecy, which appeared in one of our Philadelphia papers while the Federal Convention that formed the Constitution in 1787 was in session?"

"I do not."

"I do; for I extracted it from an old volume, published in London in the year 1530,* and appending to it my own interpretation, published it over the signature of 'T,' the middle letter of my name, you know. That prophecy is said to have been uttered more than a thousand years ago; and it seemed to me to refer directly to America, its settlement, our Revolution, and our flag and coat of arms. Shall I repeat it, with my interpretation?"

"By all means," we both exclaimed. Uncle Billy filled his pipe again, and the Squire began:

I.

"'When the *Savage* is meek and mild
The *frantic Mother* shall stab her Child.'

The settlement of America by a civilized nation is very clearly alluded to in the first line. The *frantic mother* is *Britain*. America still feels the wounds she has received from her.

II.

"'When the *Cock* shall woo the *Dove*,
The *Mother* the *Child* shall cease to love.'

The *Cock* is *France;* the *Dove* is America—Columbia, from Columbus; colombo, a pigeon. This union is the epocha when America shall cease to love Britain; for so I understand the prophecy, in which there is manifestly an equivoque, which is one of the most striking characteristics of the ancient oracles.

III.

"'When men, like moles, work under ground,
The *Lion* a *Virgin* true shall wound.'

In many parts of Europe there are subterranean works carried on by persons who never see the sun. But perhaps the solution may more particularly be referred to the siege of York, in Virginia, where the approaches were carried on by working in the earth. In the second line there is another equivoque. We are told by Mr. Addison, in his 'Spectator,' that a lion will not hurt a true maid. This, at first view, seems to be contradicted by the prophecy; but, on examination, it will be found that, at the epocha referred to, the Virgin, Columbia (or perhaps Virginia, by which name all North America was called in the days of Queen Elizabeth), shall wound the *Lion*, that is, *Britain*, which shows the precise time when the oracle should be accomplished.

IV.

"'When the *Dove* and *Cock*, the *Lion* shall fight,
The *Lion* shall crouch beneath their might.'

This clearly alludes to the successes of the united forces of America and France against those of Britain.

V.

"'When the *Cock* shall guard the *Eagle's* nest,
The *stars* shall rise *all in the West*.'

For the solution of this oracle, as well as all the rest, we are indebted to the engraving of the Arms of the United States, in the *Columbian Magazine*, for September, 1786. America is clearly designated by the eagle's nest, as it is the only part of the globe where the *bald eagle* (the arms of the United States) is to be found. Thus this hitherto inexplicable prophecy, may now be easily understood as meaning that when the *Cock*, that is, *France*, shall protect America (as she did during the late war), the *stars*, that is, the standard of American empire, shall *rise* in this western hemisphere.

VI.

"'When *ships* above the clouds shall sail,
The *Lion's* strength shall surely fail.'

It is very remarkable that the first discovery of the amazing properties of inflammable air, by means of which men have been able to explore a region, till then impervious to them, happened in the same year when Britain's strength was so reduced as to oblige her to acknowledge the independence of America. The *boats* in which the adventurous aeronauts traversed the upper regions, are the ships here referred to.

"Thus far the prophecy seems to have been already fully and literally accomplished. It is to be hoped that the accomplishment of those which remain is not far remote.

VII.

"'When *Neptune's* back with *stripes is red*,
The sickly *Lion* shall hide his head.'

I understand this to mean that when the *sea* (Neptune's back) is *red* with the *American stripes* the naval power of Britain shall decline. A proper exertion in the art of ship-building would soon produce this effect, and whenever Congress is vested with the power of regulating the commerce of America, we may hope to see the full accomplishment of this prediction.

VIII.

"'When *seven* and *six* shall make but *one*,
The *Lion's* might shall be undone.'

This oracle clearly alludes to an epocha not far removed, as we may hope; for when the thirteen States shall, under the auspices of the present *Federal Convention*, have strengthened and cemented their union, by a proper revisal of the Articles of Confederation, so as to be really ONE NATION, Britain will no longer be able to maintain that rank and consequence among the nations of the earth which she hath hitherto done.

"So I interpreted the oracles in March, 1787. How well the last two have been since verified, you can judge. The States declared free in 1776 (*seven* and *six*) were made really

* See Swift's Works, vol. iii. p. 214. Edition 1766.

one in 1789, and they are yet one, though now numbering twenty-four independent republics. Though the brave old Jackson is just now threatening the *Cock* with the sharp talons of the *Eagle*, I think they won't fight yet a while, just to please the old *Lion*. And now, Billy, good-night." And so I parted with the octogenarians, for the time.

MY LEGACIES.

I AM the constant recipient of legacies. Judging from my experience men are born, they marry, they die, for no other purpose than to leave me a legacy. They do not endow me with fortune or fame. No gentleman dies bequeathing me bank stock, a house on the Hudson, a lot on Fifth Avenue, or an interest in a Western railroad. No author leaves me his deathless manuscript, that I may publish it with "Notes and Biography of the Author, by John Hensley, Esq.;" from no one of my innumerable benefactors have I received those legacies which cause the ears to tingle with pleasure, the heart insensibly to enlarge, the pocket-book to grow plethoric and shiny like a "fat and greasy citizen." No; my friends have left me their wives, their children, their aunts, their pet mocking-birds, their hydrophobic lap-dogs, with the unanswerable request that I would take care of them!

Now what can a man do with legacies like these? Is there any patent way of declining? I am a slow fellow, and have not found it out.

So I, John Hensley, merchant and bachelor, who began life with the determination to bring no responsibilities upon myself; I, who have remained unmarried from, I trust, an innocent desire for and love of freedom, I have met, and had forced upon me at every turn, the evil deeds of other men. Even my mother, who should have been my best friend, was no exception in this particular, for she left me Jane Cribbs, her humble companion for many years, and now my housekeeper. "Poor Jane," my mother wrote, "has not those qualities which make friends, but I know her worth and fidelity, and you, John, will see that she never wants a home."

My mother was right; Jane had not those qualities which make friends. Any person left to his own free choice in the matter, would have thought twice before he placed Jane Cribbs in any propinquity to himself. She had a tall, angular figure, and a severe face; with that description of mouth known as the "miser's purse." She had the great virtue of taciturnity, but she contrived to make that disagreeable, by not answering when spoken to, if offended (which she generally was). She was always in a state of indignation at the servants, and of wounded sensibility toward me. I always neglected something which her dignity demanded, and my boots were forever tracking the carpets, and soiling the fire-irons. But I meekly claimed the right to soil my own carpets if I pleased, and Jane retired within herself and scowled on humanity.

Such was my situation: a good income, a comfortable house, not a responsibility in the world, no annoyance except Jane, and I had begun to get accustomed to her, when my friend Tom Macready died and left me—his daughter! a girl of fifteen.

Poor Tom! I loved him when we were young, and the world had gone hard with him. He struggled on with ill health, poverty, and misfortune, until his wife, worn out with the hardness of life, died, and his heart broke. He had a daughter, and the poor father struggled to live for this forlorn creature, but death was inexorable.

He sent for me, poor Tom! What a handsome fellow he used to be! He died in comparative comfort, for I am afraid I said something imprudent about taking care of the girl.

At any rate, coming up to dinner about three weeks after, I saw a pretty young creature on the sofa crying bitterly, and wiping her eyes on the corner of her shawl, while Jane sat grim as the sphinx, looking needles at her.

"Who are you, my dear?" I asked, moved by her distress.

"I am Genevieve Macready, Sir, and papa—papa is dead!"

To take the poor thing home—to pay the last duties to my friend—to settle his few worldly affairs, absorbed me for several days, and I *forgot Jane*.

Tramp, tramp, overhead, as if every step was a poker descending on the floor. (I never could understand how so light a weight as Jane—she couldn't have been over one hundred—could manage to put so much noise into a foot-fall; but she expressed her indignation by her step, and her indignation was mighty). Hearing, as I say, Jane's footstep overhead, I immediately knew there was something wrong.

Tramp, tramp, like the marble man in Don Giovanni, came Jane down stairs. I am not a cowardly man, but I am not ashamed to say I trembled slightly.

"Mr. Hensley, is that girl coming here to stay?"

"That girl. Let me see, what girl? Oh! poor Genevieve."

Now how like poor Tom Macready to give his daughter such an absurd name as Genevieve!

"Yes, Jane, Miss Macready is my ward, and is coming here to live. You will oblige me by treating her with every kindness and attention."

"Then, Sir, I should like to leave, for as for staying in the house with such a girl as that—"

"As soon as you please, Jane, but no disrespectful remarks of my ward."

Jane always proposed leaving, I always assented; she never went.

Poor girl! I thought I should tell her about Jane, and give her the alternative of living somewhere else; but before I had an opportunity she had taken the case into her own hands, and Jane met a force superior to herself.

In the first place, Genevieve cried three months. She would scarcely eat, and Jane's objections to her began to be washed away by this flood of grief. I once even found her cooking a pudding wherewith to tempt Genevieve's appetite.

Genevieve was proof against the pudding, and Jane tried something else. At the end of the three months Genevieve began to revive. The redness gradually died out of her eyes and nose. She showed the recuperative powers of her age and sex. She became very pretty. We also discovered her to be very self-willed. Several engagements took place between herself and Jane, in which the latter was left *hors du combat*. Genevieve would irreverently call Jane "Old Cribby," but afterward throw her arms about her neck and kiss her. It was singular taste in Genevieve, but Jane's footsteps became lighter overhead.

To find out what my ward knew, and what she did not know, was a somewhat difficult task. She was now fifteen, and had been left to run wild. In the changeful and sorrowful days of her parent's life, they had lived in lodgings, among others poor like themselves, and poverty knows few distinctions. She had long stories of Mrs. Mince, the milliner, who occupied "the second story front," and whose rooms were always bright and cheerful, and of poor Mr. Hardy, the painter, who lived "in the third pair back," and painted dreary pictures, and was always deserted and sorrowful. If Genevieve had been a philosopher she would have perceived a profound truth lying in the contrast of Mrs. Mince and Mr. Hardy, but she as yet had only noted facts.

Shining through all her faults was the ingenuous and refined nature of her father. If she had touched pitch she had remained undefiled.

Her dear, foolish, accomplished father had taught her to read Shakspeare (which she did of evenings to me), but had not attended to her geography and arithmetic, so I suggested to her that she must have masters and study. She demurred, pouted, cried, but finally acquiesced.

I enjoyed my ward; but it was a highly spiced entertainment, for I never came home to a quiet evening. Either the French master left a badly-spelled note to the effect that Miss Macready did not know her lesson; or the English master, who was reported to be choleric, had thrown the geography across the room in despair; or Jane had a grievous story of the prolonged absence which Miss Genevieve had chosen to take that day. Genevieve received my remonstrances with a kind of cage-starling expression of face; "I can't get out," her face would say, and that was all.

At length I read my French-English note, heard Jane's statement, sighed deeply, threw my bandana over my face to shade it from the fire, and began to meditate in silence.

A neck-breaking embrace from Genevieve roused me. She cried, and promised to do better. She kept her promise, and I was serene for three weeks.

After all, youth was the thing I had needed in my house. How pleasantly my old parlor looked when I came up to dinner! A tall, fair-haired girl, in a neat mourning dress, walking gracefully about, or sitting reading, and testifying pleasure when I entered, was a not disagreeable addition.

But the thorns had but sprouted as yet. One day Jane asked me if I knew Mrs. Cabbage?

I answered that I had not the pleasure of Mrs. Cabbage's acquaintance.

"Well, she comes here very often, and Genevieve goes away with her, and she smells of whisky, and I don't like it."

I did not, either.

"Genevieve," said I, one morning, "here is your allowance; you need some new dresses," and I put some bank-bills in her hand. "Now, my dear, who and what is Mrs. Cabbage?"

"Take back thy gold, perfidious monster!" shouted Genevieve, throwing the money on the hearth-rug, and standing, like Lady Macbeth, looking at her hand.

I picked up the money, and looked in her eyes to see if she was gone crazy; she laughed and became sane.

"You must not attempt to buy my confidence, *Guardy*" (her affectionate for guardian), "I never will tell you in the world!"

I reasoned, expostulated, threatened, in vain; at length, finding her perfectly immovable, I ventured to do what I had never done before, for fear of wounding her; I mentioned her father.

"My dear Genevieve, your father gave you to me, and asked me to be all to you that he would have been. Can I answer to my conscience and my promise, if I allow you, so young, so utterly ignorant of the world, to have an acquaintance whom I do not know, to take you where I do not know? My child, if you persist I must follow you; you can not escape my vigilance and love. Remember and respect your father's wishes."

The tears flowed down her face—I had touched the right chord.

"Well, dear Guardy," she said, with much hesitation, after a struggle of several minutes, "I am studying for the stage, and Mrs. Cabbage is my theatrical instructor."

To describe all that followed would fill a quarto volume. She was as determined a spirit as old General Jackson. I got angry, I threatened to shut her up on bread and water.

"Do! Guardy, I beg of you to do so! It would sound so splendidly on the bills! 'Miss Genevieve Macready, just escaped from the tyranny of a cruel guardian, and the petty insults of a female jailer (that's Cribby), will make her first appearance to-night in *Love's Sacrifice!*' How it would draw! Do it! Give me some play-books that I may study my part, and shut me up. I shall be pale! thin! interesting!"

Now I appeal to parents and guardians, and

to that large army of female martyrs—the boarding-school keepers—to all others who have been selected by Providence to take care of youth, in its various manifestations and developments, if this was not a pleasing situation for an elderly bachelor, who, as I said before, had remained unmarried that he might avoid disagreeable responsibility.

After long and anxious meditation I resolved to throw myself on the generosity of my ward. I saw if I thwarted her she would defy me, and I should lose all influence for her good. So I held a consultation with her, and we entered into a solemn pact. She was to give me her entire confidence, and I was to refrain from coercing her in her desire to study for the stage. She promised me to take Jane with her when she went to Mrs. Cabbage, and take as many lessons at home as possible. Miss Jane Cribbs was perhaps the greatest sufferer of the party; she had a holy horror of theatricals, and to be called on at her time of life to associate with a Mrs. Cabbage!

But Jane had got to love this strange, wild thing whom Fate had thrown into our arms, and I added the last element needed to persuade her, by saying that the presence of so respectable a person as herself would be a most effectual protection to Genevieve.

I think I told the truth, for sharper than the sting of remorse would have been the look of Jane had any of the broad-clothed sex approached Genevieve.

I now attempted to change Genevieve's mind. I left around the room the lives of the various men and women who have confessed the theatrical profession to be full of hardship and disappointment. Genevieve read them all, and still went on ranting and raving at the top of her voice.

One day my young friend, Frank Carew, came into my office. He always brought a great quantity of fresh air with him, and diffused a general cheerfulness wherever he went. A bright idea struck me; I would invite Frank Carew to dinner.

A nice, fresh, handsome fellow was Frank. He looked rather gravely on my invitation, for he had once dined with me when Jane was particularly crabbed, and as he knew nothing of Genevieve, I saw he anticipated no very pleasant dinner; however, he was indebted to me for some kindnesses, and I knew he would come.

I pleased myself by imagining Frank's surprise when he entered my grave old parlor, and found it illuminated by a beautiful girl.

He came punctually. I saw his countenance brighten as Genevieve appeared, and I thought she did not look displeased at this addition to our dinner. She had been to see some pictures that morning, and talked prettily and well of the pleasure they gave her. As for the theatre, that subject, we had agreed, should remain a secret.

She had her poor father's felicity of expression, and indeed almost any thing would have sounded well from such lovely lips.

When Frank and I were alone with our cigars, he inquired very much about her; and I never found him unwilling to come to dinner from this time.

Still the postures and eloquence went on, and Jane Cribbs walked overhead with iron step.

One day Genevieve brought me a letter directed to herself, and in her other hand a sheet of paper freshly written.

She began, rather confusedly, to tell me that this was a letter from one of her admirers. "He has been in love with me quite a long time—since before papa died, but I never have seen him since. He is a literary gentleman, Mr. Storm. I have sometimes answered his letters, because Mrs. Cabbage says I must experience the passion of love before I can portray it on the stage, and he is the only lover I ever had. This is the first letter I have received from him since I promised to tell you every thing, and he has taken a room in the next street, where I can see his light burning, and he can see mine. Isn't that romantic?"

"Genevieve, where did you first know Mr. Storm."

"Oh! at Mrs. Cabbage's. She used to have suppers, and Mr. Storm used to go there, and he wrote plays, and was very poetical, and he thought I was born for an actress, and said he would write plays and I should act them."

Another charming piece of business was opening before me. However, I thought Genevieve seemed rather annoyed by her lover, so I attempted to decipher Mr. Storm's letter, distinguished as it was by the illegibility of genius.

"Sweet flower of my life! dearest Genevieve! I have found you at last! Since you disappeared from my horizon, I have lived alone with my paper and ink. Sometimes I have looked at the fair sheet and seen in glowing characters, 'Consecrate to Genevieve' written on the page. Then I have written well. No feeble words could fall from my pen when these golden letters illuminated the paper; afterward would come depression and despair. She is in a happy home; she has forgotten him who knew her in poverty, in sorrow, in loneliness. When these words appeared in characters black as midnight, then my genius plumed her wings and fled. Then was I a clod of the earth.

"When you were four years younger than now, I saw you standing in the sunlight. Your golden hair fell on your slender neck, the sun rested lovingly on its wavy masses. Scarce a woman, yet more than a child, you reminded me of those angels whom the German artist has painted hovering over the infant Christ. I knew you were my better angel—the being sent to cheer me and save me.

"As you grew older, you know how my love grew and strengthened. Then I began to love the woman as I had reverenced the angel. Suddenly a Fate came and seized my Genevieve. It carried her out of my sphere. When first I

knew her she was in want and sorrow. What happiness to ask her to accept the shelter of my love! what glory to work for her! what bliss to come home to my garret and find—what? My books? my lonely chair? my dark room? No. To find sunshine—beauty—love—Genevieve! These were my dreams; but where now is Genevieve? In a stately home, surrounded with luxury; while the poor poet who loves her can offer her nothing but a part of his precarious existence and his love.

"I have come to live near you; so the lamp which has the happiness of shining on you may beam likewise on me, and bring me a message from you.

"You will answer this letter, for you once loved me, and I do not believe a selfish luxury has so soon rooted me from your heart.

"Know that when you cease to love me, I cease to live. C. S."

"He writes for the magazines, I suppose?" I asked, wiping my spectacles.

"Yes," said Genevieve.

"I wonder how much he gets a page. Well, that is the answer—am I to see that?"

So I, John Hensley, sixty years of age, if I was a minute, devoted more time to another love-letter, after the formidable affair mentioned above:

"Dearest Claude—To-day, when I went into my little curtained room, a letter lay on the table. I knew it was from you, for I don't know any one else who ever wrote to me. The last letter you wrote me I found at Mrs. Cabbage's. Ah! how every thing has changed with me! I was so hopeless, and the world so dark; now I have such friends! Oh, Mr. Storm, if you only knew Cribby! She is very cross, very old, and very disagreeable; but I am afraid no one ever loved her before I came—and she is kind sometimes. She thinks I am dreadful—I know she does—because I always will do exactly as I please; but when I have the headache, she sits so still, and bathes my head; and when I kiss her, she looks pleasant for one minute. Then Guardy (that's Mr. Hensley) loves me very much, and gives me every thing I want. I wish I were a better girl, Mr. Storm, to have such friends as you, and Cribby, and Mr. Hensley.

"I study very hard, and mean to be a great actress. I am sure I love you very much; but I think you had better not think much of me until you see me play. If I succeed, how proud you will be! If I fail, you will be mortified and will not like me so well. I know Guardy won't have you here, and I have solemnly promised him I won't do any thing to deceive him, and I will keep my word. Besides, Cribby always goes with me to Mrs. Cabbage's, and so, of course, you could not see me there; but I will put my light in the window, and you can always see that. From your passionately attached

"Genevieve."

I retired behind my bandana to indulge in a few minutes' laugh before I dared to inform Genevieve of my opinion of her ardent effusion.

"So you love this young gentleman very much, do you, my dear?"

"Oh, very much!" said my ward, theatrically.

"But how can you imagine that, if he is so much attached to you as his letter would lead one to believe, he would love you less if you should fail?"

"Oh! he is very quick in his feelings, and very sensitive to ridicule, and always talks about the world's not treating him well. Mrs. Cabbage says it is the poetic temperament, and I know he would not like it."

"Does it strike you as a very noble or generous temperament?"

Genevieve sighed deeply.

"I don't know, Guardy; shall I send the letter?"

"Yes, dear, if you choose. I think it will calm Mr. Storm very much."

At this opportune moment a maiden lady to whom I was distantly connected died, and left me—her pet mocking-bird. What a shrill and powerful note has the mocking-bird! From early morn to latest eve that bird kept open his tuneful throat, until I began to have neuralgia in the ear. I never knew a mocking-bird blessed with such a constitution. He bore all changes of climate, all sorts of food, and every variety of verbal abuse, and flourished. My poor old cousin had requested me to see him made comfortable for the remainder of his little life, and I could not wring his neck, as I devoutly wished to do.

Genevieve petted him, so he would not die; and I, with a theatrical student on one side, and a pet mocking-bird on the other, led a life calm and comfortable as you may suppose.

Genevieve's time of preparation began to draw to a close. She had taken fencing and dancing lessons, her elocution was very good, and her memory wonderful. The time had come when she must try her voice on the actual boards. I held a last urgent conversation with her; I depicted as well as I could the trials, the discomforts, the vast social disadvantages of the profession she had chosen. But she was firm.

I asked her if I should tell Frank Carew of her determination.

A shade of color deepened in her cheek. "No, dear Mr. Hensley, I mean to appear in another city, and under another name. Let no one know any thing about me until I succeed, or fail."

Genevieve had grown very womanly and mature within a few months. The correspondence with Mr. Storm was dropped; her mind was on the future.

Jane Cribbs positively refused to go to the theatre, so I accompanied Genevieve to that dreary place—as dreary by day as it is full of fascination by night—and prepared to hear her first effort.

She electrified me. This girl of seventeen walked on the boards and delivered the words of her part with a clearness, a purpose, that a

finished actor might have been proud of. Mr. Storm was right—Genevieve was born for an actress.

Even the other actors cheered and applauded her. I went behind the scenes. She sat quite pale and overcome on a bench. Mrs. Cabbage, a shabby tragedy queen, was calming and praising her. All these poor hard-working people, in their working dresses, uttering their fine phrases, were kind and encouraging. I came away with a much better opinion of the profession.

In subsequent visits with Genevieve to the theatre, I saw many instances of envy and disagreeable temper; but what profession is free from such exhibitions? and many, many were the acts of kindness and generosity.

At length Genevieve was pronounced prepared. She had determined to make her *début* in another city; so we traveled thither. I think no young man of five-and-twenty could have beaten old John Hensley in nervousness on that occasion.

I pass over all that intervened. It was a success; a new genius had shone forth. Plaudits, tears, shouts, all the demonstrations of popular approval greeted the *débutante*. As I have seen old violinists in the orchestra look wonderingly on little Paul Jullien as he draws his magical bow, achieving, at his tender age, what they have failed in a long life of effort to reach, so the old actors and actresses stood mournfully looking at this gifted creature, who stepped at once into that brilliant and dazzling land, Success.

That night I took Genevieve home, pale, trembling, overcome. She threw herself into my arms and wept profusely.

"You are a great actress, my dear. Your hopes are now fruition," I said, trying to calm her.

"Yes, dear friend, and it is my first and last appearance."

"*Last!* Genevieve; that is the fancy of a weary lady, who has awakened and found herself famous."

"No, Guardy, you have never known me to change my mind. I am decided; I shall never play again. I have tasted the cup; it is full of delirious excitement, but there is a drop of bitterness in it, and I dash it down forever!"

I regarded this as the result of an over-excited mind, and consigning her to her maid, advised her to try and sleep.

The next day brought managers, theatrical speculators, editors, and troops of all sorts of people. Overwhelmed with offers of the most brilliant kind, Genevieve remained unmoved.

"I have tasted the cup, and it does not satisfy me," was the only answer we could get from this singular creature.

Suddenly Genevieve (who was having an audience with a long-nosed gentleman of the Jewish persuasion) asked to speak to me alone.

"Guardy," she began, "should you like me to go on the stage and earn money, or have you enough for you and me?"

I told her she was my daughter, and I had enough for both.

"Then send that man away, if you please."

So ended the theatrical career of Miss Genevieve Macready. Of course the papers were not silent, and many an old theatre-goer will not need that this story be told to bring back to his memory the brilliant star which rose, culminated, and disappeared in one night.

In two or three days we reached my quiet old house, where Jane Cribbs could be seen faintly hovering behind the window-blinds; her countenance exhibited its usual screwed expression, but a general nervousness suffused her frame.

Genevieve sprang to her arms and kissed her vehemently.

"I have done with theatres, dear Cribby," was her only explanation.

I should now have been perfectly happy but for the mocking-bird, who, aroused by the sound of our voices, poured forth a volume of twitter, trill, crescendo, diminuendo, forte, piano, enough to have gratified Leopold de Meyer himself. He would not be silenced, and I needed Frank Carew's pleasant voice and face to restore me to equanimity.

I do not pretend to understand the female heart, but I dare say "those who do" know why Genevieve wished me to tell Frank the whole story.

Frank was quite overwhelmed. Although stranger stories than ever were writ are transpiring about us every day, although Wall Street has its romances, and brokers' offices their revelations of the human heart, Frank was quite as much astonished to hear that Genevieve and the eccentric *débutante* were the same, as if the world had never revealed any thing queer in eighteen hundred years.

Several letters from Mr. Storm about this time rather disturbed Genevieve's tranquillity, but I felt she could take care of herself in the matter, and did not interfere.

The shocking story of a suicide in the morning paper, a short biography of the unfortunate Mr. Storm, with an account of his hopeless attachment for a beautiful girl, told me what Genevieve's pale lips essayed to tell me in vain.

I could not help reminding Genevieve of one of my old fashioned notions, that if a man had not enough respect for his own brains to keep them in his head, it was more than probable that said brains would not demand much respect from others, and so were not to be regretted. Genevieve was very much shocked, of course. She had experienced some decided emotions within the year, and we feared her health would give way under the excitement.

But that best of restoratives, a new happiness, came to her relief—a quiet and healthy attachment to my friend and protégé, Frank. He had very little romance, was not the least of a hero, but he had that quiet, strong character which an imaginative woman loves.

Genevieve loved him with all the fervor of

her abundant heart, while he loved her with that affection which has not many words, but which is as strong as life, as enduring as eternity.

And, thank Heaven! my ward has that security for her present and future happiness. She loves her husband better every year.

But stop! the course of true love never yet ran smooth. I affixed a condition to my consent.

The young couple looked grave.

"Frank, you must make me a solemn promise."

"Name it."

"Take the mocking-bird, too!"

Frank was young and ardent, so he promised. I must say, Jane and I found it very dull for a year or two, but suddenly there came, first one, then two, then three, visitors from the house of Carew to that of Hensley—small, it is true, but important. Names like John and Jane began to resound through the house. Jane Cribbs, more of a woman than she had ever been, began to step more lightly and have an interest in dimity and flannel.

So the legacy has brightened our declining years, and brought us nearer to those bright waters of youth in which we must all bathe if we would be young again.

On my last Sunday visit to Genevieve, I noticed how old and asthmatic the mocking-bird had become. He piped a few feeble notes, as much as to say,

"Farewell! old friend, we are both going; let us part in peace!"

So be it, old bird!

PASSAGES OF EASTERN TRAVEL.

BY AN AMERICAN.

WE were not deceived in Mohammed Abd-el-Atti. Although a dragoman by profession, he is not one of the ordinary men of that class, but being intelligent, well informed, a good reader and writer in his native language, well connected in family, and having long enjoyed the confidence of the English Government agents, and been employed by them in responsible and arduous commissions, he has acquired a more thorough knowledge of the world, and more familiarity with the habits and the necessities of travelers than any of the ordinary dragomans in the East. He is a better guide than the guide-book, and a better provider than one's own self could be. In reviewing a journey of five weeks on the Nile—for I write this page at Wady Halfeh, the second cataract of the great river—I can not imagine a comfort or a luxury of modern life, in hotels or on steamers, that has been missing from our boat or table. We have lived in sumptuous style, have enjoyed every moment, have felt entire confidence in our safety and in the safe continuance of our journey; and the ladies have acknowledged that he has perfectly fulfilled his promise that they should not feel the want of a servant or a lady's maid.

It was with some doubts that we finally arranged to leave Cairo, after a stay of six weeks in the Indian Hotel. The ladies were in poor condition for roughing it, and though Abd-el-Atti assured them there would be no such thing as *roughing* it in the boat, yet they had many misgivings, and I not a few on their account. Our contract was made in general terms. We thought we knew our man, and were willing to trust to his verbal assurances, and to leave out of the paper the specifications of items in the way of eating, drinking, and living, with which the Nile contracts are ordinarily burdened. It was enough to say, generally, that we were to be taken in the usual style of first-class travelers; and we were not wrong.

The boat was his selection and our approval. The contract for it was concluded in the common manner, and we hoisted our flag, and named her *The Phantom*.

There was something pleasant in the idea of calling our Nile boat, that spread her lofty wings on the air, white and very ghost-like, in the light of a November moon in Egypt, by the name of that gallant boat which has weathered so many Atlantic gales along the coast of America, and with which many recollections of pleasant days, and pleasant life, and beloved friends, are connected.

But she was a very different craft, seventy feet long by thirteen broad; she carries a mast stepped away forward, which is about thirty feet high. On the top of this, swinging by a rough rope tackle, is the long yard, tapering from one heavy end below to a point fifty feet above the deck, and this carries the large triangular sail. Another smaller mast is stepped at the extreme stern, on the after-rail, and carries a small sail of the same shape, which is managed by ropes rigged out on a pole projecting ten feet behind the boat.

The cabins occupy all the after part of the boat, and rise five feet above the deck, the floor being sunk two feet below it. Thus we have ample height of ceiling, and with a dining-room, one large and two small sleeping-rooms, closets and wash-room, we have a small house in which four persons can live very comfortably. The furniture of the boat is Oriental, of course; but two American rocking-chairs, part of a Yankee importation into Alexandria two years ago, make things look somewhat natural within the cabin, and no one can suggest an improvement on our arrangements.

Darkest of Nubians externally and brightest in intellect is Ferraj, our first cabin servant. Never was there a blacker or a better fellow. Ten years ago Abd-el-Atti found a crowd of slaves at Wady Halfeh, in the slave-pen on the west bank of the river. He took a bag of dates in his hand, went among them, and sprinkled them on the ground. The black crowd sprang after them and gathered them up gladly. He saw one small boy of seven or eight that was unable to get any, and he was struck with his appearance. Eight pounds bought him, and he named him Ferraj, and took him to Cairo. From that time they have been inseparable, and their affection for

each other is an excellent illustration of that ordinarily subsisting between master and slave in Oriental countries. He has taught him to read—an accomplishment in this country which but one in a thousand can boast of—and having brought him up with the utmost care, made him a good Mussulman and a first-rate servant; he gave him fifty pounds and his freedom two years ago. But they are as inseparable as ever, and the Nubian always accompanies his master on his expeditions with travelers. He is not more than eighteen, but would pass for twenty-two, and stands six feet in his stockings.

Hassan, the boy servant, is about fifteen, an Arab boy, with a face of perfect beauty. It is a luxury to look at his dark, olive complexion, and into his deep, thoughtful eyes; but it is no pleasure to think of what the boy will grow up to be in this country of misery and poverty.

Hajji Mohammed—be his name forever remembered—is the prince of cooks, and could make a dinner that would tempt his illustrious namesake out of Paradise. I was startled when he was first presented to me in the Indian Hotel at Cairo. Think of a cook in flowing trowsers and a turban! I didn't believe he could boil an egg, much less compound an omelet. But Abd-el-Atti assured me of his competency, and it was a lucky day—a day to be marked with white—that on which he fell into our hands and we into his. Such glorious dinners who dreamed of ever on the Nile? Such turkeys, boneless; such lambs, stuffed with almonds and raisins; such kabobs, such pilau, such kuskusee!

Reis Hassanein and his crew of fourteen men will appear in their time, as will Hassabo, the steersman, known in Arabic as the Mestamihl. Nineteen men, therefore, compose the entire company of our boat under our employ; and with this number engaged and the boat duly cleaned, fitted, and furnished, we were ready on Saturday, the 17th of November, to sail from Cairo the Blessed, and commence our voyage to the second cataract.

At four in the afternoon the last cart, car, van, break, or whatever may be the proper name of the Egyptian vehicle drawn by a single bullock, was at the door of the Indian Hotel, where we had now been for six weeks. A half dozen loads had previously gone down to Boulak to the boat, and on this we piled our trunks and small articles, and then surveyed our empty rooms with no regret. We were glad to be away, although every hour had been pleasantly employed, and a year would not suffice to show the stranger all the graceful minarets, strange, quaint lattices, exquisite arches, and lofty mosques of the City of Saladin. But the Nile was forever flowing by, laden with stories of Karnak, of Philæ, and of Abou Simbel, and we grew anxious to be away on its waters.

A Government carriage was placed at our disposal, and in this we bestowed ourselves, and with us our arms and ammunition, as well as our small stores, which we did not care to trust to Arab boys. I had provided a large bag of small copper money for use in the upper country, as well as sundry rolls of silver, an important item of preparation too often neglected.

The *Phantom* lay at the bank of the river in the rear of the house of its owner. Passing through the house by an arched passage and climbing down a filthy bank, the rubbish heap of the family, we reached the deck and took possession of the vessel.

The "monarch of all I survey" idea was the prominent one at first; but there was too much work on hand to allow of its being enjoyed. Trunks, boxes, crates of turkeys, coops of chickens, carpets, mats, oranges, fruits of all kinds, guns, pistols, coats, shawls, and the hundred *et ceteras* of a winter outfit lay in indescribable confusion every where. Out of this chaos we proceeded to extract order, and having at length accomplished our design in a measure, we discharged our boys with the customary bucksheesh, and were desirous of doing the same with the two daughters of our ship's *husband, the wife* of Latif Effendi. They had been hanging around for an hour, and it was now nine o'clock, when one of them handed me a small note, directed on the outside to "Mrs. the Honorable Travellers (Sir William ——), Cairo."

We opened it. Behold the contents *verbatim:*

"Cairo, the 17*th November*, 1855.

"Mrs. the Travellers—I beg the liberty to inform your Lordships that after our agreement for the hire of my boat for the journey to Wadi Halfa and back again, I made many expenses which I did not foresee for her painting, with all the comforts required to your Lordships.

"Besides this, as I have in the last year without such expenses, hired my boat to others, distinguished English travellers for the same object to the rate of £120, I should incur in a loss if your Lordships would not depass the sum of £100, agreed in the contract. Therefore I beg to consider my position, trusting that I will obtain by your munificency the encrease to the rate of £120.

"I can assure your Lordships that in these days many persons required my boat to a most considerable price, and in anticipating my best thanks, I remain, your humble servante,

"Mrs. Latif Effendi's Wife."

This was cool, certainly, very cool for Egypt, and especially so when, at the moment of my opening the note, May was announcing the absolute ruin of a dress by the fresh paint which was to have been on and dry two weeks before, and Amy was looking aghast at a similar catastrophe. A cool reply was in place, and it was sent, as politely as the circumstances would allow; and while the lady was digesting the contents, we shook out our sails, cast off the fast, and shot out into the moonlight that lay in all its splendor on the river. We fired six guns as a parting salute, and the men gave three Arab cheers. So we were afloat on the Nile, and our voyage to the second cataract was commenced.

Never was such an hour for departure on the voyage. The sky was fathomless in its deep blue beauty. The Nile was yellow gold under us. Minaret and dome stood up in the silent air, and shed a softer light than the moon's own rays, while far away, solemn and majestic, the solemnity that of immortality, the majesty that of centuries, stood the pyramids of Ghizeh, gray and calm in the light of their old companion the moon. How contemptuously the moon and the pyramids looked down on us sexagenarians of the nineteenth century after the coming of our Lord! How swiftly the river rushed by us, on to the sea that had received it for so many ages, heedless of the passing travelers whose lives would be as brief as the shadow of the sail passing between the moon and the wave!

It was an hour for dreams, if dreaming were possible where all that was real was dreamy—where the trees were lofty palms, waving their crowns to and fro on the starry sky—where the shores were the dust of dead Pharaohs and the children of Jacob and Joseph—where the buildings were domes and minarets, and over all the ancient pyramids—where the stars, calm and steadfast, have looked down on a hundred dynasties of kings, on the graves of a score of nations—where Moses taught and Plato learned, and where the infant eyes of the Son of God looked up to His and our home.

I wrapped my Syrian cloak closely around me, for it was cold at first, and sitting on the cabin deck watched the curious operations of my new crew, and endeavored for an hour to learn the philosophy of their ways of doing things. But I was puzzled beyond endurance. When they wished to turn the boat's head, they pulled precisely the oar I should have let alone; and when they wished to take the wind, they flattened the sail to it with as sharp an edge as they could possibly manage. This was the fashion with every thing, and so continues to this day. The boat, in fact, manages itself, sails and steers itself, and does every thing but make itself fast and cast off. Indeed it does cast off once in a while, and I wake to find her drifting quietly to a sand-bank or a rock, while every man on the boat is sound asleep.

An hour passed, and the wind had failed us. We lay under the Ghizeh shore of the river, with lofty palms over our heads, a boat with an English party on board lying a hundred yards from us, and profound silence resting on the river and shore. Even the soft ripple of the river seemed but to make the silence audible, and no one could imagine a city with two hundred thousand inhabitants on the bank of the stream by our side.

This is a strange characteristic of Cairo in the night. With the sunset every one goes home. Here and there a lantern is visible in the evening, as some belated pedestrian hurries along; but there are no street-lamps, no windows to the houses shining out on the passers-by, no sparkling shop-lamps, no shoppers, theatre-goers, diners-out, or other late walkers along the highway; the city is in profound darkness, and the river flows by as silent a shore as where the desert comes down to it on east and west in Nubia. And so we slept quietly our first night on the river.

Like the music of a dream, like the sounds one hears in waking hours that are given to visions, sweeter than the voices of birds, far sweeter than the sound of organ in cathedral or choir, be it ever so triumphant, came over the river, at the break of day, the muezzin's call to prayer. From the mosque of Mehemet Ali, at the citadel, high up above all Cairo, it came first. The Sultan Hassan took it up, and old Tooloon, and far-off Ghalaoon and El-Azhar, and I even heard, or thought I heard, the old man's voice who sings to the sands of the desert that roll around the tomb of Ghait Bey. It came swelling like the sound of a harp-string, until the four hundred mosques of the City of Saladin took it up, and it filled the charmed air with sweet and holy melody. "Prayer is better than sleep—Awake and pray."

It was not yet light, but the footsteps of the day were in the east; and he came on, now with a faint gray light over the Mokattam hills, now with a flush of crimson on the white and gossamer-like minarets of the mosque of Mehemet Ali, and now with the full burst of sunlight on the Valley of Memphis and On.

A light breeze now stole up the river, and we made sail, running slowly along on the west side of the island of Rhoda, and passing the palace of Hassan Pasha and the busy scene at the ferry of Old Cairo, we lost the city, and were on the most lonely of rivers. We were stopped by a hail from the shore, and on approaching found a messenger from the government-office which had sent us the carriage the day previous. It is worth relating, as an illustration of the constant anxiety of this government and its officials to please foreigners. We had left in the carriage a small pasteboard almanac, value three cents on the 1st of January, and much less now that it was the middle of November. When the carriage was cleaned in the morning it was found, and a cawass was instantly dispatched after us with two horses and a government drag.

He went to Boulak, and learned that we had sailed in the evening. Then he went to Old Cairo, and crossed the ferry to Ghizeh, where he learned that we had passed early in the morning. Returning to the east bank, he drove four miles up the river and overtook us as I have related. We sent the small boat on shore for it, and then squared away—if the word is allowable, with a lateen sail—and the wind having now freshened, the boat seemed verily as if she had wings, and flew on, the water parting with a rush and ripple on each side of her bow.

The pyramids of Ghizeh, of Saccara, and of Dashour, one by one appeared in succession as we approached them, and watched our departure with changeless aspect; nor was it till late in the afternoon that we lost sight of the lofty

citadel of Cairo and the white mosque that shines from it.

It was not to be supposed that we should find ourselves entirely at home on our boat within the first twenty-four hours, and yet I fancy that any one who saw us that day, stretched on divans, smoking our chibouks, and reading or talking, would have imagined us old voyagers on the return from a long journey, so perfect was every provision for comfort and luxury. The hotel in Cairo was nothing to it, though that was excellent.

The Nile itself, at the first, sadly disappointed me. I confess to ideas of a clear and glorious river, like the lordly Ohio, flowing over golden sand and shining stones. I had never paused to ask myself whence came its fertilizing powers, or whence the vast deposits of soft mud that enrich the lower part of Egypt; and when I saw the strong stream in the hot sunshine, looking more like flowing mud than water, I was unwilling to call this the Nile. Utility was not what I wanted to see in the river. Beauty, majesty, power, all these I had looked for, and there was nothing of them until the sun went down and the moon gilded—not silvered—the stream. Then it was the river of my imagination—a strong, a mighty flood, glorious in its deep strong flow, and the unsightly banks, which, in the day, are abrupt walls of black mud, in layers, looking like huge unbaked brick, become picturesque and fairly beautiful with waving groves of sont and palms on glistening fields of doura.

We reached Benisoef at noon on the third day, and while strolling through the narrow bazaars, with their cupboard shops, I was not a little amused at my dragoman's method of treating his countrymen. We had been urgently advised to take a native dragoman in preference to a Maltese on this account, that the inhabitants have no fear of a Maltese before their eyes, and insult travelers without hesitation and without being punished, when they are attended by a foreigner.

I did not, but Abd-el-Atti did, overhear a remark made by one of three men seated in a shop front, somewhat derogatory to the character of Christians in general, with particular reference to me. He wheeled in an instant, but the Arab was too quick for him, and vanished around a corner, leaving his shoes on the ground in front of the shop, and his two companions sitting within it. With one of the shoes Abd-el-Atti beat one of the scoundrels, and with the other shoe he thrashed the other, finishing each castigation by throwing the shoe into the face of the victim, adding a little advice to keep better company. Abd-el-Atti was by no means satisfied with the escape of the chief offender, and ten minutes afterward, as we returned that way, proposed to surround him. It was probable he had by this time returned to talk over the affair with his friends. Abd-el-Atti walked on unobserved, and having passed the shop, gave me a signal and we closed up, my attendant springing like a cat on his prey. Never was man more astounded. Abd-el-Atti had snatched a cane from a by-stander, and showered blows on the back and head of the offender until he made a sudden bolt to escape, and, in his intense haste, stumbled over a boy, and went six feet into the dirt, taking a piece of skin off from his nose—quite large enough to keep him employed in better business for some days than insulting travelers. Fifty turbaned shop-keepers looked on all this with motionless countenances, neither approving nor disapproving by word or gesture, though I thought I could detect a smile of satisfaction in some of their dark eyes as he bit the dust.

Until this evening we had a fine breeze, but it failed us in the night, and we commenced the next morning to track, and, with short intervals of breeze, we continued it till we reached Assouan, nearly thirty days afterward. The Nile has along each bank a tow-path as well beaten as that of a canal in America. At times when there are sand-banks near one shore, the boat is rowed across, and the men resume their tracking on the opposite bank. The speed made depends, of course, on the velocity of the current against which they are pulling, and varies from eight to twelve miles a day with a boat as large as ours.

On the next evening we were at the little village of Abou-Girg, on the west bank; and as Abd-el-Atti was going into the village for milk, I accompanied him. The low water would not allow the boat to reach the bank, and I had directed her to anchor in the middle of the river, as well for the sake of avoiding thieves as for convenience. Nor could the small boat reach the shore, and having pulled up in the mud, I mounted the shoulders of an Arab sailor, who carried me safely to dry land.

The mud village was as quiet as a grave-yard in the moonlight until we approached, and then fifty dogs made the night hideous with cowardly barking. Milk is not as easily procured as might be imagined in a country where cattle, goats, and camels are plenty. Butter brings them so much better prices, that few are willing to sell milk, and hence the propriety of applying to a man in authority to compel the production of the article we wished. I had been furnished with all the necessary authority for this purpose, having a sort of roving letter of credit from the government, directed to all sheiks of villages and officials, great and small, requiring them, at all times, to give me whatever I wished in the way of provisions at government prices.

It was a mud village, and the streets were but narrow alleys between the walls of the low, windowless houses, whose roofs were corn-stalks or palm-branches. The moon shone very quietly down in those streets. I had never seen it more so. There was an aspect of repose about it that I could account for only in one way, and that was by supposing that the rays of light, having fallen into this vile and dirty spot, had lain down there in the repose of absolute despair.

"Where is the sheik?" we demanded of a naked boy who made himself visible in the moonlight an instant. But he vanished with a howl of terror, and made no reply. We met a woman face to face, as she came around a corner, carrying a calabash on her head. She stopped, drew her dress around her face, set down her calabash on the ground, never removing the gaze of her eyes from my face, and then wheeled and darted away. I sprang after her, in time to seize her flowing dress. Alas! it was her solitary covering, and she slipped out of it with the ease of an eel, and her dark form and shining limbs went flashing down the street.

At length we caught a man, and he took us up a street to a point where it made a short angle to the left for thirty feet, and then continued its course. The moon shone up it, but this angle was in the shade, and on a divan made of dried mud, the customary bench in all the Egyptian villages, sat the sheik and a half dozen of his friends in the shade, with their backs to the moon, looking up the street where it shone clearly again. Our errand was soon stated, and the pail, which one of the sailors had brought, was placed on the broad bench in front of the sheik, while I sat on one side of it, Abd-el-Atti stood on the other, and a dozen men, women, and boys sat down in the dusty street just within the line of shade.

The old sheik puffed his pipe in silence a moment, then handed it to me. One soon forgets prejudices. It would be some time before I could be induced at home to take a pipe from the lips of a white or black man; but I had not been in Egypt a month before I had learned that my Nubian servant always brought me my pipe between his own large lips, and I had accepted the hospitality and wet mouth-pieces of a dozen Turks and Arabs. I did manage at first to get a sly wipe over the mouth-piece with my thumb as I took it; but I gave up this notion at length, and therefore I took the sheik's chibouk unhesitatingly, and puffed as contentedly as his vile Beledi tobacco would permit, while he summoned up his followers, "Hassan! Hassan! Hassan!" The village rang with the voice. No house was there that did not hear it. But Hassan did not appear. Hassan was wide awake. All the village knew that we wanted milk, and Hassan, for the first time in his worthless life, was away from home.

"Some one bring Hassan!" growled the sheik; and while some one was about it, he shouted for "Mohammed." Mohammed was on hand. He had no milk, and was safe in appearing, while they endeavored to convince him that he had a gallon of it. Hassan was brought into the ring, and the sheik ordered him to bring the desired article. Hassan swore he had no milk. He did not know what milk was. If you would believe him, he never drew milk from his mother's breast; and, in fact, on looking at the intense darkness of his countenance, it seemed probable that he was right. He was innocent of the article.

But the sheik knew Hassan. A storm of words commenced that resounded through the village, and Hassan departed growling. The moonlight fell quietly in the narrow street, and the group, which had steadily increased in number, sat in the edge of the light, striving in vain to pierce the darkness that enveloped my corner and catch sight of my countenance. The sheik was silent, and I followed his example, puffing industriously at his vile chibouk, which I twice handed back to him with my hand on my forehead, and which he as often returned to me wet from his lips, with his hand most impressively plunged into his loose robe, in the region where ordinary humanity carries its heart, but where an Arab carries either a stone or nothing.

It was not so much the mouth-piece as the tobacco to which I objected; but I resigned myself to it after my fruitless efforts to get rid of it, and kept at it with commendable perseverance, until I discovered a sleepy-looking Arab on the other side of the sheik, who looked as if he would be glad of a chance at it, and I passed it to him. He seized it and made fast to it, while I yielded myself to a profound sense of satisfaction, and, leaning back, looked up toward the stars. I say *toward* the stars, but not at them, for not less than twenty heads intercepted my vision. The roofs of the houses were crowded with women who were looking over into the open space below to see the stranger. I stared at them unobserved, and, though they were villagers, living in mud huts and clothed in blue cotton, still they had as beautiful faces among them as I have seen in splendid halls, and eyes that outshone the stars themselves. Ah, those lustrous eyes of the Arab women! one can not imagine the possibility of all the extravagances of the "Arabian Nights" until he has seen their depths of beauty, and then he understands it all. The dark lines of *kohl*, drawn around the edges of the lids, make them appear like diamonds set in ebony, and their laughing expression is the soul of fun and delight.

I asked the sheik what fruit grew on the house-tops in Abou-Girg. Every head was raised instantly, and the eyes disappeared in a twinkling, while a hearty laugh ran around the circle. At this moment Hassan made his appearance with a bowl containing less than a pint of milk, which he poured into the pail in front of the sheik. Then came a tempest. The sheik groaned and Abd-el-Atti waxed eloquent. Hassan was overpowered with the storm of words that ensued, and departed to squeeze his calabashes or his cows for a little more. Meantime Mohammed had been dispatched to raise some milk under penalty of a thrashing if he failed, and when he was gone the sheik shouted for female assistance. "Serreeyeh! Serreeyeh!"

She came, wearing the invariable blue cloth wound around body, head, and face, the eyes alone being visible, and was dispatched on the same errand, while the sheik asked news from the war, and we launched into the sea of poli-

tics. The scene was enlivened by the arrival of an Arab mounted on a white horse, and a half dozen tall fellows in red tarbouches, who had been sent for to sit on shore all night and watch our boat. Every village is responsible for the safety of a boat lying overnight at or near its bank, and, if robbery occurs, must make good all losses.

At length Hassan returned with another pint of milk, and poured it into the pail with an air of satisfaction that seemed to claim the approval of his neighbors. The sheik looked in, took up the pail, shook it, looked at Hassan, and set it down with a groan of disgust that was irresistible. I think Hassan's chances for a well pair of feet were poorer at that moment than they had been in some weeks. But Mohammed arrived in the nick of time with a good supply, and filled the pail. As for Serreeyeh, Serreeyeh is doubtless looking for it yet, for we saw no more of her. I took my leave of the sheik and went back to the boat, followed by the guard, who spread their mats on the bank while I pulled off to the boat, which was anchored fifty yards from the shore. For an hour the men on board exchanged hails every ten minutes with the guard on shore, and after that our hails were unanswered, and from the appearance of the three mats and six dark spots on them, I was convinced that they were keeping watch after the most approved Turkish fashion.

The next day we tracked again all day. But there is nothing tedious in this way of progressing, for it gives us an opportunity of going on shore and walking, shooting, gathering shells, agates, and cornelians, or meeting the natives and talking with or looking at them.

We strolled along a sandy beach, the ladies looking for specimens of the Nile shells, and Jacques and myself carrying our guns and shooting an occasional plover or pigeon. We came to a point on the east bank not far below the village of Sheik Hassan, where the desert came down to the edge of the river, and from the Nile to the Red Sea the sand rolled every where. There was a rocky point projecting into the river, and on its top the remains of a foundation hewn in it. Nothing but the hewn well was there. No fallen wall, no blocks of stone, no column, only the trench in the solid rock that marked the outline of the building which had once stood there. There was nothing strange in this, for almost every rock from Cairo to Wady Halfeh has interesting memorials about it; but no American, accustomed as we are to the modern, can look on the foundation-wall of a building of three thousand years ago without pausing to analyze the new thoughts and emotions that crowd into his brain. Possibly our monuments are older. Perhaps the mounds that I opened on the bank of the Ohio may be the graves of a race that had grown old when Egypt was young—of a people whose monarchs were mighty men of renown long centuries before the valley of the Nile rang to the sounds of war under the Shepherd Kings. I have looked on those mounds with reverence, but reverence more for the mysterious and unknown than for the ancient and great. I have slept in solemn nights, when the wind was wailing through the forest, wrapped in my blanket, in the turf inclosure that contained one of those strange heaps, and every night ghostly visitors surrounded me, giant men, like trees walking, and with voices like the wind. But I never felt in those dark communions with the unknown past any of that profound awe with which I stand among the relics of a nation whose history I know, and whose age is recorded on granite.

It was but a line on the stone, but it told of the days of princes and kings, and we sat down on the rock, May and I, and the sun shone pleasantly down on us, and the river passed on at our feet as we read the story. It was of kingly footsteps on the floor, of the light tread of the fairy feet of princesses, of the tramp of men-at-arms, the sound of music and laughter, and song and dance and revel. Soft passages were not wanting, that told of pure and gentle love; and those we paused to read, for human love hallows the earth more than any other incident in all the life of man. I care not where it is—though in the hut of an Egyptian Fellah or the hovel of a miserable Berber, if the sanctifying influence of love have been there, it has made it a sacred place. And the thought that arms had been twined around each other here, that lips had wooed each other's kisses here, that hearts had beaten against hearts, and strong embraces held young beauties, and voices whispered low soft words of human fondness, and eyes looked love here—this thought hallowed the rock, though arms, lips, and young beauties were all dead dust a thousand years ago—dead dust carried away on the river to the sea, and by the sea scattered to the islands and continents of an unknown world. If all the dust of all the earth could but start into life and clear perception for an instant where it now lies, what strange, wild countenances of affright and horror would men see staring on them from the earth beneath their feet in every land!

I may be pardoned for interrupting myself just here in this article, to apologize for any apparent dislocation of its sentences or ideas. The boat has been on a sand-bar for two hours, and the entire crew are in the river, heaving first on one side and then on the other, with their backs under the boat. The result is a sort of long roll, much like a ground swell with a short jerk at the end, and not conducive to continuity of thought or of writing. The occurrence is not uncommon, and is one of the incidents of the Nile voyage. The instant the boat strikes, every man's clothes disappear, as if the stroke had shaken them off, and they plunge into the river like water-dogs. When she floats they swing in, and throwing on their loose dresses without waiting for napkins, lie down and sleep till she strikes again, or something else rouses them. But to return to my subject.

We reached Kalouseneh that day. When within four miles of it, I left the boat, and crossed the country on foot, gun in hand, shooting along the way.

At the village I found it market-day. There are about a hundred acres of palm-grove here—it might almost be called a forest—and in the shade sat literally hundreds of men, women, and children, with their various wares and merchandise. All the fruits, grains, and products of the country abounded, and there were long rows of temporary shops, consisting only of shawls spread on the ground, covered with beads and other trinkets, to tempt the Bedouin or Fellah women. I sat down under a palm, tired out, and endeavored to cool and rest myself; but a gaping crowd, scores and scores of the people, surrounded me, stifling the air, and nearly suffocating me. I left the market and entered the village. It was the usual mud structure of Egypt, and but for the beauty of its palm-grove, would have been as detestable as any other. But I found a coffee-house on the bank of the river, where I sat down to wait the coming of my boat. It was already occupied, but they vacated the coolest divan on my arrival, and I took it.

Do not imagine a coffee-house of the European or American plan. Far from it. A mud wall in the rear, seven feet high, and two posts at the front corners, supported a roof of reeds or of corn-stalks. This is the Egyptian coffee-shop, found in every village of any size, and furnishing coffee at ten paras the cup, araka at a little more, and boosa at five paras for enough to get sick upon. Forever be the memory of Egyptian boosa detested! It was here that I first encountered it, and, unsuspicious man that I was, invested my paras—five of them, constituting the smallest coin known in Egypt—in ordering a cup of beer—Arabic, *boosa*. It came, and I looked at it, and elevated my gaze to the faces of the group around me. They did not understand my horror, except only a ghawazee, a dancing-girl, whose intense black eyes flashed her fun as she saw me posed by the earthen dish full of a vile abomination that—on my faith it did—smelled as if it had already served the purposes of two Arabs, and refused to stay on their stomachs. I tasted it. I taste every thing, clean or unclean, that Arabs taste. No, I am wrong: there is a dish that Abdul Rahman Effendi, the governor of Nubia from Assouan to Wady Halfeh, called my attention to, and which I did not taste. It was the entrails of a sheep, chopped fine, with the gall broken and sprinkled on them, which a half dozen Berbers were eating raw, with a gusto that might have tempted a less fastidious man; but, as I said, I did not taste that. But I did taste the boosa, and I handed back the dish, cup, bowl, whatever its name was—it held a quart—and I begged the proprietor of the shop, as a special favor to me, to pour it all back into his reservoir, and shut the cover down. I shudder as I remember it now!

I sat for two hours in the coffee-shop, and the boat at length arrived. It was not yet evening, but there was no other village for some distance above, and we thought it best to pass the night here. Accordingly we laid the boat up at the bank, and spread our carpets under the palm-trees. Here we sat till the sun went down, and the moonlight came gloriously over us. Never was there such a moon, never such skies, never such stars as these. And when the night comes, and I sit in the holy light that sanctifies even this apparently God-forgotten land, I think there can be no life in all the world like this. Palm-trees, moonlight, and the Nile! What more? Sometimes—sometimes, I say—not often—on such nights as these, I remember a distant land of cold storms and biting frosts. Often—how often! how earnestly, how fondly, I remember a land of gleaming firesides and beloved faces; and I see the sad countenances of two who look for my coming, and then I long to be away. God keep us all to meet in a land that I love better than Jerusalem itself, for all my darling memories of childhood and of you!

At break of day we glided away from the shadow of the palm-trees, and pursued our course slowly up the river—I, as usual, taking my gun and one of the men with me, and walking on shore, in advance of the crew who were at the tracking-rope. The current was strong, and we had not advanced far when we met a boat in which were a man, his wife, and two boys coming down on the stream. It was heavily loaded and near the shore, and the man was unable to row off and give our boat the track, as was our right. It was manifest that unless he stopped her we should be afoul, and that with force enough to sink one or the other, or both. The usual Arab shouting commenced, and the eldest boy plunged into the stream with a rope for the shore. He reached it, but the current swept him by the steep bank. I gave him the end of my gun, and my man caught the rope, and between us we swung the boat in to the shore. At the moment that her bow struck, the other boy jumped for the shore, and missing his footing, fell into the stream just in time for the boat to close over him and absolutely extinguish him. I thought he was done for. But Mohammed sprang to the rescue, pushed off the boat, and seized him literally in *extremis*.

All Arabs, men and boys, have their heads shaved, leaving only a scalp lock, said by some to be left in imitation of the Prophet, who wore his own thus; and by others said to be for the convenience of the angel who will pull them out of the graves when the day of rising shall come. The tuft of hair served the boy's purposes at an earlier date than had been anticipated. Mohammed lifted him bodily by it, his feet and hands spread out like a frog. I thought his scalp must be pulled off; but no. He picked himself up from the mud into which Mohammed threw him, and stood, without a whimper, an unconcerned spectator of the scene which followed. His father was indignant at Mohammed for saving the boy's life so rudely. He should

have been more polite about it. The old man struck a good blow, but got a better one in return. By this time the crew had come up with the tracking-rope, and some natives had run down to the shore. The *mêlée* became general. I was the only one not in it, and I amused myself with seeing their harmless blows, which were showered furiously on each other, while the shouts were hideous. Blows and shouts at length became milder, and the difficulty was ended. The crew resumed their tracking-rope, turning occasionally to hurl a general volley—a sort of company-fire of words—in the rear, until Reis Hassanein, who had been foremost in the fray, resumed his walk by the side of his men, and gave the time for the invariable towing chorus,

"Ya Allah! ya M'hammed!"

which they continued right cheerily until afternoon, when we were under the Gebel e' Tayr, or "Mountain of Birds," which, saith tradition, the birds annually visit, for the purpose of leaving one of their number imprisoned until their next return. The why and the wherefore who knoweth?

But the mountain is better known as the site of the "Convent of the Pulley," or of "Sitteh Mariam el Adra" (our Lady Mary the Virgin), and, more briefly, "Dayr el Adra." It is a long range of cliffs, singularly broken, and full of rifts and chasms, rising perpendicularly from the east side of the river for four miles. The convent, which is in fact but a Coptic village within mud-brick walls, occupies the highest part of it, and access to it is had by a well-hole, a natural break in the rock, up which men may climb from the river's edge. Otherwise one must go some miles around to reach it.

Coptic convents are not such places as we are accustomed to imagine convents. Marriage not being forbidden to the priests, their wives and families necessarily form part of the inhabitants of a convent, which thus becomes a village, often of no small dimensions. A church, surrounded by mud huts, and all inclosed in a wall to protect them from the incursions of Bedouins, who have no fear of the Church before their eyes, composes the residence of the monks. They live as they best can—by begging, cultivating land, and possibly in less honest ways. I have not much admiration for the Copts. A Mussulman is worth a dozen of them, and a much safer companion. The Dayr el Adra boasts a church built by the Empress Helena, but it is nearly in ruins, and there is nothing interesting outside of it.

Long before we were up with it, two black heads were visible on the surface of the water under the hill, and two of the monks came off to the boat, swimming more than two miles to meet us. Their robes were not according to any monastic order that I have before heard of, nor could any opinion be formed from them of the rank of the individuals. In point of fact, the only opinion one could form was of their physical developments, and these were magnificent. They were naked, and two more stout, brawny, heavily-built specimens of humanity were never seen in or out of a monastery. They made the air ring and the cliffs echo their shouts from the time they took to the water until they reached us, "Howajji, Christiano; Christiano, Howajji," and would doubtless have added the demand for bucksheesh in the approved Egyptian style if I had not anticipated them. I was on the upper deck sketching the hill, and when they were within two hundred yards of us, rapidly approaching, throwing their long arms out of the water and drawing themselves along, I shouted to them to give me bucksheesh. I begged more vociferously than an Arab—I shouted, I howled it out: "Edine Bucksheesh, Edine Bucksheesh, Khamsa, Achera, Bucksheesh, Bucksheesh!"

They were taken aback. It was not what they came for. I had mistaken them. It was they who wanted money. They had not come on a benevolent mission to the traveler's boat; so they dropped astern very quietly and swam ashore on the west bank, along which we were tracking, where they held a small council and took each other's advice according to priestly rule. It appeared to be a new question in their experience. For something like a thousand years the monks of the monastery of the Sitteh Mariam had been accustomed to ask gifts from passing travelers, but never before had one demanded aid from the convent, and yet it looked proper; even their thick skulls felt the penetrating power of the idea.

Five minutes closed the council, and they advanced along the sand to the side of the boat.

"Howajji," commenced the leader. I have an idea that he was the father abbot; he was six feet in—no—*not* in his stockings. His tone was subdued. It was by way of introducing a conversation that he called my attention. I was busy over my sketch with my head bent down, though I watched him steadily.

"Howajji."

"Howajji mafish," cried Jacques. "There's no Howajji here. What do you mean by calling me a shopkeeper?"

Again he paused to consider. There was a point in the remark. The term Howaggi, or Howadgi, as it is pronounced in Syria, is applied indiscriminately to all travelers, and originally as an expression of contempt, though it has become the common phrase for a foreigner who travels for pleasure. The Turks consider all other nations mere shopkeepers, but the Christian monk had no excuse for using the word. At length he began again.

"Sidi" (gentleman), and proceeded to state his case. It was a somewhat unecclesiastical affair altogether, but I think he did not appreciate that. When he had explained his wishes, which resolved themselves into the usual demand for charity, only it was somewhat novel to hear it asked in the name of the Saviour, we invited the monks alongside, and they

swam off to the boat and held on to the rail, with their mouths open and heads thrown back, much as they might have received the consecrated wafer, and we administered the silver in due form, laying it on their tongues. But the ceremony was incomplete, and the next instant they shouted for "wine, wine," with mouths yet wider open. This exhausted our respect for the Church, and I swung a whip over their heads so suddenly that they disappeared like divers, and swam ashore again. They walked by our side three miles or so up the river, and then took to the water again, and swam across to the convent, where, I trust, for the benefit of future travelers, they referred the question I had suggested to a chapter of the worthy brethren of the Dayr el Adra—a forlorn hope verily.

In the afternoon, while I was away shooting geese, one of the men cut his hand badly, and I found on my return that May had bound it up skillfully, and that it was doing well. But he insisted on my examining it, and I did so. Every man on the boat thereupon presented himself with a wound, bruise, or sore of some sort to be attended to, excepting one only, who, after diligent search over his body, could find nothing but an ancient wart on his finger that he begged to have removed.

Medical advice and medicine are the most frequent demands, next to the invariable bucksheesh, which we have to reply to, not alone from our men, but from men along shore. Women bring their children with sore eyes and bruised bodies, and beg medicine, advice, and bucksheesh. All sorts and kinds of diseases present themselves, and many horrible wounds, which no surgical skill could relieve except by amputation, have been brought to me for cure.

In the evening the deck of the boat presented a scene that I much wished to have before me for preservation on canvas. Reis Hassan-ein has an old uncle who came with us from Cairo, by permission, as far as Manfaloot, where he resides. He is an ancient Reis himself, having navigated the Nile for fifty years, and he is fifty times the man that his nephew is. All the evening he was sitting on one side of a lantern, while Abd-el-Atti read aloud to him from a ponderous volume of the Arabian Nights, and the old man's face would light up with a glow that was positively fine as some passage of special beauty or spirit struck his ear. Abd-el-Atti reads well, and his volume of the Arabian Nights has proved a valuable addition to our library. Thereby hangs a story, too, which is worth the telling, as illustrating the manner in which things are sometimes done in the East.

Mohammed Ali, among his other good deeds, published a large number of books at the government press in Boulak, and among other books he printed an edition of the Arabian Nights, and another of Geometry, both large books, and the former in two volumes. But who in Egypt could be found to purchase books. The edition lay unused, unsold, and unread, till the government issued an order requiring every person in their employ to take five or more copies of each. A capital way of disseminating information this. Some hundreds of men who could not read a letter were thus supplied with several copies of valuable books. The result was that they were glad to sell them for whatever they could get, and for a while books were cheap in Cairo.

Leaving Beni Hassan to be visited on our return voyage, we took advantage of a light breeze and came on up the river. The hills on the east side for miles are dotted with the openings of grottoes and sepulchres. Hundreds and thousands of them are visible, and hundreds of thousands remain undiscovered and unopened, where the servants of the Pharaohs lie sleeping out these colder, later years.

On the morning of the 28th we ran with a fresh breeze up to the bank at Osioot, the capital city of Upper Egypt. The Governor's residence is on the bank of the river, but the city lies a mile inland at the foot of the mountain. The valley is exceedingly beautiful here, and very green and full of luxuriance.

In front of the Governor's palace are stone steps leading down to the river, which are reserved for the use of the Viceroy. Not knowing any rank superior to that of an American gentleman, Abd-el-Atti laid the boat at these steps, and we fired a salute of thirteen guns as we came to. An officer came on board immediately from the Governor to thank us for the salute, and to inquire who the travelers were.

Latif Pacha is the superintendent governor of Upper Egypt from Cairo to Wady Halfeh, and in rank the second man in the country. I had a firman from the Viceroy directed to him, and in addition to this, a private letter of introduction from a mutual friend. I therefore sent him word that I would call and present them after breakfast, but we had not finished our meal when an officer came with a message that the Governor would come on board. This we could not permit without first meeting him on shore, and we hastened up to the court of his palace on the bank, where we met him. He is altogether the finest-looking man I have seen in Egypt. Tall and well formed, with a closely trimmed black beard and mustache, a high forehead, and a keen black eye that spoke more than his lips, he is the personification of an Oriental nobleman. Although he converses perfectly well in French or Italian, it was not within the rules of Eastern dignity for him to use even common Arabic in conversation with strangers, and he spoke only pure Turkish, in which Abd-el-Atti is a proficient, and acted as interpreter. Assuring us of his pleasure at meeting us, and accepting with the most perfect politeness our ordinary forms of compliment, which were done into flowing Oriental phrases before he replied to them, although it was manifest enough by his eye that he fully understood them, and the improvements which Abd-el-Atti made on

them, he walked with us to the boat, and passed a couple of hours in a very pleasant general conversation.

The war is the never failing subject of conversation here, and we were able to give him some later news than he had before received. France, England, and all Europe passed under discussion, and at length America and the democratic principle. He was well informed on the general history of nations, and had read much. Pipes and coffee were no interruption to the conversation. He smoked splendidly, and lipped his jeweled mouth-piece with elegant grace, sending the fragrant cloud through his mustache and around his fine eyes and face. Occasionally officers entered and received orders and retired, always with profound respect; and at length the conversation turning on Egyptian affairs, and the subject of the return of the Viceroy's sister, a somewhat delicate subject just now, he rose to leave us, and we attended him up the steps to the gateway of the palace. The respect which a host has for his guest in the East, is expressed by the distance to which he accompanies him on retiring.

A few moments afterward ten donkeys of the most valuable kind made their appearance, having been sent from his stables for our use, and we mounted for a ride to the city and the tombs in the mountain beyond, attended by a cawass, "armed and equipped as the law directs," who was charged with our safety and comfort.

As I before remarked, the city lies a mile from the river, near the foot of the mountain; but it is separated from the latter by a branch of the river, which makes the site of the city in fact an island. Over this branch stands an arched stone bridge, and below it the picturesque ruins of an older one similar to it; while immediately after crossing the bridge commences the abrupt ascent of the mountain, which is filled with tombs and grottoes. From the river to the city the road is raised some feet above the level of the plain, which is overflowed at high Nile. The approach by this curving route is very picturesque, and the appearance of the city is in all respects more beautiful than any thing I have seen in Egypt. Fifteen or twenty mosques lift their graceful minarets among groves of palms; and the private houses of the city, which are built in much better style than in Cairo, present an appearance that is refreshing to the eye so long accustomed to mud and crude brick.

Osioot occupies the site of the ancient Lycopolis, "the City of Wolves," so called from the worship by the ancient Egyptians of the god to whom the wolf was sacred, and a consequent respect to the animal, evinced by the immense numbers of them found mummied in the catacombs among the hills. Of the ancient city little or nothing now remains, and of its ancient inhabitants no memorials except their empty tombs, which darken the mountain-side like melancholy eyes looking over the plain that once gleamed with art, and arms, and wealth, and magnificence. Sometimes, indeed, an industrious Arab, mindful of the value which is set on the bones of his dead predecessors, excavates a new tomb, and dislodges the occupant who has slept so many thousand years in its gloomy silence. But this is not often, and most travelers who have visited the catacombs of Osioot record the sight of wolves prowling among them, and Mohammedan funerals in the cemetery below, as the only things worthy of record that they saw from the hill.

We saw the funerals, but no wolves. Perhaps those who have been before us have seen foxes, which we did see, and mistaken them for wolves; or possibly they did see wolves, which are said to be not uncommon on the Nile. We rode rapidly through the city. The bazaars were very busy, and the people were apparently less accustomed to the sight of a Christian than those in other cities of Egypt, for they crowded around us as children around a menagerie, so that at times the cawass had difficulty in clearing our passage. On the hill we paused a while to survey the magnificent view over the plain, and then entered the Stabl Antar, the great tomb of some unknown grandee of the old time, whose dust was long ago scattered on the Nile. It is an immense chamber, cut in the rock, having a lofty doorway opening out on the side of the mountain. The vaulted roof of the room is nearly or quite fifty feet in height, and from this chamber arched passages led in various directions, now nearly filled with sand and the crumbling stone of their roofs. Into one of these passages I crawled on my hands and knees for two hundred feet, where it spread out into an immense chamber, but I could not stand upright any where in it. Under one side of it there was a lower chamber, into the roof of which some rude hands had broken an opening in former years, and around it lay dead men's bones and the relics of ancient humanity. My feet crushed them at every step. I held my candle down in the chasm, and could see indistinctly the bottom ten feet below. I let myself down, and dropped, safely indeed, but with a fearful rattle of bones around my feet. The spoiler had been here long ago, nor was there any evidence who, or how many, had slept out the centuries here in darkness, nor when their slumber was disturbed. There was evidence, indeed, of nothing, save only that, somewhere in God's great universe, there are souls, spirits of light or gloom, who once wielded these bones for earthly uses, and who now know nothing and care nothing for their fate. Perhaps this is not so. In fact it does violate one of our dearest fancies—call it belief, for I believe it—that the dead do linger with somewhat of affection around the clay homes they once inhabited, and best love the flowers that spring from the dust which was once their own. If so, what ghostly companies are in this valley of the hill? for here there is little trouble in finding their bodies. In other lands they pass

into grass, and trees, and all the mutations that are the course of nature; but here, in black hideousness, they lie in rocky sepulchres, millions on millions, the dead of two thousand years of glory such as no nation before or since has equaled; and could we but speak into visible existence their haunting spirits, what room above this narrow valley would there be to let the moonlight through their crowded ranks? What maidens would sit on white rocks over the burial-vaults of lovers! what mothers, in white-robed sorrow, would bow their heads over the forms of beloved children! what angel-watchers would be seen at the head and foot of countless fathers and friends!

We ate our lunch in the large room, spreading our carpets in the centre, where we could look out across the valley and feast our eyes with the glorious view. In the foreground was the city; beyond, its groves of palms, and then the lordly river, on which the only visible flag was our own—the only memorial before us of home. While we ate, the cawass and ten or a dozen attendants, men and boys, sat outside the doorway, and one of them chanted to the others a chapter from the Koran. It rang in the vault of the room, and, closing our eyes, we could imagine ourselves in a cathedral of Europe, so priestlike was the sound.

Lunch over, I left the ladies and climbed to the top of the hill, looking into a hundred tombs on the sides of the rocky terraces, and finally crossing the summit, where I descended into a wild ravine, the habitation of desolation itself. Here, musing as I walked, I started a fox from his hole in some recess of a tomb, and as he dashed down the side of the hill I sent a ball after him. It did not stop him, though it killed him, for he went a hundred feet down and fell into the ravine, while the sound rang through the rocky chasms with a hundred echoes that might well have startled the sleepers under those gray hills. Descending to secure my game, I returned to the party by a path around the hill, and came upon a crude brick ruin which may be Christian or possibly Roman. It was remarkable only for the abundance of scorpions which were in the walls, and I killed a dozen within a minute, perforating two of them with a thorn for exhibition to the ladies, who had heard much of them as common in Egypt, but had never yet seen any.

I found them still sitting in the doorway of the Stabl Antar, looking out on the valley view, and on a mournful procession that carried a dead man to the burial-place in the sand near the foot of the hill. The loud cries of the mourners, mingled with the chant of the bearers, came up to us with peculiar effect, and we sat silent in the broken entrance of an ancient prince's tomb, to watch the burial of a poor fellah, and wonder how many days the wolves and jackals would let him repose. And then we looked off at the great river, which came from far up in the south, and disappeared far down in the north:

"It flows through old hushed Egypt and its sands,
Like some grave mighty thought, threading a dream;
And times and things, as in that vision, seem
Keeping along it their eternal stands."

And then gathering cloaks, and shawls, and books, and leaving the servants to finish the luncheon and follow us, we mounted the donkeys and took our way back toward the city.

MARIA, A LOST QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

THE name of Mrs. Fitzherbert has long been familiar to the world. Every one has heard of the lady whose fascinations warmed Sheridan's eloquence in the British Parliament, whose equivocal position provoked one of Brummell's most bitter sarcasms, and whose wrongs roused the Edinburgh Reviewer, Brougham, to denounce the monarch of Great Britain as a traitor, a bigamist, and a felon. But her real history has never been thoroughly cleared up. On the one side, Horne Tooke called her in his newspaper the Princess of Wales; on the other, the Reverend biographer of George the Fourth, Dr. Croly, and after him Lord Holland and others of minor note, have classed her simply among the unfortunate ladies who sacrificed their honor to the whim of the monarch who was called the first gentleman in Europe. Between the two the public have been befogged.

A new light is thrown upon her romantic story by a volume just published in London by the Honorable Charles Langdale, the brother of the late Lord Stourton, a relative, co-religionist, and most intimate friend of hers. The volume has been provoked, it seems, by a sneer contained in Lord Holland's Memoirs; and though, from reasons explained below, it does not wholly exhaust the subject, it is the first authentic account that has appeared of Mrs. Fitzherbert's history—it tells the story plainly, and is none the less valuable because it makes no pretension to literary excellence.

Royal frailties are not always a wholesome subject of contemplation; still, to us lookers-on in America, the picture of society in foreign aristocratic circles presented by the story of this lady would be worth a glance for its interest alone, independently of the historical importance of the facts it discloses.

Marianne or Maria Smythe was born just one hundred years ago, at Brambridge, in the County of Hants, England. Her father was wealthy; brought her up in luxury; took her once to Versailles to see Louis XV. pull a chicken to pieces with his fingers, as his custom was; whereat the child laughed, as well she might, and received from the gorged monarch a present of sugar-plums as a reward for her astonishing sense of humor. Grown up, and uncommonly beautiful, she married, at nineteen, a Mr. Weld, who died the same year. Three years afterward, she married again; her second husband, Thomas Fitzherbert, of Swinnerton, died a couple of years after the marriage, leaving his widow childless, with a fortune of $10,000 a year.

Four years afterward she was living at Richmond Hill. A blooming widow of twenty-nine, so beautiful that the village poets celebrated her in a well-known song, of which the chorus was:

"I'd crowns resign
To call her mine,
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill."

It was there the Prince of Wales first saw her. He was about twenty-three, and as wild a rake as then was in Europe. Like every body else, he fell in love with the sweet lass of Richmond Hill, and offered her the place in his heart which had been last filled by the newest opera-dancer. She declined. Amazed, petrified at such unheard-of scruples, the Prince insisted; sent down to Richmond Hill the most eloquent Whigs of the day; laid a train of presents, and showered jewelry. The widow, calm and beautiful, serenely dismissed *ormolu*, Whigs, and *écrins*. His Royal Highness was in despair. To yield was to lose his prestige as a lady-killer. George had an original mind (it is known he invented a shoe-buckle); he proposed marriage. 'Twas a stupendously audacious proposal, for Mrs. Fitzherbert, besides being a subject, and hardly eligible for a royal alliance, was a Catholic, and the Act of Settlement distinctly declared that any Prince who should wed a Catholic should forfeit his throne. For all this, George deliberately proposed to marry the widow. And the widow as deliberately refused him.

This was more than human nature could bear. That a morganatic alliance might be contemned by a fastidious lady, was supportable; but to reject the hand of the heir to the throne offered in lawful marriage, was beyond endurance. So George went home and stabbed himself.

Fast and hot drove chariots to Mrs. Fitzherbert's—two peers of the realm, a surgeon, and an equerry within—to entreat and implore the sweet lass of the hill to see the Prince ere he died. This was before the Rosa Matilda school of novels arose, and Mrs. Fitzherbert suspected no trick. She stipulated for a peeress as a companion; the beautiful Georgiana of Devonshire threw herself into the breach; and the two, ere morning, stood by the bedside of the Prince. He lay bedabbled with blood, with brandy and water in one hand, and Mrs. Fitzherbert's taper fingers in the other. Nothing would cure him but her consent to wed him. Let her say nay, and he would die that very minute, before they left the room. The poor frightened woman, dizzy and bewildered, let some officious friend put a ring of the Duchess of Devonshire's on her finger, faltered a promise to marry the Prince, and was spirited away. Being asked long afterward whether she believed the Prince had really wounded himself, she confessed, like Candide, with a blush, that she had seen the scar.

Next day she repented. Hastily packing her trunks, she fled to Holland. The British minister there was negotiating at the time for the hand of the Princess of Orange for the Prince of Wales; he took Mrs. Fitzherbert into his confidence, and so did the Stadtholder, who never forgave her for having tempted him to commit so great a blunder. Chased by the Prince's agents, she fled to France. There couriers from the Prince followed her in such troops that no less than three of them were arrested and thrown into prison by the French authorities on suspicion of being political agents. Who could stand against such assaults? She promised never to marry any one, if she did not marry the Prince. This point gained, her lover did not rest till she promised to return to England. Having made the promise, she could not long delay its fulfillment. She returned to England, and was married to the Prince of Wales.

The marriage ceremony was performed by a Protestant clergyman, in presence of the bride's uncle, Mr. Errington, and her brother, Mr. Smythe, both of whom signed the certificate as witnesses. No legal formality was wanting to give validity to the marriage. It was valid at common law in England. It was in strict conformity with the canon of the Church to which Mrs. Fitzherbert belonged. Regarded either as a civil contract or as a religious ceremony, or as a sacrament, it was binding on both parties, and indissoluble—save for certain specific causes, and by an ordained specific process—by any authority on earth.

It was shortly after the marriage that Charles James Fox, then the leader of the Opposition in Parliament, wrote to the Prince that letter which has been so much quoted, in which he admonishes his friend that a marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert would be fatal to him, and adds, that "were he Mrs. Fitzherbert's brother or father, he would advise her to prefer any other species of connection with the Prince." To this letter George replied, asserting broadly that "there not only is, but never was any ground for these reports which of late have been so malevolently circulated." On the strength of this letter, probably, Fox rose in Parliament, when the subject of the marriage was mooted, and denied that it had taken place. Being pressed farther by a country member, who suggested that there might have been a marriage though not a legal one, Fox added that he "denied it not merely with regard to the effect of certain existing laws, but *in toto*; in fact as well as in law. The fact never did happen in any way whatsoever, and had from the beginning been a base and malignant falsehood." Fox undoubtedly believed what he said; though his standard of morality, as illustrated by his letter, would hardly appear to have interposed an insuperable barrier to his stating the same thing with a better knowledge of the facts; especially as the vote to pay the Prince's debts depended upon the statement.

On the day which followed this speech, says Mrs. Fitzherbert, "the knocker of her door was never still." Crowds came to prove their disbelief in the calumnious imputation, by paying their respects to her. She first learnt what had

passed from George himself. Meeting her in the evening, he seized both her hands, and said, "What do you think, Maria? Fox went down to the House last night and denied that you and I were man and wife. Can you conceive such a thing?" She turned pale, and said nothing; but would never see Fox again. He offered, when in power, to make her a duchess; but she sarcastically replied that she had no fancy for the part of a Duchess of Kendal.

Some time afterward, two or three years after her marriage with the Prince, she was sitting down to dinner at the Duke of Clarence's (afterward William the Fourth), when she received a note from her husband. It was short, and to the point. He had seen Lady Jersey, and she had conquered. Henceforth Mrs. Fitzherbert was nothing to him. The shock was sudden, unpresaged; but the lady seems to have borne it with fortitude.

Then followed, at a short interval, the marriage of the Prince of Wales to Caroline of Brunswick. It is to be presumed that the crown lawyers were deceived as to the fact of the previous marriage of the heir apparent, for it seems to have been regarded as no obstacle. Queen Charlotte, who knew the truth, calmly observed that her son George knew best whether he could marry. The King offered, the very day before the marriage, to take the responsibility of breaking it off if George desired it; but he declined his father's services, and went through the ceremony under the influence of strong stimulants. Meanwhile Mrs. Fitzherbert, by the advice of her friends, opened her house to the fashionable world. All the nobility, including the royal family, attended her parties. The Duke of York, her husband's brother, was with her constantly. The King "could not have treated her with more affection if she had been his daughter" instead of his daughter-in-law.

These marks of respect on the part of the royal family—the fraternal behavior of the Duke of York—the paternal affection of the King—and, at the very same time, the marriage of her husband, the Prince of Wales, to another woman, amidst national rejoicings and court festivities—present altogether a picture which appears amazing and incredible to denizens of this hemisphere. But this is only the first extraordinary scene in the drama.

Directly after his second marriage, George lost patience with his new wife, abandoned and insulted her. He went back to Mrs. Fitzherbert, and claimed the rights of a husband. She was, says her biographer naïvely, "by his marriage with Queen Caroline, placed in a situation of much difficulty, involving her own conscience." We call such dilemmas by a different name in this country, but let that pass. In her doubt, she sent her chaplain to Rome, to have the Pope's advice "upon a case of such extraordinary intricacy." His Holiness was of opinion that she was bound to obey the Prince, her lawful husband. Accordingly, on a given day, she gave a breakfast to all the nobility, and then and there publicly resumed her station as the Prince's wife. The daughter of George and Caroline—the Princess Charlotte—who died in 1817, but would have succeeded to the British throne in 1830, instead of William the Fourth, had she lived, was born a few weeks before.

After this reconciliation she lived eight years with the Prince. Eight very happy years, she called them, though the pair were sometimes so poor that they had not five sovereigns between them, and were glad to be offered a trifle of money by their own servants. The Prince devoted, and much given to self-accusation for the past; Mrs. Fitzherbert full of hope for the future.

Suddenly came a change. Lady Seymour, dying, chose Mrs. Fitzherbert to be guardian of her infant daughter. The child's family, stanch Protestants, moved the Lord Chancellor to take the child out of the control of a Roman Catholic. Mr. Romilly resisted the application, mainly on the ground that, under the guardianship of Mrs. Fitzherbert, the child would enjoy the advantage of the society of "the highest personage in the realm;" and the Lord Chancellor, duly appreciating so weighty a consideration, awarded the child to the defendant. So far good; but in the course of this negotiation, the Prince and his wife were thrown into the society of Lady Hertford—a near relative of the child's—and she supplanted Mrs. Fitzherbert. Lady Hertford's triumph was aggravated by circumstances of peculiar cruelty. "Attentions were required from Mrs. Fitzherbert toward her rival, which ruined her health and destroyed her nerves." These attentions were "extorted by the menace of taking away the child;" their motive was, of course, "to preserve Lady Hertford's reputation, which she was unwilling to compromise in any way."

It seems that Mrs. Fitzherbert led this wretched life for several years, enduring insult and ill-treatment from her husband, but retained in her position as his lawful wife by the entreaties of his family. At last, at a dinner given to Louis XVIII. of France, matters were brought to a crisis. As she bore no title, it had always been usual, when she dined with her husband or he with her, for the guests to sit without reference to rank. Upon this occasion Mrs. Fitzherbert was notified that the guests would take their seats according to their rank. Turning to the Prince, she asked where she was to sit? "You know, madam," said he, brutally, "you have no place." Her reply was good: "None, Sir, but such as you choose to give me." He gave her none; and from that day they ceased to see each other.

Once only afterward they met. George was Regent of England at the time, and being about to dismiss his ministry, he sent for Mrs. Fitzherbert and asked her counsel. She gave it frankly, in favor of the Whigs; George calmly replied that what she proposed was impracticable, and she took her leave.

When he fell ill, and was pronounced to be

in danger, her woman's heart warmed through the snows of all the long years of their separation, and she wrote to him. He seized the letter, read it eagerly, and thrust it under his pillow. But he made no reply; and nothing in all her life, said she, "had so cut her up as his silence on this occasion." Before he died he took one of her portraits, a small miniature, fastened it round his neck with a ribbon, and gave directions that it should be buried with him.

His death seems to have made no difference in the social standing of Mrs. Fitzherbert. William the Fourth sent for her, and on her desiring to see him first at her town-house, called without delay. She showed him her certificate of marriage, and letters of George's fully establishing that she was really his wife; on reading these the honest old King burst into tears, and declared he was amazed at her forbearance under such severe trials, with such documents in her possession. He offered to make her a duchess, but she said she had borne the name of Mrs. Fitzherbert all her life, and did not wish to change it. The King himself presented her to his family, and she dined constantly with them. She was treated with equal cordiality by the royal family of France when she went to Paris: indeed, until her death, the world in which she lived behaved toward her as though she had really borne the title of the Princess of Wales and Queen of England.

That she had a right to those titles is incontestable. It is true, that by enforcing the Act of Settlement, George the Fourth might have been debarred from the throne, and the crown deferred to his brother William, who succeeded him; but that act lying dormant, and no proceedings being taken to enforce it, it appears clear that Mrs. Fitzherbert was legally as well as morally Queen of England from 1820 to 1830; that Caroline of Brunswick, as she is understood to have said herself on her trial, was the mistress, not the wife, of George, and that her issue, Charlotte, who married Prince Leopold of Belgium, was illegitimate. That this was the view of many—probably all—the best legal minds in England at the time is quite likely.

Brougham's famous article in the *Edinburgh Review* pointed distinctly to this conclusion, though, as the counsel of Queen Caroline on her trial, he could not well state it in so many words. William the Fourth would not have offered her the rank of duchess had he not been convinced that her waiver of a still higher rank deserved such reward. And it appears that when her papers were finally disposed of, the noblemen who were intrusted with the direction of that delicate transaction thought it necessary to have her write and sign a memorandum certifying that there was no issue from her marriage with George: they thought, evidently, that any person sprung from that marriage would have valid claims upon the throne.

George died in 1830; Mrs. Fitzherbert in 1837. At his death his executors, the Duke of Wellington and Sir William Knighton, called upon Mrs. Fitzherbert, and requested her to surrender the papers she had referring to her union with the late King. Generous to the last, she agreed; and all her correspondence with her husband, together with many other papers, were burnt in the presence of the Duke and his colleague. They asked what claims she had upon the estate of the King: she said she had none. The Duke of York had obtained for her a pension of £6000 a year; but from her husband she had not only received nothing, but had actually sold her own private annuity to supply his wants in the days of their happy poverty. Five papers she refused to destroy. These were, 1. The mortgage securing her pension; 2. The King's will (probably an old one, made during their cohabitation); 3. The certificate of marriage; 4. A letter from George the Fourth relating to their marriage; 5. A letter from the clergyman who performed the ceremony, endorsed "no issue from this marriage, M. Fitzherbert." These papers were deposited in the vault of Coutts and Co., bankers, under the seals of the Duke of Wellington and Sir W. Knighton, as the King's executors, and Lords Albermarle and Stourton on behalf of Mrs. Fitzherbert: and a bond was executed by her that these papers should not be published "without the knowledge" of the King's executors.

After her death friends of the royal family spoke of her marriage as a sham ceremony. Lord Stourton, her friend and relative, published a letter in reply, and proposed to publish the papers at Coutts; but the Duke of Wellington protested so strongly against the production of these papers, and threw so many obstacles in the way, refusing even to see Lord Stourton, that the design was abandoned. Years passed over, and all the four trustees of the documents died. By a codicil to his will Lord Stourton appointed his brother, Charles Langdale, his successor in the trust, and drew his attention specially to a letter from Mrs. Fitzherbert, in which she "trusted, whenever it should please God to remove her from this world, that her conduct and character (in Lord S.'s hands) would not disgrace her family and friends."

The other day Lord Holland's Memoirs appeared, containing the most injurious imputations against Mrs. Fitzherbert. Mr. Langdale immediately applied to the executor of Lord Albermale, the Rev. Edward S. Keppel, for permission to publish the documents. The answer was that their production "would only pander to the bad feelings of the great world without doing good;" and the request was accordingly declined. Mr. Langdale, faithful to his trust, did the next best thing; he published a brief memoir of Mrs. Fitzherbert from information and letters given by herself to his brother. It is from that memoir we have derived the material of this article.

Whatever becomes of the papers at Coutts's, whether the pressure of public opinion compel their production, or they lie in the vault till

they rot, it is now proved beyond question that Mrs. Fitzherbert was the legal wife of George the Fourth, and consequently the Queen of England. And it is to be hoped that when time has invalidated the personal considerations which doubtless induced the Duke of Wellington and others to wish to hush the matter up, some sensible historian will allot to Queen Maria, wife of George the Fourth, a place as conspicuous, and perhaps more honorable in history than that which is filled by such queens as the Sophias, the Charlottes, and the Carolines.

THE GREAT EPIDEMICS.

THE PLAGUE IN LONDON AND MARSEILLES.

THE King had "come to his own again" several years, when rumors of an alarming nature began to pervade the streets of London, and even cast an occasional cloud over the faces of the gay, reckless, and licentious revelers who revolved as satellites round the throne of Charles the Second. As early as September, 1664, the presence of Plague in Holland was commonly talked of. It will surprise us, in these days of rapid dissemination of news, to learn that the prevalence of this fearful disease, at so short a distance as Amsterdam and Rotterdam, was not known in London till more than a year after the greatest violence of its ravages in those two cities. In 1663 it had been very severe in Holland, but so little impression had the first uneasy rumors made on the public mind in England, that the anxiety soon died out, and no more talk of the terrible pestilence was heard. It was, however, a false security, for in no long time the distemper broke out and raged furiously among the people of London and its environs.

Our principal authority for the minute history of this epidemic is Daniel Defoe. Those who remember his ingenious advertisement of "Drelincourt on Death," in which he invented such minute circumstances of a supernatural visitation that the truth of the story was for a long time unsuspected, are excusable in doubting any thing which comes to us upon his authority. A careful examination and collation of his statements with the isolated hints found in letters of the time, and with the less minute and exact accounts of the epidemic handed down to us by other writers, will satisfy any one that the groundwork of the story is true, and that only the accessory incidents, which are easily recognized, are the offspring of the author's imagination. Sydenham, the distinguished physician, who was in London a greater portion of the time that this disease prevailed, has not given a minute history of the epidemic. Indeed, he was absent during the period of its fiercest ravages, having removed his family to the country, though he returned in time to save his reputation, since the pestilence was still raging.

After a great scourge, like that under consideration, it is always easy to look back and recognize many circumstances which must have exerted an influence in the production of disease, but which, while operative, escaped the notice of those who ought to have considered them. Among these, we are first struck by an analogy between Athens and London. The population of the latter city, like the former, had greatly increased. The disbanding of the old army of the Commonwealth had thrown many out of employment; but the stern soldiers of Cromwell were not the men to abandon themselves to idleness and dissipation. The life of the camp and the garrison had not sapped their principles. They returned to civil life and steadily pursued their various avocations, with probably more zeal and ardor than they would have manifested had they never quitted them. London, being then as now the great centre of trade for England, attracted these disbanded soldiers, and they resorted thither in great numbers with their families. The return of the King and his Court to the capital also caused a large influx of population. The gayety and glitter of those brilliant and licentious nobles created a demand for laces, trinkets, and gewgaws, such as London had not known for years. Under the stern sway of her Puritan rulers, the makers and merchants of such vanities had little chance of success. Now, however, all who had these wares for sale, or who had skill in their manufacture, swarmed into London. Multitudes of poor people, bobbin-weavers, ribbon-makers, etc., settled in the suburbs. Some idea may be formed of the throngs then in the city, when it is remembered that the report to the Lord Mayor announced the fact that there were no fewer than a hundred thousand ribbon-weavers in and about London. The increase of population has been estimated at from one to two hundred thousand over and above the number at any former period.

The entire population of the city at the time the plague broke out could not have been far short of half a million. This great multitude was badly housed. The city was built mainly of wood and plaster. The streets were narrow, badly paved, worse drained, and never cleaned. Under the very windows of palaces the streets reeked with unspeakable abominations. "St. James's Square was a receptacle for all the offal and cinders, for all the dead cats and dead dogs of Westminster." The parts of London inhabited by the poor were in still worse condition. In rainy weather, the gutters soon became torrents, and "roared down Snow Hill and Ludgate Hill, bearing to Fleet Ditch a vast tribute of animal and vegetable filth from the stalls of butchers and green-grocers. This flood was profusely thrown to right and left by coaches and carts."

To these defective sanitary regulations and this crowded city, were superadded the moral causes of pestilence. The minds of the people had been greatly depressed by a fearful looking for some terrible calamity. A comet had overhung the city, and terrified imaginations dwelt upon its wan and sickly glimmer and its slow

and solemn motion. A few deaths occurring in the parish of St. Giles, and reported to be plague, added to the consternation. The astrologers uttered dark hints of impending woe. Certain fanatical books, too, as is ever the case in any great excitement of the popular mind, wrested prophecy to suit the occasion. Their very names were portentous. Such titles as "*Fair Warning*," and "*Come out of her, my People, lest you be Partaker of her Plagues*," were suitable introductions to pamphlets which foretold the ruin of the city. The frenzy of certain of the wilder sectaries, having been roused by the godless living of the King and Court, broke out into fierce denunciations and doleful prophecies. One man rushed through the streets, crying, "Yet forty days, and London shall be destroyed." Another ran swiftly about, nearly naked, shrieking in loud, unearthly tones, with a countenance full of horror and anxiety, "Oh, the great and the dreadful God!" He spoke to no one, however earnestly accosted, but never ceased his dismal cry.

Besides this, the imagination of the people pictured all sorts of horrid portents from the world of spirits. Astrologers and fortune-tellers swarmed in the unhappy city, and took good care to keep up the alarm by which they profited so largely. Hosts of people resorted to them, eager to know whether the disease would really be so extensive and so fatal; and if so, whether they would escape. Thus the minds of the citizens were kept in a continual ferment, and the depressing effect of this perpetual alarm could not fail to have strongly predisposed to the reception of the epidemic influence.

The winter, we are told by Sydenham, was extremely severe, and frost persisted till the opening of spring, which was sudden; and that acute observer noticed a change in the general character of diseases. They became more inflammatory than usual, and with them appeared an epidemic fever of a pestilential character, the forerunner and, it may be, a mild form of the terrible disease which was so soon to follow.

The epidemic was long in gathering strength. The first cases seem to have been imported, and there could have been at that time no atmospherical condition favorable to the spread of the disease. They occurred as early as the beginning of December, 1664, in the persons of two foreigners residing at the upper end of Drury Lane. There was immediately, after these two cases, a marked increase in the number of deaths in two of the parishes, St. Giles's-in-the-Fields and St. Andrew's, Holborn; but this increase seems to have been due to the spotted fever and not to the Plague. The mortality continued to fluctuate, sometimes higher, and sometimes lower, till May, when it became certain that a disease, accompanied by carbuncles, and very fatal, had begun to prevail. The number of deaths from this source was at first small, and the officers resorted to the customary falsehood of suppressing the facts. In the last week of May, however, the mortality was so great that it was impossible to continue concealment any longer. In that week the burials in St. Giles's parish had reached the appalling number of 53, four times larger than the usual mortality, and by the second week in June they had increased to 120.

A sudden panic now seized upon the people of the infected district. They swarmed out of the city in every obtainable conveyance. The Lord Mayor's doors were besieged by hosts of fugitives, eager to obtain passes and certificates of health, without which they would not be permitted to go through the towns or even to stop at an inn on the road. This hurry and alarm were increased by the rumor that the Government was about to block up the roads, and that the towns intended to close their gates upon all who came from London. At last there were neither horses nor coaches left to carry away the crowds, and multitudes were obliged to leave the city on foot. The Court took the alarm early, and fled to Oxford during the month of June, and by August the whole city wore a most desolate appearance. A heavy gloom sat upon every face, for there were few who had not already lost some near relative or dear friend, and each trembled for himself, seeing the rapid increase of the Plague. Few, indeed, wore black, but the streets resounded with lamentations and with the shrieks of women and children, wailing for the dear ones who had just been smitten. Hardly a house in the infected district in which there was not at least one dead. Business was nearly at a stand. Streets, which were commonly thronged with an active, bustling crowd, were now wholly deserted and as quiet as the grave. In the great thoroughfares, which people who remained behind were compelled to use, the passengers moved along the middle of the street to avoid contact with those who might come out of the houses. Whole rows of dwellings were shut up, their occupants having fled.

The authorities of the city, by direction of the Secretary of State, now turned their attention to sanitary regulations, and some of their orders were of a very remarkable character. Late in June, the Lord Mayor issued a proclamation, publishing certain ordinances of the aldermen, to take effect on the 1st of July. By these, certain health officers were appointed to the charge of the infected districts. These officers were all sworn, and went by the names of examiners, watchmen, searchers, keepers, and buriers. The examiners were appointed by the alderman and council of each ward, were required to serve two months, and imprisoned if they refused to assume the duties and responsibilities thus laid upon them. Their business was to visit, from time to time, the various houses in their respective parishes, to prevent access to the sick, to see that the constables did their duty in isolating the infected, and to report all delinquents to the alderman. The watchmen were to take care that no one should go in or out of the infected houses;

they were to render necessary services to those who were confined, and to lock up the street-doors while absent upon errands.

In addition to this official supervision, every master of a house was compelled to give notice immediately of any suspicious eruption occurring upon the body of any member of his family. As soon as the disease was known to be present in any dwelling, the house was shut up by the authorities, and marked, in the middle of the door, with a red cross a foot long, and above it the printed words, "Lord have mercy upon us!" No one was suffered to leave the visited house, as it was called, except to go to the Pest House, in which case the removal was to be made at night. Should any one, notwithstanding the precautions taken, so escape, he was to be sent back, and the house of his receiver to be closed for twenty days.

The burials were also carefully regulated. They were only allowed before sunrise or after sunset. No neighbors or friends were permitted to accompany the body, and all who had any connection with the sick, physicians, searchers, keepers, and buriers, were compelled to carry before them, as they passed through the streets, a conspicuous red wand, to abstain from entering any house but their own, or those to which they were summoned, and to avoid all company.

These rigorous efforts to secure the perfect isolation of the infected were aided by the alarm of the people. The dealers in the necessaries of life—for all other traffic was soon broken up—received the money from their customers in pails of water or pots of vinegar, and some even carried precautionary measures so far as to heat the coin first in the fire and then to plunge it into water. People were afraid to speak to their best friends when they met them in the streets. The usual scenes of selfish neglect were re-enacted. The nearest relatives fled from the presence of the unhappy sufferer upon whose body the livid plague-spot was visible.

The plan of shutting up the houses, a barbarity for which intense fear is the only plea, was productive of nothing but unmitigated evil, although the non-professional writers, while they admit its horrors, generally approve of it, as a good and necessary precautionary measure. To the bold and crafty it was a nullity; to the simple and timid, it was destruction. It was certainly a terrible condition, that of the family of which a member had been seized with the pestilence. To be shut up with a deadly disease, believed by all to be contagious; to have death continually before their eyes for days and weeks; to see one after another of the helpless garrison swept away, and to sit in the desolate household, each waiting his turn to be smitten by the destroyer, was a combination of horrors which the most fiendish imagination in its most malignant conceptions could scarcely equal. It is not to be wondered at that many, delicate women especially, when thus imprisoned, died of fright. Nor is it at all surprising that the more resolute made their escape at every hazard. Stratagem, bribery, violence, were by turns resorted to, to elude, to corrupt, to overpower the watchman. Sometimes that functionary was sent away upon an errand, while the family took advantage of his absence to escape by another door. Should this guardian of the public be too honest for bribery and too sagacious for evasion, the desperate prisoners have been known to make a rush at him, and to disable or to kill him outright, in order to secure their escape. It is difficult to determine whether this system had its origin in a contemptible economy, which would not provide the necessary hospital accommodations, or whether it was suggested by that absurd reverence for precedent so common among the English. That the same plan had been adopted under the reign of James the First, during the prevalence of pestilence in the capital, undoubtedly was a sufficient argument in its favor to many of the city fathers. Whatever may have been the cause, whether stupidity or parsimony, one thing is certain, the two hospitals provided were wretchedly inadequate for the accommodation of the sick, having only two or three hundred beds in each. Had large and commodious wards been provided, at various points in the city, and the sick removed to them as fast as they were seized, it can not be doubted that the mortality would have been greatly diminished. As it was, it would be difficult to conceive a worse plan than that actually adopted by the Lord Mayor and his advisers.

Other sanitary regulations of a less barbarous character, and conceived in a better spirit, were adopted, but wholly insufficient for the preservation, much less for the restoration, of health. Every householder was compelled to keep the street before his door properly swept, and the piles thus formed were removed by the public scavengers. Domestic animals were banished from the city, and all unwholesome food and musty vessels were ordered to be removed. Beggars were not allowed to frequent the streets; plays and games of all kinds which could attract a crowd were suppressed; feasting was prohibited, and carousing in taverns and coffee-houses interdicted.

These ordinances, however, were often neglected, and one by one went into disuse. The burials soon ceased to be performed with any religious ceremonies. The dead became so numerous that it was impossible any longer even to preserve the individuality of a corpse. Pits were dug, at first so small as to contain only fifty or sixty bodies each, but afterward reaching proportions capable of accommodating over a thousand corpses. They were generally dug down to the water. Into these the bodies of rich and poor, many of them in a state of nudity, were thrown. The dead-carts went their dismal rounds at night, accompanied by torch-bearers and preceded by a bell-man, who called out, as he passed the infected houses, that terrible command, "Bring out your dead!" These vehicles being filled, were taken to the grave-yard, and their occupants shot out of them into

the pits already prepared for them. The terrible democracy of death equalized all ranks and conditions, and the hurry and alarm of pestilence gave the survivors no time to desecrate the stern majesty of the grave by the usual introduction of the vanities of time and the fripperies of wealth into its solemn domain. The innocent child and the hoary reprobate, the delicate maiden and the brutal rioter, the rich man and the beggar at his gate, were huddled rudely together in that promiscuous heap of the ruins of mortality. No prayers were said, no mourners took their last look; but the hired bearers, whose poverty or avarice enabled them to overcome the universal abhorrence and dread of the disease, shoveled a thin layer of dirt upon these unhonored remains, and started again upon their melancholy rounds.

Another horror was the undying vice of man. The terrible pestilence which at so fearful a rate extinguished human life, could not triumph over the perennial and immortal depravity of human nature. The bodies of the dead were stripped of their linen, in many instances by the bearers themselves, who braved the terrors of contagion for the petty bribe of the few yards of cloth which surrounded a corpse. The living were also robbed by the hireling nurses, who often left but little for their successors, the bearers. The clumsier of these rogues, who were guilty of petty thefts, as usual, were discovered and whipped at the cart's tail; but the more adroit escaped detection and retired wealthy. It was even rumored that some, not content with the pace at which the pestilence advanced, slew the unhappy creatures committed to their care, that they might hurry away to another sick couch, there to repeat the same crimes.

As the disease advanced and spread over the city the consternation increased, and thousands fled to the country and the neighboring towns. Great opposition was made at first by the country people and the inhabitants of the towns to this flight of the Londoners. The spread of the disease was very naturally dreaded. It did extend to a very large number of towns and hamlets, though it is not clearly shown that its advance was due to contagion. The alarm, however, was such that the poor fugitives were not allowed to enter the towns, but were compelled to camp out in the fields, or seek such shelter as chance might afford them. Necessarily, much suffering was experienced by those who were so badly accommodated. Some of the wealthier citizens resorted to a better scheme. They fled too, but to ships lying in the river, which, as the violence of the pestilence augmented, slipped their cables and went farther down the river and even put to sea, seeking safe harbors on the coast, where they remained until the epidemic had spent its force. Those who resorted to this shelter in time, escaped unharmed, but the poorer dwellers upon the banks of the Thames who took refuge in boys, smacks, lighters, and fishing-boats, delaying their departure until after the disease had become severe, and having but sorry accommodations on the water, made sad work of it. Some of these poor creatures died alone in their little boats; all of them suffered greatly, and did but change an earthy for a watery grave.

When the epidemic reached its height, a change took place in the moral tone of the population. The violence of their terror subsided into despair, or rather gave place to a sort of desperate courage, such as that Montaigne described in the quotation given in our last article. The precautionary measures, such as the shutting up of the houses, were generally abandoned. People no longer shunned each other, but met freely in the public assemblies. The dead were no longer loudly bewailed, the survivors regarding them as only gone a little before on the road that they too must travel. Even the fierceness of sectarian animosity, that uncompromising perennial hatred, abated. The churches whose own ministers had fled, now opened their doors to the pastors of other denominations, and congregations listened, with reverent docility, to pastors against whose heads they had formerly launched all the thunders of ecclesiastical wrath. Perhaps nothing, in the whole history of the epidemic, is more striking than this, especially if we consider how furiously this religious rancor raged among all parties during the reign of Charles the Second; when the Established Church had bitter wrongs to avenge, and avenged them bitterly; when the Puritans and other non-conformists hated the Church with all the venom which sectarian opposition and resentment against present persecution could infuse into spirits naturally unamiable, and now soured by a severity which the memory of the recent harsh rule of military saints may palliate, but nothing can justify.

From the middle of August to the middle of October the pestilence was at its height. In those two months there perished of all diseases, according to the bills of mortality, 59,870 souls, of which the Plague carried off 49,705. As the entire number of deaths accredited, by these official documents, to this frightful pestilence, was 68,590, it will be seen how terribly it must have raged during those deadly months. The most fatal week was that between the 12th and 19th of September, when there died of all diseases 8297, and of the Plague 7165. These figures are said to be too low, and the real mortality by the Plague alone, during its prevalence, has been set down at 100,000. In one night, early in September, it is said that more than 3000 perished.

The disease was generally believed to originate from a bale of imported goods, brought from Holland, and deposited in that house at the head of Drury Lane wherein the first deaths occurred. From this it was supposed to have spread, slowly at first, during the cold weather, but afterward with greater rapidity, till it blazed out in its fiercest malignity. The symptoms were those generally observed in the East—a violent fever, ending either in death, or in an

eruption of inflammatory tumors. If these broke, the patient was considered free from danger. In other cases the invasion of the disease was sudden. A man would be attending to his ordinary business, having no suspicion that he was sick, when his attention would be accidentally called to purple spots upon his body, the sure precursors of immediate death. Many, attacked in this manner, fell down and died in the streets, in the market-houses, and in their places of business. The greatest severity of the disease was, as usual, at the commencement of the epidemic, the average mortality being four in every five cases; while, toward the close, it became milder, the deaths falling to one in every five cases.

Not the least remarkable circumstance about this pestilence was its very rapid abatement. The week immediately following the 19th of September, when, as we have said above, the disease was at its height, the mortality decreased nearly two thousand, being 6460. The following week it fell to 5720, and so went on decreasing until in November it had descended to 905 a week. It would then, in all probability, have speedily disappeared, had not those who had fled to the country returned at too early a date to the city. This new material seemed, for a time, to rekindle the flame which was dying out for want of fuel; but the increase was not only slight but temporary.

Defoe describes the effect of this sudden change upon the spirits and temper of the people in very graphic language. "It is impossible," says he, "to express the change that appeared in the very countenances of the people that Thursday morning when the weekly bill came out; it might have been perceived in their countenances that a secret surprise and smile of joy sat in every body's face; they shook one another by the hands in the streets who would hardly go on the same side of the way with one another before; where the streets were not too broad, they would open their windows and call from one house to another, and ask how they did, and if they had heard the good news that the Plague was abated; some would return when they said good news, and ask, 'What good news?' and when they answered that the Plague was abated, and the bills decreased almost 2000, they would cry out, 'God be praised!' and would weep aloud for joy, telling them they had heard nothing of it; and such was the joy of the people that it was as it were life to them from the grave."

Thus ended this great and memorable pestilence.

THE PLAGUE IN MARSEILLES.

Marseilles, lying as it does at the doors of the Oriental trade of France, has ever been regarded as peculiarly exposed to those epidemic and contagious diseases which infest the Levant. It has frequently been attacked by the Plague. Of these visitations the best known is that of 1720, of which we now propose to give a brief account.

Early in May of that fatal year intelligence was received of the prevalence of pestilence in the maritime towns of Palestine and Syria. During May and June several vessels arrived from those ports, some with clean, some with foul bills of health. The first of these came in on the 20th of May, having left the Eastern ports on the 31st of January, before the Plague was known to exist there. The captain lost six of his men on the voyage, but the health officers at Leghorn certified that they died of malignant fever, caused by unwholesome provisions. Two days after his arrival another sailor died, and on the 12th of June the quarantine officer, put on board to carry out the sanitary regulations, followed to the grave. The surgeon, having reported that there were no marks of contagion upon either of these bodies, the passengers underwent their last fumigation, and were allowed to enter the city on the 14th of June. The probability is that these people carried the infection with them, for on the same day two others were taken sick on board the same vessel. Two of the other ships were invaded by disease, and all these cases proved fatal in a few days. The surgeon still denied the presence of infection; but the authorities, not having full confidence in his opinion, had the bodies buried in lime, and sent the ships to a distant island to renew their quarantine. On the 8th of July three servants, who had been shut up in the infirmary to purify the goods of the infected ship, having fallen sick, the surgeon was at last convinced that they had the Plague, of which disease himself and several of his family died shortly afterward.

The next day a case of Plague was reported in the city, and soon proved fatal. The family were removed to the infirmaries by night, and the door of the house was closed up with mortar. For several days these scattered cases were reported; then for a while none occurred, but by the 26th the pestilence had broken out in earnest. Fifteen people, residing in a miserable portion of the old town, suddenly fell sick, and the majority of them died in two days. The sheriffs spared no vigilance, but watched all night in the infected quarter, removing the bodies, by force if necessary, and burying them in lime; and busied themselves during the day in hunting up all who had had any intercourse with the sick, and sending them to the infirmaries. Indeed the officers deserve all credit for the energy and self-sacrificing spirit with which they performed their duties.

Terrible, indeed, was now the situation of the unhappy city. Famine, as well as pestilence, stared its wretched denizens in the face. The treasury was low, 1100 livres being its entire contents; bread was scarce and exorbitantly high; so also were wood, meat, and all the necessaries of life. The rich had fled, and the authorities found themselves with a number of poor upon their hands and very insufficient means to take care of them. In order as much as possible to diminish this burden, all foreign

beggars were ordered to leave at once, and those who had domesticated themselves, to retire to the Hôpital de la Charité, on penalty of being whipped. Unfortunately, however, for the success of this scheme, the Parliament of Aix published an *Arrêt* forbidding the people of Marseilles to leave their territory, and threatening with death all who either harbored or visited them. The beggars, therefore, two or three thousand in number, must remain.

On the 1st of August two physicians, father and son, came before the authorities to recommend a plan which they were sure would check the progress of the pestilence. They advised a sort of universal bonfire to be kindled at night throughout the city. Accordingly all the wood and brush that could be found was collected, piled in numerous heaps all over Marseilles, and set fire to. The illumination was very brilliant, and that was all the benefit the public derived from this scheme.

The authorities did not content themselves with this feeble precaution. They dispatched to the court intelligence of the forlorn condition of the city, shut up the street in which the pestilence chiefly raged, raised a new body of troops for special service, offered salaries to those physicians who attended the sick poor, advertised for a loan, and appointed 150 commissaries to look after the poor, to furnish them with provisions at the public expense, and to have a general supervision of sanitary affairs.

A new trouble is now added to the already heavy responsibilities of the magistrates. Bread riots break out in the streets. The soldiers of the garrison demand bread, or threaten to come and take it by force. The authorities behave with spirit, deny the request, and despise the threat. Arrangements are entered into with the officers of the province to establish markets with double barriers, well guarded, at which provisions may be bought without risk of spreading the infection.

The zealous officers now began to break down under their arduous duties, and accordingly it was determined to resort to the system of dead-carts and pits, and to employ the sturdiest beggars as buriers of the dead. Great difficulty, however, was experienced in carrying out this plan. Horses and carts must come from the country, and their owners refused to hire them for such a purpose. People could hardly be found to harness and drive the horses, and the poorest could not be bribed to undertake the task of burying the dead. Little, however, did they understand the resolute temper of those with whom they had to deal. Where persuasion failed, force was resorted to, and the magistrates carried their point.

Hospitals were established, and every inducement was offered to medical men and nurses to render services to the sick. Some idea may be formed of the zeal and energy of the officers from the fact that, in forty-eight hours, one of them had converted a large house into an hospital, and thoroughly furnished it, according to the notions then prevalent of hospital furniture. Two large pest-houses were prepared, and in two days they were filled. So violent was the distemper, that those who were brought in at night were carried out the next day to the pits, "and so the dead made room every day for the sick."

Some doubt had rested on the public mind as to the nature of the disease, but as soon as it was ascertained that it was unquestionably the Plague, the greatest alarm prevailed, and the people rushed out of town in crowds. Even the newly-appointed health-officers joined the flying hosts; but the magistrates remained heroically firm.

"The town," says the writer of a journal of that day, "has now an aspect that moves compassion; an air of desolation appears throughout; all the shops are every where shut up; the greatest part of the houses, churches, and convents, all the public markets and places of resort are deserted, and no person is to be found in the streets but poor, groaning wretches; the port is empty, the galleys have withdrawn from the quays, and are inclosed within a stockade on the side of the arsenal, where the bridges are drawn up and high barriers erected; and all the merchant ships have left the wharves, and gone off to anchor at a distance."

Fifteen livres a day were offered to the beggars to induce them to bury the dead, but even this could not tempt them. Two days were the utmost that any one employed in this fearful task could expect to live, so that it was necessary to drive them to the work. They were supplied with hooks fastened to the ends of long poles. These they inserted into the bodies, and so dragged them out of the houses. The fury of the disease soon destroyed them all, and the dead bodies lay in heaps before the hospitals and private houses, there being no one to remove them.

In this extremity, the sheriffs had recourse to the officers commanding the galleys, who gave them twenty-six slaves. These were stimulated to work by the promise of liberty, which came sooner than it was expected, at the hands of the great liberator, Death. While they were at work they required constant supervision, as they were both lazy and dishonest. They needed shoes, which were not easily obtained, since the shoemakers had all fled. Bread even could not be procured for them, on account of the desertion of the bakers. A proclamation was issued, commanding all tradesmen to remain on pain of death, but the order was not heeded.

A painful feature of the epidemic was the great number of little children thrown upon the hands of the authorities by the death of their mothers. These little ones were placed in a temporary hospital established in the convent of the monks of Loretto (then vacant, by reason of the death or flight of its former inmates), where they were fed with goats' milk and pap. Thirty or forty of them died daily, but so great was the number admitted, that there were always twelve or thirteen hundred under care.

By the middle of August the deaths had so increased that the pits outside of the walls were found to be too far off, there not being sufficient time to remove thither so many corpses by the small body of men under the command of the magistrates. It was therefore determined to bury them in the vaults of certain churches and convents, where heaps of lime and buckets of water were to be kept in readiness to be thrown upon the bodies. To this the monks objected; but M. Moustier, one of the sheriffs, burst open the doors, and superintended the work in person. The mortality was now a thousand daily, so that great expedition was absolutely necessary. The vaults being filled with bodies, lime and water were thrown in, and every hole and crevice covered up with cement.

Public religious worship was entirely suspended, the churches being closed, and most of the ecclesiastics having fled. The bishop, however, set a good example to his clergy. He was unwearied in his labors, going into the most dangerous places, among the poorest, carrying every where the consolations of religion. Nor was he satisfied with performing his spiritual functions with zeal and assiduity. He gave largely to the poor; and when he had exhausted his ready funds, he even pledged his private property to obtain money for the relief of the distressed. His heroic piety seems to have won him the special favor of Heaven, for though his household was thinned by the pestilence, he himself escaped. His example had a good effect; many monks and Jesuits followed it, and died at their post.

By the 6th of September the galley-slaves, though repeatedly reinforced, were all dead or sick. More than two thousand corpses lay putrefying in the streets, with no one to bury them. With them were mingled great crowds of sick, who had either left their houses for fear of being deserted by those who should protect them, or who had been driven out by their unfeeling relatives. Every public place was filled with them. Many crawled to the gates of the hospitals, but finding them already crowded, and even the avenues to them completely blocked up with the dying and the dead, were compelled to seek room farther off, among the corpses. There they lay, waiting for death to put an end to their terror and anxiety. Domestic animals which had been killed, the clothing and mattresses of those who had died in the houses, were all thrown in the streets. The docks were full of dead bodies and rags floating upon the water; and all these impurities lay reeking under a burning sun.

Under these circumstances, the magistrates made another appeal to the officers of the galleys, who furnished them with a hundred slaves and forty soldiers. The undaunted sheriffs led these reinforcements, and shrunk from no danger which they asked others to face. At one point there were a thousand corpses, the most recent of which had lain there three weeks. By that time they were so putrid that they could not be removed to the pits without the walls in carts, as they might drop to pieces on the way. A volunteer officer of health had the good fortune to discover that two ancient bastions, which had withstood the attacks of Julius Cæsar's army, were vaulted, and being in the neighborhood of these bodies, offered a convenient cemetery for them. These were appropriated to the purpose of this horrid sepulture, and instantly filled.

A number of physicians of Montpellier now offered their services. They refused any reward, but devoted themselves to the task of relieving the sick. By their calm courage they inspired the sick with hope. They sat by their bedsides, talked with them, handled their sores, minutely examined their condition, and did every thing in their power to relieve their mental as well as their bodily distress.

We can not enter more minutely into the history of this terrible epidemic. Suffice it to say that it continued to rage till the 10th of December, and that during all that time the authorities exhibited the same dauntless courage and indomitable energy which we have already noticed. The numbers perishing during this epidemic in the city and territory of Marseilles can not be ascertained, as there appears to have been no system of registration adopted. We know enough, however, to be satisfied that the mortality must have been terrific—even greater than that of London, in proportion to the population.

There are two important points in the histories we have just been narrating, to which we must allude, even at the risk of anticipating what we intend saying upon the subject of the causation and prevention of epidemics. The first is the remarkable exemption from disease of the heroic sheriffs of Marseilles, who exposed themselves freely to the risks of contagion. From this we learn that moral causes are potent in the production or prevention of this disease.

The other is the filthiness of the cities in which plague prevailed. Want of cleanliness, and generally defective sanitary regulations, characterized all the towns at that period of the world's history. Consequently, epidemics were far more deadly then than now, where more attention is paid to cleanliness. Much, however, remains to be done by the local authorities of our own beloved land. New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and indeed all our large cities, contain obscure and filthy dens, rarely visited by the manufacturers of public opinion, little known to the respectable inhabitants, in which the vicious, the wretched, and the abandoned hide themselves from the public eye, and engender disease and death. During ordinary seasons these unhappy creatures perish unnoticed and unknown, their poison being generated and consumed among themselves, or extending, at farthest, to a few in the immediate neighborhood. But when the mysterious epidemic agency is at work, then these foul quarters become foci of death, whence pestilence spreads over the whole city. To these haunts of vice and lairs of dis-

case the attention of the authorities should be directed. Let them be thoroughly purified, and epidemics will be divested of half their terrors. We shall return to this subject in a future Number, and show how terribly the poor and the miserable avenge themselves upon us for our neglect, and how a free expenditure here often becomes a judicious economy in the end.

A QUEER CASE.

I.

DR. PILLOGUS shook his head. Certain symptoms in the case had manifested themselves, and were declared bad. Dr. Pillogus therefore shook his head, and felt that he was justified in that somewhat unusual exhibition of professional alarm. It is only on the stage, that cheap-Jack mirror of nature, that doctors make a practice of shaking their heads.

Dr. Pillogus's patient had made his will in a calm and rational mood. With the customary liberality of a dying man who has money to leave—because he can't take it with him—he had remembered a host of poor relations, who, without any intention on their part, entirely slipped his memory till now. The Valley of Death is a wholesome place for a short memory. Bathed in its twilight vapors, the soul casts a lingering, searching glance at the dark, dreary past it is leaving forever—and it is astonishing what a deal it can see.

In the countries of Europe the sun lingers lovingly in the vineyards ere it sinks to rest, as if it would like to spend a night there. A wonderful clearness and a brilliant silence intoxicate the senses. Great heavy birds, with ridiculous legs, sail cautiously through the intoxicating air to their own private and confidential ponds, where they roost, in some love of a damp spot. Little members of the feathered tribe tuck their heads under their wings, and go to sleep on one leg, with a red night-cap of sunbeams. At such times even the animal Man forgets his natural depravity. Away in the twilight distance he discerns the lowly villager returning from his day of toil, robed in the simple majesty of a kind and hardy nature, and looking, like the sun, rather the better for his day's work. Down in the valley the mill hands are strolling by the brook side. Up at the big house the proprietor is smoking a mild, meditative cigar. There is not an object for miles round that can not be examined through this still telescopic air.

And so, my friends, when the twilight hour of the soul arrives—that brief, but happy period which precedes another day—we see with mortal eyes farther and truer than in the hot and busy sunshine of our noon.

Mr. Welford did not, I think, forget a single poor relation. When he came to the name of his wife, there was a faltering of the voice.

"All I have is hers—the others are but pensioners," said the good man.

Judge Cubbitt, who gave legal strength to Mr. Welford's moral weakness, did himself the injustice to say nothing—not a common failing with his class—but faithfully sealed up the now completed will. Judge Cubbitt relieved himself shortly afterward, in a husky voice:

"Tom, if you make an ass of yourself, I—" The worthy Solon waved his hand for a moment, in search of some atmospheric adversary, but not finding any, he plunged it into his pocket, and took a chew of tobacco. I have observed that the judges of this great and happy land (who, I suppose, constitute at least seven-eights of the male population) are invariably prodigious chewers. If it lend them one thought of mercy, long may they chew.

So Doctor Pillogus, hearing of these things, shook his head. Mr. Welford caught him in the act, and the Doctor felt compromised. All men smile when they are found out (being natural hypocrites), so the Doctor conjured up the ghostly gloaming of a dead laugh, and looked ridiculous.

"Better to-day, Sir. More cheerful."

"More prepared, Doctor. Perhaps more cheerful for that reason."

The Doctor made a wry face. His patient had flopped right into the subject he was most desirous of avoiding.

Let me explain.

Mr. Welford was a man of about forty-five years. He was habitually sedate, like a pulpit; and, in other respects, heavy and amiable, like an elephant. He was a man who had nothing in the world to do but eat, drink, sleep, and get stupefied over books. For forty-five years he had tried to make his life interesting to himself, but only with indifferent success. A painful consciousness of utter uselessness oppressed him. Now a man may be used-up, and incapable of new impressions, and yet have a large stock of philosophy on hand for the dull days of life. Every thing depends on the material that *is* used-up. Men are not like gun-cotton, that consumes and leaves no trace behind. Mr. Welford was exhausted rather than used-up. It was not that his mind had been filled to overflowing, but that there was no mind worth speaking about to fill. Every thing crowded and inconvenienced him; and an idea would, I am sure, have occasioned him a painful death.

So he planted himself in a large garden on the shore of a beautiful lake in Western New York, and enjoyed solitude with a wretched appetite for its gloomiest features.

One fine spring morning—and how glorious are our spring mornings, bursting on the sober face of nature like the coquettish laugh of a beautiful woman, short but delicious—one fine spring morning he made a remarkable discovery in natural history; to wit, that the birds went in pairs. He brooded over this curious fact for three years, renewing his observations with each returning spring. At the end of that time he formed a resolution. He would marry; and did so. The wife he selected was pretty, and strongly addicted to true love. At first she respected Mr. Welford, then she admired, then she loved him. Finally, she fell down and wor-

shiped him. He became the gloomy idol of her palpitating adoration. She made up her mind that he was the best man in the world, and she the happiest woman. After which she abandoned herself to inconsolable grief.

Marriage was a great, massive fact in the mind of Mr. Welford. He contemplated it as a monument of human wisdom—"a mighty maze, but not without a plan." But after a while it became, like all other facts, rather dry. The many excellences of his wife, to be sure, impressed him favorably. He liked her society, and was so fond of hearing her talk, that he never thought of interrupting her with a reply.

Having exhausted life with matrimony, he tried medicine, as a step to the grave. Dr. Pillogus poked him in the ribs, and told him he was well; drummed on his chest, and told him he was well; looked at his tongue, and told him he was well; felt at his pulse, and told him he was well. But Mr. Welford had made up his mind that he was *not* well, and the doctor failed to satisfy the patient. Doctors *should* minister to minds diseased, whether the remedy be in their pharmacopœia or their bread-baskets. If the conscientious Pillogus had doctored Mr. Welford so as to have made him sick, he would have declared himself better, for all he wanted was a new sensation, and it is certainly in the power of medicine to give you that. But the son of Galen told the truth, and Mr. Welford lost all confidence in science. He determined to doctor himself. He did so; and after intense study and application, arrived at the cheerful conclusion that he was a dying man.

It was by a species of inspiration that Mr. Welford came to the certain knowledge of this fact. He awoke one morning, yawned, and said to his wife,

"My dear, I shall die on the 25th of August, at 12 o'clock P.M. precisely." The news came to him post-haste on a night-mare. He did not for a moment doubt its authenticity, but in a calm, business-like way prepared for the event.

The first week he lost what ghostly cheerfulness he had ever possessed; the second week he lost his appetite; the third week he lost his pulse (the doctor could find it only after a long search). Slowly, but surely, he descended into the before-mentioned Valley of Death, and wrapped himself in the generosity of its atmosphere. That is to say, he made his will.

And now it wanted but twenty-four hours of the crisis.

Mrs. Welford was in agony; Mr. Welford placid and prepared. There was no deceiving him. He had a clock somewhere in his bosom which beat the minutes of the hour with unfailing precision. It had twenty-four hours only to run. You might play tricks with it as much as you liked, but you could not make it go an hour longer.

No one felt more interested in this strange case than Mr. Welford himself. He felt a certain kind of pride in deceiving the Doctor, and was in every respect under a personal obligation to die at the specified hour. He refused all kind of medicine, and even food. He became a snail-like skeleton, dragging a coffin about with him instead of a house.

It was at this crisis that Dr. Pillogus shook his head.

"That man will die. Nothing I can do will save him."

II.

While these things were going on at the Lake-side House, other events transpired in the village hard by which had some relation to them.

A stranger had arrived at Drakes'. The speculative reader will immediately suppose that this is the name of the village in question. Nothing of the sort. Drakes was the name of a hotel, or of an individual who kept it. I was never able to make out which. At one time I had nearly made up my mind that Drakes' was a man, but a painter whom I afterward conversed with toppled over this theory, by telling me that he was going to paint Drakes'. Now I submit that Drakes', even if he were an Indian, and accustomed to paint, would scarcely require five hundred weight of white-lead and two forty-foot ladders for his toilet.

A flight of steps leading to a wilderness of piazza was the principal architectural feature of Drakes'. It resembled a Connecticut pie, and appealed to the eye. If you went inside, there was not much to please you. Still Drakes' was a great institution—a nucleus round which the citizens revolved. You could get any thing you wanted there—at least there was a tradition to that effect. In a word, Drakes' put down every thing short of New York, which was perhaps its equal.

A gentleman stood on Drakes' piazza smoking a cigar. He had a cane in his hand, and managed it so severely that the intuitive guessed immediately the owner was a military man. If that was not sufficient, other things were. The Military Chieftain scorned silence and hated repose. When he brought his foot to the ground the rafters trembled. If he wanted to sit down, he seized a chair and dashed it to the ground, and then sunk into it heavily and crankily. If he wanted to place his feet on the balustrade, he flung them into the air first, and then brought them down with a swoop. When he coughed, you could hear him on the other side of the lake; he did it disdainfully and defiantly, not meekly and painfully. I am afraid this Military Chieftain was overbearing too, for some of the *habitues* of Drakes' were scared by his stony look. He had only been there a couple of hours, but the place belonged to him as much as though he had paid for it in hard cash, and hired the help himself.

The only man the Military Chieftain condescended to notice was Dr. Pillogus, who dropped in as he was passing on his way homeward. He had once had a bayonet thrust into his bowels in Mexico, and respected science for having stitched up the hole.

They had a friendly conversation together;

that is to say, Dr. Pillogus tried to pump the stranger, and succeeded in bring up a few dry sounds. The Doctor then poured in a bucketful of his own conversation, to make it go easier. He related all the particulars of a remarkable medical case in which a patient refused to take medicine, and yet was dying; thus, as it were, cheating the honest practitioner out of his privileges. The Military Chieftain was interested, and inquired the name of the patient.

"Welford."

"Welford!"

The Chieftain elevated his eyebrows, curled his mustaches, stiffened his back, knocked the ashes off his cigar, and generally looked about as surprised as a large nail when you hit it on the head.

"Know the family?"

"Slightly."

"A sad case, Sir."

The Military Chieftain made a cavalry cut with his cane, and replied,

"Very."

Enlarging on this admission, he afterward exclaimed:

"The man is a stupid blockhead, and ought to have fifty lashes a day until he feels that he is alive and kicking. Every thing has been done, you say, and he must make a widow of his wife?"

"Unless a sudden and powerful reaction takes place he will undoubtedly die."

"Sudden and powerful reaction; how would a cowhiding do?"

The Doctor thought it might be beneficial in some cases, but did not venture to anticipate any happy results in Mr. Welford's.

"If I call him out and shoot him through the pistol arm, how would that do?"

The Doctor confessed that the idea was a brilliant and laudable one, but had some doubts of its success.

The Military Chieftain then swore a little, and strode the piazza with a particularly flat and heavy tread. It was in vain that the Doctor tried to get something out of him concerning his knowledge of the Welford family. He was impenetrable.

III.

When a man says that he will die, it is by no means certain that he will do so. Obstinate on most subjects, he is generally open to other people's opinion on this.

But Mr. Welford was an exception to the rule. He had imbibed an ultra-fatalist doctrine, and was intoxicated with it.

As the hour of the catastrophe arrived all the household got into a state of silent excitement except the individual most concerned, who sat in his study chair, propped up comfortably for receiving the fatal blow. He was calm, collected, and perfectly used up. On his countenance no human passion could be traced. It was a dull map of physical nature untouched by intellect. If Death had been coming to dine with him he could not have looked more contented.

Mrs. Welford made herself ridiculous, as women are apt to do in such cases. She cried until her eyes were red, and then went off into a little series of fits, until she was in a condition to cry again. I am afraid the male Welford was rather flattered by these attentions.

Dr. Pillogus acted in a resigned manner. Between the excitement of the wife and the nonchalance of the husband he had a hard time of it. What was most injurious to his susceptibilities was, that neither one nor the other would take any medicine. To have a patient die on his hands without a professional chance of killing him, was, it must be confessed, trying and bitter to the skillful man.

But the Doctor had another anxiety—a secret which must forever remain untold.

IV.

I should like in this place to utter a stern philippic upon the frailty of woman; but, to confess the truth, I am afraid to trust myself with the subject. Besides, I am selfish of what few smiles I can beg, borrow, or steal, and do not feel disposed to hazard a single one of them for the sake of a stupid public. Another reason: writers who set themselves up for moralists and sense-of-duty men are bores, and I wont be a bore if I can help it. I hate being natural.

It was, however, a little inconsistent that while Mr. Welford was sinking into the grave through an arm-chair in one room, the heretofore anxious wife of Mr. Welford should suddenly neglect her duty, and receive the loving visit of a strange gentleman in another room close by. I say it was a little strange and inconsistent, although I am perfectly aware of the fact that inconsistency is the April shower which plays constantly on the springing virtues of a lovely woman.

The strange gentleman deliberately kissed Mrs. Welford, and otherwise comforted her, so that in a short time she dried her tears, and curved her pretty little mouth into a smile.

Audacity is a characteristic of the military profession. By way of illustration I will mention a fact.

The imprudent scoundrel in the next room was none other than the Military Chieftain!

The dying man grew gradually more feeble. The servants crept about the house stealthily, and whispered to each other like conspirators. Dr. Pillogus divided his attention between the watch in his hand and the patient in the arm-chair. Mrs. Welford had not been in the room for a couple of hours.

"Where is Harriet?" asked the sick man.

A servant returned with an answer. His mistress was in the next room receiving a visitor—a gentleman.

"She might be better employed," growled the Doctor.

Mr. Welford was of the same opinion. A

sick man is jealous of his privileges. He remarked to the servant that he did not wish to see any visitor—only his wife.

The servant fumbled about the room for a few minutes, and then said (confidentially to a side-board) that he did not think the stranger wished to intrude on the privacy of *Mr.* Welford—laying particular emphasis on the Mister.

Patients never miss a word that they are not wanted to hear. Mr. Welford caught the insinuation of the domestic, and remembered it.

"The indelicacy of some people," remarked the Doctor, sententiously, "is only equaled by the heartlessness of others." He had studied the sentence.

"James," said the sick man, "desire your mistress to come here. I have but a few minutes to live, and her absence grieves me."

The servant delivered the message, and returned with a mouth full of the following sentences:

"Oh, if you please, Sir, Missus says, as the ordeal's too much for her, and if you wouldn't mind, she would like, as her nerve's bad, to remain where she is, and suffer her affliction all alone." The domestic then punctuated himself out of the door.

"This is very extraordinary," said the Doctor. "Let me recommend you to compose yourself."

At this moment a strongly-defined burst of laughter broke through the stillness. It was composed of a little chattering peal, and a regulation guffaw.

"Surely that can not be my wife!"

"I strongly suspect it is though, and her visitor. Compose yourself, my dear Sir; the rites of hospitality, you know, must be observed even in the house of death."

The patient indulged in a feeble look of impatience, the first sensation he had known for years. He mistook it for a spasm of death.

Doctor Pillogus improved his opportunity. First he reminded Mr. Welford that he had but a few more minutes to live—perhaps with the view of cheering him; then he dwelt on the manifold duties of a dying man, not only with regard to the world he is going to, but to that he is leaving. Then he referred incidentally to Mrs. Welford, and her bereaved condition, winding up suddenly with the remark, somewhat petulantly expressed, that "She should be here, guests or no guests."

The patient indorsed this sentiment with a look of intelligent appreciation. He also groaned (I am thus minute to display my complete mastery of the human passions).

A moment later there was another cheerful response from the adjoining room. It was a more guilty laugh than the first one, and quickly subsided into a giggle.

"This is too much. With your permission I will speak to Mrs. Welford. If she has not the delicacy or inclination to be here, she should at least have the good taste to remain quiet."

The patient really looked as though he saw the force of this. He was visibly annoyed. These little incidents were not set down in the tragedy he had arranged.

* * * * * *

Doctor Pillogus returned with a long face. When I say this, I want you to understand that it was more than usually long; for, in its normal condition, it was about as long as a politician's promise before election; now, it was longer than a politician's explanation afterward.

The patient watched his demeanor closely, but said nothing. He felt, somehow, that things were not going right, and, to tell the truth, the poor fool felt a little ashamed of himself.

When a kind friend wants to break some unpleasant news to you mildly and cautiously, he generally contrives to put you on the rack as a preparative. By the time he gets to the worst your spirits are broken to pieces by foreboding apprehensions and doubts.

Shall I tell you what the Doctor communicated to his dying friend? No. I can not. The development is too startling even for me, who wallow and very often stick fast in such things.

A hectic flush of anger diffused itself over the pale man's cheek. He stretched forth his hands like a galvanized corpse, and told the Doctor to go for his wife and command her attendance. The Doctor went out. The patient bent forward in his chair with the cat-like watchfulness of a sick man.

I am sorry to say he heard these words shouted in a gruff, fierce, and strange voice:

"Tell the stupid old brute that we will come to see him in ten minutes, if he will do us the favor to die in five, as he promised."

V.

The business of this scene begins with a scream and an oath!

The first came from Mrs. Welford, who, after having performed it in a creditable manner, flung herself on the sofa and burst into a torrent of tears.

The second emanated from the Military Chieftain, and was of a large and generous description.

In a corner of the room stood the Doctor, gazing with anxious visage on a spectral figure which had just entered.

It was Mr. Welford!

The Military Chieftain surveyed the scene with deliberate stare, walked up to Mrs. Welford, placed his brown hand on her fair shoulder, and bade her be comforted.

"Leave this house, Sir!"

"I prefer to stay."

"You refuse?"

"Unquestionably."

"Madam," addressing his wife, "retire to your own apartment."

"Harriet, stay where you are."

The reader is requested to bear in mind that all the impudent answers emanate from the Military Chieftain.

"Insolent ——!" and the sick man grasped a chair.

"Pray be seated," said the Military Chieftain, with delicious playfulness. Mr. Welford dropped the chair and straightened himself like a telegraph post.

"Perhaps, Sir, as you will neither leave the house nor permit me to be alone with you, you will so far unbend yourself as to offer me some kind of explanation for this extraordinary conduct."

"Certainly. I have known your wife ever since she was a child. Then, as now, I loved her dearly. Circumstances compelled me to be absent for a series of years, during which period you took advantage of an opportunity to buy her, like a toy, for the amusement of your weary hours. To-day I returned, found that she was married and unhappy—"

"It is false! I never gave her cause. Speak, Harriet, speak yourself; have I ever made you unhappy?"

"Very, very unhappy!" replied the conscientious spouse, with a little cataract.

Mr. Welford was well-nigh stunned. The Military Chieftain continued:

"You hear what she says! Let me continue. Finding her unhappy, I tried to solace her grief. She told me all her woes and all her blighted prospects; how she had been the tortured slave of your whims and manias; and, in fact, how she had led the —— (blankest) life it was possible for a pretty woman to lead."

"And you, Sir—"

"I pressed her to my bosom, and swore by all the gods and all the devils I could think of to protect her against a hypochondriacal old scoundrel, and I mean to do it."

The sick man's eyes danced with fury at these words. Once more he commanded Mrs. Welford to retire, but she lay motionless, buried in her handkerchief.

The Chieftain continued:

"As there was a prospect of speedy relief, I deferred taking any active measures for the moment. I did not, I confess, anticipate this scene, for I was led to understand that you were a dying man. I now discover that hypocrisy has to be added to your other virtues."

"Liar! die when I may, I thank Heaven I have yet strength to punish a villain."

In another moment he was at the throat of the Military Chieftain. Livid with rage, he struggled furiously (and with every prospect of success) to hurl him through the window.

VI.

Time—the 26th of August, eight o'clock in the morning. Place—the Breakfasting-room of Lake-shore House.

Four persons are partaking of the matutinal repast. Mr. and Mrs. Welford, the Military Chieftain, and Doctor Pillogus. The Military Chieftain is ornamented with a suspicious bandage over the left eye, and his nose displays evidence of having been, what is technically called, "barked."

The only thing noticeable about Mr. Welford is the astonishing vigor of his appetite. Something of a pre-eminently ludicrous character tickles the Chieftain. He throws himself back in the chair, and laughs in a boisterous manner.

"You a dying man! Why, by Jove! you had the strength of an elephant. I am only surprised you did not fling me to the other side of the lake!"

"Mat!" says Mr. Welford, stopping seriously in the midst of his sixteenth egg, "please don't say any thing more about it. You saved my life by making me jealous of your dear little sister."

"There is no mistake about that," chimed in the Doctor. "You were quite beyond the reach of medicine."

"I know it perfectly well, and I know also that I was a very great ass to allow a foolish presentiment—"

Here there was a peal of laughter.

"Presentiment! Fiddlestick! Do you suppose that a lazy mass of flesh—such as you used to be—could have a presentiment of any thing in the world but indigestion!"

"Call it what you like, only don't laugh more than you can help—there's a good fellow! I feel so very ridiculous to be here, eating a disgustingly hearty breakfast, after having arranged every thing to die last night at twelve."

Another hearty laugh, and when that had subsided there was the smack of a little kiss, imprinted with extreme fastidiousness on a confidential spot of Mr. Welford's brow by his loving spouse, the discoverer thereof.

"Well, all I want to say," cried the Doctor, rising to depart, "is this. If ever I write a play, I shall make the plot turn on a certain used-up gentleman who thinks he is going to die at a certain hour, but is saved from death by a furious fit of jealousy. The remedial incident which causes this fit must involve the affection of his wife and his wife's brother, who, of course, must be a Military Chieftain just returned from Mexico."

"And don't forget to add to the *cast*," said Mrs. Welford, "a certain old fogy of a Doctor, who got mad because he saw his patient would die, and therefore went into the remedial scheme like a dear old soul, as he is."

"And," cried Mat of Mexico, "just before the curtain comes down, bring forward your Military Chieftain, take the bandage from his eye, and show the audience how infernally black it is!"

DANIEL WEBSTER'S SOCIAL HOURS.

HAD Mr. Webster's dinner-conversations been faithfully reported, he would have gained as much reputation from them as from his more studied efforts. He certainly excelled his contemporaries on this side of the Atlantic in the former still more than in the latter respect. Justice can not be done him as a *raconteur*. His inimitable manner, his emphasis and various intonation, his personation of the different

actors in his stories, can not be represented. His eye spoke as much as his tongue. He had a keen perception of the humorous, a nice appreciation of the shades of character, and a wonderful command over the most expressive words.

Dr. Johnson has said of Milton, "that he could hew a Colossus from a rock, but could not carve heads on cherry-stones." But Mr. Webster was no greater in the forum, at the bar, or in diplomacy, than at his table with his "own familiar friends." For indulgence, however, of his conversational vein, he wanted a fit audience—an audience before whom he could appear in an undress. He would oftentimes, of a morning, when in Washington, ask the writer: "Mr. ——, do you know of any saints in town? I have a sheep's-head, and, peradventure, a leg of mutton, for dinner to-day—which "Moneca" knows how to cook. But I don't want any but the saints to partake thereof."

He knew the saints, and loved them well. But if any malignants, or any of the Sons of Zeruiah, by any misfortune, got access to his table, he shut himself up like an oyster. He would not bend before the unbending. "We can not safely play the fool," he would say, "with fools."

His conversation, however, even on such occasions, was not always mirthful. No one was better acquainted with English and American history—few had more classical taste, or cultivated more carefully general literature. Upon these he conversed with great fluency and original thought, and gratified his attentive guests with an entertainment as unexpected as it was affluent. Oftentimes, too, he spoke of the Sacred Writings, and "truths divine came mended from his tongue."

It is the purpose of the following pages to give specimens of his conversation upon topics of various character, as nearly in his own words as the writer recollects.

One day some of us, in his presence, were talking of a lady's eyes—naturally brilliant, but which she endeavored to render more effective by the way she managed them.

"They remind me, with their long and dark eye-lashes," I said, "of Cupid's artillery in ambuscade."

"They rather should be compared," says A., "to heat-lightning."

"Not so," replied Mr. Webster; "for heat-lightning never strikes."

Mr. Webster, it is well known, in speaking of General Taylor's candidacy for the Presidency, pronounced it "a nomination not fit to be made." Experience proved the correctness of the opinion; for the best that can be said of his brief term was said many centuries before of a Roman Emperor: That he would have been thought ably qualified to reign, if he had never reigned.

But Mr. Webster ever did justice to his military abilities and eminent service in the field; and the writer was present once when he paid the old General a delicate and well-deserved compliment thereupon. General Taylor was complaining of the crowds of people who daily besieged him soon after his accession to the Presidency:

"They interfere," he said, "with my official engagements, and violate my domestic retirement; but still I do not wish to turn my back upon my friends."

"You never did upon your enemies, General," Mr. Webster instantly replied. The compliment, too, was bestowed by a man not addicted to flattering position.

Lisle Smith, of Chicago, a young man of great cleverness, since deceased, became greatly enraged with Mr. Fillmore because he would, or would *not*, remove the postmaster in that city, and sent him word, with his compliments, that there would be nine delegates from Illinois to the National Whig Convention in his (Fillmore's) favor, *over the left*. Mr. Fillmore returned his compliments to Mr. Smith, with the reply that, "not only from Illinois, but from many other States, there would be delegates in his favor, *over the left*." Mr. Webster, on hearing of the affair, said, Mr. Fillmore had gained a double victory—he had conquered himself and opponent.

The introduction of "the Wilmot Proviso" took place in this way, as the writer learned from a distinguished member of Congress at the time:

In the summer session of 1846, and after the commencement of the war with Mexico, the Hon. Hugh White, of New York, left his own seat in the House, and went over to the desk of the Hon. Truman Smith, of Connecticut, with this since so famous resolution in his hand, and asked him what would be the effect of its introduction?

"The destruction of the Whig party," was the reply.

Mr. White, however, did not think so. As he had enlisted some Democratic members from Ohio and one or two other Northern States in its support, he thought it more likely to inure to the injury of the Democratic party. Besides, some who coalesced with him on the occasion, had another motive for its introduction—a desire to avenge upon the South the passage of the Tariff Act of 1846. Mr. White followed Mr. Smith's advice, however, so far as to select a Democratic member for the paternity of the bantling, and Mr. Wilmot unreluctantly assumed it.

Mr. Webster said, the managers of the Whig party would be entitled to the same epitaph that was inscribed upon the tombstone of an Italian: "I was well—I tried to be better—and I lie here."

Mr. Webster told the writer, one day, that

the celebrated phrase of "conquering a peace," used by President Polk, in one of his Messages, was not original with that gentleman. "Frederick the Great," he said, "was a century before him. During the Seven Years' War, when affairs seemed to be going badly for him, that great King one day asked the English embassador, who accompanied him in all the campaigns of that war, if he thought they could *conquer a peace* from the Allies?

"'With the aid of God, Sire, I doubt it not,' replied the embassador.

"'So, then,' continued Frederick, 'God is one of your allies, is he?'

"'Yes, Sire, and the only one who takes no subsidies.'

"'And his services,' replied the King, 'seem to be in proportion to his pay.'

"Frederick," continued Mr. Webster, "affected to be a free-thinker, as it is called, in matters of religion; and at times indulged in irreverent and even blasphemous expressions—habits which he derived from his intimacy with Voltaire—whom he first attempted to cajole, then to rival, and finally to destroy. Ridiculous in his pretensions to philosophy, and contemptible from his attacks upon religion, he was doubtless the first soldier of his age. After the Battle of Prague (the horrors of which we are sometimes obliged to endure again upon the piano), he shut up 50,000 Austrians in that city, whom he intended to starve into capitulation, and then to march upon Vienna and dictate from its ramparts peace to Austria, before his other enemies had got ready their armaments. 'One of the boldest and most prodigious plans,' Napoleon afterward said, 'ever conceived in modern times.' The plan was complete, indeed, in all but one particular—*success*. Prague was *not* taken—but 'Old Fritz' himself nearly so, in a battle with Marshal Daun, who had, by forced marches, come up to the relief of the city."

Napoleon later improved upon this hint, and captured Vienna before the forces of the empire could be marshaled to oppose him.

Mr. Webster said, that his allusion to "scavengers" in the reply to Hayne, was generally, but erroneously, supposed to refer to Levi Woodbury, at that time a senator from New Hampshire; but that he intended the rebuke for a person then United States District Attorney for Massachusetts, and a vehement partisan of the Administration. He could not make any formal denial of its intended application to Mr. Woodbury, because neither that gentleman nor any of his friends ever approached him on the subject, as he otherwise would cheerfully have done.

And *apropos* of Mr. Woodbury, a *bon mot* of his may come in opportunely here. He was somewhat dissatisfied with the commencement of the Polk Administration, particularly in regard to the formation of the Cabinet, and some other important appointments. A friend of his meeting him just after the death of Mr. Justice Story, of the Supreme Court, inquired who was most likely to be appointed to fill the vacancy. "Mrs. ——, I think," he replied; "as she is the only one of the family the Administration has not provided for."

We had one day for dinner a *brandt duck*, as it is called; but why so called, I never knew till from Mr. Webster. "Brandt or brant," he said, "was but a description of color; just as brinded or brent, which is the old or equivalent word for brown. Shakspeare says:

'Thrice the brinded cat has mewed;'

that is, the brown cat."

"The brandt-duck," he said, "was really a goose. *Ducks* the Yankees, *geese* the connoisseurs, call them."

"The turkey," he said, "was a native of Peru, but got its name from the fact that James I. chartered a company of merchants, and gave them exclusive privileges of trade with Turkey; who, however, afterward diverted their capital to the Pacific coast of South America, and established posts in Peru, where they found this noble bird, and whence they imported it into Europe. It was called Turkey from the name of the company."

"You can make a dinner," said Mr. Webster, "of a chicken or duck with some accompaniments; but a turkey is a full meal of itself."

Mr. Webster once telling the writer he would send to his rooms a dozen of his old Madeira, Mr. C——, who was present, offered to take care of it for him, charging only reasonable storage. Mr. Webster said, "The wine might meet the same fate as Captain Dix's beans!"

"Captain Dix," said he, "the father of the Hon. Mr. Dix, of the Senate, was a country store-keeper (somewhere in the vicinity of Portsmouth, New Hampshire). His correspondent in Portsmouth, then the principal market of the State, was George L——, a merchant there. Captain Dix consigned to Mr. L—— thirty bushels of beans sometime early in the winter. Mr. L—— kept the beans for two or three months, without effecting a sale, and then sent in his bill to Captain Dix for storage, crediting the thirty bushels of beans at a certain sum, but still leaving Captain Dix in debt for storage."

He often spoke of Jefferson and Madison, and contrasted their characters and habits.

"Madison," he said, "was a man at his own table, or at others', fond of anecdotes, and of telling and hearing stories. He loved a joke though somewhat coarse, and easy conversation.

"Jefferson rather preferred scientific or literary discussions. He was addicted to French tastes, French manners, and French principles. Often unjustly attacked by them, the Federalists yet did him no injustice in charging upon him a preference for French opinions, whether in politics, morals, or religion.

"He used to dwell with pleasure upon his

acquaintance with D'Alembert, Condorcet, and others of the Liberal Philosophy; and often spoke of the *conversationi* of Madame Deffand, at which he was a frequent and not undistinguished guest. His 'Notes on Virginia' had been published, and were known and admired at Paris; while his conversational powers, no less than his diplomatic ability, confirmed the impression of his intellectual eminence."

Mr. Webster, in the course of his remarks, narrated a story of Jefferson's overcoming Buffon on a question of Natural History. It was a dispute in relation to the moose—the moose-deer, as it is called in New Hampshire—and in one of the circles of *beaux esprits* in Paris, Mr. Jefferson contended for certain characteristics in the formation of the animal, which Buffon stoutly denied. Whereupon Mr. Jefferson, without giving any one notice of his intention, wrote from Paris to General John Sullivan, then residing at Durham, New Hampshire, to procure and send him the whole frame of a moose. The General was no little astonished at a request he deemed so extraordinary; but well acquainted with Mr. Jefferson, he knew he must have sufficient motive for it; so he made a hunting party of his neighbors and took the field. They captured a moose of unusual proportions, stripped it to the bone, and sent the skeleton to Mr. Jefferson, at a cost of fifty pounds sterling. On its arrival, Mr. Jefferson invited Buffon and some other *savans* to a supper at his house, and exhibited his dear-bought specimen. Buffon immediately acknowledged his error, and expressed his great admiration for Mr. Jefferson's energetic determination to establish the truth. "I should have consulted you, Monsieur," he said, with usual French civility, "before publishing my book on Natural History, and then I should have been sure of my facts."

"Soon after I had commenced the practice of my profession in Boston," said Mr. Webster, "a circumstance occurred which forcibly impressed upon my mind the sometimes conclusive eloquence of silence; and I wondered no longer that the ancients had erected a statue to her as to a divinity.

"A man in New Bedford had insured a ship, lying at the time at the wharf there, for an amount much larger than its real value, in one of our Insurance Offices at Boston. One day news arrived in Boston that this ship had suddenly taken fire, and been burned down to the water's edge. It had been insured in the Massachusetts Insurance Company, of which General Arnold Wells was president, and myself attorney.

"General Wells told me of the misfortune that had happened to the Company in the loss of a vessel so largely insured; communicating to me at the same time the somewhat extraordinary manner in which it had been destroyed.

"'Do you intend,' I asked him, 'to pay the insurance?'

"'I shall be obliged to do so,' replied the General.

"'I think not; for I have no doubt, from the circumstances attending the loss, that the ship was set on fire with the intent to defraud the Company of the insurance.'

"'But how shall we prove that? and what shall I say to Mr. ——, when he makes application for the money?'

"'Say nothing,' I replied; 'but hear quietly what he has to say.'

"Some few days after this conversation Mr. Blank came up to Boston, and presented himself to General Arnold Wells at the Insurance Office. Mr. Blank was a man very careful of his personal appearance, and of punctilious demeanor. He powdered his hair, wore clean ruffles and well-brushed clothes, and had a gravity of speech becoming a person of respectable position. All this demanded civil treatment; and whatever you might think of him, you would naturally use no harsh language toward him. He had a defect in his left eye, so that when he spoke he turned his right and sound eye to the person he addressed with a somewhat oblique angle of the head, giving it something such a turn as a hen who discovers a hawk in the air. General Arnold Wells had a corresponding defect in the right eye.

"I was not present at the interview, but I have heard it often described by others who were. General Wells came out from an inner office, on the announcement of Mr. Blank's arrival, and *fixed* him (to use a French expression) with his sound eye—looking at him seriously, but calmly. Mr. Blank looked at General Wells with *his* sound eye, but not steadily—rather as if he sought to turn the General's right flank.

"They stood thus, *with their eyes cocked at* each other, for more than a minute before either spoke; when Mr. Blank thought best to take the initiative.

"'It is a pleasant day, General Wells, though rather cold.'

"'It is, as you say, Mr. Blank, a pleasant, though rather cold day,' replied the General, without taking his eye down from its range.

"'I should not be surprised, General,' continued Mr. Blank, 'if we should have a fall of snow soon.'

"'There might be more surprising circumstances, Mr. Blank, than a fall of snow in February.'

"Mr. Blank hereupon shifted his foot, and topic. He did not feel at ease, and the less so from his desperate attempts to conceal his embarrassment.

"'When do you think, General,' he inquired, after a pause, 'that Congress will adjourn?'

"'It is doubtful, I should think, Mr. Blank, when Congress will adjourn; perhaps not for some time yet, as great bodies, you know, move slowly.'

"'Do you hear any thing important from that quarter, General?'

"'Nothing, Mr. Blank.'

"Mr. Blank by this time had become very dry in the throat—a sensation, I have been told, one

is very apt to feel who finds himself in an embarrassing position, from which he begins to see no possibility of escape. He feared to advance, and did not know how to make a successful retreat. At last, after one or two desperate and ineffectual struggles to regain self-possession, finding himself all the while within point-blank range of that raking eye, he wholly broke down, and took his leave, without the least allusion to the matter of insurance.

"He never returned to claim the money."

Mr. Webster never, for the sake of a *bon mot*, or to illustrate a conversational topic, quoted from, or made allusion to, the Scriptures, of which, indeed, he never spoke but with the greatest reverence. Nor did he tolerate in others any jesting reference to them, or to sacred matters generally. Once, indeed, he was seen to smile, in spite of himself, when a parody on the book of Common Prayer was related in his presence. It was perpetrated by an intimate friend of his:

This friend—rather a *mauvais sujet* at the time, though since exemplary in all habits—had attended a lady to church, soon after the famous pugilistic encounter between Tom Hyer and "Yankee Sullivan," in the vicinity of Baltimore, and Washington was a good deal excited on the subject. The lady, in order to find in the Prayer Book the appropriate exercise for the day, inquired of her companion what Sunday it was? "*The first Sunday after Tom Hyer*," was the reply. Mr. Webster's countenance at first maintained its rigidity, but soon the muscles proved treacherous to his hopes, and broke into a smile.

After the meats were removed one day, while his guests were sipping their old Madeira, two gentlemen were announced, and welcomed in. One, a Mr. ——, from Troy, was very eloquent upon Mr. Webster's literary efforts. There was hardly a speech or argument of his he did not quote from, and sometimes whole pages—always admirably. The guests listened, laughed, applauded, and, on one recitation, shed tears.

"Don't you recollect, Mr. Webster," he would ask, on every quotation, "having made these very remarks, word for word?"

"No, I do not. I don't recollect a word of them."

"Ah, but you *must* confess that these expressions" (quoting some eloquent sentences) "have great force and beauty."

"I never heard them before," was the reply, amidst the tumultuous applause of the guests.

"You surely will admit that there is pathos, and the whole power of eloquence in this portion of your reply to Hayne: 'Mr. President, I shall enter into no encomium upon Massachusetts,' etc.?"

"There certainly is some merit in them," replied Mr. Webster, "*as you recite them.*"

This ascription of merit from himself to the reciter brought down the house.

It may not here be impertinent to remark that Colonel Benton once said at Mr. Webster's table, the reply to Hayne was the greatest speech in the English language.

It so happened that one day Mr. Webster, dining at a friend's house, was placed next to one of those women whom Providence, in its inscrutable wisdom, sends into the world instead of plagues and earthquakes. From the soup to the dessert she talked, and on every subject, with the utmost confidence, and most exotic language.

The writer could hear the storm of words strike against that gray Titanic head, and see it bend in deprecation. His bowels yearned in sympathy; and he succeeded in making an exchange with the gentleman who sat on her other side, in hopes to create a diversion in favor of the imprisoned victim. For a while he partially succeeded: he had pressed into his service, for the nonce, a few sonorous expletives and striking, though irrelative, expressions, and with these he encountered the enemy. But what *could* such raw, undisciplined militia do against regular troops? It was another rout at Bladensburg. She soon silenced my badly-served artillery, and put to flight my hasty levies; and attacked with increased ferocity the Defender of the Constitution, now without defense himself. So you have seen, in a northeast storm, for a moment or two, a breaking of the clouds, and perchance a speck of azure; but the storm redoubles its violence, and the clouds rush together deeper, darker, deadlier than before.

Opposed, unprotected to the pitiless pelting of this storm, Mr. Webster for a short time bore up manfully, though the perspiration started from his brow, and the veins of his forehead seemed swollen with agony. But human endurance has its limit. Montezuma might indeed philosophize on his red-hot gridiron, and Cranmer preach homilies at the burning stake; but the unmitigated torture of a woman's tongue who could long endure? Mr. Webster, as he afterward told the writer, was on the point of leaving the table, on the plea of sudden indisposition, when the ladies—perhaps on a recognition of the state of affairs by the hostess—obeyed her hint, and retired. Mr. Webster leaned over to the writer, and exclaimed, with panting breath, "My countryman, did you ever see such a *hurricane of a woman?*"

On one occasion a strong-minded woman was speaking of the unnatural subjection of woman to man, and gave us Mary Woolstoncroft modernized. Mr. Webster humored her, and insisted upon the power behind the throne greater than the throne itself. "Your conversation reminds me," he said, "of an anecdote of a very worthy farmer in Connecticut, in times gone by. One day three gentlemen, in high top-boots, cocked hats, powdered wigs, etc., called at his house, and not finding him at home, inquired where they would be likely to fall in with him?

Their business, they said, was of the utmost importance, and they must communicate personally with him. They were directed to a field near the house, where they found our friend at the plow. Accosting him with proper ceremony, they told him the object of their mission was to announce his election as Lieutenant Governor of Connecticut. 'Oh, law!' said he, wiping the perspiration from his brow, 'is that all? Why, I have been Leftenant Governor in my own house these twenty years!"

Some one remarking that no newspaper had correctly printed a Latin quotation in one of his letters, and that it required a scholar even to correct proofs: "Doubtless," he replied—"but the man of mechanical pursuits, of any engrossing pursuit, can not attend to classical studies—can not, indeed, retain what in earlier youth he may have acquired. I find it so. Life is too short for study. One life is required for a complete mastery of ancient classics, of Grecian and Roman lore—another for the full understanding and ready use of English poetry, from Chaucer down to the present time; while another should be devoted to modern sciences. I grow more convinced and more ashamed of my ignorance daily; and I fear that in all my productions I recede more and more from the terse expression of my younger days—that I grow diffuse, and indulge in unnecessary repetition.

"My style was not formed without great care and earnest study of the best authors. I have labored hard upon it, for I early felt the importance of expression to thought. I have rewritten sentence after sentence, and pondered long upon each alteration. For, depend upon it, it is with our thoughts as with our persons—their intrinsic value is mostly undervalued, unless outwardly expressed in an attractive garb. Longinus tells us that the most sublime passage to be found in any language is this in the Bible: 'Let there be light, and there was light:' the greatest effort of power in the tersest and fewest words—the command and the record one exertion of thought. So should we all aim to express *things* in words."

"Nothing, I believe, is more injurious to health," said Mr. Webster, "than our habit of eating hearty suppers. Many think that if they drink at night they should eat in proportion. Never was sadder mistake. It is the food that we devour at these liberal banquets, not the drink we imbibe, that makes next morning dolorous. It is the canvas-back, the terrapin, and the oysters that murder sleep and put the stomach out of tune. Deep drinking over night is doubtless pernicious: it is doubly so when accompanied with hearty meals."

Mr. Webster himself scarcely ever tasted a mouthful after dinner, unless when abroad—and then only ceremoniously. Nor was he less abstemious in potations. It was seldom he drank any thing save a cup of tea after the wine of his dinner. He would not destroy, he said, the aroma of his wine; and after wine had attained a certain age (age uncertain as that of spinsters) it should be drunk, he said, "if only to keep down the interest."

"Ward Nicholas B——," he said, "was a man of fortune, of dignified manners, and of a hospitable character. He had two weaknesses—his Madeira wine and his relationship to John Quincy Adams. While that gentleman was President, Mr. B—— was fortunate enough to entertain him at his country-seat, and invited the most presentable people of the vicinage to meet him—among whom was the parson, the Rev. Mr. ——, a man of no little er-u-di-tion (as Dominie Sampson would call it), and much simplicity of character. He invited, also, distinguished persons from Boston to meet, as his note expressed it, 'my cousin, John Quincy Adams, President of the United States.' In his cellar, while he had many a butt of most delicious wine, there was one particular kind of Madeira he prized above all the rest. 'It had been,' he had often told the parson, 'all the way from Madeira to the Cape of Good Hope—from the Cape of Good Hope to Calcutta—from Calcutta to Canton, in the East Indies—from Canton it had been brought back to Calcutta—from Calcutta, by the land-route, to Egypt—and from Egypt to the United States.' A bottle of this wine he was to produce on this occasion, and to make what we would call in New Hampshire 'a great spread.'

"Well, the guests came, and among others, 'his cousin, John Quincy Adams, the President of the United States.' The viands were good, the conversation entertaining, and the host gratified. After the meats were removed, and the bottles on the table had made their circuits a number of times, our host says, 'Gentlemen, I am about to offer you a glass of wine that I can particularly commend to your kind appreciation. It has been all the way from Madeira to the Cape of Good Hope, from the Cape of Good Hope to Calcutta, from Calcutta to Canton, in the East Indies, from Canton it has been brought back to Calcutta, from Calcutta by the land-route to Egypt, and from Egypt to the United States. I think you will like it.' The guests sipped and tasted, tasted and sipped, sipped and tasted again; and, as in duty bound, pronounced it superb. When the bottle had made its first revolution and reached the host, he was gratified to find that it had not suffered material diminution, no guest, of course, having taken a full glass. But what was his horror, at seeing, on its second course, our friend the Parson pouring the inestimable liquid into a tumbler, and *drinking* it with absolute *nonchalance!* In vain he essayed quietly to attract his attention — no hint or pantomimic action could reach the absorbed Parson, who had, indeed, got into a theological controversy with one of his neighbors, and, of course, was totally indifferent to every thing else. Again the bottle

made its rounds and again reached the Parson, who, at this unfortunate moment being deep into original sin, poured, in the excitement of the moment, the whole contents into his fatal tumbler. The cousin of John Quincy Adams, President of the United States, sat aghast, the perspiration ran from his features—but he was a gentleman, and stifled his emotion.

"A day or two afterward he met the clergyman. 'Reverend and dear Sir,' said he, 'how could you be guilty of such an outrage at my table the other day?'

"'Outrage! my dear Sir? What *can* you mean? Did I show too much heat in my controversy with that latitudinarian I so easily demolished?'

"'I know nothing of your controversy. I did not hear a word of it. It is not that I was speaking of.'

"'What then, my dear Sir? Was I guilty of some solecism in manners, for you know I am country-bred? Did I violate some etiquette?'

"'D—n etiquette! I beg your pardon, reverend and dear Sir; but I was not thinking of your manners. But I produced a bottle of wine for my cousin, John Quincy Adams, President of the United States, which had been all the way from Madeira to the Cape of Good Hope, from the Cape of Good Hope to Calcutta, from Calcutta to Canton, in the East Indies, from Canton back to Calcutta by the land-route to Egypt, and from Egypt to the United States. It was the best wine I had in my cellar—the best in the country—and more than a half century old. My cousin, John Quincy Adams, President of the United States, pronounced it superb! and you—'

"'Go on, my excellent friend.'

"'Why you, reverend and dear Sir, when it reached you the second time, poured it out like water IN YOUR TUMBLER!'

"'Law!' said the parson, 'is this all? I did not notice the wine particularly; *but not seeing any cider on the table, poured this out instead;* for my argument had made me very thirsty.'"

"Rusk, of Texas," said Mr. Webster, about the time he made his great speech on the Compromise, "I consider the strongest man in the United States Senate, on the Democratic side. He is no spouter, but he *acts;* and upon what he says you can rely. He will stand without being tied, and you can attend to your matters, and find him when you return on the same spot where you left him. He has all Achilles's hatred of double dealing:

> "'He who can think one thing and another tell
> My soul detests him as the gates of hell.'

"His indifference to fame makes him careless, or he would assume the position in the Senate and in the country to which his commanding abilities entitle him.

"It is impossible," continued Mr. Webster, "for me to feel the least acerbity toward such men as Rusk, Cass, Foote, and Dickinson. We have stood by each other in a time of greatest moment to myself as well as of danger to the Union of these States, shoulder to shoulder. I can never forget or refuse to acknowledge their important and vital aid."

"It was from the Democratic party, Sir, you received your chief sympathy and support during that crisis. They rallied round you when old friends hung back or deserted."

"That is true, my friend; for four months after my speech of the 7th of March, scarcely a man in the North of the Whig party, possessing position or influence, ever said, 'God bless you!' Norris, of New Hampshire, a life-time political opponent, alone dared speak for me. I was hunted every where."

LION-SLAYERS AND MAN-EATERS.

THE King of Beasts, it seems, is, after all, not so very unlike his average human brethren. Quevedo having asked, when in hell, to see the place appropriated to kings, was shown a small compartment tenanted by a few wretched spirits. He observed that there did not appear to be many of them; to which the attendant demon indignantly replied, "Fool! these are all that ever reigned!" If the brute creation were liable to a post-mortem account, no lion, it may safely be said, would escape condign punishment.

Lions are sometimes brave, certainly; but this is nearly all that can be said in their favor. They are thievish, cruel, and treacherous. Between the lion and the cat the difference is in degree only: if puss had strength, she would be brave; if the lion could be throttled by a terrier, he would be an arrant coward. To place the so-called monarch of the desert on a level with such noble animals as the dog, or the horse, or the elephant, or the ox, is as bad as balancing a pickpocket against a bishop.

Where the people who have written cheap natural histories got their notions about the lion, it were hard to say. They draw his picture in fine style: he is brave, magnanimous, noble: he scorns to attack an unprepared enemy, meets the foe face to face, after a roar by way of challenge; he will not eat meat killed by any butcher but himself; he will not attack man, for whom, as his nearest relation, he has a sneaking regard; he will remember a service and requite it, as witness the story of Androcles; he rules like a king in the forest or the desert, holding communion with none of his subjects, and maintaining his throne by force and terror. This is what the clever people say who wrote those delightful books about wild beasts which were the charm of our lives in our days of pinafores and Latin grammars.

It was a sad day for our faith in this pleasant theory when the kilted brute-slayer, Roualeyn Gordon Cumming, wrote that admirable romance of his about his hunting adventures in South Africa. For Mr. Cumming, albeit uncommonly hard to believe when he grasps living hippopotami by the stern muscles and tows them out of water, or ties a boa constrictor round his



WHAT THE ARABS DO WHEN THEY MEET A LION.

throat by way of neckerchief, no doubt told the truth to the best of his knowledge and experience in respect to the nature of the beasts he hunted; and his verdict on the lion is emphatically unfavorable. Physically, he considers him the most imposing denizen of the woods, and the most symmetrical of quadrupeds; but morally, he describes him as but little superior to the hyena —the only beast with which he lives on intimate and colloquial terms. Like all malefactors, he wakes at night and sleeps by day. His mode of attack is feline; he lies in wait for his prey, and springs upon it unawares. Unless attacked, he will not assail animals superior or equal to him in strength. He lets the tiger, the elephant pass, to spring upon the ox and the gazelle. When he is hungry, he will put up with a man's leg; but as a matter of choice, he would rather fall in with a fat ox, and drink his blood. He roars, certainly, and his roar is a warning to man and beast; but if this be magnanimous, then let us celebrate the magnanimity of the rattlesnake. Even his bravery is not proof against noise, a fire, or a stern, determined eye. Mr. Cumming, sleeping at night in the woods in Southern Africa, could hear the lions roar all night long round his kraal; but once only did the hungry brutes invade the bivouac circle. Another time, standing alone, with an empty gun in his hand, before an enraged lioness, he frightened her off by raising his plaid over his head, waving it, and shouting. Indeed, on most occasions, he found that, in the daytime, prudence was the better part of leonine valor.

It might be difficult to find a better illustration of the real character and habits of the lion than the incident to which allusion has just been made. The day's hunt was long over, and Gordon Cumming was making barley-broth by the side of a poor bivouac fire on a dark windy night. At a short distance a lion's roar had been heard at intervals for some time; it suddenly came nearer and louder, and the Hottentots who were encamped a few yards from Cumming, shouted, "The lion! the lion!" Next minute John Stofolus ran to his master, his eyes bursting from their sockets, and crying, "He has got Hendric; he dragged him away from the fire beside me. I struck him with the burning brands on the head, but he would not let go his hold. O God! Hendric is dead; let us take fire and seek him." It appeared that the unfortunate Hendric had risen from his seat by the fire to drive an ox into the kraal; the lion was close by, watching; when Hendric returned to the fire, the brute followed with cat-like step; and the moment he lay down the lion sprang upon him with a terrific roar. The man was powerless. The lion bit and tore him about the neck and shoulder, feeling for his throat, till it bore him off in its jaws to a bush some forty yards distant. Hendric was not dead; he groaned faintly: "Help me! men! O God! help me!" But his cries soon ceased, as the bones of the poor fellow's neck were heard cracking between the lion's teeth. It was impossible to do any thing that night in consequence of the darkness; but next day a hunt was organized,

and natives set on the lion's track. A part of Hendric's leg was found, and pieces of his coat. Guided partly by these, and partly by the spoor of the lion, the hunters traced him to the border of a stream, where he seemed to have lain down among the dry reeds and trees. Cumming gave orders to loose the dogs, and they found the scent directly. A crash among the reeds followed; the lion was running away. After him galloped the hunters and raced the dogs, till, after two minutes' chase, he turned and stood at bay, growling fiercely with open jaws, and waving his tail angrily. Mr. Cumming confesses that his blood boiled with rage at the sight of him. Clenching his teeth, he rode to within thirty yards, and shouted, "Your time is up, old fellow! Next moment, the lion turned slightly round, exposing his shoulder; a rifle-ball instantly broke it. He fell to the ground, but sprang up again, and tried to advance, when a second shot full in the breast settled his account.

Here we have the lion in his true character —stealthy, treacherous, dangerous, and at last brave only when bravery was prudence. Mr. Cumming accounts for the preference shown by this lion for man's flesh over beef by narrating a curious custom of some tribes of Bushmen. They do not bury their dead, but leave them out to be eaten by wild beasts. Now, man's flesh, as might be expected, is far more delicious eating than that of beasts; a lion that has once tasted a human corpse becomes an epicure—a man-eater—forever after. It had been the fortune of this lion to light upon some Hottentot corpses: a new light burst upon him; and hence the ox escaped, and poor Hendric was killed.

Mr. Cumming, as every one knows, hunted South Africa. The northern regions of that continent have lately been hunted by a French sportsman of renown, Lieutenant Jules Gérard, who was so successful that he acquired the soubriquet of "The Lion Slayer"—*Le Tueur des Lions*. Gérard has lately published his experiences at Paris. They confirm Gordon Cumming's statements with regard to the lion, and contain much interesting anecdote.

The lion is the plague and the curse of the sheep-feeding districts of Algiers. At the time of the French conquest, farmers allowed for him as resignedly as for the exactions of the Bey. So much for the government, so much for the lion, the rest for ourselves; such was the simple calculation of every peasant in Algiers, and as fitness required, the lion's was—the lion's share. Estimating each lion's life at thirty-five years, he cost the province during that period a bagatelle of $45,000 or thereabouts to feed him, independently of the men, women, and children whom he took as a *bonne bouche* from time to time.

Of course, war was made upon the race. Cumming describes the Boers of the South raising armies to fight the lion, continuing to fire at him after he is dead, and not daring to approach him even when his head is all shot to pieces, till a Hottentot has pulled him by the tail. Nor are the Arabs of the North much bolder or more skillful. Before the French conquest, two kinds of traps were laid for the destructive brute. One was a ditch, dug deep and



THE MAN-EATER AT HOME.



THE LION REVIEWING THE HUNTERS.

wide, and covered over with light twigs and earth. On one side of the ditch a hedge was built a few feet high; on the other, at a safe distance, were lodged the cattle. Master lion, snuffing the cattle, would take the hedge for a common inclosure, leap over it, and find himself at the bottom of the deep ditch before he knew any thing. Then all would be noise and commotion. Frightened cattle and sheep would trample each other; men, women, and children would awake, and feast, and shout in frantic delight. When morning came, the rim of the ditch would be crowded with an eager throng. Stones fly, and insults; the women especially exhaust the vocabulary of abuse on the trapped lion. He, hopeless and resigned, gazes fixedly on his captors. There is no terror in his eye; he knows that he can not escape, and makes no effort. Calmly he sits on his haunches while the Arabs fire at him from above. Perhaps a dozen shots are fired without striking a vital part. When the fatal ball does come, the lion looks up for the last time, shakes his head as if to say, What wretched shots you are! then lies down to die. Women stamp on his corpse, and young boys slice his warm heart and eat it.

Sometimes the ditch is covered with a strong flooring of beams; the hunters take their places within, and as the lion passes, fire at him through holes. They are comparatively safe, as the wounded brute never thinks of looking for his enemy beneath his feet.

When a lion could neither be trapped nor waylaid, he was hunted. Thirty or forty strong men met together, took counsel, decided upon a plan of operations, and sent out their scouts. A system of telegraphic signals was agreed upon. A scout who saw the lion waved the skirt of his burnoose before him with his right hand. If the brute was still, the scout raised his skirt to his head, then let it fall. If he was moving, the burnoose was waved in the corresponding direction. When the lion was found, the hunters followed him up till they met face to face. They then placed their backs against a rock, and stood in line with guns at full cock. In front of the line the lion would march majestically as if he was reviewing the hunters, till, perhaps, he stood within twenty or thirty yards. Then the signal would be given and a volley fired. Usually, the lion was not killed. He was floored, however, and the hunters would rush at him with sword and pistol; the common result of which proceeding would be, that the dying lion would seize one of them in his claws and crush his skull or break his neck with his last effort. When the lion did seize a man, dismay would paralyze his companions. They would retire to consult. At last, one of them, the bravest and coolest, would be deputed to rescue their comrade and finish the lion. He would advance toward the brute. Under the body of the lion the champion saw, perhaps, his mangled friend, the lion's claws in his throat. It was no slight exploit to walk within reach of those claws and fire, almost point-blank, at the animal's ear. Yet, it seems, the feat had been performed, and successfully.

It may be seen, from the above sketch, that the Arabs are deficient in two essential requisites for lion-hunting—cool courage and steady aim. No man is a quicker or a better reader of the human face than the lion. He can tell at a glance whether he has to deal with a man he can frighten or not. It was only when the lion was driven to bay and cut off from escape, that he would face Gordon Cumming or Jules Gérard; but he charged Arabs and Boers, because he knew they feared him. The European hunters, again, rarely fired thrice at a lion. Sometimes one shot, and generally two, laid him dead; but these Arabs and Boers fired volley after volley without settling the matter.

There was one old Arab at Constantine, Abdallah, a charcoal-burner by trade, who was both bolder and a better shot than his countrymen. He was proud of his achievements, and not a little reserved with the French. Lieutenant Gérard once proposed a lion-hunt to the general, and sent for Abdallah to act as guide. By way of opening the conversation, when the famed Arab arrived, Gérard asked him whether there were many hares in the neighborhood. Abdallah did not utter a word of reply, but strode away haughtily to a group of Arabs at some distance. Returning with one of these, he presented him to Gérard, observing contemptuously, "Here is one of your hare men!"

When Abdallah was in the field, he was brave as steel. He had been known to grapple with a lion hand to hand, to seize his throat, to bite him, and never to relax his hold till the brute was killed. But how unskillfully even his hunts were managed, we may learn from an anecdote told by Gérard.

A party of Arabs, under his leadership, followed the track of a large lion through the woods for some distance. They are suddenly stopped by a loud roar. "On the ground!" shouts the chief, "on the ground! remember that you are men, and that I am with you!" Instantly the whole band is prostrate, huddled into a compact mass. Abdallah is on the look out. So is another Arab. So is a third. But sharp as they watch, the cry—'The lion!'—has hardly been breathed before the brute has sprung, and is among them, tearing, crunching, and lacerating. All fire at once; the lion is wounded, and escapes to the woods. When he is gone, the Arabs fall to quarreling, to find out whose fault it was they were taken by surprise. All talk as loud as they can. Each has some new plan for prosecuting the hunt. While they are jabbering, the lion, roused by the taste of blood, and enraged by his wounds, creeps back as before, and springs upon the group again. This time, the Arabs fire better. They riddle him with balls. He dies, gathering his strength into one effort, and crunching a man's head. Net result of the hunt: the lion killed; but two men dead and four badly wounded. Such is Arab hunting.

Lieutenant Gérard was invited by a tribe of these Arabs to accompany them on one of their expeditions. He agreed, and admired much the calm manner in which they discussed the subject in council, and decided upon a plan of operations. There were two lions to be killed,



THE BRAVEST IS DEPUTED TO FINISH THE LION.



THE LION IS AMONG THEM, TEARING AND CRUNCHING.

both large and old. The Arab idea was that Gérard should constitute the reserve of the army; that their young men should attack the lion, and if they failed, that Gérard, with his superior weapons, should come to their aid. If he disliked this, they had no objection to let him be an advanced-guard, to challenge the lion, fire the first shot at him, and then fall back on the main body. Gérard heard these proposals with a smile; then choosing a young Arab, whose face betokened coolness, to carry his second gun, he announced his intention of doing battle with the two lions alone. Great was the amazement of the natives; but Gérard's fame forbade remonstrance. Gérard went forth, accompanied by his gun-bearer, and took up a strong position on a rock near the lion's retreat. From this he could see the lion approach, and fire with the advantage of a steady rest. His position chosen, the dogs were sent in to rouse the enemy. Out came the lions, at fifty paces' distance from each other; the foremost approached the rock. Gérard took cool aim, sighted the shoulder, and fired. Down fell the lion, with both shoulders broken, and helpless. His companion was more fortunate. Gérard hit him a few inches behind the shoulder; he fell, but rose directly, and bounded toward the hunter. So suddenly and so swiftly did he spring, that one immense bound placed him at Gérard's feet, and the latter had just time to catch his second gun from the hands of the Arab, fire point-blank, and send the ball crashing through his brain.

This appears a very simple matter on paper, and one is inclined to despise the Arabs, who, in their way, would not probably have killed these lions without firing a hundred shots and losing men. But if Gérard's gun had missed fire, or his hand trembled ever so little, in less than half a minute his Majesty the Emperor of the French would have lost a useful officer.

Lieutenant Gérard adopts the Arab notion that there are two varieties of lion—the tawny and the black—distinguished by the color of their mane. A similar idea prevails among the Boers of the South, who give different names to the black and yellow lions. Mr. Cumming disputes this on apparently good grounds, and says that when the lion is in the prime of life his mane is always black; when he is young it is bright yellow; when he grows old it turns to a dingy gray. This theory is easily reconciled with Gérard's facts. Of all the lions the black-maned fellow is the most dangerous: if his teeth are whole, he is a match for any beast of the forest.

One black lion will lay waste a whole district. Fonder of blood than of flesh, he will slay four or five times as many cattle as he can eat, drink their blood, eat a few choice morsels from each, and leave the rest to the jackals and hyenas; whence the old stories about his royal profuseness. One of these brutes had been ravaging a fertile district near the camp at which Gérard was stationed; the Arabs sent for the famous lion-killer and implored his aid. He reconnoitred the locality, and choosing a dark night,

stationed himself near the edge of a ford over a mountain brook at which the lion usually came to drink. He had scarcely taken a seat upon a stone when his guide began to tremble and beg him to return to the village, urging that the night was too dark. Gérard gave him leave to return home, but the poor Arab dared not risk the journey: he lay down in a group of lentises in a dreadful agony of fear. The lion had been roaring for some time, and the sound was drawing nearer. Gérard endeavored vainly to discern objects around him. So pitchy dark was the night that even after closing his eyes for two or three minutes, he could only just make out the course of the stream which ran at his feet. A moment afterward the lion roared again, apparently at a distance of a hundred yards. With his gun cocked, and his elbow resting on his knee, Gérard watched breathlessly. Nothing could be seen or heard. A few seconds elapsed; then a low, dull moan on the opposite side of the brook, straight in front of the hunter. A single look, and there in the inky darkness were the two eyes of the lion, burning fiercely, and fixed on Gérard. The hunter confesses that he gasped at the sight, and though the night was cold, and he had been shivering the moment before, a profuse perspiration covered his forehead. With a single bound from where he was the brute could almost reach his enemy: and that bound made, even victory was sure to cost him his life. Gérard took farewell of the world, and grasping his gun more firmly than before, put his finger to the trigger; but the lion had taken to the water, and was splashing in the stream. Gérard listened and watched. The splashing ceased: on the hunter's left, close to him, he heard a soft, dull tread in the mud. Suddenly turning, he saw the lion ascending the eminence on which he sat. Useless, then, to look for gun-sights: with head erect and both eyes open, Gérard fired. By the light of the flash he saw a huge hairy mass roll over; a tremendous roar almost deafened him; the lion was splashing and writhing in the bed of the stream. Every now and then he moaned and growled. It was too dark to risk close quarters; so Gérard went home, promising himself to return next morning for the corpse.

By daybreak he was at the spot; but the lion was gone. He could be traced for a short distance by his blood; but the spoor was lost when the brute took to the water. A band of Arab hunters was organized to hunt him down; but for many hours they beat the bush and mountain without success. Toward evening Gérard heard a succession of shouts, and galloping in the direction whence they came, saw the Arabs flying like the wind before the lion, who was chasing them on three legs. At sight of him the lion stopped, opened his mouth, and began to lash his sides with his tail. Gérard accepted the challenge, dismounted, and in spite of the entreaties, and even the physical efforts of the frightened Arabs, advanced toward the brute, gun in hand. The lion made off into a thicket. Gérard walked round it cautiously, but could see nothing. He ordered an Arab to throw stones into the lion's hiding-place. The first



ONE IMMENSE BOUND PLACED HIM AT GÉRARD'S FEET.



HIS EYES, BURNING FIERCELY, WERE FIXED ON THE HUNTER.

stone brought him out, and with tail stiff and straight, mane spread out and grinning jaws, he charged the hunter. Gérard sat down on the ground. Arabs fell to praying and roaring, "Fire! why don't you fire?" On came the lion in fine style, till within six or eight yards, when he was suddenly brought up by a hard lump of lead, which struck him an inch above the eye. He fell directly; but rose again, rearing on his hind-legs. A second shot, straight through his heart, put him out of his pain.

This was one of the finest lions Gérard had seen; large, powerful, with a flowing black mane. Let us compare Cumming's style of performing a similar feat.

He was watching a fountain for wildebeests one evening, and had already shot one wildebeest and a pallah, when he heard at no great distance the roar of a lion. A troop of hyenas came galloping down to eat the carcasses; Cumming knew the lion would soon follow. Sure enough, the hyenas had scarcely begun their meal when the roar issued from a bush just above the carcass of the wildebeest, and close to the hunter. Cumming loaded hastily and watched; but the lion either had the wind of him, or was warned of the danger by his companions, and would not show himself. He continued to growl in a low tone, while the jackals chattered and the hyenas laughed, as though they were holding a most interesting conversation. Cumming lay still as night. After a long interval the lion must have made up his mind that his alarm was unfounded. All at once the jackals and hyenas made way on either side, and the lion, a huge brute with a fine black mane, advanced to the carcass and seized it in his teeth. After dragging it for some distance he stopped to take breath. There was no time to lose; in a few minutes he would be safe under cover with his supper. As he turned to grasp the carcass anew, Cumming stretched out his arm along the grass and fired, aiming low. The lion sank, then rose, and crawled away, moaning and whining. After limping through bushes a short distance, he appeared from the sound to have fallen dead. As the hyenas and jackals make no difference between friend and foe when they are dead, Cumming knew that he must lose no time if he intended to save his game. He sent for dogs and men directly, and began to beat the bush. One of the dogs found the lion dead. He was a splendid fellow, with a head as hard as rock, tremendous teeth, and sharp yellow nails; the most perfectly beautiful and symmetrical animal the hunter had ever seen. One shot had killed him, traversing the body and remaining in the shoulder; a very unusual circumstance.

To meet a lion face to face, at night, in the forest, will probably appear to the readers of *Harper's Magazine* about as unpleasant an accident as could occur to a man. People do not always die of it, however. Cumming once shot a buffalo at night. Directly afterward he heard, for he could not see at any distance, teeth tearing the carcass. Supposing the teeth belonged to hyenas, he fired a random shot to frighten

them away, and walked toward the carcass to see whether the head was worth carrying home. He was within five yards, when he noticed a yellow mass lying beside it. From the mass a well-known roar burst. A native who was following Cumming shouted "Tao!"—the lion! and leaped away, blowing through a charmed piece of bone. His master followed his example so far as retreating went, and the lion, without noticing them, continued to munch the buffalo. He was evidently an ignorant, ill-bred brute, unconscious of gastronomy. Cumming says he retreated to the cover of a tree close by, and fell asleep. While he slept the lion found his horse, and knocked him over with a blow, whereat the frightened natives awoke their master in fear and quaking. The lion was walking up and down in front of them, roaring terribly. "I now," says the Highland hunter, with that matchless coolness which lends such a charm to his narrative, "thought it high time to light a fire; and collecting some dry reeds and sticks, in half a minute we had a cheerful blaze. The lion, which had not yet got our wind, came forward at once to find out what was up, but not seeing to his entire satisfaction from the top of the bank, he was proceeding to descend by a game path into the river-bed, within a few yards of us. I happened at that very moment to go to this spot in search of more wood, and being concealed from the lion's view by the intervening high reeds, we met face to face! The first notice I got was his sudden spring to one side, with angry growls. I involuntarily made a convulsive spring backward, at the same time giving a fearful shriek, such as I never before remember uttering." The end of it was that the lion returned to his buffalo, and the hunter to his fire, where he slept undisturbed all night.

Of course such rencontres do not always end so happily. Some years before the French conquered Algiers, two highway robbers, brothers, and men noted for their strength and daring, were caught, tried, and condemned to death. The day before the one fixed for their execution they contrived to make their escape out of prison. They were chained together by the leg, and thus in forced company crept through the woods and thickets, in the hope of gaining a safe refuge. Toward the middle of their first night they met, straight before them in the path, a large lion. They were unarmed. Knowing the character of the animal, they shouted boldly, and threw stones at him; he, very likely seeing through their mock courage, lay down before them, and would not stir. Losing heart at last, the robbers changed their tone, and began to implore the lion, in piteous language, for mercy. That instant he was upon them. The larger of the two he seized, killed, and began to eat, while the other pretended to be dead. In the course of his meal the lion came to the iron chain which bound the robbers' legs; after examining it for a moment, he bit the man's leg off above the knee. Just then he felt thirsty, and walked to a stream to drink. The surviving robber crawled off for his life, dragging



THE SURVIVOR CRAWLED OFF, DRAGGING HIS BROTHER'S LEG.



PROVIDING FOR ONE'S FAMILY.

his brother's leg with him, and contrived to squeeze himself into a hole in the ground.

When the lion returned, he missed him. Roaring loudly, he ran backward and forward several times over the ground, passing close by the hole, but strangely missing it. Soon after, day dawned, and the lion went off. Out of the hole came the robber, more dead than alive, and was about to cut his brother's leg from the chain, when a party of the Bey's horsemen rode up and seized him. He was taken before the Bey, to whom he told his story. His brother's leg was still in the chain to confirm it; and the Bey, in consideration of his wonderful escape, awarded him an unconditional pardon.

Not the least interesting portion of Lieutenant Gérard's revelations relates to the social habits of the lion. It seems that young lions suffer as much as babies from teething. Two-thirds of the females and a large proportion of the males die during this process—doubtless for want of proper medical attendance, gum-lancing, and the rest. As the females suffer the most, it follows that, among adult lions, males preponderate. Hence the lioness leads an enviable life. From her early youth she is surrounded by a troop of youthful admirers, who follow her wherever she goes, roar for her, hunt for her, and—very like some of our fashionable ball-room lions—pester her life out. She is invariably a creature of sense and discretion. She needs no paternal vigilance to insure her comfortable settlement in life. When her young lovers become pressing in their suit, she beckons to them that they must decide which of them shall win her. A free fight follows; and while the combat rages, and the ground is strewed with skin, hair, mane, and blood, the lady decamps, and seeks the companionship of a staid old lion, with a long black mane. If the victor among the young fellows presumes to claim fulfillment of her pledge, the old lion will quietly crunch his leg, or, if he be very troublesome, tear his eye out.

Then the old lion formally sets up housekeeping. He is the most uxorious of brutes. He invariably brings the first-fruits of the chase home to his love. He will not touch a morsel till she is satiated. Hungry as he may be, he licks his paws till she turns away from the carcass. If she is attacked, he will die for her; if she is ill, he will watch by her side with every sign of tender sympathy. This is the redeeming part of the lion's character.

Very differently does the lioness behave. It is impossible to read the accounts of her conduct without being struck with the remarkable contrast she presents to the ladies of our fashionable world. Before her marriage her levity and her faithlessness have been noticed. We regret to say that matrimony does not always alter her demeanor. Though she displays no ill-timed sorrow when her liege lord mutilates an audacious admirer, she is fond of having a troop of young fashionables dancing attendance on her, and will turn from her black-maned protector to comfort them with a sidelong glance. Nor is this all. No matter how long she has

been married, her husband can not pass another full-grown lion without a duel. The lady's pride requires blood.

An Arab was walking through a wood one moonlight night, watching for an opportunity of killing a stag. Toward midnight he heard strange footsteps, and peering hastily in the direction whence they came, he saw a lion and lioness marching through the brushwood. As quick as thought he sprang into a tree and hid himself in the topmost branches. At the foot of the tree the pair of lions lay down to rest. The Arab had hardly watched them five minutes when away over the mountain he heard a distant roar. It met with an immediate response from the lioness.

Enraged at her levity, her companion roared so loudly that the Arab leaped from the branch on which he sat, and let his gun fall. No notice of man or gun took the lions. The lioness continued to roar invitingly; the lion, savagely, as if to say, "Well, let him come; I am ready for him!" A short while afterward the new lion made his appearance—a splendid fellow, with a jet-black mane. Rising slowly from her seat, the lioness actually walked toward him. Shocked at such ostentatious treachery, her husband ran before her, and without another word sprang on his rival. In a moment the two lions were clasped in each other's embrace, tearing, biting, destroying each other. Their strong bones cracked like pistol-shots, and howls of pain intermingled with roars of rage. All this while the lioness lay watching the fight curiously, licking her paws and wagging her tail. When the struggle ended she approached the combatants and snuffed them. Both were dead. She bolted off at a light, pleasant pace; and the Arab, in his tree, was so disgusted at her gross want of feeling and principle, that he could not help roaring at the pitch of his lungs an epithet which sounds better in Arabic than in English.

When the lioness becomes a mother, her morals improve. She watches her young with tenderness, defends them with ferocity. The lion, on the contrary, objects to babies. Their noise disturbs his slumbers, and interrupts his reflections. As soon as his progeny begin to try their lungs, he divorces his wife and goes to live at some distance. He is not so oblivious of his duties but that he remains within earshot, ready, at need, to defend his family. But he will not associate with them. Consequently the lioness leads, at this time, an active life. When she weans her young, she does the hunting for the nursery herself.

It is then the Arabs sometimes succeed in capturing young lions. They lie in wait near the spot where the den of the lioness is supposed to be, and wait till they see her go abroad to forage. A rush is then made, with good dogs, to the den, and the cubs are seized, wrapped in a burnoose to prevent their crying, and carried off. Woe betide the hunters if they meet the lioness on their way home! Instinct tells her what has happened. Reckless of danger she flies at the nearest man, and brings him to the ground, maimed or killed; then to the next, and so on throughout the



SHE CHARGES FURIOUSLY, AND KNOCKS ONE OF THE HORSES DOWN.



THEY HAD NOT GONE FAR WHEN THE LION SPRANG OUT UPON THEM.

band, until the survivors escape or the lioness is killed. A nephew of a leading Arab sheik was unfortunate enough to meet a lioness on one of these occasions. She sprang toward him, though he was surrounded by sixty armed men. He reserved his fire till the last moment, then pulled the trigger—the gun snapped. Wrapping his left arm in his burnoose he offered it to the lioness, who crunched it directly, while the Arab fired two pistol-shots into her. She flew from him to another, who fired down her throat; but had his ribs broken, his side laid bare, and his body otherwise mutilated before the brute died. It was an expensive hunt for the tribe.

Faithful to his mate, the lion is also faithful to his home. He has been known to live thirty years in the same den. In the south, Cumming notes that the domicile of the lion is apt to be governed by the quantity of rain that falls. If water is plentiful, each leonine family selects its home, and holds no intercourse with its fellows; but if the season be dry, the lions will appear in troops, leading a nomad life, and following the deer and other game as they roam the desert in search of green fields and cool streams. In the north, drought seldom drives the lion to abandon his habits or his home. Accordingly, when he is old enough to declare his independence, he chooses a dense thicket and begins to build. He is royal in his notions. His palace is extensive, and its accommodations varied. He has rooms for summer, dens for winter. There is a lair hid by a deep thick arch of wild olive, and strewed with leaves and scraps of skin, where he lies during the burning August days. There are holes, deeper and darker, half-covered with twigs and branches, and fallen timber, into which he creeps when the winter storms burst over the thicket. There is a narrow nook, near the edge of the thicket, where he lies in wait for his prey, or watches for the attack of the hunter. And there is his nuptial home, a large comfortable opening in the thicket, where he sits to watch his bride tear an ox in shreds, or lavishes upon her love's warmest caresses.

When the Chegatma find one of these lairs, and resolve to rid the country of its mischievous tenant, they gather around the spot, and usually climb stout trees on the edge of the thicket. Then all shout together. At the sound the lion starts from his sleep. He does not rise from the ground, but raises his head and listens. In a moment a shot whistles through the branches over him. This angers him; he raises one leg, and his tail grows stiff. Shall he rush out and wreak vengeance on the caitiffs who thus presume to disturb his repose in his own den? Just then he remembers that, one day long ago, he was awaked by just such insults, and that, on rushing out to punish his enemy, his skin was perforated in a strange and horribly unpleasant manner, and he had hard work to limp back to his home. He will lie still. He relieves himself by lashing his sides with his tail and tearing a tree with his claws.

Meanwhile the shouts and shots fly thick and

heavy. A ball strikes the tree against which he leans. A stone hits him on the nose. Convinced that forbearance is no longer a virtue, he rushes forth. The Arabs have heard him crashing through the brushwood, and are ready. The moment he appears twenty balls crack against his hide. Maddened, and lost to all thought of safety, he discerns a hunter in a tree close by, and flies at him. The Arab is out of reach, and while the lion is crouching at the foot of the tree, a better shot than usual lays him out.

Though the lion seems to assume it as his natural duty to protect the lioness, she is well able to protect herself. Cumming found the females the more troublesome of the two. He had lost some cattle, and made a shrewd guess as to the identity of the thief, when, in riding out, he fell in with a lioness devouring a blesbok. At sight of the hunters she made for the mountains; but Cumming, being well mounted, gave hot chase, and gained on her rapidly. Being within ear-shot, he shouted to her to stop—that he had something to say to her. She did stop; would not turn round, but crouched, with tail turned to the hunters, as though doubtful whether they were worth looking at. As the sound of the horses' hoofs reached her she rose, faced about, and began to gnash her teeth and flourish her tail. Cumming and his men dismounted, and looked to their priming. This found to be in order, one of the men proceeded calmly to fasten the horses together. The lioness was puzzled. After a few moments' observation, she advanced on the hunters, slowly. Cumming orders his most trusty man to reserve his fire for her last spring; kneels, and fires at sixty yards. Though hit in the shoulder she charges furiously, and knocks one of the horses down. "At this moment Stofolus's rifle exploded in his hand, and Kleinboy, whom Cumming had ordered to stand by him, danced about like a duck in a gale of wind." Cumming stood out from the horses, watching for a second shot; and the lioness seeing him, left the horse and made a dash at him. His rifle was true, and at a few yards the lioness was stretched.

When she has her young with her she will never fly. Gérard watched a long time in the woods for a lioness which had committed fearful depredations among the Arabs. He was losing hope of seeing her, after several nights' watching, when he saw something move near the body of a horse at the bottom of a valley below him. A single glance satisfied him that it was the lioness with her cub. They played round the carcass a short while; then the cub began to help himself. At that very moment the mother saw Gérard sitting on a rock above. With a spring like lightning she seized her cub by the back and dashed off with him. They were lost to sight in an instant. Gérard sat a while watching for some sign of their return; he was beginning to lose hope, and to regret that he had not fired when he first saw the pair, when he heard a noise in the leaves beside him. It was such a noise, he says, as a mouse would make in running over the leaves. His sportsman's tact revealed what it was; and as he looked, two large paws, a pair of long mustaches, and an enormous nose, appeared successively to confirm the impression. His gun was on full cock at his shoulder; the moment he saw the red glaring eyes he fired, and at that short distance the iron slug with which he had loaded his piece was fatal. That lioness had placed her cub in safety, and was coming deliberately to attack the hunter.

Some critics have laughed at Gordon Cumming's book, on the ground that he never admits that he missed a shot. Without assuming to defend the veracity of the great hunter, we may observe that, as compared with other sportsmen, his consumption of powder is enormous. He seldom kills an elephant before the fifteenth or twentieth shot; whereas Mr. Baker, of Ceylon, accounted it a blunder to need to fire twice. It is true that the latter hunted in the tall jungle, the former in open country. As to lions, Gordon Cumming usually finishes his beast at the second shot, and occasionally only at the third. Lieutenant Gérard says expressly in his hunting directions, "You must kill with the first shot between the eyes." At any range beyond that of a pistol, this advice would be bad, obviously. The lion's skull is so strong that even at fifty or sixty yards good hunters prefer the shoulder shot as more safe, if less effective; and unless the lion be perfectly still, and the hunter have time for deliberate aim, in which case the eye would appear the most eligible shot, it seems difficult to quarrel with the practice.

What a lion may do, even after his shoulder is broken, may be gathered from the following story—one of the best of our French sportsman's:

A lion had worried a tribe of Arabs beyond endurance, and they had sought out Gérard, and besought him to rid them of the malefactor. They discovered his lair, which was in the side of a mountain, and, obedient to the Frenchman's orders, led out a goat, and tied it to a tree on the outskirts of a wood near the lair. Gérard took up a position in the wood, and had the satisfaction of seeing the lion look up as the goat was being made fast. After a moment's observation he disappeared. Gérard lay quiet, watching; soon the goat began to tremble and shiver, and its ears to jerk convulsively. The lion was coming. He ascended the ravine between his lair and the hunter, slowly, and offering a capital target; but Gérard was so struck with his grace and majesty that he would not fire.

If he admired the lion, the latter seemed to return the compliment. He stopped in his career, lay down, winked at Gérard, and eyed him with a benign expression. He seemed to be saying to himself, "I saw just now a man and a goat here. The man is gone, and there is another man there strangely dressed, who looks as if he wanted to speak to me. Dinner

time is near; which would be best to eat, the man or the goat? Sheep are better than goats; but they are so far off. Men are fair eating, but this fellow seems thin."

The lion decided in favor of the goat, and advanced toward the poor trembling creature. At twelve paces Gérard fired, with a steel-pointed bullet, at his shoulder; a second after, he fired again at the same spot. Beyond a doubt both shoulders must be broken. The lion, however, escaped into his thicket. Impossible to prevent the Arabs following him.

Gérard gave his second gun to an Arab, directing him to hold it in readiness, and reluctantly advanced with them. They had not gone far when the lion sprang out upon them. Every body fired. All missed but Gérard; and his shot was not so effective but that the lion seized a poor wretch and began to tear him. Quick as lightning Gérard pulled the trigger of his other barrel, but for the first time in ten years it missed fire. He held out his hand eagerly to his gun-bearer for his other weapon, but his heart sickened when the Arab replied, trembling like a leaf, "Not loaded." He had fired with the others. Most providentially, the three shots which the lion had already received told at last. He expired before he had quite killed the poor fellow who was in his clutches.

We can not better conclude this rambling account of lion-slaying and man-eating than with the story of the "Lord with the Large Head."

Gérard had again been summoned to free a district from leonine exactions. Having heard the story, he hastily laid his plan, and announced that he would set out that night alone. The Arabs endeavored to dissuade him; but he laughed at their remonstrances. Finding he was resolved, the sheik took him aside and said, "My child, if the lions come to-night, the lord with the large head will come first. Do not mind the others; they will rely on their father; do you look after the lord with the large head. If your hour is come, you will be eaten by the others, but you will be killed by him!"

With this advice Gérard started, and the tribe accompanied him to the position he had resolved to occupy. On leaving him, the sheik whispered in his ear, "The robber has taken my best mare and ten oxen." "What robber?" asked Gérard. "The lord with the large head," answered the sheik in a very low voice, hastening away. The night was bright and still, and about midnight the lions came. Gérard shot the foremost, killing him with the third ball; but he turned out to be only a cub, and by morning news arrived that the lord with the large head had that very night stolen the finest ox in the *douar*.

A year or more elapsed before he paid the debt of nature. One day Gérard was sitting in his tent, when an Arab entered, saying briefly, "I have found him; come." Gérard rose and went. His guide led him to a secluded spot in the wood, where lay the carcass of a freshly-slaughtered bull. Gérard made a screen of branches to hide himself, and sat down quietly to wait for the lion. Several hours passed; at last, about eight in the evening, a branch crackled in the wood. Gérard listened, rested his elbow on his knee, pointed his gun in the direction of the bull. Then came a roar, and in a few minutes the lion was crouched beside the bull, licking the carcass and casting sidelong glances at Gérard. As he looked, an iron slug somehow struck him near the left eye. He reared, and a second slug brought him down. He died hard; it took two more shots to finish him. But he did die, and there was at last an end of the Lord with the Large Head.

WHAT MR. TREVANION SAW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LILY."

"COME, Mr. Trevanion, tell us a story."

"My dear Mrs. Grey! a story! I have not told one since I was a very little boy, and was switched for my last."

"Nonsense! I am speaking English. I don't wish a "fib;" but a tale—an adventure. Something æsthetic, or harrowing, or transcendental, or diplomatic, or—"

"Oh, such big words! Spare me!"

"Big words! Am I a primer that can not speak in more than dissyllables without giving notice? Be conformable, pray, and do as you are bid."

"Bid!" yawned Trevanion. He was sitting on the upper-step of the flight which led into the house, his head leaning back upon the door-sill of the piazza, and his legs dangling down. It must be confessed that Mr. Trevanion's manners were—uncommon and various. His very best were very good indeed, but he would not run the risk of wearing them out by constant use; his second-best were tolerable; his worst I should not like to see. At present, he was indulging in his second-best; for if his attitude lacked respect, his tone was pleasant, and he was with those who excused his manner for the sake of his matter, and covered over his defects with the shady mantle of "oddity."

"Bid!" he yawned again. "What kind of story did you suggest? Diplomatic? Shall I tell you how I shocked a whole company and flustered myself, by ignoring, through my semi-barbarous American-Great-British habits, that I should offer my arm to the lady I took into my first French dinner, and conduct her back to the drawing-room, instead of tucking my feet under the mahogany for 'one glass more?'"

"No—I won't have that anecdote; for you have condensed the whole thing, point and all, in your one sentence."

"Then you wish to be kept in suspense. Oh, let me off!"

Mrs. Grey shook her head, and called out,

"Mrs. Harrington, Mr. Trevanion is going to tell us a story. Come and listen."

"I dont believe in stories worth hearing which you patronize or submit to me," answered Mrs. Harrington, joining them. "She sent me a book lately," turning to Mr. Trevanion, "writ-

ten as an old *maumer* might talk, with her compliments as the author. I feel greatly obliged for the compliment to *my* understanding."

"Oh! had you been deceived by it," retorted Mrs. Grey, "it would not have brought your wit into question—it would only have shown your appreciation of mine. It was to test your guage of me, not mine of you."

"That was fair enough," said Trevanion, "if Mrs. Grey has cause to doubt your valuation of her mental charms. But, *apropos* of writing, I have a story, which ought to be written—"

"Write it, then; for, after all, you write better than you speak."

"Indeed!" Trevanion was put on his mettle by the malicious sparkle in the lively lady's eye as she threw out this suggestion.

"I will tell it to you," he said.

He shook himself into a sitting posture, and there was a silence of some moments.

The light from an inner room scarcely reached the group, but a young moon danced upon the broad ocean, which rolled and surged and beat lazily upon the beach not a hundred yards from the house. Piles of sand had drifted here and there, and lay white and still in the cool but breathless calm. There was no sound from any neighboring cottage, and nothing interfered with Trevanion's strong and marked voice as he deliberately thus began:

"There is a narrow strip of half-reclaimed land upon my plantation which connects the island on which I live with the 'main.' I determined, during the last spring, to make a causeway here, and so facilitate communication between the two. I had a gang of negroes set to work at this spot, and one afternoon took my way, as usual, to see how they were coming on. But I was late in starting. My pony stood saddled at the door, and I loitered, to play with my little girl, to watch the gambols of a litter of terriers, to light a fresh cigar, etc. Finally, when under way, the evening had nearly closed in, and I pushed on to reach the causeway before night.

"A thicket of trees borders the road on either side as you approach this end of the island—jessamine-vines interlace the branches, forming by day a perfect bower of amber sweetness, but at night producing a gloomy darkness, which no moonbeams (had there even been a moon) could pierce.

"My horse dropped into a walk as we skirted this narrow path, and my stirrup brushed aside the blossoms in our slow progress. I was idly meditating another European journey, and thinking over the expense of it, when a hand as cold as ice laid itself upon mine. Starting, I turned toward the thicket—every thing was indistinct, but the lifeless hand lay heavily on my right, and the horse had stopped. I passed my left hand along the wrist of this strange apparition, and discovered an arm belonging to it; but so wasted, so emaciated, so worn, that my first idea of its being one of my negroes fallen dead near me passed from my mind. None of my people could, unknown to me, have reached so miserable a state. With an impulse, to which I instantly yielded, I drew the entire body from the entangled shrubbery, and tossed it, light as it was, across the pony's neck. Urging him then to full speed, I pressed through the grove; the daylight was nearly spent—and, to my horror, I could just distinguish, as we cleared the overhanging trees and came into the open country, that the burden I partly bore was no negro, but a shapeless mass, of which the head, crowned with golden hair, displayed features most beautiful, most pallid, and most ghastly. Just then, to increase my anxiety, my horse began to labor as if the weight oppressed him, and it seemed to me that I could feel an augmented pressure in the side which leaned against me. I gazed at the creature with an indefinable sensation—it was not merely the contact of a dead body—a supernatural horror seized me. I would, I believe, have thrown off the terrible thing, but it moved, and murmured, 'The warmth—the delicious warmth!' and drew closer to me, feebly gasping, not like a human being, but— Great God! I can't describe it!"

"Go on," cried his listeners, with shuddering attention, and Mrs. Grey bent her head toward him and glanced nervously behind her.

"It opened its eyes, and fixed them upon me with a steady look—so earnest, so despairing, so deep, so unnatural, that I trembled, and all my courage fled. I would have screamed like a woman, for my horse now began to snort and shiver, and a cold sweat bathed his limbs. This must be some devilish device. I struck my booted heel into his clammy flank, and tried to urge him on. Then, for the first time, I saw that I had lost my way; we were not approaching the house—we had not the path to the negro-quarters; but, turn the bridle as I would, we were re-entering the thicket of jessamines.

"The black night had fallen, and close to me clung this horrible presence, growing heavier each instant, and filling me with such thoughts as a lifetime will not efface. The gaze of those hopeless eyes—the pressure of that dead hand! I could stand it no longer. I was about to fling myself from my horse in desperation, when the creature raised one of those long, white, emaciated arms which gleamed in the darkness, and laid it on my shoulder. It chilled my very marrow. I shook it off, and the voice said, 'What, ungentleness from you!' At the sound, my horse's feet refused to move; he staggered, trembled, and stood still. I felt the unearthly breath of the dread mass upon my cheek, hissing in my ear. I struggled—what a moment of agony!—and awoke—sitting just where I am now, three nights ago—with a perfect consciousness that there is no such thicket of jessamine upon my estate, the dew dampening my hair, and a thankfulness beyond expression that this was all a dream."

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Grey, "I shall never ask you for a story again. You have frightened me heartily; for if the dream were nothing in itself.

your manner of relating it was so admirable, your dramatic effect was so perfect, that I sat thrilled and miserable. What a *raconteur!*"

"Then I *can* speak as well as write?" said Mr. Trevanion, with his third yawn.

THE VALUE OF A PIN.

WHEN in Paris lately, I spent a very pleasant evening in the society of some of its most distinguished men. One of our countrymen had invited us to a capital bachelors' dinner-party. A young Frenchman—whose name, if I were authorized to publish it, would be familiar to many, because it is that of a highly-esteemed manufacturer, who won one of the first gold medals and the cross of the Legion of Honor—was the most conspicuous guest. We all looked with sincere admiration at the industrious and gifted engineer who had, before the age of thirty, acquired so large an amount of wealth and distinction; the more so because there was a report current that the new *décoré* had succeeded in making his way through many impediments and difficulties, and that he had started from a very low station in life. I determined to know the truth, at all events; and as I had the good fortune to occupy the seat next to our French friend, I was soon on intimate terms with him; and when dinner was over, and we were comfortably and quietly sipping a most excellent cup of coffee, I suddenly asked our hero to give us the story of his life. He complied without reluctance or affected modesty with this rather impertinent desire, and gave the following narrative:

Some fifteen years ago, I was a kind of young vagabond, slow to learn, but very eager for all sorts of mischief, for which the *gamins* of Paris possess an unpleasant but well-merited reputation. My father was a small shopkeeper in very moderate circumstances, and I attended the municipal school next to our house, or rather I pretended to attend it, for I liked much better to stroll along the Boulevards and amuse myself in the Champs Elysées. There was, in short, every prospect of my becoming an idle, worthless fellow, much to the grief of my good, honest father, when a word of reproof spoken in due time brought me back to my senses and to the right path. It is a trifling anecdote, if we may use this word without impropriety, in a world where the happiness of a whole family so often depends on so-called trifles.

I had not gone to school that day, because I had met on the Boulevards a long funeral procession—thousands and thousands of mourners, of all ages and all conditions; deputies and mechanics, high dignitaries and humble artisans—a curious but interesting mixture of coats and blouses, following a very simple hearse. It was the people of Paris accompanying good old Jacques Lafitte to his last abode. There was something so affecting in this demonstration—that of a whole population bestowing on a simple citizen honors refused to kings, and only from time to time granted to such patriots as General Foy, Lafayette, or Garnier-Pagès—that even if I had not been too glad to take advantage of this new pretext, offered so unexpectedly to my vagrant propensity, I should have followed the funeral. So I took a place in the cortége with a companion, and on we went to the cemetery, which could scarcely hold us all, and was closely guarded by a number of policemen and a detachment of municipal guards; for sometimes governments fear great men, even after they have breathed their last. I listened with deep emotion to the speeches delivered by some of the popular orators of the time; and at last, when all was over, I made my way home, still having my companion with me, and, as a matter of course, indulging in as many by-roads as we possibly could. You must not, therefore, be surprised to find us in the afternoon sitting on a bench in the Jardin des Plantes, watching the gambols of the monkeys, and discussing the political merits of the pure democrat whose loss France lamented on that day. During this chat, I played with a little stick, and had thus picked up two pins that had probably fallen from a lady's dress; but, as you may suppose, I threw them carelessly away, and continued my declamatory address.

"You may believe it or not, Jules," said I to my attentive school-fellow, "I shall one day be as rich and as much honored as the worthy citizen Lafitte." Here I made an appropriate pause, which was disturbed in a rather unexpected and unpleasant manner.

"Rich and honored, indeed!" exclaimed a voice behind us; "you will remain a beggar and a good-for-nothing fellow all your life."

I started, and looked round in confusion, when I saw that the prophet of evil was a venerable old man, leaning on a tree, and listening unceremoniously to our boyish conversation.

"No, my boy," continued he, earnestly, "you will never become as rich and honored as good Jacques Lafitte; and I will tell you the reason: you threw *two* pins away with great disdain, while he picked *one* up, and owed his fortune to that circumstance. Take my word for it, the youth who does not value a pin will never become a wealthy man." I was speechless, and my eyes alone betrayed my feelings. The kind old man, for such he was, in spite of his assumed harshness, took a seat beside us, and spoke thus:

"Let me tell you the story of Monsieur Lafitte's progress, and may it be a lesson to you during life! Jacques was one of the numerous family of a poor carpenter in the south of France; and if a generous fairy had sung at his cradle that he would one day become a rich banker, an influential deputy, a statesman, nay, a minister who would refuse to comply with the wishes of the king, and nobly retire into private life; and that, after fulfilling all the duties incumbent on his several stations in life, his death would be lamented by a whole nation, and fifty thousand mourners would follow him to the grave—the wonderful prediction would have been laughed at, even by a fond mother. For

poor young Jacques had not the advantage of going to school, and he deplored it bitterly; while you indulge only in playing and rambling, and do not avail yourselves of the opportunities which your family and the state offer you. He learned the rudiments of reading and writing, as it were, by himself, and certainly with much difficulty; and after having been a kind of errand-boy in a country-office, and improved himself as well as he was able, he set out for Paris, where he arrived pennyless, and having nothing to trust to but God and a letter of recommendation to a celebrated banker, Monsieur Perregaux. As soon as might be, he went to the house of this gentleman, and his heart beat loudly when he presented the letter, for in it were concentrated all his hopes in life. He had not eaten any thing that morning, and did not possess a single sou to buy a dinner; and, besides, he was some hundred leagues away from home, where his old father and his poor mother were perhaps starving, with nearly a dozen children round them. Monsieur Perregaux read the letter, without even remarking the pale countenance of the young man, and returned directly the discouraging answer that he had already five or six clerks too many in his office, and that there was no room for a new one. Poor Jacques, on hearing this, was in the act of retiring slowly and without a word, although in the direst consternation. He bent his head in despair, and cast down his eyes. While in this position, he saw a small pin glittering on the floor, and obeying, instinctively, a well-taught lesson of his beloved mother—to care for the smallest things—he picked the pin up, and put it on the mantel-piece, saying, by way of apology to the banker, who had watched the proceedings of the young man with curiosity, 'I beg pardon, Sir.' Monsieur Perregaux however, had already noticed the action, and recalling the industrious youth, exclaimed suddenly, 'I will *make* room for you in the bank: fetch your things, and come back directly.'

"It was a sunbeam shining through the dark clouds which had till then overhung the path of the needy carpenter's son; and you may imagine with what exultation he greeted this ray of hope. Thus Jacques Lafitte became first the clerk, then the cashier, then the partner, and at last the successor of M. Perregaux. In this manner he became very rich—thanks to a pin—and made his parents and his numerous brothers and sisters happy. He was not merely wealthy—that is common enough—he was a man of unsullied integrity; and we all know how the Emperor Napoleon, when departing for his grave in St. Helena, intrusted him with six millions without guarantee or receipt; how Lafitte married his daughter to the Prince de le Moskowa, the eldest son of the illustrious Marshal Ney; how he was elected deputy, and became one of the most influential members of the House; how he played the foremost part in the revolution of 1830, and was one of the king-makers; how he was named by Louis Philippe minister of finance, and resigned his office rather than sign an anti-popular decree; how he became poor again in the service of his country, and how the grateful people subscribed two millions of francs on his behalf to re-establish his fortunes. You yourselves saw to-day how France honored this great man to the last. Go, then, my lads, attend diligently your school, and learn to value even a pin."

Having thus spoken, the old man went away, and I saw him no more. But his story had made a deep impression on my mind, and I became a steady, industrious lad. I attended the school of industry, and learned a great deal in the way of engineering. Jacques Lafitte was always before my eyes as a model; and in passing through the street which bears the name of the illustrious deputy, I always felt the same sort of religious emotion as when I walked past a church. Some inventions I made met with approbation; and now I am what you see me—a not unimportant member of society, on the road to wealth and distinction.



BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXIII.—MACHINERY IN MOTION.

MR. MEAGLES bestirred himself with such prompt activity in the matter of the negotiation with Daniel Doyce which Clennam had intrusted to him, that he soon brought it into business train, and called on Clennam at nine o'clock one morning to make his report.

"Doyce is highly gratified by your good opinion," he opened the business by saying, "and desires nothing so much as that you should examine the affairs of the Works for yourself, and entirely understand them. He has handed me the keys of all his books and papers—here they are jingling in this pocket—and the only charge he has given me is, 'Let Mr. Clennam have the means of putting himself on a perfect equality with me as to knowing whatever I know. If it should come to nothing after all, he will respect my confidence. Unless I was sure of that to begin with, I should have nothing to do with him.' And there, you see," said Mr. Meagles, "you have Daniel Doyce all over."

"A very honorable character."

"Oh yes, to be sure. Not a doubt of it. Odd, but very honorable. Very odd, though. Now, would you believe, Clennam," said Mr. Meagles, with a hearty enjoyment of his friend's eccentricity, "that I had a whole morning in What's-his-name Yard—"

"Bleeding Heart?"

"A whole morning in Bleeding Heart Yard, before I could induce him to pursue the subject at all?"

"How was that?"

"How was that, my friend? I no sooner mentioned your name in connection with it, than he declared off."

"Declared off, on my account?"

"I no sooner mentioned your name, Clennam, than he said, 'That will never do!' What did he mean by that? I asked him. No matter, Meagles; that would never do. Why would it never do? You'll hardly believe it, Clennam," said Mr. Meagles, laughing within himself, "but it came out that it would never do, because you and he, walking down to Twickenham together, had glided into a friendly conversation, in the course of which he had referred to his intention of taking a partner, supposing at the time that you were as firmly and finally settled as Saint Paul's Cathedral. 'Whereas,' says he, 'Mr. Clennam might now believe, if I entertained his proposition, that I had a sinister and designing motive in what was open free speech. Which I can't bear,' says he, 'which I really am too proud to bear.'"

"I should as soon suspect—"

"Of course you would," interrupted Mr. Meagles, "and so I told him. But it took a morning to scale that wall; and I doubt if any other man than myself (he likes me of old), could have got his leg over it. Well, Clennam. This business-like obstacle surmounted, he then stipulated that, before resuming with you, I should look over the books, and form my own opinion. I looked over the books, and formed my own opinion. 'Is it, on the whole, for or against?' says he. 'For,' says I. 'Then,' says he, 'you may now, my good friend, give Mr. Clennam the means of forming his opinion. To enable him to do which, without bias and with perfect freedom, I shall go out of town for a week.' And he's gone," said Mr. Meagles; "that's the rich conclusion of the thing."

"Leaving me," said Clennam, "with a high sense, I must say, of his candor and his—"

"Oddity," Mr. Meagles struck in. "I should think so!"

It was not exactly the word on Clennam's lips, but he forebore to interrupt his good-humored friend.

"And now," added Mr. Meagles, "you can begin to look into matters as soon as you think proper. I have undertaken to explain where you may want explanation, but to be strictly impartial, and to do nothing more."

They began their perquisitions in Bleeding Heart Yard that same forenoon. Little peculiarities were easily to be detected by experienced eyes in Mr. Doyce's way of managing his affairs, but they almost always involved some ingenious simplification of a difficulty, and some plain road to the desired end. That his papers were in arrear, and that he stood in need of assistance to develop the capacity of his business, was clear enough; but all the results of his undertakings during many years were distinctly set forth, and were ascertainable with ease. Nothing had been done for the purposes of the pending investigation; every thing was in its genuine working-dress, and in a certain honest, rugged order. The calculations and entries, in his own hand, of which there were many, were bluntly written, and with no very neat precision; but were always plain, and directed straight to the purpose. It occurred to Arthur that a far more elaborate and taking show of business —such as the records of the Circumlocution Office made perhaps—might be far less serviceable, as being meant to be far less intelligible.

Three or four days of steady application rendered him master of all the facts it was essential to become acquainted with. Mr. Meagles was at hand the whole time, always ready to illuminate any dim place with the bright little safety-lamp belonging to the scales and scoop. Between them, they agreed upon the sum it would be fair to offer for the purchase of a half share in the business, and then Mr. Meagles unsealed a paper in which Daniel Doyce had noted the amount at which he valued it; which was even something less. Thus, when Daniel came back, he found the affair as good as concluded.

"And I may now avow, Mr. Clennam," said he, with a cordial shake of the hand, "that if I had looked high and low for a partner, I believe I could not have found one more to my mind."

"I say the same," said Clennam.

"And I say of both of you," added Mr. Meagles, "that you are well matched. You keep him in check, Clennam, with your common sense, and you stick to the Works, Dan, with your—"

"Uncommon sense?" suggested Daniel, with his quiet smile.

"You may call it so, if you like—and each of you will be a right hand to the other. Here's my own right hand upon it, as a practical man, to both of you."

The purchase was completed within a month. It left Arthur in possession of private personal means not exceeding a few hundred pounds; but it opened to him an active and promising career. The three friends dined together on the auspicious occasion; the factory and the factory wives and children made holiday and dined too; even Bleeding Heart Yard dined and was full of meat. Two months had barely gone by in all, when Bleeding Heart Yard had become so familiar with short-commons again, that the treat was forgotten there; when nothing seemed new in the partnership but the paint of the inscrip-

tion on the door-posts, DOYCE AND CLENNAM; when it appeared even to Clennam himself, that he had had the affairs of the firm in his mind for years.

The little counting-house reserved for his own occupation was a room of wood and glass at the end of a long, low workshop, filled with benches, and vices, and tools, and straps, and wheels; which, when they were in gear with the steam-engine, went tearing round as though they had a suicidal mission to grind the business to dust and tear the factory to pieces. A communication of great trap-doors in the floor and roof with the workshop above and the workshop below, made a shaft of light in this perspective, which brought to Clennam's mind the child's old picture-book, where similar rays were the witnesses of Abel's murder. The noises were sufficiently removed and shut out from the counting-house to blend into a busy hum, interspersed with periodical clinks and thumps. The patient figures at work were swarthy with the filings of iron and steel that danced on every bench and bubbled up through every chink in the planking. The workshop was arrived at by a step-ladder from the outer yard below, where it served as a shelter for the large grindstone where tools were sharpened. The whole had at once a fanciful and practical air in Clennam's eyes which was a welcome change; and, as often as he raised them from his first work of getting the array of business documents into perfect order, he glanced at these things with a feeling of pleasure in his pursuit that was new to him.

Raising his eyes thus one day, he was surprised to see a bonnet laboring up the step-ladder. The unusual apparition was followed by another bonnet. He then perceived that the first bonnet was on the head of Mr. F.'s Aunt, and that the second bonnet was on the head of Flora, who seemed to have propelled her legacy up the steep ascent with considerable difficulty.

Though not altogether enraptured at the sight of these visitors, Clennam lost no time in opening the counting-house door, and extricating them from the workshop; a rescue which was rendered the more necessary by Mr. F.'s Aunt already stumbling over some impediment, and menacing steam-power as an Institution with a stony reticule she carried.

"Good gracious, Arthur—I should say Mr. Clennam, far more proper—the climb we have had to get up here and how ever to get down again without a fire-escape and Mr. F.'s Aunt slipping through the steps and bruised all over and you in the machinery and foundry way too only think, and never told us!"

Thus Flora, out of breath. Meanwhile, Mr. F.'s Aunt rubbed her esteemed insteps with her umbrella, and vindictively glared.

"Most unkind never to have come back to see us since that day, though naturally it was not to be expected that there should be any attraction at *our* house and you were much more pleasantly engaged, that's pretty certain, and is she fair or dark blue eyes or black I wonder, not that I expect that she should be any thing but a perfect contrast to me in all particulars for I am a disappointment as I very well know and you are quite right to be devoted no doubt though what I am saying Arthur never mind I hardly know myself Good gracious!"

By this time he had placed chairs for them in the counting-house. As Flora dropped into hers, she bestowed the old look upon him.

"And to think of Doyce and Clennam, and who Doyce can be," said Flora; "delightful man no doubt and married perhaps or perhaps a daughter, now has he really? then one understands the partnership and sees it all, don't tell me any thing about it for I know I have no claim to ask the question the golden chain that once was forged, being snapped and very proper."

Flora put her hand tenderly on his, and gave him another of the youthful glances.

"Dear Arthur—force of habit, Mr. Clennam every way more delicate and adapted to existing circumstances—I must beg to be excused for taking the liberty of this intrusion but I thought I might so far presume upon old times forever faded never more to bloom as to call with Mr. F.'s Aunt to congratulate and offer best wishes, A great deal superior to China not to be denied and much nearer though higher up!"

"I am very happy to see you," said Clennam, "and I thank you, Flora, very much for your kind remembrance."

"More than I can say myself at any rate," returned Flora, "for I might have been dead and buried twenty distinct times over and no doubt whatever should have been before you had genuinely remembered Me or any thing like it in spite of which one last remark I wish to make, one last explanation I wish to offer—"

"My dear Mrs. Finching," Arthur remonstrated, in alarm.

"Oh, not that disagreeable name; say Flora!"

"Flora, is it worth troubling yourself afresh to enter into explanations? I assure you none are needed. I am satisfied—I am perfectly satisfied."

A diversion was occasioned here by Mr. F.'s Aunt making the following inexorable and awful statement:

"There's mile-stones on the Dover road!"

With such mortal hostility toward the human race did she discharge this missile, that Clennam was quite at a loss how to defend himself; the rather as he had been already perplexed in his mind by the honor of a visit from this venerable lady, when it was plain she held him in the utmost abhorrence. He could not but look at her with disconcertment, as she sat breathing bitterness and scorn, and staring leagues away. Flora, however, received the remark as if it had been of a most apposite and agreeable nature; approvingly observing aloud that Mr. F.'s Aunt had a great deal of spirit. Stimulated either by this compliment, or by her burning indigna-



VISITORS AT THE WORKS.

tion, that illustrious woman then added, "Let him meet it if he can!" And, with a rigid movement of her stony reticule (an appendage of great size, and of a fossil appearance), indicated that Clennam was the unfortunate person at whom the challenge was hurled.

"One last remark," resumed Flora, "I was going to say I wish to make one last explanation I wish to offer, Mr. F.'s Aunt and myself would not have intruded on business hours Mr. F. having been in business and though the wine trade still business is equally business call it what you will and business habits are just the same as witness Mr. F. himself who had his slippers always on the mat at ten minutes before six in the afternoon and his boots inside the fender at ten minutes before eight in the morning to the moment in all weathers light or dark—would not therefore have intruded without a motive which being kindly meant it may be hoped will

be kindly taken Arthur, Mr. Clennam far more proper, even Doyce and Clennam probably more business-like."

"Pray say nothing in the way of apology," Arthur entreated. "You are always welcome."

"Very polite of you to say so Arthur—can not remember Mr. Clennam until the word is out, such is the habit of times forever fled and so true it is that oft in the stilly night ere slumber's chain has bound people fond memory brings the light of other days around people—very polite but more polite than true I am afraid, for to go into the machinery business without so much as sending a line or a card to papa—I don't say me though there was a time but that is past and stern reality has now my gracious never mind—does not look like it you must confess."

Even Flora's commas seem to have fled on this occasion; she was so much more disjointed and voluble than in the preceding interview.

"Though indeed," she hurried on, "nothing else is to be expected and why should it be expected and if it's not to be expected why should it be and I am far from blaming you or any one, When your mamma and my papa worried us to death and severed the golden bowl—I mean bond but I dare say you know what I mean and if you don't you don't lose much and care just as little I will venture to add—when they severed the golden bond that bound us and threw us into fits of crying on the sofa nearly choked at least myself every thing was changed and in giving my hand to Mr. F. I know I did so with my eyes open but he was so very unsettled and in such low spirits that he had distractedly alluded to the river if not oil of something from the chemist's and I did it for the best."

"My good Flora, we settled that before. It was all quite right."

"It's perfectly clear you think so," returned Flora, "for you take it very coolly, if I hadn't known it to be China I should have guessed myself the Polar regions, dear Mr. Clennam you are right however and I can not blame you but as to Doyce and Clennam papa's property being about here we heard it from Pancks and but for him we never should have heard one word about it I am satisfied."

"No, no; don't say that."

"What nonsense not to say it Arthur—Doyce and Clennam—easier and less trying to me than Mr. Clennam—when I know it and you know it too and can't deny it."

"But I do deny it, Flora. I should soon have made you a friendly visit."

"Ah!" said Flora, tossing her head. "I dare say!" and she gave him another of the old looks. "However when Pancks told us I made up my mind that Mr. F.'s Aunt and I would come and call because when papa—which was before that—happened to mention her name to me and to say that you were interested in her I said at the moment Good gracious why not have her here then when there's any thing to do instead of putting it out."

"When you say Her," observed Clennam, by this time pretty well bewildered, "do you mean Mr. F.'s—"

"My goodness, Arthur—Doyce and Clennam really easier to me with old remembrances—who ever heard of Mr. F.'s Aunt doing needlework and going out by the day!"

"Going out by the day! Do you speak of Little Dorrit?"

"Why yes of course," returned Flora; "and of all the strangest names I ever heard the strangest, like a place down in the country with a turnpike, or a favorite pony or a puppy or a bird or something from a seed-shop to be put in a garden or a flower-pot and come up speckled."

"Then, Flora," said Arthur, with a sudden interest in the conversation, "Mr. Casby was so kind as to mention Little Dorrit to you, was he? What did he say?"

"Oh you know what papa is," rejoined Flora, "and how aggravatingly he sits looking beautiful and turning his thumbs over and over one another till he makes one giddy if one keeps one's eyes upon him, he said when we were talking of you—I don't know who began the subject Arthur (Doyce and Clennam) but I am sure it wasn't me, at least I hope not but you really must excuse my confessing more on that point."

"Certainly," said Arthur. "By all means."

"You are very ready," pouted Flora, coming to a sudden stop in a captivating bashfulness, "that I must admit, Papa said you had spoken of her in an earnest way and I said what I have told you and that's all."

"That's all?" said Arthur, a little disappointed.

"Except that when Pancks told us of your having embarked in this business and with difficulty persuaded us that it was really you I said to Mr. F.'s Aunt then we would come and ask you if it would be agreeable to all parties that she should be engaged at our house when required for I know she often goes to your Mamma's and I know that your Mamma has a very touchy temper Arthur—Doyce and Clennam—or I never might have married Mr. F. and might have been at this hour but I am running into nonsense."

"It was very kind of you, Flora, to think of this."

Poor Flora rejoined with a plain sincerity which became her better than her youngest glances, that she was glad he thought so. She said it with so much heart, that Clennam would have given a great deal to buy his old character of her on the spot, and throw it and the mermaid away forever.

"I think, Flora," he said, "that the employment you can give Little Dorrit, and the kindness you can show her—"

"Yes and I will," said Flora, quickly.

"I am sure of it—will be a great assistance

and support to her. I do not feel that I have the right to tell you what I know of her, for I acquired the knowledge confidentially, and under circumstances that bind me to silence. But I have an interest in the little creature, and a respect for her that I can not express to you. Her life has been one of such trial and devotion, and such quiet goodness, as you can scarcely imagine. I can hardly think of her, far less speak of her without feeling moved. Let that feeling represent what I could tell you, and commit her to your friendliness with my thanks."

Once more he put out his hand frankly to poor Flora; once more poor Flora couldn't accept it frankly, found it worth nothing openly, must make the old intrigue and mystery of it. As much to her own enjoyment as to his dismay, she covered it with a corner of her shawl as she took it. Then, looking toward the glass front of the counting-house, and seeing two figures approaching, she cried with infinite relish, "Papa! Hush, Arthur, for Mercy's sake!" and tottered back to her chair with an amazing imitation of being in danger of swooning, in the dread surprise and maidenly flutter of her spirits.

The Patriarch meanwhile came inanely beaming toward the counting-house, in the wake of Pancks. Pancks opened the door for him, towed him in, and retired to his own moorings in a corner.

"I heard from Flora," said the Patriarch, with his benevolent smile, "that she was coming to call, coming to call. And being out, I thought I'd come also, thought I'd come also."

The benign wisdom he infused into this declaration (not of itself profound), by means of his blue eyes, his shining head, and his long white hair, was most impressive. It seemed worth putting down among the noblest sentiments enunciated by the best of men. Also, when he said to Clennam, seating himself in the proffered chair, "And you are in a new business, Mr. Clennam? I wish you well, Sir, I wish you well!" he seemed to have done benevolent wonders.

"Mrs. Finching has been telling me, Sir," said Arthur, after making his acknowledgments; the relict of the late Mr. F. meanwhile protesting, with a gesture, against his use of that respectable name; "that she hopes occasionally to employ the young needlewoman you recommended to my mother. For which I have been thanking her."

The Patriarch turning his head in a lumbering way toward Pancks, that assistant put up the note-book in which he had been absorbed, and took him in tow.

"You didn't recommend her, you know," said Pancks; "how could you? You knew nothing about her, you didn't. The name was mentioned to you, and you passed it on. That's what *you* did."

"Well!" said Clennam. "As she justifies any recommendation, it is much the same thing."

"You are glad she turns out well," said Pancks, "but it wouldn't have been your fault if she had turned out ill. The credit's not yours as it is, and the blame wouldn't have been yours as it might have been. You gave no guarantee. You knew nothing about her."

"You are not acquainted, then," said Arthur, hazarding a random question, "with any of her family?"

"Acquainted with any of her family?" returned Pancks. "How should you be acquainted with any of her family? You never heard of 'em. You can't be acquainted with people you never heard of, can you? You should think not!"

All this time the Patriarch sat serenely smiling; nodding or shaking his head benevolently, as the case required.

"As to being a reference," said Pancks, "you know in a general way what being a reference means. It's all your eye, that is! Look at your tenants down the Yard here. They'd all be references for one another, if you'd let 'em. What would be the good of letting 'em? It's no satisfaction to be done by two men instead of one. One's enough. A person who can't pay, gets another person who can't pay, to guarantee that he can pay. Like a person with two wooden legs, getting another person with two wooden legs, to guarantee that he has got two natural legs. It don't make either of them able to do a walking-match. And four wooden legs are more troublesome to you than two, when you don't want any." Mr. Pancks concluded by blowing off that steam of his.

A momentary silence that ensued was broken by Mr. F.'s Aunt, who had been sitting upright in a cataleptic state since her last public remark. She now underwent a violent twitch, calculated to produce a startling effect on the nerves of the uninitiated, and with the deadliest animosity observed:

"You can't make a head and brains out of a brass knob with nothing in it. You couldn't do it when your Uncle George was living; much less when he's dead."

Mr. Pancks was not slow to reply, with his usual calmness, "Indeed, ma'am? Bless my soul! I'm surprised to hear it." Despite his presence of mind, however, the speech of Mr. F.'s Aunt produced a depressing effect on the little assembly; firstly, because it was impossible to disguise that Clennam's unoffending head was the particular temple of reason depreciated; and secondly, because nobody ever knew on these occasions whose Uncle George was referred to, or what spectral presence might be invoked under that appellation.

Therefore Flora said, though still not without a certain boastfulness and triumph in her legacy, that Mr. F.'s Aunt was "very lively to-day, and she thought they had better go. But Mr. F.'s Aunt proved so lively as to take the suggestion in unexpected dudgeon, and declare that she would not go; adding, with several injurious expressions, that if "He"—too evidently

meaning Clennam—"wanted to get rid of her, let him chuck her out of winder;" and urgently expressing her desire to see "Him" perform that ceremony.

In this dilemma, Mr. Pancks, whose resources appeared equal to any emergency in the Patriarchal waters, slipped on his hat, slipped out at the counting-house door, and slipped in again a moment afterward with an artificial freshness upon him, as if he had been in the country for some weeks. "Why, bless my heart, ma'am!" said Mr. Pancks, rubbing up his hair in great astonishment, "is that you? How do you *do*, ma'am? You are looking charming to-day! I am delighted to see you. Favor me with your arm, ma'am; we'll have a little walk together, you and me, if you'll honor me with your company." And so escorted Mr. F.'s Aunt down the private staircase of the counting-house, with great gallantry and success. The patriarchal Mr. Casby then rose with the air of having done it himself, and blandly followed: leaving his daughter, as she followed in her turn, to remark to her former lover in a distracted whisper (which she very much enjoyed), that they had drained the cup of life to the dregs; and further to hint mysteriously that the late Mr. F. was at the bottom of it.

Alone again, Clennam became a prey to his old doubts in reference to his mother and Little Dorrit, and revolved the old thoughts and suspicions. They were all in his mind, blending themselves with the duties he was mechanically discharging, when a shadow on his papers caused him to look up for the cause. The cause was Mr. Pancks. With his hat thrown back upon his ears as if his wiry prongs of hair had darted up like springs and cast it off, with his jet-black beads of eyes inquisitively sharp, with the fingers of his right hand in his mouth that he might bite the nails, and with the fingers of his left hand in reserve in his pocket for another course, Mr. Pancks cast his shadow through the glass upon the books and papers.

Mr. Pancks asked, with a little inquiring twist of his head, if he might come in again? Clennam replied with a nod of his head in the affirmative. Mr. Pancks worked his way in, came alongside the desk, made himself fast by leaning his arms upon it, and started conversation with a puff and a snort.

"Mr. F.'s Aunt is appeased, I hope?" said Clennam.

"All right, Sir," said Pancks.

"I am so unfortunate as to have awakened a strong animosity in the breast of that lady," said Clennam. "Do you know why?"

"Does *she* know why?" said Pancks.

"I suppose not."

"*I* suppose not," said Pancks.

He took out his note-book, opened it, shut it, dropped it into his hat, which was beside him on the desk, and looked in at it as it lay at the bottom of the hat; all with a great appearance of consideration.

"Mr. Clennam," he then began, "I am in want of information, Sir."

"Connected with this firm?" asked Clennam.

"No," said Pancks.

"With what then, Mr. Pancks? That is to say, assuming that you want it of me."

"Yes, Sir; yes, I want it of you," said Pancks, "if I can persuade you to furnish it. A, B, C, D. DA, DE, DI, DO. Dictionary order. Dorrit. That's the name, Sir."

Mr. Pancks blew off his peculiar noise again, and fell to at his right-hand nails. Arthur looked searchingly at him; he returned the look.

"I don't understand you, Mr. Pancks."

"That's the name that I want to know about."

"And what do want to know?"

"Whatever you can and will tell me." This comprehensive summary of his desires was not discharged without some heavy laboring on the part of Mr. Pancks's machinery.

"This is a singular visit, Mr. Pancks. It strikes me as rather extraordinary that you should come, with such an object, to me."

"It may be all extraordinary together," returned Pancks. "It may be out of the ordinary course, and yet be business. In short, it is business. I am a man of business. What business have I in this present world, except to stick to business. No business."

With his former doubt whether this dry, hard personage were quite in earnest, Clennam again turned his eyes attentively upon his face. It was as scrubby and dingy as ever, and as eager and quick as ever, and he could see nothing lurking in it that was at all expressive of a latent mockery that had seemed to strike upon his ear in the voice.

"Now," said Pancks, "to put this business on its own footing, it's not my proprietor's."

"Do you refer to Mr. Casby as your proprietor?"

Pancks nodded. "My proprietor. Put a case. Say, at my proprietor's I hear a name—name of young person Mr. Clennam wants to serve. Say, name first mentioned to my proprietor by Plornish in the Yard. Say, I go to Plornish. Say, I ask Plornish as a matter of business, for information. Say, Plornish, though six weeks in arrear to my proprietor, declines. Say, Mrs. Plornish declines. Say, both refer to Mr. Clennam. Put the case."

"Well?"

"Well, Sir," returned Pancks, "say, I come to him. Say, here I am."

With those prongs of hair sticking up all over his head, and his breath coming and going very hard and short, the busy Pancks fell back a step (in Tug metaphor, took half a turn astern) as if to show his dingy hull complete, then forged ahead again, and directed his quick glance by turns into his hat where his note-book was, and into Clennam's face.

"Mr. Pancks, not to trespass on your ground

of mystery, I will be as plain with you as I can. Let me ask two questions. First—"

"All right!" said Pancks, holding up his dirty forefinger with its broken nail. "I see! 'What's your motive?'"

"Exactly."

"Motive," said Pancks, "good. Nothing to do with my proprietor; not statable at present, ridiculous to state at present; but good. Desiring to serve young person, name of Dorrit," said Pancks, with his forefinger still up as a caution. "Better admit motive to be good."

"Secondly, and lastly, what do you want to know?"

Mr. Pancks fished up his note-book before the question was put, and buttoning it with care in an inner breast-pocket, and looking straight at Clennam all the time, replied with a pause and a puff, "I want supplementary information of any sort."

Clennam could not withhold a smile, as the panting little steam-tug, so useful to that unwieldy ship the Casby, waited on and watched him as if it were seeking an opportunity of running in and rifling him of all it wanted, before he could resist its manœuvres; though there wat that in Mr. Pancks's eagerness, too, which awakened many wondering speculations in his mind. After a little consideration, he resolved to supply Mr. Pancks with such leading information as it was in his power to impart to him; well knowing that Mr. Pancks, if he failed in his present research, was pretty sure to find other means of getting it.

He, therefore, first requesting Mr. Pancks to remember his voluntary declaration that his proprietor had no part in the disclosure, and that his own intentions were good (two declarations which that coaly little gentleman with the greatest ardor repeated), openly told him that as to the Dorrit lineage or former place of habitation he had no information to communicate, and that his knowledge of the family did not extend beyond the fact that it appeared to be now reduced to five members; namely, to two brothers, of whom one was single, and one a widower with three children. The ages of the whole family he made known to Mr. Pancks, as nearly as he could guess at them; and finally he described to him the position of the Father of the Marshalsea, and the course of time and events through which he had become invested with that character. To all this, Mr. Pancks, snorting and blowing in a more and more portentous manner as he became more interested, listened with great attention; appearing to derive the most agreeable sensations from the painfulest parts of the narrative, and particularly to be quite charmed by the account of William Dorrit's long imprisonment.

"In conclusion, Mr. Pancks," said Arthur, "I have but to say this. I have reasons beyond a personal regard, for speaking as little as I can of the Dorrit family, particularly at my mother's house" (Mr. Pancks nodded), "and for knowing as much as I can. So devoted a man of business as you are—eh?"

For Mr. Pancks had suddenly made that blowing effort with unusual force.

"It's nothing," said Pancks.

"So devoted a man of business as yourself has a perfect understanding of a fair bargain. I wish to make a fair bargain with you, that you shall enlighten me concerning the Dorrit family, when you have it in your power, as I have enlightened you. It may not give you a very flattering idea of my business habits, that I failed to make my terms beforehand," continued Clennam; "but I prefer to make them a point of honor. I have seen so much business done on sharp principles that, to tell you the truth, Mr. Pancks, I am tired of them."

Mr. Pancks laughed. "It's a bargain, Sir," said he. "You shall find me stick to it."

After that, he stood a little while looking at Clennam, and biting his ten nails all round; evidently while he fixed in his mind what he had been told, and went over it carefully before the means of supplying a gap in his memory should be no longer at hand. "It's all right," he said at last, "and now I'll wish you good-day, as it's collecting-day in the Yard. By-the-by, though. A lame foreigner with a stick."

"Ay, ay. You do take a reference sometimes, I see?" said Clennam.

"When he can pay, Sir," replied Pancks. "Take all you can get, and keep back all you can't be forced to give up. That's business. The lame foreigner with the stick wants a top room down the Yard. Is he good for it?"

"I am," said Clennam, "and I will answer for him."

"That's enough. What I must have of Bleeding Heart Yard," said Pancks, making a note of the case in his book, "is my bond. I want my bond, you see. Pay up, or produce your property! That's the watchword down the Yard. The lame foreigner with the stick represented that you sent him; but he could represent (as far as that goes) that the Great Mogul sent him. He has been in the Hospital, I believe?"

"Yes. Through having met with an accident. He is only just now discharged."

"It's pauperizing a man, Sir, I have been shown, to let him into a hospital?" said Pancks. And again blew off that remarkable sound.

"I have been shown so too," said Clennam, coldly.

Mr. Pancks, being by that time quite ready for a start, got under steam in a moment, and, without any other signal or ceremony, was snorting down the step-ladder and working into Bleeding Heart Yard, before he seemed to be well out of the counting-house.

Throughout the remainder of the day Bleeding Heart Yard was in consternation, as the grim Pancks cruised in it; haranguing the inhabitants on their backslidings in respect of payment, demanding his bond, breathing notices to quit and executions, running down defaulters, send-

ing a swell of terror on before him, and leaving it in his wake. Knots of people, impelled by a fatal attraction, lurked outside any house in which he was known to be, listening for fragments of his discourses to the inmates; and, when he was rumored to be coming down the stairs, often could not disperse so quickly but that he would be prematurely in among them, demanding their own arrears, and rooting them to the spot. Throughout the remainder of the day, Mr. Pancks's What were they up to? and What did they mean by it? sounded all over the Yard. Mr. Pancks wouldn't hear of excuses, wouldn't hear of complaints, wouldn't hear of repairs, wouldn't hear of any thing but unconditional money down. Perspiring and puffing and darting about in eccentric directions, and becoming hotter and dingier every moment, he lashed the tide of the Yard into a most agitated and turbid state. It had not settled down into calm water again, full two hours after he had been seen fuming away on the horizon at the top of the steps.

There were several small assemblages of the Bleeding Hearts at the popular points of meeting in the Yard that night, among whom it was universally agreed that Mr. Pancks was a hard man to have to do with; and that it was much to be regretted, so it was, that a gentleman like Mr. Casby should put his rents in his hands, and never know him in his true light. For (said the Bleeding Hearts), if a gentleman with that head of hair and them eyes took his rents into his own hands, ma'am, there would be none of this worriting and wearing, and things would be very different.

At which identical evening hour and minute, the Patriarch—who had floated serenely through the Yard in the forenoon before the hurrying began, with the express design of getting up this trustfulness in his shining bumps and silken locks—at which identical hour and minute, that first-rate humbug of a thousand guns was heavily floundering in the little Dock of his exhausted Tug at home, and was saying, as he turned his thums:

"A very bad day's work, Pancks, very bad day's work. It seems to me, Sir, and I must insist on making the observation forcibly, in justice to myself, that you ought to have got much more money, much more money."

CHAPTER XXIV.—FORTUNE-TELLING.

Little Dorrit received a call that same evening from Mr. Plornish, who, having intimated that he wished to speak to her, privately, in a series of coughs so very noticeable as to favor the idea that her father, as regarded her seamstress occupation, was an illustration of the axiom that there are no such stone-blind men as those who will not see, obtained an audience with her on the common staircase outside the door.

"There's been a lady at our place to-day, Miss Dorritt," Plornish growled, "and another one along with her as is a old wixen if ever I met with such. The way she snapped a person's head off, dear me!"

The mild Plornish was at first quite unable to get his mind away from Mr. F.'s Aunt. "For," said he, to excuse himself, "she is, I do assure you, the winegariest party!"

At length, by a great effort, he detached himself from the subject sufficiently to observe:

"But she's neither here nor there just at present. The other lady, she's Mr. Casby's daughter; and if Mr. Casby an't well off, none better, it an't through any fault of Pancks. For, as to Pancks, he does, he really does, he does indeed!"

Mr. Plornish, after his usual manner, was a little obscure, but conscientiously emphatic.

"And what she come to our place for," he pursued, "was to leave word that if Miss Dorrit would step up to that card—which it's Mr. Casby's house that is, and Pancks he has a office at the back, where he really does, beyond belief—she would be glad for to engage her. She was a old and a dear friend, she said particular, of Mr. Clennam, and hoped for to prove herself a useful friend to *his* friend. Them was her words. Wishing to know whether Miss Dorrit could come to-morrow morning, I said I would see you, Miss, and inquire, and look round there to-night to say yes, or, if you was engaged to-morrow, when."

"I can go to-morrow, thank you," said Little Dorrit. "This is very kind of you, but you are always kind."

Mr. Plornish, with a modest disavowal of his merits, opened the room door for her readmission, and followed her in with such an exceedingly bald pretense of not having been out at all, that her father might have observed it without being very suspicious. In his affable unconsciousness, however, he took no heed. Plornish, after a little conversation, in which he blended his former duty as a Collegian with his present privilege as an humble outside friend, qualified again by his low estate as a plasterer, took his leave; making the tour of the prison before he left, and looking on at a game of skittles, with the mixed feelings of an old inhabitant who had his private reasons for believing that it might be his destiny to come back again.

Early in the morning, Little Dorrit, leaving Maggy in high domestic trust, set off for the Patriarchal tent. She went by the Iron Bridge, though it cost her a penny, and walked more slowly in that part of her journey than in any other. At five minutes before eight, her hand was on the Patriarchal knocker, which was quite as high as she could reach.

She gave Mrs. Finching's card to the young woman who opened the door, and the young woman told her that "Miss Flora"—Flora having, on her return to the parental roof, reinvested herself with the title under which she had lived there—was not yet out of her bedroom, but she was to please to walk up into Miss

Flora's sitting-room. She walked up into Miss Flora's sitting-room, as in duty bound, and there found a breakfast-table comfortably laid for two, with a supplementary tray upon it laid for one. The young woman, disappearing for a few moments, returned to say that she was to please to take a chair by the fire, and to take off her bonnet and make herself at home. But Little Dorrit being bashful, and not used to make herself at home on such occasions, felt at a loss how to do it; so she was still sitting near the door with her bonnet on, when Flora came in in a hurry, half an hour afterward.

Flora was so sorry to have kept her waiting, and good gracious why did she sit out there in the cold when she had expected to find her by the fire reading the paper, and hadn't that heedless girl given her the message then, and had she really been in her bonnet all this time, and pray for goodness sake let Flora take it off! Flora, taking it off in the best-natured manner in the world, was so struck by the face disclosed, that she said, "Why, what a good little thing you are, my dear!" and pressed the face between her hands like the gentlest of women.

It was the word and the action of a moment. Little Dorrit had hardly time to think how kind it was, when Flora dashed at the breakfast-table, full of business, and plunged over head and ears into loquacity.

"Really so sorry that I should happen to be late on this morning of all mornings because my intention and my wish was to be ready to meet you when you came in and to say that any one that interested Arthur Clennam half so much must interest me and that I gave you the heartiest welcome and was so glad, instead of which they never called me and there I still am snoring I dare say if the truth was known and if you don't like either. cold fowl or hot boiled ham which many people don't I dare say besides Jews and theirs are scruples of conscience which we must all respect though I must say I wish they had them equally strong when they sell us false articles for real that certainly ain't worth the money I shall be quite vexed," said Flora.

Little Dorrit thanked her, and said, shyly, bread and butter and tea was all she usually—

"Oh nonsense my dear child I can never hear of that," said Flora, turning on the urn in the most reckless manner, and making herself wink by splashing hot water into her eyes as she bent down to look into the tea-pot. "You are come here on the footing of a friend and companion you know if you will let me take that liberty and I should be ashamed of myself indeed if you could come here upon any other, besides which Arthur Clennan spoke in such terms—you are tired my dear."

"No, ma'am."

"You turn so pale you have walked too far before breakfast and I dare say live a great way off and ought to have had a ride," said Flora. "Dear dear is there any thing that would do you good?"

"Indeed I am quite well, ma'am. I thank you again and again, but I am quite well."

"Then take your tea at once I beg," said Flora, "and this wing of fowl and bit of ham, don't mind me or wait for me because I always carry in this tray myself to Mr. F.'s Aunt who breakfasts in bed and a charming old lady too and very clever, Portrait of Mr. F. behind the door and very like though too much forehead and as to a pillar with a marble pavement and balustrades and a mountain I never saw him near it nor not likely in the wine trade, excellent man but not at all in that way."

Little Dorrit glanced at the portrait, very imperfectly following the references to that work of art.

"Mr. F. was so devoted to me that he never could bear me out of his sight," said Flora, "though of course I am unable to say how long that might have lasted if he hadn't been cut short while I was a new broom, worthy man but not poetical manly prose but not romance."

Little Dorrit glanced at the portrait again. The artist had given it a head that would have been, in an intellectual point of view, top-heavy for Shakspeare.

"Romance, however," Flora went on, busily arranging Mr. F.'s Aunt's toast, "as I openly said to Mr. F. when he proposed to me and you will be surprised to hear that he proposed seven times once in a hackney coach once in a boat once in a pew once on a donkey at Tunbridge Wells and the rest on his knees, Romance was fled with the early days of Arthur Clennam, our parents tore us asunder we became marble and stern reality usurped the throne, Mr. F. said very much to his credit that he was perfectly aware of it and even preferred that state of things accordingly the word was spoken the fiat went forth and such is life you see my dear and yet we do not break but bend, pray make a good breakfast while I go in with the tray."

She disappeared, leaving Little Dorrit to ponder over the meaning of her scattered words. She soon came back again; and at last began to take her own breakfast, talking all the while.

"You see my dear," said Flora, measuring out a spoonful or two of some brown liquid that smelt like brandy, and putting it into her tea, "I am obliged to be careful to follow the directions of my medical man though the flavor is any thing but agreeable being a poor creature and it may be have never recovered the shock received in youth from too much giving way to crying in the next room when separated from Arthur, have you known him long?"

As soon as Little Dorrit comprehended that she had been asked this question—for which time was necessary, the galloping pace of her new patroness having left her far behind—she answered that she had known Mr. Clennam ever since his return.

"To be sure you couldn't have known him before unless you had been in China or had corresponded neither of which is likely," re-

turned Flora, "for traveling people usually get more or less mahogany and you are not at all so and as to corresponding what about? that's very true unless tea, so it was at his mother's was it really that you knew him first, highly sensible and firm but dreadfully severe—ought to be the mother of the man in the iron mask."

"Mrs. Clennam has been kind to me," said Little Dorrit.

"Really? I am sure I am glad to hear it because as Arthur's mother it's naturally pleasant to my feelings to have a better opinion of her than I had before, though what she thinks of me when I run on as I am certain to do and she sits glowering at me like Fate in a go-cart —shocking comparison really—invalid and not her fault—I never know or can imagine."

"Shall I find my work any where, ma'am?" asked Little Dorrit, looking timidly about; "can I get it?"

"You industrious little fairy," returned Flora, taking, in another cup of tea, another of the doses prescribed by her medical man, "there's not the slightest hurry and it's better that we should begin by being confidential about our mutual friend—too cold a word for me at least I don't mean that, very proper expression mutual friend—than become through mere formalities not you but me like the Spartan boy with the fox biting him, which I hope you'll excuse my bringing up for of all the tiresome boys that will go tumbling into every sort of company that boy's the tiresomest."

Little Dorrit, her face very pale, sat down again to listen. "Hadn't I better work the while?" she asked. "I can work and attend too. I would rather, if I may."

Her earnestness was so expressive of her being uneasy without her work, that Flora answered, "Well my dear whatever you like best," and produced a basket of white handkerchiefs. Little Dorrit gladly put it by her side, took out her little pocket-housewife, threaded her needle, and began to hem.

"What nimble fingers you have," said Flora; "but are you sure you are well?"

"Oh yes, indeed!"

Flora put her feet upon the fender, and settled herself for a thorough good romantic disclosure. She started off at score, tossing her head, sighing in the most demonstrative manner, making a great deal of use of her eyebrows, and occasionally, but not often, glancing at the quiet face that bent over the work.

"You must know my dear," said Flora, "but that I have no doubt you know already not only because I have already thrown it out in a general way but because I feel I carry it stamped in burning what's his names upon my brow that before I was introduced to the late Mr. F. I had been engaged to Arthur Clennam—Mr. Clennam in public where reserve is necessary Arthur here—we were all in all to one another it was the morning of life it was bliss it was frenzy it was every thing else of that sort in the highest degree, when rent asunder we turned to stone in which capacity Arthur went to China and I became the statue bride of the late Mr. F."

Flora, uttering these words in a deep voice, enjoyed herself immensely.

"To paint," said she, "the emotions of that morning when all was marble within and Mr. F.'s Aunt followed in a glass-coach which it stands to reason must have been in shameful repair or it never could have broken down two streets from the house and Mr. F.'s Aunt brought home like the fifth of November in a rush-bottomed chair I will not attempt, suffice it to say that the hollow form of breakfast took place in the dining-room down stairs that papa partaking too freely of pickled salmon was ill for weeks and that Mr. F. and myself went upon a Continental tour to Calais where the people fought for us on the pier until they separated us though not forever that was not yet to be."

The statue bride, hardly pausing for breath, went on, with the greatest complacency, in a rambling manner sometimes incidental to flesh and blood.

"I will draw a vail over that dreamy life, Mr. F. was in good spirits his appetite was good he liked the cookery he considered the wine weak but palatable and all was well, we returned to the immediate neighborhood of Number Thirty Little Gosling Street London Docks and settled down, ere we had yet fully detected the housemaid in selling the feathers out of the spare bed Gout flying upward soared with Mr. F. to another sphere."

His relict, with a glance at his portrait, shook her head and wiped her eyes.

"I revere the memory of Mr. F. as an estimable man and most indulgent husband, only necessary to mention asparagus and it appeared or to hint at any little delicate thing to drink and it came like magic in a pint bottle it was not ecstasy but it was comfort, I returned to papa's roof and lived secluded if not happy during some years until one day papa came smoothly blundering in and said that Arthur Clennam awaited me below, I went below and found him ask me not what I found him except that he was still unmarried still unchanged!"

The dark mystery with which Flora now enshrouded herself might have stopped other fingers than the nimble fingers that worked near her. They worked on, without pause, and the busy head bent over them watching the stitches.

"Ask me not," said Flora, "if I love him still or if he still loves me or what the end is to be or when, we are surrounded by watchful eyes and it may be that we are destined to pine asunder it may be never more to be reunited not a word not a breath not a look to betray us all must be secret as the tomb wonder not therefore that even if I should seem comparatively cold to Arthur or Arthur should seem comparatively cold to me we have fatal reasons it is enough if we understand them hush!"

All of which Flora said with so much head-

long vehemence as if she really believed it. There is not much doubt, that, when she worked herself into full mermaid condition, she did actually believe whatever she said in it.

"Hush!" repeated Flora, "I have now told you all, confidence is established between us hush, for Arthur's sake I will always be a friend to you my dear girl and in Arthur's name you may always rely upon me."

The nimble fingers laid aside the work, and the little figure rose and kissed her hand. "You are very cold," said Flora, changing to her own natural kind-hearted manner, and gaining greatly by the change. "Don't work to-day I am sure you are not well I am sure you are not strong."

"It is only that I feel a little overcome by your kindness, and by Mr. Clennam's kindness in confiding me to one he has known and loved so long."

"Well really my dear," said Flora, who had a decided tendency to be always honest when she gave herself time to think about it, "It's as well to leave that alone now, for I couldn't undertake to say after all, but it doesn't signify lie down a little!"

"I have always been strong enough to do what I want to do, and I shall be quite well directly," returned Little Dorrit, with a faint smile. "You have overpowered me with gratitude, that's all. If I keep near the window for a moment, I shall be quite myself."

Flora opened a window, sat her in a chair by it, and considerately retired to her former place. It was a windy day, and the air stirring on Little Dorrit's face soon brightened it. In a very few minutes she returned to her basket of work, and her nimble fingers were as nimble as ever.

Quietly pursuing her task, she asked Flora if Mr. Clennam had told her where she lived? When Flora replied in the negative, Little Dorrit said that she understood why he had been so delicate, but that she felt sure he would approve of her confiding her secret to Flora, and that she would therefore do so now with Flora's permission. Receiving an encouraging answer, she condensed the narrative of her life into a few scanty words about herself, and a glowing eulogy upon her father; and Flora took it all in with a natural tenderness that quite understood it, and in which there was no incoherence.

When dinner-time came, Flora drew the arm of her new charge through hers, led her down stairs, and presented her to the Patriarch and Mr. Pancks, who were already in the dining-room waiting to begin. (Mr. F.'s Aunt was, for the time, laid up in ordinary in her chamber.) By those gentlemen she was received according to their characters; the Patriarch appearing to do her some inestimable service in saying that he was glad to see her, glad to see her; and Mr. Pancks blowing off his favorite sound as a salute.

In that new presence, she would have been bashful enough under any circumstances, and particularly under Flora's insisting on her drinking a glass of wine and eating of the best that was there; but her constraint was greatly increased by Mr. Pancks. The demeanor of that gentleman at first suggested to her mind that he might be a taker of likenesses, so intently did he look at her, and so frequently did he glance at the little note-book by his side. Observing that he made no sketch, however, and that he talked about business only, she began to have suspicions that he represented some creditor of her father's, the balance due to whom was noted in that pocket-volume. Regarded from this point of view, Mr. Pancks's puffings expressed injury and impatience, and each of his louder snorts became a demand for payment.

But here again she was undeceived by anomalous and incongruous conduct on the part of Mr. Pancks himself. She had left the table half an hour, and was at work alone. Flora had "gone to lie down" in the next room, concurrently with which retirement a smell of something to drink had broken out in the house. The Patriarch was fast asleep, with his philanthropic mouth open, under a yellow pocket-handkerchief in the dining-room. At this quiet time, Mr. Pancks softly appeared before her, urbanely nodding.

"Find it a little dull, Miss Dorrit?" inquired Pancks, in a low voice.

"No, thank you, Sir," said Little Dorrit.

"Busy, I see," observed Mr. Pancks, stealing into the room by inches. "What are those now, Miss Dorrit?"

"Handkerchiefs."

"Are they, though!" said Pancks. "I shouldn't have thought it." Not in the least looking at them, but looking at Little Dorrit. "Perhaps you wonder who I am. Shall I tell you? I am a fortune-teller."

Little Dorrit now began to think he was mad.

"I belong body and soul to my proprietor," said Pancks; "you saw my proprietor having his dinner below. But I do a little in the other way, sometimes; privately, very privately, Miss Dorrit."

Little Dorrit looked at him doubtfully, and not without alarm. "I wish you'd show me the palm of your hand," said Pancks. "I should like to have a look at it. Don't let me be troublesome."

He was so far troublesome that he was not at all wanted there, but she laid her work in her lap for a moment, and held out her left hand with the thimble on it.

"Years of toil, eh?" said Pancks, softly, touching it with his blunt forefinger. "But what else are we made for? Nothing. Hallo!" looking into the lines. "What's this with bars? It's a College! And what's this with a gray gown and a black velvet cap? It's a father! And what's this with a clarionet? It's an uncle! And what's this in dancing-shoes? It's a sister! And what's this straggling about in an

idle sort of a way? It's a brother! And what's this thinking for 'em all? Why, this is you, Miss Dorrit!"

Her eyes met his as she looked up wonderingly into his face, and she thought that although his were sharp eyes, he was a brighter and gentler-looking man than she had supposed at dinner. His eyes were on her hand again directly, and her opportunity of confirming or correcting the impression was gone.

"Now, the deuce is in it," muttered Pancks, tracing out a line in her hand with his clumsy finger, "if this isn't me in the corner here! What do I want here? What's behind me?"

He carried his finger slowly down to the wrist, and round the wrist, and affected to look at the back of the hand for what was behind him.

"Is it any harm?" asked Little Dorrit, smiling.

"Deuce a bit!" said Pancks. "What do you think its worth?"

"I ought to ask you that. I am not the fortune-teller."

"True," said Pancks. "What's it worth? You shall live to see, Miss Dorrit."

Releasing the hand by slow degrees, he drew all his fingers through his prongs of hair, so that they stood up in their most portentous manner; and repeated slowly, "Remember what I say, Miss Dorrit. You shall live to see."

She could not help showing that she was much surprised, if it were only by his knowing so much about her.

"Ah! That's it!" said Pancks, pointing at her. "Miss Dorrit, not that, ever!"

More surprised than before, and a little more frightened, she looked to him for an explanation of his last words.

"Not that," said Pancks, making, with great seriousness, an imitation of a surprised look and manner, that appeared to be unintentionally grotesque. "Don't do that. Never on seeing me, no matter when, no matter where. I am nobody. Don't take on to mind me. Don't mention me. Take no notice. Will you agree, Miss Dorrit?"

"I hardly know what to say," returned Little Dorrit, quite astounded. "Why?"

"Because I am a fortune-teller. Pancks the gipsy. I haven't told you so much of your fortune yet, Miss Dorrit, as to tell you what's behind me on that little hand. I have told you you shall live to see. Is it agreed, Miss Dorrit?"

"Agreed that I—am—to—"

"To take no notice of me away from here, unless I take on first. Not to mind me when I come and go. It's very easy. I am no loss. I am not handsome, I am not good company, I am only my proprietor's grubber. You need do no more than think, 'Ah! Pancks the gipsy at his fortune-telling—he'll tell the rest of my fortune one day—I shall live to know it.' Is it agreed, Miss Dorrit?"

"Ye-es," faltered Little Dorrit, whom he greatly confused, "I suppose so, while you do no harm."

"Good!" Mr. Pancks glanced at the wall of the adjoining room, and stooped forward. "Honest creature, woman of capital points, but heedless and a loose talker, Miss Dorrit." With that he rubbed his hands as if the interview had been very satisfactory to him, panted away to the door, and urbanely nodded himself out again.

If Little Dorrit were beyond measure perplexed by this curious conduct on the part of her new acquaintance, and by finding herself involved in this singular treaty, her perplexity was not diminished by ensuing circumstances. Besides that Mr. Pancks took every opportunity afforded him in Mr. Casby's house of significantly glancing at her and snorting at her—which was not much, after what he had done already—he began to pervade her daily life. She saw him in the street, constantly. When she went to Mr. Casby's, he was always there. When she went to Mrs. Clennam's, he came there on any pretense, as if to keep her in his sight. A week had not gone by, when she found him, to her astonishment, in the Lodge one night, conversing with the turnkey on duty, and to all appearance one of his familiar companions. Her next surprise was to find him equally at his ease within the prison; to hear of his presenting himself among the visitors at her father's Sunday levee; to see him arm in arm with a Collegiate friend about the yard; to learn, from Fame, that he had greatly distinguished himself one evening at the social club that held its meetings in the Snuggery, by addressing a speech to the members of that institution, singing a song, and treating the company to five gallons of ale—report madly added a bushel of shrimps. The effect on Mr. Plornish of such of these phenomena as he became an eye-witness of, in his faithful visits, made an impression on Little Dorrit only second to that produced by the phenomena themselves. They seemed to gag and bind him. He could only stare, and sometimes weakly mutter that it wouldn't be believed down Bleeding Heart Yard that this was Pancks; but he never said a word more, or made a sign more, even to Little Dorrit. Mr. Pancks crowned his mysteries by making himself acquainted with Tip in some unknown manner, and taking a Sunday saunter into the College on that gentleman's arm. Throughout he never took any notice of Little Dorrit, save once or twice when he happened to come close to her, and there was no one very near; on which occasions, he said in passing, with a friendly look and a puff of encouragement, "Pancks the gipsy—fortune telling."

Little Dorrit worked and strove as usual, wondering at all this, but keeping her wonder, as she had from her earliest years kept many heavier loads, in her own breast. A change had stolen, and was stealing yet, over the patient heart. Every day found her something more retiring than the day before. To pass in and out of the

prison unnoticed, and elsewhere to be overlooked and forgotten, were, for herself, her chief desires.

To her own room too—strangely assorted room for her delicate youth and character—she was glad to retreat as often as she could without desertion of any duty. There were afternoon times when she was unemployed, when visitors dropped in to play a hand at cards with her father, when she could be spared and was better away. Then she would flit along the yard, climb the scores of stairs that led to her room, and take her seat at the window. Many combinations did those spikes upon the wall assume, many light shapes did the strong iron weave itself into, many golden touches fell upon the rust, while Little Dorrit sat there musing. New zigzags sprung into the cruel pattern sometimes, when she saw it through a burst of tears; but beautified or hardened still, always over it and under it and through it, she was fain to look in her solitude, seeing every thing with that ineffaceable brand.

A garret, and a Marshalsea garret without compromise, was Little Dorrit's room. Beautifully kept, it was ugly in itself, and had little but cleanliness and air to set it off; for what embellishment she had ever been able to buy had gone to her father's room. Howbeit, for this poor place she showed an increasing love; and to sit in it alone became her favorite rest.

Insomuch, that on a certain afternoon, during the Pancks mysteries, when she was seated at her window, and heard Maggy's well-known step coming up the stairs, she was very much disturbed by the apprehension of being summoned away. As Maggy's step came higher up and nearer, she trembled and faltered; and it was as much as she could do to speak, when Maggy at length appeared.

"Please, Little Mother," said Maggy, panting for breath, "you must come down and see him. He's here."

"Who, Maggy?"

"Why, o'course Mr. Clennam. He's in your father's room, and he says to me, Maggy, will you be so kind as go and say it's only me."

"I am not very well, Maggy. I had better not go. I am going to lie down. See! I lie down now, to ease my head. Say, with my grateful regard, that you left me so, or I would have come."

"Well, it an't very polite though, Little Mother," said the staring Maggy, "to turn your face away, neither!"

Maggy was very susceptible to personal slights, and very ingenious in inventing them. "Putting both your hands afore your face too!" she went on. "If you can't bear the looks of a poor thing, it would be better to tell her so at once, and not go and shut her out like that, hurting her feelings and breaking her heart at ten year old, poor thing!"

"It's to ease my head, Maggy."

"Well, and if you cry to ease your head, Little Mother, let me cry too. Don't go and have all the crying to yourself," expostulated Maggy, "that an't not being greedy." And immediately began to blubber.

It was with some difficulty that she could be induced to go back with the excuse; but the promise of being told a story—of old her great delight—on condition that she concentrated her faculties upon the errand and left her little mistress to herself for an hour longer, combined with a misgiving on Maggy's part that she had left her good temper at the bottom of the staircase, prevailed. So away she went, muttering her message all the way to keep it in her mind, and, at the appointed time, came back.

"He was very sorry, I can tell you," she announced, "and wanted to send a doctor. And he's coming again to-morrow he is, and I don't think he'll have a good sleep to-night along o' hearing about your head, Little Mother. Oh my! Ain't you been a-crying!"

"I think I have, a little, Maggy."

"A little! Oh!"

"But it's all over now—all over for good, Maggy. And my head is much better and cooler, and I am quite comfortable. I am very glad I did not go down."

"Her great staring child tenderly embraced her; and having smoothed her hair, and bathed her forehead and eyes with cold water (offices in which her awkward hands became skillful), hugged her again, exulted in her brighter looks, and stationed her in her chair by the window. Over against this chair Maggy, with apoplectic exertions that were not at all required, dragged the box which was her seat on story-telling occasions, sat down upon it, hugged her own knees, and said, with a voracious appetite for stories, and with widely-opened eyes:

"Now, Little Mother, let's have a good 'un!"

"What shall it be about, Maggy?"

"Oh, let's have a Princess," said Maggy, "and let her be a reg'lar one. Beyond all belief, you know!"

Little Dorrit considered for a moment; and with a rather sad smile upon her face, which was flushed by the sunset, began:

"Maggy, there was once upon a time a fine King, and he had every thing he could wish for, and a great deal more. He had gold and silver, diamonds and rubies, riches of every kind. He had palaces, and he had—"

"Hospitals," interposed Maggy, still nursing her knees. "Let him have hospitals, because they're so comfortable. Hospitals with lots of Chicking."

"Yes, he had plenty of them, and he had plenty of every thing."

"Plenty of baked potatoes, for instance?" said Maggy.

"Plenty of every thing."

"Lor!" chuckled Maggy, giving her knees a hug. "Wasn't it prime!"

"This King had a daughter, who was the wisest and most beautiful Princess that ever was seen. When she was a child, she under-



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stood all her lessons before her master taught them to her; and when she was grown up, she was the wonder of the world. Now, near the Palace where this Princess lived, there was a cottage in which there was a poor little tiny woman, who lived all alone by herself."

"A old woman," said Maggy, with an unctuous smack of her lips.

"No, not an old woman. Quite a young one."

"I wonder she warn't afraid," said Maggy. "Go on, please."

"The Princess passed the cottage nearly every day, and whenever she went by in her beautiful carriage, she saw the poor tiny woman spinning at her wheel, and she looked at the tiny woman, and the tiny woman looked at her. So, one day she stopped the coachman a little way from the cottage, and got out and walked on and peeped in at the door, and there, as usual, was the tiny woman spinning at her wheel, and she looked at the Princess, and the Princess looked at her."

"Like trying to stare one another out," said Maggy. "Please go on, Little Mother."

"The Princess was such a wonderful Princess that she had the power of knowing secrets, and she said to the tiny woman, Why do you keep it there? This showed her directly that the Princess knew why she lived all alone by herself, spinning at her wheel, and she kneeled down at the Princess's feet, and asked her never to betray her. So, the Princess said, I never will betray you. Let me see it. So, the tiny woman closed the shutter of the cottage window and fastened the door, and, trembling from head to foot for fear that any one should suspect her, opened a very secret place, and showed the Princess a shadow!"

"Lor!" said Maggy.

"It was the shadow of Some one who had gone by long before: of Some one who had gone on far away quite out of reach, never, never to come back. It was bright to look at; and when the tiny woman showed it to the Princess, she was proud of it with all her heart, as a great, great, treasure. When the Princess had considered it a little while, she said to the tiny woman, And you keep watch over this,

every day? And she cast down her eyes, and whispered, Yes. Then the Princess said, Remind me why. To which the other replied, that no one so good and kind had ever passed that way, and that was why in the beginning. She said, too, that nobody missed it, that nobody was the worse for it, that Some one had gone on to those who were expecting him—"

"Some one was a man then?" interposed Maggy.

Little Dorrit timidly said yes, she believed so; and resumed:

"—Had gone on to those who were expecting him, and that this remembrance was stolen or kept back from nobody. The Princess made answer, Ah! But when the cottager died it would be discovered there. The tiny woman told her No; when that time came, it would sink quietly into her own grave, and would never be found."

"Well, to be sure!" said Maggy. "Go on, please."

"The Princess was very much astonished to hear this, as you may suppose, Maggy."

("And well she might be," said Maggy.)

"So she resolved to watch the tiny woman, and see what came of it. Every day, she drove in her beautiful carriage by the cottage-door, and there she saw the tiny woman always alone by herself spinning at her wheel, and she looked at the tiny woman, and the tiny woman looked at her. At last one day the wheel was still, and the tiny woman was not to be seen. When the Princess made inquiries why the wheel had stopped, and where the tiny woman was, she was informed that the wheel had stopped because there was nobody to turn it, the tiny woman being dead."

("They ought to have took her to the Hospital," said Maggy, "and then she'd have got over it.")

"The Princess, after crying a very little for the loss of the tiny woman, dried her eyes and got out of her carriage at the place where she had stopped it before, and went to the cottage and peeped in at the door. There was nobody to look at her now, and nobody for her to look at, so she went in at once to search for the treasured shadow. But there was no sign of it to be found any where; and then she knew that the tiny woman had told her the truth, and that it would never give any body any trouble, and that it had sunk quietly into her own grave, and that she and it were at rest together.

"That's all, Maggy."

The sunset flush was so bright on Little Dorrit's face when she came thus to the end of her story, that she interposed her hand to shade it.

"Had she got to be old?" Maggy asked.

"The tiny woman?"

"Ah!"

"I don't know," said Little Dorrit. "But it would have been just the same, if she had been ever and ever so old."

"Would it raly!" said Maggy. "Well I suppose it would though." And sat staring and ruminating.

She sat so long with her eyes wide open, that at length Little Dorrit, to entice her from her box, rose and looked out of window. As she glanced down into the yard, she saw Pancks come in, and leer up with the corner of his eye as he went by.

"Who's he, Little Mother?" said Maggy. She had joined her at the window and was leaning on her shoulder. "I see him come in and out often."

"I have heard him called a fortune-teller," said Little Dorrit. "But I doubt if he could tell many people even their past or present fortunes."

"Couldn't have told the Princess hers?" said Maggy.

Little Dorrit, looking musingly down into the dark valley of the prison, shook her head.

"Nor the tiny woman hers?" said Maggy.

"No," said Little Dorrit, with the sunset very bright upon her. "But let us come away from the window."

CHAPTER XXV.—CONSPIRATORS AND OTHERS.

The private residence of Mr. Pancks was in Pentonville, where he lodged on the second floor of a professional gentleman in an extremely small way, who had an inner-door within the street-door, poised on a spring and starting open with a click like a trap; and who wrote up in the fan-light, Rugg, General Agent, Accountant, Debts Recovered.

This scroll, majestic in its severe simplicity, illuminated a little slip of front garden abutting on the thirsty high road, where a few of the dustiest of leaves hung their dismal heads and led a life of choking. A professor of writing occupied the first-floor, and enlivened the garden railings with glass-cases containing choice examples of what his pupils had been before six lessons and while the whole of his young family shook the table, and what they had become after six lessons when the young family was under restraint. The tenancy of Mr. Pancks was limited to one airy bedroom; he covenanting and agreeing with Mr. Rugg his landlord, that in consideration of a certain scale of payments accurately defined, and on certain verbal notice duly given, he should be at liberty to elect to share the Sunday breakfast, dinner, tea, or supper, or each or any or all of those repasts or meals, of Mr. and Miss Rugg (his daughter) in the back parlor.

Miss Rugg was a lady of a little property, which she had acquired, together with much distinction in the neighborhood, by having her heart severely lacerated and her feelings mangled by a middle-aged baker, resident in the vicinity, against whom she had, by the agency of Mr. Rugg, found it necessary to proceed at law to recover damages for a breach of promise of marriage. The baker, having been, by the counsel for Miss Rugg, witheringly denounced

on that occasion up to the full amount of twenty guineas, at the rate of about eighteenpence an epithet, and having been cast in corresponding damages, still suffered occasional prosecution from the youth of Pentonville. But Miss Rugg, environed by the majesty of the law, and having her damages invested in the public securities, was regarded with consideration.

In the society of Mr. Rugg, who had a round white visage, as if all his blushes had been drawn out of him long ago, and who had a ragged yellow head like a worn-out hearth-broom; and in the society of Miss Rugg, who had little nankeen spots, like shirt-buttons, all over her face, and whose own yellow tresses were rather scrubby than luxuriant; Mr. Pancks had usually dined on Sundays for some few years, and had twice a week, or so, enjoyed an evening collation of bread, Dutch cheese, and porter. Mr. Pancks was one of the very few marriageable men for whom Miss Rugg had no terrors, the argument with which he reassured himself being two-fold; that is to say, firstly, "that it wouldn't do twice," and secondly, "that he wasn't worth it." Fortified within this double armor, Mr. Pancks snorted at Miss Rugg on easy terms.

Up to this time Mr. Pancks had transacted little or no business at his quarters in Pentonville, except in the sleeping line; but, now that he had become a fortune-teller, he was often closeted after midnight with Mr. Rugg in his little front-parlor office, and, even after those untimely hours, burned tallow in his bedroom. Though his duties as his proprietor's grubber were in no wise lessened; and though that service bore no greater resemblance to a bed of roses than was to be discovered in its many thorns; some new branch of industry made a constant demand upon him. When he cast off the Patriarch at night, it was only to take an anonymous craft in tow, and labor away afresh in other waters.

The advance from a personal acquaintance with the elder Mr. Chivery, to an introduction to his amiable wife and disconsolate son, may have been easy; but easy or not, Mr. Pancks soon made it. He nestled in the bosom of the tobacco business within a week or two after his first appearance in the College, and particularly addressed himself to the cultivation of a good understanding with Young John. In this endeavor he so prospered as to lure that pining shepherd forth from the groves, and tempt him to undertake mysterious missions; on which he began to disappear at uncertain intervals for as long a space as two or three days together. The prudent Mrs. Chivery, who wondered greatly at this change, would have protested against it as detrimental to the Highland typification on the door-post, but for two forcible reasons; one, that her John was roused to take strong interest in the business which these starts were supposed to advance—and this she held to be good for his drooping spirits; the other, that Mr. Pancks confidentially agreed to pay her, for the occupation of her son's time, at the handsome rate of seven-and-sixpence per day. The proposal originated with himself, and was couched in the pithy terms, "If your John is weak enough, ma'am, not to take it, that is no reason why you should be, don't you see? So, quite between ourselves, ma'am, business being business, here it is!"

What Mr. Chivery thought of these things, or how much or how little he knew about them, was never gathered from himself. It has been already remarked that he was a man of few words; and it may be here observed, that he had imbibed a professional habit of locking every thing up. He locked himself up as carefully as he locked up the Marshalsea debtors. Even his custom of bolting his meals may have been a part of an uniform whole; but there is no question that, as to all other purposes, he kept his mouth as he kept the Marshalsea door. He never opened it without occasion. When it was necessary to let any thing out, he opened it a little way, held it open just as long as sufficed for the purpose, and locked it again. Even as he would be sparing of his trouble at the Marshalsea door, and would keep a visitor who wanted to go out, waiting for a few moments if he saw another visitor coming down the yard, so that one turn of the key should suffice for both, similarly he would often reserve a remark if he perceived another on its way to his lips, and would deliver himself of the two together. As to any key to his inner knowledge being to be found in his face, the Marshalsea key was as legible an index to the individual characters and histories upon which it was turned.

That Mr Pancks should be moved to invite any one to dinner at Pentonville, was an unprecedented fact in his calendar. But he invited Young John to dinner, and even brought him within range of the dangerous (because expensive) fascinations of Miss Rugg. The banquet was appointed for a Sunday, and Miss Rugg with her own hands stuffed a leg of mutton with oysters on the occasion, and sent it to the baker's —not *the* baker's but an opposition establishment. Provision of oranges, apples, and nuts was also made. And rum was brought home by Mr. Pancks on Saturday night, to gladden the visitor's heart.

The store of creature comforts was not the chief part of the visitor's reception. Its special feature was a foregone family confidence and sympathy. When Young John appeared at half-past one, without the ivory hand and waistcoat of golden sprigs, the sun shorn of his beams by disastrous clouds, Mr. Pancks presented him to the yellow-haired Ruggs as the young man he had so often mentioned who loved Miss Dorrit.

"I am glad," said Mr. Rugg, challenging him specially in that character, "to have the distinguished gratification of making your acquaintance, Sir. Your feelings do you honor. You are young; may you never outlive your feel-

ings! If I was to outlive my own feelings, Sir," said Mr. Rugg, who was a man of many words, and was considered to possess a remarkably good address; "if I was to outlive my own feelings, I'd leave fifty pound in my will to the man who would put me out of existence."

Miss Rugg heaved a sigh.

"My daughter, Sir," said Mr. Rugg. "Anastatia, you are no stranger to the state of this young man's affections. My daughter has had her trials, Sir," Mr. Rugg might have used the word more pointedly in the singular number, "and she can feel for you."

Young John, almost overwhelmed by the touching nature of this greeting, professed himself to that effect.

"What I envy you, Sir, is," said Mr. Rugg, "allow me to take your hat—we are rather short of pegs—I'll put it in the corner, nobody will tread in it there. What I envy you, Sir, is the luxury of your own feelings. I belong to a profession in which that luxury is sometimes denied us."

Young John replied, with acknowledgments, that he only hoped he did what was right, and what showed how entirely he was devoted to Miss Dorrit. He wished to be unselfish; and he hoped he was. He wished to do any thing as laid in his power to serve Miss Dorrit, altogether putting himself out of sight; and he hoped he did. It was but little that he could do, but he hoped he did it.

"Sir," said Mr. Rugg, taking him by the hand, "you are a young man that it does one good to come across. You are a young man that I should like to put in the witness-box, to humanize the minds of the legal profession. I hope you have brought your appetite with you, and intend to play a good knife and fork?"

"Thank you, Sir," returned Young John, "I don't eat much at present."

Mr. Rugg drew him a little apart. "My daughter's case, Sir," said he, "at the time when, in vindication of her outraged feelings and her sex, she became the plaintiff in Rugg and Bawkins. I suppose I could have put it in evidence, Mr. Chivery, if I had thought it worth my while, that the amount of solid sustenance my daughter consumed at that period did not exceed ten ounces per week."

"I think I go a little beyond that, Sir," returned the other, hesitating, as if he confessed it with some shame.

"But in your case there's no fiend in human form," said Mr. Rugg, with argumentative smile and action of hand. "Observe, Mr. Chivery! No fiend in human form!"

"No, Sir, certainly," Young John added with simplicity; "I should be very sorry if there was."

"The sentiment," said Mr. Rugg, "is what I should have expected from your known principles. It would affect my daughter greatly, Sir, if she heard it. As I perceive the mutton, I am glad she didn't hear it. Mr. Pancks, on this occasion, pray face me. My dear, face Mr. Chivery. For what we are going to receive, may we (and Miss Dorrit) be truly thankful!"

But for a grave waggishness in Mr. Rugg's manner of delivering this introduction to the feast, it might have appeared that Miss Dorrit was expected to be one of the company. Pancks recognized the sally in his usual way, and took in his provender in his usual way. Miss Rugg, perhaps making up some of her arrears, likewise took very kindly to the mutton, and it rapidly diminished to the bone. A bread-and-butter pudding entirely disappeared, and a considerable amount of cheese and radishes vanished by the same means. Then came the dessert.

Then also, and before the broaching of the rum and water, came Mr. Pancks's note-book. The ensuing business proceedings were brief but curious, and rather in the nature of a conspiracy. Mr. Pancks looked over his note-book, which was now getting full, studiously; and picked out little extracts, which he wrote on separate slips of paper on the table; Mr. Rugg, in the mean while, looking at him with close attention, and Young John losing his uncollected eye in mists of meditation. When Mr. Pancks, who supported the character of chief conspirator, had completed his extracts, he looked them over, corrected them, put up his note-book, and held them like a hand at cards.

"Now, there's a churchyard in Bedfordshire," said Pancks. "Who takes it?"

"I'll take it, Sir," returned Mr. Rugg, "if no one bids."

Mr. Pancks dealt him his card, and looked at his hand again.

"Now, there's an Inquiry in York," said Pancks. "Who takes it?"

"I'm not good for York," said Mr. Rugg.

"Then perhaps," pursued Pancks, "you'll be so obliging, John Chivery?"

Young John assenting, Pancks dealt him his card, and consulted his hand again.

"There's a Church in London; I may as well take that. And a Family Bible; I may as well take that, too. That's two to me. Two to me," repeated Pancks, breathing hard over his cards. "Here's a Clerk at Durham for you, John, and an old seafaring gentleman at Dunstable for you, Mr. Rugg. Two to me, was it? Yes, two to me. Here's a Stone; three to me. And a Still-born Baby; four to me. And all, for the present, told."

When he had thus disposed of his cards, all being done very quietly and in a suppressed tone, Mr. Pancks puffed his way into his own breast-pocket and tugged out a canvas bag: from which, with a sparing hand, he told forth money for traveling expenses in two little portions. "Cash goes out fast," he said, anxiously, as he pushed a portion to each of his male companions, "very fast."

"I can only assure you, Mr. Pancks," said Young John, "that I deeply regret my circumstances being such that I can't afford to pay my own charges, or that it's not advisable to allow

me the time necessary for my doing the distances on foot. Because nothing would give me greater satisfaction than to walk myself off my legs without fee or reward."

This young man's disinterestedness appeared so very ludicrous in the eyes of Miss Rugg, that she was obliged to effect a precipitate retirement from the company, and to sit upon the stairs until she had had her laugh out. Meanwhile Mr. Pancks, looking, not without some pity, at Young John, slowly and thoughtfully twisted up his canvas bag as if he were wringing its neck. The lady returning as he restored it to his pocket, mixed rum and water for the party, not forgetting her fair self, and handed to every one his glass. When all were supplied, Mr. Rugg rose, and silently holding out his glass at arm's length above the centre of the table, by that gesture invited the other three to add theirs, and to unite in a general conspiratorial clink. The ceremony was effective up to a certain point, and would have been wholly so throughout, if Miss Rugg, as she raised her glass to her lips in completion of it, had not happened to look at Young John; when she was again so overcome by the contemptible comicality of his disinterestedness, as to splutter some ambrosial drops of rum and water around, and withdraw in confusion.

Such was the dinner without precedent, given by Pancks at Pentonville; and such was the busy and strange life Pancks led. The only waking moments at which he appeared to relax from his cares, and to recreate himself by going any where or saying any thing without a pervading object, were when he showed a dawning interest in the lame foreigner with the stick, down Bleeding Heart Yard.

The foreigner, by name John Baptist Cavalletto—they called him Mr. Baptist in the Yard—was such a chirping, easy, hopeful little fellow, that his attraction for Pancks was probably in the force of contrast. Solitary, weak, and scantily acquainted with the most necessary words of the only language in which he could communicate with the people about him, he went with the stream of his fortunes, in a brisk way that was new in those parts. With little to eat, and less to drink, and nothing to wear but what he wore upon him, or had brought tied up in one of the smallest bundles that ever were seen, he put as bright a face upon it as if he were in the most flourishing circumstances, when he first hobbled up and down the yard, humbly propitiating the general good-will with his white teeth.

It was up-hill work for a foreigner, lame or sound, to make his way with the Bleeding Hearts. In the first place, they were vaguely persuaded that every foreigner had a knife about him; in the second, they held it to be a sound constitutional national axiom that he ought to go home to his own country. They never thought of inquiring how many of their own countrymen would be returned upon their hands from divers parts of the world, if the principle were generally recognized; they considered it particularly and peculiarly British. In the third place, they had a notion that it was a sort of Divine visitation upon a foreigner that he was not an Englishman, and that all kinds of calamities happened to his country because it did things that England did not, and did not do things that England did. In this belief, to be sure, they had long been carefully trained by the Barnacles and Stiltstalkings, who were always proclaiming to them, officially and unofficially, that no country which failed to submit itself to those two large families could possibly hope to be under the protection of Providence; and who, when they believed it, disparaged them in private as the most prejudiced people under the sun.

This, therefore, might be called a political position of the Bleeding Hearts; but they entertained other objections to having foreigners in the Yard. They believed that foreigners were always badly off; and though they were as ill off themselves as they could desire to be, that did not diminish the force of the objection. They believed that foreigners were dragooned and bayoneted; and though they certainly got their own skulls promptly fractured if they showed any ill-humor, still it was with a blunt instrument, and that didn't count. They believed that foreigners were always immoral; and though they had an occasional assize at home, and now and then a divorce case or so, that had nothing to do with it. They believed that foreigners had no independent spirit, as never being escorted to the poll in droves by Lord Decimus Tite Barnacle, with colors flying and the tune of Rule Britannia playing. Not to be tedious, they had many other beliefs of a similar kind.

Against these obstacles the lame foreigner with the stick had to make head as well as he could; not absolutely single-handed, because Mr. Arthur Clennam had recommended him to the Plornishes (he lived at the top of the same house), but still at heavy odds. However, the Bleeding Hearts were kind hearts; and when they saw the little fellow cheerily limping about with a good-humored face, doing no harm, drawing no knives, committing no outrageous immoralities, living chiefly on farinaceous and milk diet, and playing with Mrs. Plornish's children of an evening, they began to think that although he could never hope to be an Englishman, still it would be hard to visit that affliction on his head. They began to accommodate themselves to his level, calling him "Mr. Baptist," but treating him like a baby, and laughing immoderately at his lively gestures and his childish English—more, because he didn't mind it, and laughed too. They spoke to him in very loud voices, as if he were stone deaf. They constructed sentences, by way of teaching him the language in its purity, such as were addressed by the savages to Captain Cook, or by Friday to Robinson Cru-

soe. Mrs. Plornish was particularly ingenious in this art; and attained so much celebrity for saying, "Me ope you leg well soon," that it was considered in the Yard but a very short remove indeed from speaking Italian. Even Mrs. Plornish herself began to think that she had a natural call toward that language. As he became more popular, household objects were brought into requisition for his instruction in a copious vocabulary; and whenever he appeared in the Yard, ladies would fly out at their doors, crying, "Mr. Baptist—tea-pot!" "Mr. Baptist—dust-pan!" "Mr. Baptist—flour-dredger!" "Mr. Baptist—coffee-biggin!" At the same time exhibiting those articles, and penetrating him with a sense of the appalling difficulties of the Anglo-Saxon tongue.

It was in this stage of his progress, and in about the third week of his occupation, that Mr. Pancks's fancy became attracted by the little man. Mounting to his attic, attended by Mrs. Plornish as interpreter, he found Mr. Baptist, with no furniture but his bed on the ground, a table, and a chair, carving, with the aid of a few simple tools, in the blithest way possible.

"Now, old chap," said Mr. Pancks, "pay up!"

He had his money ready, folded in a scrap of paper, and laughingly handed it in; then with a free action, threw out as many fingers of his right hand as there were shillings, and made a cut crosswise in the air for an odd sixpence.

"Oh!" said Mr. Pancks, watching him, wonderingly. "That's it, is it? You're a quick customer. It's all right. I didn't expect to receive it, though."

Mrs. Plornish here interposed with great condescension, and explained to Mr. Baptist. "E please. E glad get money."

The little man smiled and nodded. His bright face seemed uncommonly attractive to Mr. Pancks. "How's he getting on in his limb?" he asked Mrs. Plornish.

"Oh, he's a deal better, Sir," said Mrs. Plornish. "We expect next week he'll be able to leave off his stick entirely." (The opportunity being too favorable to be lost, Mrs Plornish displayed her great accomplishment, by explaining, with pardonable pride, to Mr. Baptist, "E ope you leg well soon.")

"He's a merry fellow, too," said Mr. Pancks, admiring him as if he were a mechanical toy. "How does he live?"

"Why, Sir," rejoined Mrs. Plornish, "he turns out to have quite a power of carving them flowers that you see him at now." (Mr. Baptist, watching their faces as they spoke, held up his work. Mrs. Plornish interpreted in her Italian manner, on behalf of Mr. Pancks, "E please. Double good!")

"Can he live by that?" asked Mr. Pancks.

"He can live on very little, Sir, and it is expected as he will be able, in time, to make a very good living. Mr. Clennam got it him to do, and gives him odd jobs besides, in at the Works next door—makes 'em for him, in short, when he knows he wants 'em."

"And what does he do with himself, now, when he ain't hard at it?" said Mr. Pancks.

"Why, not much as yet, Sir, on accounts I suppose of not being able to walk much; but he goes about the Yard, and he chats without particular understanding or being understood, and he plays with the children, and he sits in the sun—he'll sit down any where, as if it was a arm-chair—and he'll sing, and he'll laugh!"

"Laugh!" echoed Mr. Pancks. "He looks to me as if every tooth in his head was always laughing."

"But whenever he gets to the top of the steps at t'other end of the Yard," said Mrs. Plornish, "he'll peep out in the curiousest way! So that some of us thinks he's peeping out toward where his own country is, and some of us thinks he's looking for somebody he don't want to see, and some of us don't know what to think."

Mr. Baptist seemed to have a general understanding of what she said; or perhaps his quickness caught and applied her slight action of peeping. In any case, he closed his eyes and tossed his head with the air of a man who had his sufficient reasons for what he did, and said in his own tongue, it didn't matter. Altro!

"What's Altro?" said Pancks.

"Hem! It's a sort of a general kind of a expression, Sir," said Mrs. Plornish.

"Is it?" said Pancks. "Why, then Altro to you, old chap. Good afternoon. Altro!"

Mr. Baptist in his vivacious way repeating the word several times, Mr. Pancks in his duller way gave it him back once. From that time it became a frequent custom with Pancks the gipsy, as he went home jaded at night, to pass round by Bleeding Heart Yard, go quietly up the stairs, look in at Mr. Baptist's door, and, finding him in his room, to say, "Hallo, old chap! Altro!" To which Mr. Baptist would reply, with innumerable bright nods and smiles, "Altro, signore, altro, altro, altro!" After this highly condensed conversation, Mr. Pancks would go his way, with an appearance of being lightened and refreshed.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

SINCE the close of our last Record, important events have occurred, which may lead to serious results. The most prominent of these relate to the state of affairs in Kansas. The Committee of Investigation appointed by the House of Representatives have commenced their labors; but the results are as yet too incomplete to find a place in our Record.——The town of Lawrence has been the head-quarters of the party upholding the State Government, organized in March, and refusing to acknowledge the Territorial Government. On the

20th of April, Mr. Jones, the Territorial sheriff, attempted to arrest two inhabitants of Lawrence, upon a criminal process; as they refused to give themselves up, he called upon a number of the citizens to aid him in the execution of the process; these refused to comply, and he left the town. Three days later he returned with a small detachment of United States troops, by whom a number of arrests were made without opposition. The prisoners were taken to Lecompton, and held to bail on charge of resisting or refusing to assist the sheriff. On the evening of the same day Mr. Jones was wounded by a shot from some unknown individual. This act was promptly disavowed by the inhabitants of Lawrence, as well as by the officers of the State Government, who offered a reward of $500 for the apprehension of the offender. It was reported—incorrectly, as afterward appeared—that the sheriff was severely if not mortally wounded. Great excitement ensued throughout the Territory and the adjacent portions of Missouri. A detachment of United States troops was posted in the neighborhood of Lawrence, and Colonel Sumner, the commander, wrote to the authorities of the town, urging them to take measures to secure the detection and apprehension of the person who had fired upon the sheriff; assuring them at the same time that the proclamation requiring obedience to the Territorial laws would be enforced. To this an answer was returned that no resistance to the United States authorities was contemplated; and that the citizens of Lawrence wholly disavowed the offense, since, on the day in question, Mr. Jones was acting under the authority of the General Government. In the meanwhile the Grand Jury, acting under instructions of Judge Lecompte, found bills of indictment for high treason against Messrs. Robinson, Reeder, and others connected with the assumed State Government. Mr. Robinson left the Territory intending to proceed to Washington; but was arrested at Lexington, Missouri, and detained to await the requisition of the Territorial authorities. Mr. Reeder claimed that, as a claimant of a seat in Congress, he was not liable to arrest, and announced his determination not to yield to the authority of the Court. He, however, soon afterward, thinking himself in danger, fled, and succeeded in making his escape. On the 11th of May, Mr. Donaldson, the United States Marshal, issued a proclamation, declaring that resistance had been made to the execution of writs issued by the United States courts; and that there was reason to believe that further attempts to execute these writs would be resisted by the inhabitants of Lawrence; he therefore summoned the law-abiding citizens of the Territory to appear in numbers sufficient to insure the proper execution of the laws. A large force was, in obedience to this proclamation, soon assembled in the neighborhood of Lawrence. Among these were an organized company from the South who had just entered the Territory. These proceedings, and many acts of violence which were of constant occurrence, alarmed the inhabitants of Lawrence, who wrote to the Territorial Governor that bands of guerrillas were organized, who threatened the destruction of the town; they asked for the protection of the troops of the United States. Mr. Shannon replied that the only force near or approaching Lawrence was the legally constituted *posse* of the United States Marshal and of the Sheriff of the County, who had in their hands writs for the apprehension of a number of persons; that he should not interfere with these officers in the execution of their duties; that if the citizens of Lawrence submitted to the Territorial laws, they would receive the protection of those laws; but that so long as they kept up a military organization to resist the laws, he should not interfere to save them from the consequences of their acts. To a similar application to Colonel Sumner, answer was given that the forces of the United States could interfere only by the direction of Governor Shannon. The citizens of Lawrence then wrote to the Marshal, declaring that no opposition was meditated to the laws of the United States, and pledging themselves to aid in the execution of any legal process. They declared themselves law-abiding citizens, and as such claimed the protection of the constituted authorities. Mr. Donaldson replied that it was strange that a body of men, armed to resist the laws, should appeal to those laws for protection; that resistance to the Deputy-Marshal had been openly threatened by Ex-Governor Reeder, and that demonstrations had been made which evinced that the officer would endanger his life and that of his small *posse* in attempting to execute the process in his hands; that he, as Marshal, should execute the laws in his own time and manner, using such power only as was authorized by law; that he would protect all who submitted to the constituted authorities, and would enforce the laws against all who sought to resist them. Another communication was then addressed to the Marshal, complaining that a large force of armed men had collected in the vicinity of Lawrence, who were committing depredations, slaughtering stock; breaking up boxes of merchandise, and appropriating their contents; and arresting, threatening, and robbing unoffending travelers. They, therefore, requested the Marshal to recognize these men as his *posse*, holding himself responsible for their actions, and preventing their repetition. The Marshal replied that, in consequence of the resistance offered to the execution of the laws, he had been compelled to call out a large *posse;* that he could not determine whether the persons complained of formed a part of this; but that he had given strict orders that no trespass should be committed upon the rights of citizens. He knew of no boxes having been opened on the road excepting those containing rifles destined for Lawrence. Strict inquiry would be made for all offenders against the law, and they would be duly punished; but he could not hold himself responsible for the acts of persons of whose names even he was ignorant. This correspondence took place on the 17th of May. In the meanwhile the forces gathered about Lawrence continued to increase; and the alarm in the town was aggravated by continual reports of outrages threatened and perpetrated. On the 21st the forces came close to the town, and the Deputy-Marshal entered with a small *posse*, and made a number of arrests, without opposition. In the afternoon of the same day, Mr. Jones, the sheriff who had been wounded a month before, entered Lawrence at the head of a large force, and demanded the surrender of all the cannon and rifles in the place. He then announced that the hotel and printing-office were to be destroyed, they having been indicted as nuisances by the Grand Jury of the County. Less than two hours was granted for the removal of the furniture and stores from the hotel. The contents of the printing-office were scattered in the streets, and

the hotel was first battered with artillery and then set on fire. The house of Governor Robinson was also burned. Many acts of pillage were subsequently perpetrated, and a large amount of property was destroyed. Numerous murders and robberies are stated to have in the mean time been committed in various parts of the Territory, and further hostile proceedings are apprehended.

The debates in Congress upon the affairs of Kansas have taken a wide range, and have been marked by great personal asperity. In the Senate, on the 20th of May, Mr. Sumner, of Massachusetts, concluded a long and elaborate speech, in which he commented with great asperity upon the course pursued by Mr. Butler, of South Carolina, and others who had taken a prominent part on the opposite side. This drew forth sharp retorts from Messrs. Mason and Douglas, and a severe rejoinder from Mr. Sumner. On the morning of the 22d, after the adjournment of the Senate, while Mr. Sumner was seated at his desk, he was accosted by Mr. Preston S. Brooks, a nephew of Mr. Butler, and Member of the House from South Carolina, who said that Mr. Sumner had libeled the State of South Carolina, and his (Mr. Brooks's) aged relative, and that he had come to chastise him; following the words by repeated blows from a cane, by which Mr. Sumner was prostrated and so severely injured that for some days his condition was extremely critical. Mr. Brooks proceeded to a magistrate, surrendered himself, and was released on bail. On the following morning committees were appointed by both Houses to investigate the matter. The Senate Committee reported that the Senate had no power to punish a member of the other House, and could only complain to the body to which he belonged. The majority of the House Committee presented a report declaring that the assault by Mr. Brooks was a "breach of the privileges not only of the Senate, but of the Senator assailed, and of the House as a co-ordinate branch of the legislative department of the Government, and in direct violation of the Constitution of the United States;" and that Messrs. Edmundson and Keitt, who were previously made acquainted with the intention of Mr. Brooks to commit the assault, not only took no measures to prevent it, but were present on one or more occasion to witness the same, as friends of the assailant. They therefore presented resolutions expelling Mr. Brooks from the House, and censuring the conduct of Messrs. Edmundson and Keitt. The minority of the Committee presented a report, arguing that no breach of privilege, under the Constitution, had been committed, and that the House had no right to go beyond the Constitution in deciding the matter.

The correspondence with the British Government respecting the recruiting question has been brought to a close by the dismissal of Mr. Crampton and the British consuls at New York, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati. The reasons for this are given in a dispatch from Mr. Marcy to our Minister to Great Britain. It states that so far as the British Government is concerned, its disclaimer of any intention to infringe our laws, and its expressions of regret if any such infringement had taken place, are fully satisfactory. The dispatch then proceeds to show that the Minister and consuls had actually been guilty of these infringements, knowingly and willfully; and that this, in connection with the exceptionable character of the dispatches of Mr. Crampton to his Government, render further intercourse with that Government through him alike unpleasant and detrimental to their good understanding; and that therefore the President has been constrained by considerations of the best interests of both countries to have recourse to the only remaining means of removing these very unacceptable officers from the connection they now have with this Government. This dispatch is dated on the 27th of May. Three days previously a dispatch had been prepared for Mr. Dallas in relation to the question between the two Governments in respect to Central America. It will be borne in mind that in the Clayton and Bulwer Treaty of 1850, it was agreed that "Neither party shall ever occupy, or fortify, or colonize, or assume, or exercise any dominion over Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito Coast, or any part of Central America." This, according to the interpretation of the British Government, is to be so construed as not to interfere with any state of things actually existing at the date of the treaty, but only to prevent it from extending its possessions or influence in Central America; while according to our interpretation it also involves the abandonment of any possessions previously held, with the exception of Belize, which is not properly within the limits of Central America, and is besides expressly excepted in the treaty. The British Government proposed to submit the interpretation of this treaty to the arbitration of some third power. This is declined by our Government, on the ground that if it should be decided that the treaty was not to disturb any rights before possessed by the British Government in Central America, the real question at issue would not thereby be determined, since our Government contends that at the time Great Britain, according to the principles of international law, held no possessions in Central America. The dispatch goes on to argue this question with special reference to the colony of Ruatan established in 1852, maintaining that the Bay Islands are and have been integral portions of Honduras, and therefore the continuance of occupation is contrary to the tenor of the treaty. The President is willing to submit to arbitration certain collateral questions, in respect to the true limits of Belize on the side of Honduras; the extent of the territory embraced in the Mosquito Coast; and also whether the Bay Islands are actually within the limits of Honduras, as far as these points of political geography affect the construction of the treaty. He proposes that these points be referred to some eminent men of science, rather than to a third power, in case they can not be settled by direct negotiation between the two Governments. Our Minister to Great Britain is therefore directed to propose negotiations to this effect with the British Government.——Padre Vijil, who had been sent as Minister to Washington, by the existing Government of Nicaragua, has been formally received as such, notwithstanding the protest of the former Minister. The Walker and Rivas Government is thus in form recognized, as actually in power in that country.——The Legislature of *New Hampshire* has re-elected Hon. Ralph Metcalf, American, as Governor. Hon. James Dixon, American, has been chosen United States Senator from *Connecticut*, in place of Mr. Toucey, Democrat. ——In *Utah* a Convention has been held to prepare a Constitution for the State of Deseret. This has been ratified by the people, and will soon be presented to Congress, with an application for admis-

sion into the Union of the new State of Deseret.——The National Democratic Convention assembled at Cincinnati on Monday, June 2. Hon. John E. Ward, of Georgia, was chosen as Chairman. Two sets of delegates appeared from New York, each claiming seats. After an animated debate it was decided that each should be allowed to select from their own number half, who should be admitted as the delegations from the two sections of the party in that State. The Baltimore Platform of 1852 was affirmed, with the addition of several resolutions. These resolutions condemn all political organizations based upon religious principles or accidental birth-place: Recognize and adopt the principles embodied in the Kansas and Nebraska Bills, as the only safe solution of the Slavery question: Recognize "the right of the people of all the Territories, acting through the fairly-expressed will of the majority of actual residents, and whenever the number of their inhabitants justifies it, to form a Constitution with or without domestic slavery, and be admitted into the Union upon terms of perfect equality with the other States:" Affirm the duty of upholding State rights and the Union of the States; deprecate monopolies and exclusive legislation for the benefit of the few at the expense of the many; and urge constant adherence to the principles and compromises of the Constitution. Further resolutions were adopted respecting the foreign policy of the country. They advocate free seas and progressive free trade throughout the world; urge the maintenance of the "Monroe doctrine; declare that in view of the paramount interest of the United States in the free communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific, they can not but sympathize with the efforts made by a portion of the population of Central America to regenerate that portion of the continent which covers the passage across the Isthmus of Darien; and demand that the next Administration should make every proper effort to insure our ascendency in the Gulf of Mexico, in order to maintain a permanent protection to the outlet of the Western valleys. On the afternoon of Thursday, the 5th, the Convention proceeded to the nomination for President of the United States. The first ballot resulted as follows, the whole number of votes being 296, two-thirds being requisite for a choice:

James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania	135
Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire	122
Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois	33
Lewis Cass, of Michigan	6

Several ballots succeeded with nearly the same result; after which the vote for Pierce began to diminish, and that for Buchanan and Douglas to increase. The name of Mr. Pierce was then withdrawn from the canvass, and on the 16th ballot the votes were for

Buchanan	168
Douglas	121
Cass	6

The name of Mr. Douglas was then withdrawn, and on the 17th ballot all the votes were cast for James Buchanan, who was thus unanimously nominated as the Democratic candidate for President. After passing a resolution which had been previously submitted, affirming the importance of a safe and speedy communication, within our own territory, between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and affirming it to be the duty of the Federal Government to use all proper constitutional power to effect that object, the Convention proceeded to ballot for a candidate for Vice President. On the first ballot the vote stood:

John A. Quitman	59	J. C. Breckenridge	55
Lynn Boyd	33	Benj. Fitzpatrick	11
Aaron V. Brown	29	H. V. Johnson	31
James A. Bayard	31	Truston Polk	5
Thomas J. Rusk	2	James C. Dobbin	13

During the progress of the second ballot, the votes of several States that had been cast for other candidates were withdrawn, and given to Hon. John C. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, who thus received the entire vote, and was declared unanimously nominated.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

The Costa Rican army has retreated from Nicaragua, for the alleged reason that the cholera had broken out with great severity among the troops at Rivas. The President, however, claims the whole expedition as a triumph, affirming that the "filibusters had been beaten wherever they were met, and that no discredit follows from being obliged to yield to the influence of a malignant climate." He adds that the enemy are without resources, and better prepared to fly than to fight, and that they will be exterminated if Salvador and Honduras perform their duty. The Nicaraguan accounts, which are much more probable, represent the Costa Rican army to be wholly demoralized, and incapable of further operations. The Transit route has been opened in consequence of the retreat of the Costa Ricans from Virgin Bay. An election for President has been held in Nicaragua, resulting in favor of Rivas, the present provisional incumbent.——A terrible accident occurred on the Panama Railroad, on the 6th of May. A baggage train, which preceded the passenger train, ran off the track, about 15 miles east of Panama, obstructing the road, and it was necessary to send the passengers back to Aspinwall. Not far from the Gatun bridge, the second car from the locomotive ran off the track followed by eight others. Forty-three persons were either killed on the spot, or died soon after, besides a large number more or less severely wounded. The dead were buried at a place about three quarters of a mile from the scene of the accident.——In *Mexico* Congress is sitting, its principal general business being the revisal of the acts and decrees of Santa Anna, while a committee is engaged in preparing a new Constitution. The Bishop of Puebla has been banished, in consequence of his proceedings in reference to the seizure of the Church property. A law has been ratified suppressing the privilege hitherto enjoyed by the military and clergy of being tried by their own special tribunals, in all cases in which they are either defendants or plaintiffs.——A formidable insurrection has broken out in *Hayti* against the Emperor Soulouque.——An extensive conspiracy has been detected in *Bolivia*, having for its object to overthrow the Government of President Cordoba, and to proclaim in his place General Santa Cruz, who had just been permitted to return from banishment. Some officers of Government, besides a portion of the army, were implicated in the plot.

EUROPE.

Appended to the treaty of peace, and forming a part of it, are several important *conventions* between the Powers. They provide that Russia shall not fortify the Aland Islands; that so long as the Porte is at peace the Dardanelles shall be closed to all vessels of war of foreign Powers, with

the exception that light vessels employed in diplomatic service may be admitted by a special firman; and that the naval force maintained by Russia and Turkey in the Black Sea, shall be limited to six steam vessels of not more than 800 tons, and four smaller vessels not exceeding 200 tons. Of still more general interest is the new declaration respecting Maritime Law agreed to between all the Powers represented in the Conference, and which is to be submitted to the Powers not represented in that body. This provides: 1. That privateering is to be abolished; 2. That a neutral flag covers enemy's goods, with the exception of those contraband of war; 3. That neutral goods, with the exception of those contraband of war, are not liable to seizure under an enemy's flag; 4. That a blockade, in order to be valid, must be effective—that is, maintained by a force sufficient to prevent access to the coast of the enemy. These stipulations are to be held of force only between the Powers that accede to them. France, England, and Austria have entered into a separate treaty mutually guaranteeing the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire as recorded in the general treaty of peace; and agreeing that any infraction of the stipulation of that treaty shall be considered by these three Powers as a *casus belli*. They will come to an understanding with the Sublime Porte as to the measures necessary to be taken, and will, without delay, determine among themselves as to the employment of their military and naval forces.———Considerable importance has been attached to a discussion at one of the sessions of the Conference, upon the general affairs of Europe. Count Walewski called attention to the state of Greece, and recommended that the Protecting Courts should devise means to remedy the deplorable state of affairs existing in that kingdom; adding that till serious modifications were made, France and England could not put an end to their occupation. There was, he said, something abnormal in the situation of the Pontifical States, where the presence of foreign troops was essential to the maintenance of authority. France was anxious to withdraw her troops so soon as it could be done without compromising the Pontifical authority, and he hoped that Austria would join in a similar declaration. He also suggested that the Congress should warn the King of the Two Sicilies that he was pursuing a wrong course, and that it would be wiser to conciliate his subjects by a well-considered clemency. In Belgium, he continued, the press contained hostile and insulting attacks on the Government of France, and encouraged secret societies, whose object was inimical to the tranquillity of France. This was done with impunity under the sanction of Belgian legislation. The French Government would regret to make Belgium understand that she must modify her legislation, for that would bear the aspect of a threat. He suggested that the great Powers should express an opinion upon the subject, which would induce the Belgian Government to put an end to a state of things that would, sooner or later, produce difficulties and dangers which it would be for the interest of Belgium to avoid. The British Plenipotentiaries coincided with the views expressed in relation to Greece and Italy; but in respect to the Belgium press, as the representatives of a country in which a free press was a fundamental institution, they could take no part in measures of coercion against the press of another State. The Sardinian Plenipotentiary represented that the Austrian occupation of the Roman States and of the Duchy of Parma, constituted a real danger for Sardinia; and in reply to a remark by the Austrian Plenipotentiary, that what was true of the Austrian occupation held equally good of that of the French, he answered, that while the cessation of both was desirable, the French occupation, consisting of a small *corps d'armée*, at a great distance from France, was menacing to no one. The remarks of Count Walewski, in relation to the Belgian press, have been severely criticised both in the Belgian Chambers and in the British Parliament.

In Great Britain the peace is accepted reluctantly rather than hailed with satisfaction. The formal addresses of the Houses of Parliament to the Crown, declares that while the Houses would have deemed it their duty cheerfully to afford her Majesty the fullest support if it had unfortunately been found necessary to continue the war, still they have learned with joy and satisfaction that peace has been re-established on principles honorable to the Crown, and which so fully accomplish the object for which the war was undertaken. Though the address was finally adopted without a division, it afforded occasion for some severe reflections on the manner in which the peace had been concluded. The Earl of Derby appears to have expressed the general feeling in styling it a "peace with which they were willing to put up, but not one which compensates for the sacrifices, the sufferings, the labors, and the expense of the war." It was officially stated that the entire British loss amounted to 22,467 men, of whom scarcely one-third fell in action or died of wounds. The entire Russian loss is stated to amount to half a million men. During the war the British navy was augmented from 212 vessels to 590.—General Williams, the defender of Kars, has been rewarded with a baronetcy and a pension of 1000 pounds.—A general amnesty has been granted to the political offenders now in exile, who are permitted to return to their country with the royal pardon. From this are excepted Messrs. Mitchell and Meagher, who, it is alleged, violated their parole.——A grand naval review took place at Spithead on the 23d of April. The fleet reviewed was probably the most powerful ever collected at one place. It consisted of 26 screw line-of-battle ships, nearly 40 steam frigates, 4 wrought-iron floating batteries, 50 mortar vessels, 20 sloops, corvettes, and brigs, and 164 screw gun-boats: in all, upward of 300 men-of-war, with an aggregate tonnage of 150,000 tons, manned by 40,000 seamen, carrying 3800 guns, and capable of firing at one discharge a broadside of nearly 90 tons. Much complaint was made of the inefficiency of the arrangements for the accommodation of Parliament, and laughable accounts were given of the inconveniences to which Lords and Commons were subjected.——The Earl of Clarendon, in reply to a question respecting the correspondence with the Costa Rican agent, stated that various proposals had been made to the Government in relation to a British protectorate over Costa Rica, and requests had been made for material assistance. To all these a negative answer had been given; Government declaring that it would take no part in the Central American difficulties, beyond dispatching a naval force just sufficient to protect British property.——The estimated expenditures for the coming year are £77,525,000, which exceeds the estimated revenue by £10,473,000.

Literary Notices.

Waubun, the Early Day of the Northwest, by Mrs. John H. Kinzie. (Derby and Jackson.) The marvelous progress of the Great West receives a vivid illustration in this singularly interesting volume. It covers a period of only about twenty-five years, but the commencement of that interval takes us back to the struggle between savage life and civilization, showing the rapid strides by which the howling wilderness has been converted into a fruitful field. We are first introduced to the author as she is taking passage, in the autumn of 1830, from Detroit to Green Bay. She was about to become a resident of that distant region, her husband being connected with the United States Indian Agency at Fort Winnebago. After safely arriving at that station, and taking her first degree in the study of Indian manners, she resolves to diversify the scene by an overland journey to Chicago.

The description of this perilous adventure is given in several striking chapters, which furnish a valuable standard of comparison by which to estimate the march of Western improvement. The journey was to be performed on horseback. By dint of strenuous endeavors, a suitable wardrobe had been provided for the lady, ample stores of eatables were deposited in sacks, and on the eighth of March the cavalcade, consisting of the writer, her husband, and two Canadian voyageurs, set out on the eventful tour. The weather was of the finest, and the beauty of the early spring gave no warning of the difficulties of the enterprise. In spite of the remonstrances of friends the party commenced the journey with the gayest spirits, as if it were only a pleasure excursion across the prairies. Our author even confesses to the infatuation of regarding a straw bonnet and kid gloves as the proper equipment for the jaunt; but a few miles on the way taught her a bitter lesson, and made her at once a "sadder and wiser woman." The wind took the most unwarrantable liberties with her head-dress, and her hands soon became swollen and stiffened with the cold. This, however, was only the foretaste of troubles. The next step was to take themselves and their horses across a small stream which was filled with cakes of floating ice. A canoe was to convey the hero and heroine, while the guides were to make the best of their way with the horses over the confused mass of ice and water. Upon launching the little canoe from the bank, they received a sudden accession of passengers in a couple of favorite greyhounds, who were reluctant to wet their dainty feet in the icy stream. Their unexpected arrival disturbed the equilibrium of the tottering vessel, and dogs, lady, and baggage were unceremoniously subjected to an involuntary cold bath. Her rescue was but the work of a moment, for her gallant husband, who was on the point of springing into the canoe when he was anticipated by the tender-footed greyhounds. The passage was at last successfully made, and fortified by a little brandy, with the refreshment of dry shoes and stockings, the fair traveler was sufficiently restored from the effects of the icy bath to pursue the march. The change from her secluded life for five months in the fort to the freedom of the prairie was exhilarating, and in spite of the forlorn state of her garments after the fatal plunge, she enjoyed the ride of twenty-three miles to the place of their encampment for the night. This was on a spot of romantic loveliness, bordering on a tributary to one of the Four Lakes, between two of which is now situated the beautiful town of Madison, in Wisconsin. A large tree was felled by the active woodsmen, the dry grass in the vicinity furnished excellent tinder, and with the aid of the broken branches and bits of light wood, the sparks of the flint soon produced a cheerful fire. The light tent, which had been brought upon the pack-horse, was erected, a blanket and bear-skins were spread upon the ground, and though the cold was many degrees below the freezing point, the travelers found themselves comfortable over a hot supper, which was set out in the best style of a sylvan repast. Ham broiled on the "broches," bread toasted to a turn on the point of a sharp stick, steaming coffee, and plenty of Spartan sauce, furnished the materials for a delicious meal. No ceremonies of polite life marred the simplicity of the feast. The knife is drawn from the scabbard, perhaps vouchsafed a wipe on the napkin by the more fastidious of the party, is first made to do duty by stirring the coffee, and then serves to divide the piece of ham which is dished up magnificently on the half of a traveling biscuit. The early morning finds the equestrians ready for another start. Passing an encampment of Indians scattered along the banks of one of the Four Lakes, they are struck with its picturesque beauty. The matted lodges, with the blue smoke curling from their tops, the trees and bushes powdered with a light snow which had just fallen, the lake sparkling in the morning sun, and the quaint costume of the Indians, composed a spectacle of remarkably pleasing interest.

During one stage of the journey the travelers were so unlucky as to lose the trail. They kept on their way, however, for nearly the whole day, with only a short halt at noon for the refreshment of man and beast. The ride was naturally gloomy and desolate. The rolling prairie, unvaried by forest or stream, was the only prospect that met the eye. The weather was cold; a sharp and piercing wind swept over the cheerless expanse; a gaunt prairie-wolf more than once peered over the nearest rising ground, as if challenging an encounter; and when nightfall approached, the feeling of uncertainty and discomfort with which the party encamped may easily be imagined. The spot was what in New England would have been called a stony side-hill; the trees were not large enough to make a rousing fire, the wind blew with increasing force, the tent-pins were insecurely fastened in the frozen ground, and in the middle of the night the poles snapped, and the whole canvas house, loaded with snow, fell down in a mass of promiscuous confusion. The men of the party were roused up, a new set of poles were cut in the neighboring wood, a tolerable degree of order was restored, but the break of day found the adventurers in a miserable plight. Around them was an unbroken sheet of snow. The air was so obscured by the driving sleet that not even the direction of the sun could be perceived. The cold was intense. The frozen particles in the atmosphere cut like a razor. Pursuing their forlorn march, the travelers found nothing to indicate the true path. Every

spot was solitary and deserted. They looked in vain for an Indian wigwam. Not the trace of a recent fire gave them the hope that they were in the vicinity of human beings. At length, after many a mile of weary search, a shout from the guides announced the approach to a settlement. The crowing of a cock saluted their ears with a welcome to which the sweetest music was but jargon. The place proved to be the residence of a son of Alexander Hamilton, who, at the head of a group of miners, had established his lodge in the wilderness. The remainder of the journey was marked by a succession of perils. After the endurance of no small degree of fatigue, cold, and short commons, the party at last astonish their friends at Chicago by their unlooked-for advent, and for many days were the objects of general wonder for the danger they had been through in their journey across the wilderness.

A near relative of the writer, Mr. John Kinzie, was one of the first settlers of Chicago. For nearly twenty years this gentleman, with the exception of the military, was the only white inhabitant of Northern Illinois, and his memory is still reverently cherished as a distinguished patriarch of the West. He was born in Quebec, in 1763. At the age of ten or eleven years he was sent to school at Williamsburg, Long Island, his mother having previously married again, and removed to the city of New York. But the discipline of the pedagogue did not suit his enterprising genius, and one day the little Canadian was missing. Search was made in every direction, but it was all in vain; no Johnny Kinzie could be found. His mother was informed of the disastrous event, and was plunged into the deepest grief. Some supposed that the lad was drowned, others that he had strayed away and would soon return; but weeks and months passed by, until at length he was given up for lost. Meantime, the young adventurer had made his way to Quebec, according to a determination he had long cherished to seek his fortune in his native city. Here he soon made friends, and succeeded so much to his mind that he remained three years, until his parents, on removing to Detroit, discovered his retreat, and induced him to return to the family. His native love of adventure led him, as he grew older, to live much on the frontier. He early entered into the Indian trade, formed establishments for that purpose at Sandusky and Maumee, afterward pushed farther west to St. Joseph's, and, in 1804, came to make his home at Chicago. Here he fixed his central trading-post, and formed widely-extended connections with the Indian tribes—at Milwaukie with the Menomonees, at Rock River with the Winnebagoes and the Pottowatamies, and on the Illinois River and Kankakee with the Pottowattamies of the prairies, and in the extensive district of Sangamon county with the Kickapoos. His residence at Chicago was diversified by a series of remarkable events, growing out of his intimate relations with the Indians. In 1812 he was taken prisoner, with his family, after the celebrated Chicago massacre, of which a detailed and singularly graphic account is presented in this volume. Mrs. Kinzie every where expresses a warm sympathy with the fate of the Indians. She came in contact with the most favorable aspects of their character. Upon the wrongs which they have endured at the hands of the whites she comments without reserve. For this reason her volume, apart from its numerous admirable delineations of character, and narratives of exciting scenes, will possess a permanent interest with intelligent readers.

Lives of American Merchants, by FREEMAN HUNT. In the series of which this volume forms the commencement, the able editor of the "Merchant's Magazine" proposes to furnish an American commercial biography, including the lives of the remarkable men "whose enterprise and wisdom have given scope and impulse and permanence to American commerce." The plan is one which can scarcely fail to be received with favor by the public. Although the merchant, as such, fills a less conspicuous place in the eye of his contemporaries than the eminent lawyer or statesman, his pursuits are perhaps better adapted to the development of originality and boldness of character. The contents of this volume present examples of unique personal qualities that form a curious chapter in the illustrations of human nature. Most of the persons whose career is here recorded rose from humble beginnings to wealth and consideration. In each case their distinction was owing to energy, sound judgment, pure integrity, and other traits of genuine manhood. Among the most interesting biographies in the volume are those of Colonel Thomas H. Perkins, Peter C. Brooks, and Samuel Appleton, of Boston; John Jacob Astor, James Gore King, Jacob Lorillard, and Gideon Lee, of New York; and Stephen Girard and Thomas Cope, of Philadelphia. Differing widely as did those persons in natural endowments, disposition, and tastes, they all exhibit specimens of sagacity and forecast, honesty of dealing, and real, though sometimes eccentric benevolence, which would do honor to any condition in life. By a long course of experience, and eminent success in the peculiar branch to which he is devoted, Mr. Hunt is highly qualified for the due accomplishment of his enterprise, and he will doubtless make a valuable addition to our biographical literature.

Some Account of the Life of Spencer Houghton Cone. (Livermore and Rudd.) The late Dr. Cone was a man of marked originality of character. His strong, decided individuality gave him a prominence in his profession which could never have been attained by mere force of intellect, or even brilliancy of genius. He was indebted for the distinguished success of his career to his native manliness. Prone to intense conviction rather than to subtle discrimination, conversant with the broad, salient features of the subjects which awakened his interest rather than studying their lights and shades with analytic nicety, and devoting the rare energy of his nature to active effort instead of high or profound contemplation, he was eminently a man of the times. He was adapted to the wants of a practical, stirring, progressive age—an age less inclined to shadowy abstractions than to concrete, living realities. Dr. Cone placed a strong grasp on facts. What he saw at all, he saw distinctly and brightly. What he believed, he clung to with all his heart. There was no concealment, disguise, or subterfuge in his nature. His heart was transparent as crystal. Hence his uncommon union of boldness of expression with earnestness of action. A true military spirit entered into his composition. His erect and decided gait betrayed the soldier, no less than his unfailing alertness to contend for the truth. The present biography, by his sons, gives a vivid description of his peculiar career, and though sometimes showing a trace of affectation in

the style, is, on the whole, a worthy record of a remarkable man.

Salad for the Social, by the author of "Salad for the Solitary." (Published by Dewitt and Davenport.) Concocting a savory dish for a literary dessert seems to be a favorite pursuit with the author of this volume. According to the fashion of the times, this is his peculiar mission. No one can complain of any want of devotion and zeal in its accomplishment. With less piquant materials than the former "Salad," many agreeable and bland ingredients are found in its composition. It consists of a miscellaneous collection of facts and anecdotes on several attractive topics, including book-craft, the worship of Mammon, the devotees of the toilet, the mysteries of medicine, the larcenies of literature, and others perhaps not less interesting. The quality of the work is not unaptly described by the author. "It is odd in its plan and arrangement, consists of odd sayings and selections, from many odd and out-of-the-way authors. It is, moreover, fitted for odd readers, and odd half-hours, and, oddly enough, is the handiwork of a very odd specimen of an author. Oddities, however, are not without their use—they sometimes dispel *ennui*, the headache, and even the heartache."

Vassall Morton, a Novel, by FRANCIS PARKMAN. (Phillips, Sampson, and Company.) Mr. Parkman has already obtained an honorable position in literature by his historical and descriptive works. He is fond of research, clear in his perceptions, and is master of a chaste, and often felicitous style. The present work is doubtless the fruit of his hours of recreation from severer studies. It shows no elaborate intricacy of plot, but is founded on a series of not improbable incidents in the life of a young man, who is first brought upon the stage as an undergraduate in Harvard University. One of his class-mates becomes his rival in love, and for a number of years pursues him with vindictive and unrelenting malice. While traveling in Europe, he succeeds in implicating Morton, the object of his hatred, with the Austrian Government, as engaged in a conspiracy. The latter is arrested, thrown into prison, and not until after the lapse of many years, narrowly escapes with his life. Meantime Vinal, the villain of the story, spreads the report of his death, and by a net-work of artifices succeeds in obtaining the hand of his betrothed, Edith Leslie, to whom his attentions had previously been intolerable. The interest of the plot hinges on the exposure of Vinal's machinations, who is made the subject of a well-devised poetical retribution, is compelled to flee from his native land, and dies a fugitive from justice in his attempt to escape. Several of the descriptions in this novel are marked by considerable vigor of expression, the characters are clearly defined and consistently sustained, and the plot increases in intensity as it approaches the crisis, but we must own that Mr. Parkman appears to us less fitted to shine as a novelist than to instruct and please as a historical writer.

The Huguenot Exiles (Harper and Brothers) is the title of a new historical novel, illustrating the sufferings of the victims of the Romish persecutions prior to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. It is founded on incidents recorded in the annals of the times, but surrounded with such embellishments as make a powerful appeal to the imagination. The period embraced by the story extends from 1684, the culminating point of religious tyranny, to 1687, the date of the emigration of a hundred refugees to the shores of Virginia. The work is filled with vivid pictures of spiritual oppression, cruelty, and hatred on the one hand, and of martyr-like patience, constancy, and heroism on the other. It will form an element of no inconsiderable power in the existing Catholic controversy.

The Life and Adventures of Robert Dexter Romaine, written by Himself. (Phillips, Sampson, and Company.) In spite of the obvious imitation of Defoe which is betrayed by this modern Robinson Crusoe, it exhibits no ordinary skill in invention, while the piquancy of its delineations and the harmonious coloring of its style present an effective claim on the attention of the reader. It is the old story of a shipwrecked sailor finding refuge on a desert island, but combining the charms of domestic life with the perils of strange adventure. The members of his family are a young maiden who was a passenger in the lost vessel, and whom he naturally woos, wins, and marries, and a wonderful pet bear, whose affection and intelligence might well supply the place of human society. The subject is treated with great delicacy and beauty, and though the narrative abounds with incidents worthy of Munchausen, it proceeds by such easy and artistic gradations, that not too severe a tax is at any time imposed on the credulity of the reader. Whoever may be the anonymous writer, he holds a facile and powerful pen, and we are confident is destined to make his mark in our native fictitious literature.

The Life and Travels of Herodotus, by J. TALBOYS WHEELER. (Harper and Brothers.) Many a graduate of the New England colleges can remember when the Travels of Anacharsis, by the Abbé Barthelemy, was one of the most popular books in the library. The work now issued is on a similar plan to that of the favorite volumes alluded to, but in its arrangement and execution evinces the superior learning and rhetorical skill of modern scholarship. It consists of an imaginary biography of the Grecian historian Herodotus, which is made the frame-work of an elaborate popular exposition of the manners and customs of the principal nations of antiquity. Without dwelling on the critical scruples of literary skepticism, it gives a lucid account of the prominent features of ancient society, and forms an agreeable introduction to the study of the geography, history, religion, and mental development of the so-called classical ages.

History of Medicine, from its Origin to the Nineteenth Century, by P. V. REYNOUARD, M.D., translated from the French by C. G. COMEGYS, M.D. (Cincinnati: Moore, Wilstach, and Company), is a work of profound and curious research, and will fill a place in our English literature which has heretofore been vacant. It presents a compact view of the progress of medicine in different ages; a lucid exposition of the theories of rival sects; a clear delineation of the changes of different systems; together with the bearings of the whole on the progress of civilization. The work also abounds in amusing and instructive incidents relating to the medical profession. The biographical pictures of the great cultivators of the science, such as Hippocrates, Galen, Avicenna, Haller, Harvey, Jenner, and others, are skillfully drawn. Dr. Comegys deserves the thanks of not only the members of the medical profession, but also of every American scholar, for the fidelity and success with which his task has been performed.

Editor's Table.

THE *COMITIA* ARE AT HAND. Within a few months the people will be convened at the polls, and a few short hours, in a chill November day, will determine the political destinies of the Great Republic for the next four years. The lofty and legitimate ambitions of some, the sordid hopes and fears of others, the material existence of thousands, will be determined by the result of those active hours.

With politics as such we can have neither art nor part. To other organs of public opinion (and their name is legion) is left the warfare of parties; but no American citizen ever disfranchises himself, no true American citizen ever loses his interest in the welfare of his country; nor can he ever contemplate the approach of a new presidential term without interest and anxiety. The vast power and influence of the office of Chief Magistrate, the serious consequences of the struggle, must, on these occasions, ever kindle keen emotions in the breasts of all who are not casemated by pecuniary cares, or wrapped in the selfish indifference that luxury engenders.

The world has never heretofore seen any thing like these elections. A philosophical inquirer might ask whether it was by accident or design that those wonderful old Romans limited the consular term to a single year; thus immensely reducing the value of the highest prize in the great democratic lottery. At all events, the popular convocations of Greece and Rome were child's play compared to ours. Never before has the world seen such formidable masses of civil combatants; so much tumult and disorder, so much organization and systematic discipline; so much reckless license of speech and press, so much grave discussion of the gravest topics; so much froth and foam, so much reason and logic; so many of all classes commingled in a contest where neither birth nor position, nor any of the merely adventitious aids to fortune avail any thing; and, what is most remarkable of all, never before has the world seen such frenzied violence during a conflict, such tranquil submission after it.

The character of the mind of America is as peculiarly marked as are the great features of its nature. On the outside one would think it all extravagance and license. The whole of the Chuzzlewit race stand aghast at its reckless demeanor. History has no record of such unchecked freedom of speech, and such extremes of avowed opinion, as are matters of daily occurrence here. On the subject of temperance—of woman—of slavery—of marriage—the most ultra, the most uncompromising theories are daily promulgated from press and pulpit, from lecture-room and tribune, with a vehemence that seems to threaten the safety of the spheres. Men of sober judgment in all other relations of life, rave and rant like mad fakirs and dervises. Women of unimpeached modesty and reserve enter the arena as boldly as if they were trained to the gladiatorial fight. But during all this time the great body of our people, grave, thoughtful, laborious, and persevering, calmly, and without disturbance, move on in the pursuit of their various interests, utterly regardless of those novel and interesting theories that threaten to overrule the laws of gravitation, and to unship the solar system itself.

In politics how changeable are we, and yet how constant? how fickle, and yet how serene? A kaleidoscope can not outdo the rapidity with which the *personnel* of our political world changes. Every year produces a new crop of public men in all branches of the public service—heroes, orators, statesmen, every thing but *martyrs*. Our laws are like the leaves in Vallombrosa's vale. Every year we get into well-dissembled convulsions on the subject of finance or trade, of war or disunion. As the inhabitant of the Dismal Swamp says, "he is raised on fever and ague"—an intermittent seems to be the normal state of our constitution; we are always in the cold fit or the hot fit; but to the fundamental principles of Liberty and Equality, to the great idea of Union, and to the Constitution which secures that Union, the American mind is constant as the needle to the pole.

The European world—crammed full of conservatives and conservatism, with armies for policemen, every other town a citadel, and bristling all over, like the fretful porcupine, with infernal implements of attack and defense—the European world sways like a reed before the revolutionary blast. It is hardly eight years since all the old monarchies and empires threatened, like dissolving views, to melt away before our eyes. France, the harlequin of nations, exhibits herself, every generation, in half a dozen new liveries; and even England, the "old fogy" of the world, looks out with alarm from her ancient feudal bulwarks on the waves that are beating against her venerable system.

All those countries have within them the elements of self-destruction—deadly hostilities to their form of government, bloody political hatreds, deep hereditary feuds, furious religious enmities. But amidst the howling of this distant storm the American world rides at single anchor, like a ship in quiet roadstead. Our troubles are all on the surface, our diseases all cutaneous eruptions; our loud talking and fierce writing is rather a matter of conversational display and literary excitement than any real passion; and this is the only country of which, perhaps, it can with truth be said that the crime of treason is practically unknown.

Let us, then, contemplate the coming elections in the light of this American spirit, and observe the securities we have that we shall ride out this gale, like all its predecessors, in safety and honor. Let us put party out of sight; let us cease to care a pinch of snuff for the election of Fillmore; let us be philosophically indifferent whether the Republicans put forward Fremont, Seward, or McLean; whether the Democrats bring out Pierce, Buchanan, or Douglas. Let us look beyond and above the smoke of this petty conflict to the great future that spreads itself before us; look upward to the Stars and Stripes, which, like the ancient god Terminus, in the palmy days of Rome, have never yet receded in the march of empire—think only of the beneficent government under which we live; of the mortal labors attendant on its birth; of the high hopes of all good men, that, like favoring gales, have thus far borne us along on

a smiling sea. Let us look at the approaching elections not as adherents of any party, but as Americans in the true sense of the word.

What, then, are the great conservative, *preservative* principles of the American mind on which, wholly independent of party ties and party allegiance, reliance can be placed? What are the sheet anchors of the Republic?

Attachment to the Union. There is nothing more striking in our annals than the uniform and steady growth of the feeling of the importance of the Union. We of this age are apt to imagine that in this, as in other things, as it now is so it always was, but a very little study of our history serves to dispel this error. The first conviction of the great men of the Revolution, of the men before the Revolution, of the members of the Stamp Act Congress of 1765, of the Congress of 1774, was the vital necessity of the formation of a strict and intimate union of the Colonies; but how slow and painful a task was it to impress this truth upon the minds of the people of the different sovereignties? how many local jealousies, how many petty ambitions was it necessary to extinguish and to crush before the creation of the statesmen of the heroic age of the Republic could be brought into existence? Slow and niggardly were the first grants of power to the Government of the Union. The old confederation was so feeble and so defective, that it is only amazing that it was able successfully to prosecute the war with England. It was months after the definitive treaty of peace of 1783 arrived before a quorum of Congress could be got together to ratify it; and three years later the Government had fairly perished of atrophy.

The Constitution of 1787 was framed, but how fierce was the opposition of the Antifederalists in the great States? Not even the memory of the dangers of the war, not even the immediate peril of intestine dissensions, could silence the jealousies of the Henrys of Virginia, of the Clintons of New York, of the whole band of men second to none in patriotism, but who dreaded consolidation more than they feared anarchy. Wiser counsels prevailed, but North Carolina and Rhode Island long held out against the preference of their sister States, and the last article of the Federal Charter, in no indirect terms, declares that its framers only felt themselves secure of the co-operation of nine out of the "thirteen old" States.

The war with England followed, and, without attaching too much importance to the odium which fastened itself on the convention held at Hartford, it is very certain that a large portion of the most thinking and intelligent men of the Eastern States were thoroughly alienated from the Federal Government, and ready to take almost any action hostile to it that their sound sense and natural shrewdness would have deemed safe.

Twenty-five years ago a body of bold and able men at the South were openly arrayed against the Union, resistance to its laws was openly threatened by Sovereign States, and the whole authority of the sternest will by which the Government has ever been administered, was found necessary to sustain the Constitution and Laws of the Confederation.

Now how great the contrast! At no time have the clamors of party been fiercer or more violent. At no time have the subjects of controversy been more difficult or delicate. It is not now a question of revenue or finance, of bank or tariff; it is one directly affecting the very essence of labor, the very existence of capital, entering into social relations, connected with the social organization itself, geographical in its nature, and of all others the most calculated to excite an angry sectional contest. Nor is it waged in any calm, philosophical temper. Abuse answers abuse, and vituperation echoes back vituperation.

"From Alp to Alp leaps the live thunder!"

And yet, amidst all this elemental strife, who does not see calmly, immovably perched upon his rock the Eagle of the Union? Who does not feel, when he soberly contemplates the state of the country, that disunion is in fact impossible? Who does not perceive that the great mass of the American people, North, South, East, and West, are fixed as fate in their resolve that the Union shall be preserved?—not *some* union, not some possible confederacy, alliance, or league that sordid interest or base fear might possibly hereafter patch up, but *the* Union; the Union as it is; the Union such as we have made it, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the terror of oppressors, the hope of the world. This is the Union that the American people mean shall be maintained, preserved, and perpetuated.

Do not let the cynical reader fancy that we are going off into the staple texts which, from the time of Pericles's funeral discourse to the last Fourth of July, have formed the theme of popular orations. The devotion of the American to the Union is by no means the exclusive result of patriotism or enthusiasm; it is in no small degree the conviction of cold-blooded, calculating, deliberate interest; the sentiment and fancy of the multiplication table; of that shrewd guess of what is best for us, for which our worst enemies give us credit. The American, be he a banker of New York or a planter in Mobile, turning up the fertile soil of Iowa or plowing the great waters of the Mississippi, sees and feels that there is nothing that is dear to him that would not decay or perish with the disruption of the Union. The hum of the factory, the clang of the machine-shop, would die away; the locomotive would cease its noisy progress toward the setting sun; the paddles of the California steamers would no longer revolve, and the Panama railroad would be lost in a jungle of underbrush. Property would sink to nothing. Custom-houses would spring up on every frontier, and every "bush would be an officer." Copyrights and patents would be waste paper; intercourse would be arrested; trade droop or die. All this is as true as that the radiant Stripes and Stars would be a useless bit of bunting, and that the very name of America and Americans would be lost. We should be known only by our States, and New York and Pennsylvania would sink their heads by the side of Nicaragua and Costa Rica.

In such a contrast it displays, indeed, no very marvelous intellect, nor any wonderful patriotism, to feel the full value of the Union. The American would be a blockhead, a dunce, a hopeless idiot, far more than a criminal or a felon, if he did not at all times, and on all occasions, feel and act upon the feeling that the Union is the very essence of his temporal being, his glory, and his protection—the source of his welfare, and the main cause of his proud position. *Decus et columen.*

If we drag about under the good old ship to discover the next best bower by which she rides, we shall not be long in finding it.

Devotion to the Constitution of the United States.

The American is a very practical animal. He does not trouble himself much about *Les droits de l'Homme*, in the abstract; he does not insist that *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*, shall be posted up over every police station; but interfere with his freedom of action, show him a class aspiring to privilege, trample on the poorest of his brethren, and you will soon find that he has as keen a realizing sense of liberty, equality, and fraternity as the wisest of philosophers or the profoundest of theorists. The first love of Americans is the Union, but they well know that the Union can only be maintained by a faithful support of the Constitution as it stands. They well know that, as there can be but one Union, so there can be but one Constitution; and as it is, they are prepared and resolved to support it. It is not with the Constitution of the United States as with those of the separate members of the Confederacy. The State Constitutions have no particular sanctity. They have been repeatedly changed, and will be so again. Most of the States have had two Constitutions. New York rejoices in its third. Not so with the Constitution of the United States. We all feel and perceive that the peculiar condition of the country, the great number of States, and of the legislative bodies by which they are represented, render it a hopeless task to think of amending it, unless, perhaps, in some plain and palpable particular, which would arouse no local hostility and no sectional jealousy. We all acknowledge that the Constitution must be supported as it is, or not at all.

Assume that it is defective—grant that it is not perfect—concede that it was made by human beings, and came out of no Holy Mount or burning bush. Still it is the best Constitution we can have; it is the only Constitution we can ever have. No man dreams that any other can be framed. The simple question that the mind has to pass upon is, will you have this or none? Do you prefer this form of government, taken for better for worse—for weal or for woe? Do you prefer this to anarchy? Do you prefer this to disunion? This is the simple question presented to the people of this country. It is a narrow issue; it requires no learned education—no cultivated intellect to answer it. The rudest boatman on the Mississippi understands it as well as the best-bred gentleman or the most reverend divine of the Eastern States, and the response has always been uniform and unanimous, resolute and absolute. The Constitution—the whole Constitution—nothing but the Constitution.

But suppose that the signatures were obliterated from the compact of 1787. Suppose the halls at Washington were empty, Pennsylvania Avenue overgrown with grass, the White House unroofed, and the catalpa and the Judas-tree growing in the east room; suppose the Great Charter consigned to dust, burned to ashes, and flung into the brook Kedron (Goose Creek will stand for it); suppose the whole gigantic labor of reconstructing a government for a people, now grown from three to twenty-three millions, was to be recommenced *de novo —ab ovo*. How would we accomplish it? Where could we get the *better* Constitution from? Where are the men to make it? Where is that race of heroes, nursed in a new-found world, formed in the toils and the trials of the Revolution, uniting the simplicity of virtue with the wisdom of experience? Where is the fire of Hamilton's genius? Where is the enlarged wisdom of Franklin? Where the godlike calmness of Washington? Echo sadly answers—where? We may, indeed, look around in vain for those who are to perfect the task which the master hands of the Convention left incomplete.

But suppose the workmen here; suppose our call could bring the spirits from the vasty deep; suppose the pigmies of this age were replaced and supplanted by the giants of our elder world. Can any man doubt that if the thing was to be done over again now—to-day—that the same reasons which controlled the men of 1787 would equally control the generation of 1856; that the dread of external danger and of internal anarchy would virtually bring about—would substantially force on us the compromises of the Constitution. Is the just fear of foreign influence any less? Is England less arrogant? Is France less ambitious? Is our own population more congruous and harmonious? Are the elements of disturbance any less serious? These again are the questions that present themselves to the practical mind of the American people. They admit but of one answer. They receive but one response.

A few gentlemen and gentlewomen annually congregate together in Boston or New York, and vigorously resolve that the "Constitution is a covenant with Death and a compact with Hell." At first, these demonstrations somewhat shocked our sense of right; but we look upon these protests now rather as a pleasing proof of the tolerant spirit of our people. In no other country would the open promulgation of doctrines and opinions, utterly revolting and disgusting to the great body of the country, be permitted.

The devotion of the American to the Constitution embraces it as whole. The American is too sensible not to understand that if the instrument is to be supported it must be as a unit—that no one can claim the protection which it gives and at the same time decline the duties which it imposes. The man of the North can not obey such part of the instrument as suits him, and disregard the clause of the compact that offends him. This doctrine would not answer any better South, East, or West.

If it were admitted that the Constitution contained great palpable defects, still the duty and interest to support it, so long as it continued, would be no less clear. If, from any idea of expediency, of miscalled moral duty, of misunderstood necessity, the American people could be seduced into an open disregard of the Constitution—no matter in what clause, how great, or how trifling—the sanctity of the instrument is gone, and with it all the protection that it affords. The pretext would not long be wanting for a fresh inroad upon the compact. The same arguments that may be urged to day to induce us to disregard the clause stipulating for the surrender of fugitives from labor, might be opposed to-morrow to the clause which calls for the delivery of fugitives from justice; and the next day the clause which guarantees the obligation of contracts would fall before the same weapons. We have nothing to do but to stand by the whole instrument, simply as it is. It can not be amended—it can not be remoulded. It can not be disregarded in part any more than altogether. It is a solemn covenant—a covenant that binds us as it bound our fathers—that will bind our children as it binds us. In the language of the law, it is a covenant running with the land. It runs not only with the land, but with the people of the United States; and not

until the American is deaf to the voice of honor and of duty—not until his right hand has forgot its cunning, and his shrewd brain its wit—not till then will he be unwilling to discharge the obligations of the contract to which he owes his dignity, his safety, and his prosperity.

The subject of Slavery has become the foot-ball of party—the text of demagogues, and of intriguing politicians, equally the growth of every part of the Union. It is hardly safe to utter the word, to spell the seven letters of which it is composed, without finding yourself at the very instant identified with some one or other school or ultra opinion; and yet there are certain ideas on the subject which are probably held by nine-tenths of the American people, of whatever class, condition, or locality; by the man who cultivates with severe toil the granite hills of New Hampshire, as by him who superintends the raising of cotton under the torrid sun of Alabama. In fact, if they were not so generally and extensively held, it would be impossible, on any rational ground, to explain the attachment of our citizens for the Constitution; for the ideas to which we refer are substantially, however indirectly, incorporated in that instrument.

The Constitution is a union, or league, between Free States and Slave States—that is to say, it is an agreement formed by a compact between States where negro labor is highly profitable and productive, and where, consequently, it is mainly used; and States where this species of labor, from difference of climate and production, can not be brought into active competition with that of any white workmen, and where it is not prized or sought after. In the Slave States the negro is held in bondage—in the Free States he is kept in tutelage. In some of the Free States he is allowed to vote without condition—in others not; but throughout the non-slaveholding States, social feeling, distinction of race and color, place an impassable barrier in his way.

There is great difference of opinion between the Free and the Slave States as to the general merits of Slavery—as a form of labor—as to its effects upon the whites and on the blacks—as to its extension; industrially and morally, they are divided on the subject; and unfortunately, the mischief-maker, Party, has put her fingers into the pie, and, as she always does, inflamed and aggravated the discussion. But on one point we suppose there is no serious difference between the American people from Maine to Texas, from Carolina to Oregon; and that is, that the children of the African race are inferior to our own in those elements which go to insure success in the great contests of life; and that, practically, in some form or other, so long as the stern, eager, energetic man of Anglo-Saxon blood remains on this continent, so long the children of a swarthier hue will be kept in a subordinate position. Far be it from us to enter into any ethnological discussion, or to debate the unity of the race. We take these two families of men as we find them, and the proposition we have laid down is, we suppose, as true as that the gentle Hindoo will be governed by the haughty Briton until some stronger invader drives the cross of St. George from the shores of the Indian Ocean. Not till the laws of our nature are wholly changed will any thing suffice to alter the inevitable destiny which makes the stronger race govern, and which assigns to the weaker a dependent position.

What that position is, or ought to be, in regard to the white and black races on our continent, has been much wrangled about by politicians, discussed by moralists; but, like all the great problems of our planet, neither votes nor elections, lectures nor sermons, will resolve it. It will be determined by the laws to which the Creator has subjected us, and which it is our desire and duty to believe, result, on the whole, in the happiness of his creatures, of whatever color, of whatever family of man.

Human power, when rightly viewed, has always duty for its attendant; and that the comparative feebleness of the child of African blood imposes severe moral obligations on the dominant race, is too plain a proposition to be overlooked. How these obligations ought to be discharged, how this duty should be met, whether at the North or the South, it is not for us here to say. The examination would lead us into a discussion very wide of our present subject. We again look about to notice the safeguards of our position.

Submission to the popular will, as declared by the majority in the legal forms. Every government that pretends to order or permanence must have, somewhere, some principle of supremacy, which commands unhesitating loyalty and submission. Under the later government of Rome, when the theory of freedom had been tried and failed, this principle was found in the sacred character of the Emperor. Half *Imperator*, half god, his word was law; and though he might perish by the steel of his Prætorians to-day, or the poison of his concubine to-morrow, his successor was clothed with the same sanctity and power. In England the old feudal tie of lord and vassal still practically subsists, and serves for the primum mobile of a proud and vigorous government mainly in the hands of a landed oligarchy. In Russia, the Czar seems to be clad with the old holiness and majesty of the master of the Roman world. And in France, the simple reason why there is no permanence and no stability—why republic drives out monarchy, and why republic in its turn is ignominiously chased away by empire, is, that no one principle yet commands the allegiance of the active and intelligent people of that country. Legitimacy is going to its grave; universal suffrage is still in its cradle.

Not such is our condition. Our principle of government is the rule of the majority. Our loyalty is to the law, as expressing the popular will. We see and feel that this is our only safety and protection. No hereditary attachments, no historical prestige, no army, no church, serves for the fly-wheel of our system. We consult the voices of the majority, and as they decide, so is the law. We are not so stupid as not to know that majorities err—that *vox Populi*, if it is sometimes *vox Dei*, is sometimes also *vox Diaboli;* but we know and see and feel that we have nothing but the will of the majority to appeal to, and we submit to it without resistance or hesitation.

The American is too practical a being not to comprehend that, in a political sense, there can be no "higher law" than the law of the land. This government is not a theocracy. Our rulers are not priests or Levites, wearing the Urim and Thummim, and emerging from the Holy of Holies to proclaim the will of an Almighty but unseen master. We have a written body of law—subject to all the imperfections of human affairs, and administered by human beings, heirs of all the imperfections of our race. *And we have nothing else.* To

announce in political matters, in civil government any law higher than the Constitution, and the statutes framed under it—a law to be fashioned only by the zeal, the caprice, the whim of any individual, would be to proclaim anarchy, and to organize insurrection.

The American people are habitually religious: education, instinct, and conviction teach them to desire constantly to refer their conduct in private life to the standard of Christian duty; but they are too clear-headed, too little fanatics to suppose that any civil government ever was or could be carried on upon the principle of subjecting its acts to the decision of each man's conscience. Civil government requires an organized system, and a principle of authority before which private opinions and individual convictions must bow; and that system, that principle of authority is, with us, the will of the people as expressed by law.

So long as the individual chooses to remain in the society where he is placed he must accept its burdens with its protection. He can not obey what he likes, and disobey what he dislikes. He can not appeal from the constituted authorities to his own conscience. When the case presents itself that his sense of right and wrong require open resistance to the laws, he must cheerfully accept the logical consequences. If, from a sense of duty, he commits what the law and the immense majority of his fellow-citizens call treason, he must not complain if the same sense of duty on the part of others attaches the penalty of treason to his acts. He may look on himself as a martyr. He must not complain if others treat him as a criminal.

Such, as we have hastily sketched them, appear to us the great features of the American public character. If we have rightly stated them, they are full of security for the present, full of hope for the future. A nation that can govern itself without hereditary legislators, without a church, without an army, may well be trusted to amend the errors in its system as they appear; and when we hear of bribery in high places, when we lose heart at seeing judges indicted for corruption, and government officers for peculation, when we see our streets ankle-deep in mud and do *not* see our police any where, we may regain our equanimity and our courage by reflecting that every thing leads us to believe that whenever abuses shall become so serious as to arouse the popular mind, the popular will will apply the just corrective.

And so when, as it will soon be, the dogs of political strife shall be let loose—when our streets shall echo to the huzzas of frenzied multitudes, and night is scared by torch-light processions—when the depths seem let loose, government to have disappeared, and a general saturnalia to be at hand, we may take heart of grace, for we know that the first attachment of the people is to the *Union* and the *Constitution;* and that after the hurra is over, and their throats are hoarse, they will submit without a murmur to the *Popular Will.*

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE Anniversaries are long since over, but if they are of any service, they are still fresh in the minds of our readers—not in their excitement, indeed, but in their influence. The huge wave of religious and reform enthusiasm which deluges the city during the early days of May, deposits certainly much sediment, but in that sediment what flowers are rooted and what pearls are shaped!

These occasions are chiefly interesting when they are gladiatorial. They are best when some fiery onslaught is to be made or repelled. The routine of business reports and annual sermons is not exciting. Good old Dr. Primrose, who is the most exemplary of parents and the most faithful of pastors, is not the most interesting of preachers. The good old man preaches the good old sermon from some one of the good old texts. But when the business meeting is called to order, and the shrewd Dr. Whang assails the sly Dr. Bang, and sarcasms, innuendoes, and invectives, are freely bandied, then begins the interest of the wicked laity, and then the morning reports are spicy and pointed.

To the mind of Dr. Primrose Anniversary Week is a bright oasis in the year. He comes to town, and sees and hears the mighty metropolis. Mrs. Primrose must come too; and the girls need new dresses. They make great bargains, by which they get useless things at enormous prices. The good Doctor, after pointing out to them, gently, the folly of implicitly trusting shopkeepers, feels for his pocket-book to repair their losses, and finds that there is a pocket but no book, nor can he remember having it since the gentlemanly person who so kindly told him a few municipal facts of interest bade him a friendly good-morning.

Woe, then, to the Doctor when Mrs. P. begins, and, after reproving husband and daughters, remarks that she sought the safe seclusion of an omnibus; and then, fumbling for her pocket to display her untouched treasure, discovers a new and unsuspected entrance to that receptacle through which that treasure has departed.

But private losses are often public gains. When the Doctor rises to address the chair at the meeting of the Society for the Suppression of Equilateral Triangles, it is remarked with what unusual unction he clenches his points, and with what unwonted acrimony he pursues his opponent. The triangles have not a side left to fall upon; and the orator who succeeds him begins by saying, "It is presumptuous in me to hope to interest you, Sir, after the eloquent remarks of the gentleman who has preceded me." But, bravely endeavoring to do so, he gives the chair and the audience an hour's chance to be interested, and sits down, to be complimented in turn by the next speaker.

Does the ratio of national sin decrease suddenly after Anniversary Week? Is Monday a better day than any other of the seven? Think what a tremendous battery of speech is brought to bear upon the triangles during Anniversary Week, and yet, at the last accounts, they still have three sides.

And yet, again, how valuable is this annual exposition of sacred and secular affairs. Doctors Whang and Bang do all they can to befog discussion and to intercept the rays of the sun. But the sun will shine straight into the affair, and every individual subscriber of five or ten dollars may see clearly how the matter is managed. And if he thinks it to be sorely mismanaged, he can rise in his place immediately after Dr. Primrose has sat down, and move the appointment of a committee with power to inquire whether there be really an attempt making to lengthen one of the sides of the triangle. Of course Dr. Whang will look contemptuously, and Dr. Bang will call names, after they have finished conducting the religious exercises, and the individual subscriber may shiver in

his shoes, and plead pathetically that he thought it was an affair of public concern, and not a little private arrangement of certain reverend Sirs.

Be sure Dr. Primrose will support him. Be sure the kind pastor, the gentle friend, the humane man, will not forget whose servant he is, but will boldly repeat that question so timidly put by the individual subscriber. There will be a great hubbub, and Dr. Whang will declare the Society is ruined, and Dr. Bang will deplore the day, and declare that, for his part, he is satisfied that no surreptitious attempts have been made to introduce undue length into the sides of the triangle; and he will apparently expect that statement to allay the excitement of the meeting.

But it will not be allayed. It will increase; and then the committee will be appointed, and the subscribers afar off will understand the value of anniversary meetings, which serve to turn light upon dark places—light which quite shines through such opaque bodies as Doctors Whang and Bang, and illuminates the countenance of good Dr. Primrose.

There is an immense speaking; but then, speech is our safety-valve. The humor exhales here, which elsewhere festers into revolution. We are allowed the privilege of bawling, until we are blue, that two and two make five—or three, just as we prefer. We hire the hall, and we have our bawl. There is plenty of the "admirable speech of Mr. Tung," and "the masterly effort of the Hon. B. Bung," and "the feeling address of V. Yung, Esq.," and "the fiery eloquence and scathing and tremendous satire of Pung"—plenty of all this, as you may see in the newspaper; and then all the ungs are lionized in select private circles, and go home again, and two and two continue to make four as they did before Anniversary Week.

Now who shall estimate the consequence of shutting the mouth, and suddenly confining all this gas within the body politic? There might be silence at first, but there would be a dreadful explosion at last. It is much better for all parties that the friends and foes of the equilateral triangle should assemble and declaim and denounce. Not only is an impetus given to the business of the city—not only is excitement supplied to the vast numbers of our fellow-citizens of all sexes who have spare hours upon their hands—not only are reputations and speeches made—not only do the Sunday papers get a chance for personal and pointed paragraphs—not only are all the wits facetious about white cravats and dress-coats in the morning, but the great religious and charitable enterprises are investigated, and their affairs and operations submitted to public criticism. This is of the last importance in a country like ours. Think what pure bigotry, what pure treason, what pure ignorance are displayed upon these occasions, as well as wit, wisdom, charity, and eloquence; and how necessarily the moral is, that the great Public, of which these many societies are the servants, learns to regard them with no blind faith, but with discriminating sympathy.

And allowing for all the mistakes, mismanagements, and shortcomings—for all the private jealousy and personal bickering attendant upon these occasions, ought they all to be regarded as any thing more than the necessary friction of so vast a machinery? Human ends, however large and lovely, must be accomplished by human means. Men are the agents of the movements of the race, and men are fallible and weak. There must be no compact with sin, but, in the nature of the case, there must be always great sympathy with the sinner. For this there is the best authority—an authority that all the anniversary meetings would recognize.

As we sit, therefore, and watch the wave of annual excitement subsiding about our Chair, we do not wish that it might never rise again; but we poke about with our stick, curiously, to see what treasures it has left behind. And this is the pearl of great price we find—that in a country whose safety depends so much upon popular intelligence, nothing is more conducive to that intelligence than the anniversary opportunity of speech and question and answer—the annual chance of reassuring ourselves with the conviction that the frown of Dr. Whang and the sneer of Dr. Bang are impotent against the just and firm demand of the individual subscribers to the Society for the Suppression of Equilateral Triangles, that there shall be no lengthening of sides nor any other jugglery.

THERE are two things which gentlemen never do: one is, writing anonymous letters; the other is, carrying concealed weapons. Of course, there are occasions when a man, knowing that he is to be attacked, may fairly carry weapons which he does not display. But no gentleman habitually secretes knives and pistols about his person unless he lives among savages or wild beasts.

The reasons for this are obvious. It is an entirely unfair advantage, not only physically but morally; for a man will not be likely to restrain his tongue or his temper when he knows that he has the means of effectually silencing his opponent—and knows, also, that his opponent can not possibly be aware of that fact. It was all fair and right enough when every gentleman openly wore his sword at his side. Certainly it was bad enough then, but there was nothing concealed. But to hide your knife and pick a quarrel, or to engage in a quarrel, knowing that you have a knife hidden, is as bad as inviting your enemy to drink wine which you have poisoned.

Decent society is not possible upon such terms. We are all so purely unchristian and petulant that any thing which serves to unbridle our tongues and loose our wrath, as concealed weapons inevitably do, postpones and postpones any happier day.

It is easy enough to see how the thing works. If young Gunnybags may carry a pistol in his waistcoat or a knife up his sleeve, then Thomas, his servant, who is also a man and a voter, may do the same thing. Now servants are the class which is most frequently insulted, and therefore, if the excuse of concealed weapons be defense against insult, Thomas is one of the class which ought especially to carry them. Very well. Young Gunnybags thinks fit to leave word with Thomas that he is not to be seen until after twelve, for he has important affairs to attend to; and Thomas says, "Yes, Sir," and goes on cleaning his knives. Presently M. Huc, the missionary from Thibet, arrives, and wishes to see Mr. Gunnybags.

"He is not to be seen until after twelve," replies Thomas.

"But I must see him."

"Those are his orders, Sir," continues Thomas.

"You stupid blockhead, I have important business with him, and must see him," answers M. Huc.

Thomas makes no reply, and goes on cleaning knives; upon which, in the high state of exasperation which becomes a gentleman, M. Huc raises his cane to strike him, and Thomas, drawing his pistol, shoots him dead on the spot.

Nothing is plainer than that if a man may carry pistols to protect himself from insult, Thomas was doing only what the usages of society allow him to do. If M. Huc may carry weapons, and Mr. Gunnybags, and the Honorable John Naps, of Greece, then Thomas may carry them: and if the gentlemen may use them upon provocation, Thomas may use them upon provocation.

Now what will Society do?

It will apprehend Thomas, and write luminous leaders in many influential journals—the editors of which have bowie-knives up their sleeves—to the effect that society is tottering, that the ingratitude of man is appalling, that men are not safe at their own hearth-stones, that adders, warmed upon the human bosom, suddenly turn and sting, and Thomas will be condemned for manslaughter in the worst degree.

But how if M. Huc happens to kill Thomas first?

Well, then the Honorable John Naps, of Greece, will decline to give any testimony, although he was passing at the moment. For how can he know the customs of the country? How can he feel sure that M. Huc will not "be after him" with the same weapon? Besides, M. Huc is Missionary from Thibet, and who is Thomas? Servants must be taught to know their places. The Honorable John Naps, of Greece, and Henry Pimpernel, and Christopher Sly will all shake hands with M. Huc, and consider him a rather severe disciplinarian.

You see it makes so much difference whether your bull gores my ox, or my bull your ox.

While Naval Commissions sit and investigate and report, naval veterans associated with the great naval days of our history die at their posts, and are honored with national regret. Within a few months Commodores Morris and Abbott have died—the former one of the oldest officers in the service, the latter commander of the Japan squadron, closing his eyes upon a foreign sky. In the piping days of peace and prosperity, such names are not often heard. They are not familiar to our ears as are those of their friends and associates, Preble, Lawrence, Perry, Decatur, and Macdonough. And yet the two officers whose names have been lately stricken from our Navy List by the inexorable hand, began their careers, and shared their early glories, with those famous men.

Commodore Abbott's life was singularly eventful and romantic, as all naval lives are apt to be. Distinguished with and by Decatur, the war soon ended, and in peace the life of a naval officer is one of constant duty and of small renown. Upon Commodore Perry's return from Japan he was appointed to the command of the expedition there, which is of such deep interest to our future foreign relations.

Both his name and that of Morris are dear to every man who honors ability and loves gentle character. It is not chance that leads the poet and novelist to make their most fascinating heroes sailors, for the mystery and romance of the sea touch all those of whose lives the sea is the sphere. The charm is complete when to this interest is added that of public concern, and the chance of intrepid enterprise, with the world for a spectator, as during war.

Nelson had not been less Nelson had there been no Nile, or Baltic, or Trafalgar. But not the world, only his friends, had then been his laureates. The noble men who, in these long, happy days of peace, stand ready to rise at once into the fame and proportion of heroes, are not less heroic because the opportunity is denied them; nor, as they are noble men, do they regret it. The hero serves his country as she demands; in the full glare of observation, like Washington—or in silence and unmarked, like Nathan Hale.

"They also serve, who only stand and wait."

But our obituary must not forget one of the poets. His name was as familiar as Bryant's twenty years ago. His head was always one of the four which looked from the vignette of the Commonplace books and the Collections. It was always Bryant, Percival, Halleck, and Dana, or Sprague. But how many school-boys now know the name of Percival? It belongs to other years, to early recollections, to our younger literature. He first published verses thirty-five years ago, and was about that time undoubtedly the best known of American poets. He last published, in 1843, a volume which added little to his reputation, and which did not serve to rescue his name from the comparative neglect into which it was falling. During all these years, as during his whole life, he was strictly a student, a shy, learned man, and was never married. He went to the West a few years since, and distinguished himself in scientific pursuits, holding, at his death, the office of State Geologist of Illinois. When the news of his death came by telegraph, many who read it were doubtless surprised, thinking that he had died years ago. But the name doubtless recalled to those many long gone school days when they stood up to declaim "Our proudest boast," and when the name of the poet was as familiar upon the pages of the "Reader" as the names of others now are upon newspaper pages. Percival's poetry has much melody and grace, but it is not of the kind that would now give him great celebrity.

O Tempus edax rerum — thou that consumest fames before the lives of the famous are ended!

Not long ago, as we came slowly down Broadway, we hailed an omnibus and stepped in, the better to enjoy that gay spectacle.

In that omnibus sat a sinner. We do not mean that there was only one person in it, nor need you smilingly add that when the omnibus started again there were two sinners sitting in it. The question is not of abstract human sinfulness, but of concrete and recognized sin. The individual offender was one of the outlawed sinners, a man whom stock speculators would not have acknowledged; whom traders who swear to false invoices would not have spoken to; whom gentlemen whose creed is that every man must look out for himself, and that the seller is by no means the keeper of the purchaser, would have overlooked; whom, in fine, people who swear, lie, and steal, in the recognized and conventional ways—if, haply, any such there be—would have utterly discountenanced.

For this sinner was a gambler, a professional gambler; a man who had occupied a handsome house, of a very modest exterior aspect, furnished with luxury, and at whose hospitable board a seductive supper was nightly spread. This sinner

was a gentleman whose acquaintance was immense, who could easily have told the names of many of the passengers in the omnibus, and have added some little private pecuniary details. This sinner was perfectly well dressed and modest and gentlemanly in his deportment; his boots, in truth, were of unusual polish, and his hat of an unparalleled gloss. This sinner, when ladies stepped in or out, was very attentive in passing up their money and in protecting their dresses. This sinner, when Irish women carrying baskets came plunging in, took their baskets carefully and helped them to seats and passed their money, holding his hand for the change. This sinner, whose vocation in life was winning other people's money, pretended to do nothing else but win their money. By his side sat a merchant who sold liquors that he knew were adulterated, or into the fact of whose adulteration he would not inquire. Opposite sat two ladies who smiled sweetly, and Mary told Maria she was delighted to see her, while all the time in her secret heart she was rejoiced at Maria's unbecoming bonnet, because she knew they would both meet Adonis when they walked up, and she was not sorry, therefore, that Maria's bonnet should be unbecoming. On the other side of the sinner sat a gentleman who had "made an operation" intentionally to put a fellow speculator into "a tight place."

The sinner knew both the gentlemen. Both the gentlemen had supped with him. They had both cashed little notes for him. One of them had privately implored the sinner for the sake of his wife and children not to be hard with him, and the sinner had listened to him. Both the gentlemen could not possibly know him in a public conveyance. Morality, decency, and social order required that they should not sell—we mean should not recognize in an omnibus such a public sinner. This sinner did not claim any acquaintance. There was not even a sly wrinkling about the mouth or crushing of the eye—nothing that betrayed any kind of consciousness.

This sinner was a gambler, but in every gambling transaction there are two parties. When men go at night to quiet houses with the blinds drawn, and with no remarkable illumination, and tap gently or ring, and nod to the porter tranquilly, and take a little supper at the hospitable board, and also take a pecuniary interest in the cards which are dealt, and stay until one or two o'clock in the morning, or, sometimes, even later, they go as intelligent and responsible parties to a contract, and if the host is a criminal, a blackleg, and no gentleman, they are criminals, blacklegs, and no gentlemen.

The question in our mind was how to treat this sinner. He was a sinner, granted; but so was every body in the omnibus. He was a criminal, he had broken the laws of the State; true, but so had our worthy friends who visited at his modest mansion. He was, so to say, a professional sinner; true, but the wrong is in the sin not in the profession. He lived upon men's credulity and weakness; yes, but the same may be said of many pursuits esteemed reputable. Patent medicines, hack books, political newspapers, are in the same category. In one word, this sinner was a gambler; true, and he was also a man and a brother.

It is singular, to the mind of a Chinese philosopher, that in a Christian country the Christian view of people and things is the one which is uniformly omitted.

Let us only understand the rule. Let it only be clearly settled that we are not to bow to any man whom we know to have sinned, or to have sinned up to a certain point, and the matter is easily arranged. We shall then have some palpable measure of virtue. It might be understood, for instance, that no man's hand was to be shaken who had defrauded to an amount beyond twenty thousand dollars. Gamblers should be acknowledged by a ceremonious nod, the nod as being of itself indicative of intimacy. Forgers should receive a cold bow; and murderers the cut direct.

But who are to be considered murderers? The other day one gentleman killed another by way of repairing his honor, which had been assaulted in a drunken spree; and a workman killed a fellow workman who had wronged his sister and refused reparation; and Deacon Schiedam sold five hogsheads of that pure old Bung brandy which lasts such an enormous time. In the same paper it was recorded that a boy had slain his employer and robbed the till, and that a girl had killed the baker who refused to give her a loaf of bread except upon his own conditions.

Who of all these has committed murder?

That may be difficult to decide. But it is not difficult to decide, for we all know it, that Reginald and De Courcey went to Bob Shaftoe's last night and gambled, and that they will go a great many more nights and gamble; and if that point be clear, and it be conceded that we must not speak to Bob Shaftoe when we meet him in an omnibus because he is a gambler, then we must not speak to Reginald and De Courcey, who are also gamblers, whenever and wherever we meet them. What is sauce for Shaftoe is sauce for the Emperor of Siam.

THE other day they were tearing down the Irving House. It is too old; it has been built at least ten years. Delmonico holds on and holds out at the Chamber Street corner, not, we learn privately, for sentiment and association, but for profit.

The truth is, if Britain should slip over from Spithead and bombard New York to-morrow, the ruins of the city would excite no possible emotion of interesting association. Interest of the poetical kind is never suffered to accumulate with us. New York is notoriously the largest and least loved of any of our great cities. Why should it be loved as a city? It is never the same city for a dozen years together. A man born in New York forty years ago finds nothing, absolutely nothing, of the New York he knew. If he chance to stumble upon a few old houses not yet leveled, he is fortunate. But the landmarks, the objects which marked the city to him, as a city, are gone.

Ah! with what emotion a man awakes in London, and walks out to see the famous places! The great men not only lived in *a* London, but in *this* London. Here is Whitehall, here is the Temple and its garden. Here are Greyfriars, Little Britain, Gray's Inn. Here is St. James's Palace and Charles Lamb's Islington. In that room Gray staid, and in that corner house Scott stopped when in London. Will you find the Mitre tavern and the hostelry in Southwark?

The "Old South-Sea House" could not have been written in New York. The very strangeness of the emotions it excites shows us how far away we are from such things.

We are not yet eighty years old as a nation, and

there is scarcely one historic house left standing in our greatest city. It is not around sites, it is around visible places and buildings that the most permanent and hallowing associations twine.

What is the moral and the result?

The worst governed city in the world. A man's life and property are safer in almost every other great city than New York.

And why is this?

Because the sober and intelligent citizens shirk municipal affairs, and leave them to trading politicians and adventurers without character. And they do this because they have no interest in the city. They merely pull down their warehouses and build greater, and move from one fine dwelling to another, not even allowing themselves time to acquire any fondness for the furniture in the houses. And just in the degree that old houses and points of interest and association are pulled down, is that local love out of which springs the willingness to sacrifice one's self for the whole, pulled down. A man has no more love for New York because he made or makes his money here, than he has for Manilla because he does the same thing there. He must have some personal pride in a place before he will work very hard for it.

This eternal demolition is a necessity of our condition. That may be very true—only let us accept the corollary that we shall have no hearty and effective government while it lasts.

Our Mayor—unhappily, but it seems to be only too true—was only a new broom. It came out with such a flourish that we were sure something municipally magnificent was impending. We have scarcely yet done admiring those imperial messages. Whatever powers were doubtful were to be assumed. What a long vista of clean streets instantly opened upon our deceived minds! We really thought the city had been rescued from the pot-house, and lo! it was a dream that melted away like sugar in the tea of the Common Council.

It is clear that if we had more interest in the city, we should have no Mayors who were only new brooms. We should have officers who properly represented the public feeling. The Pot-house and the City Hall would not be synonymous. Perhaps we should have some public buildings worth looking at—perhaps there would be other public works of art—perhaps the municipal government would not be a great unprincipled job.

Unhappily, there is no royal road to this Millennium. Had we more and more interesting associations with the metropolis this good day might still be far away. But until we have that kind of interest which springs only from association, we shall certainly never see the first flush of that good day's dawning. What man can pause before any building in town and say, "There sat Washington," "From that window looked Hamilton"—and yet they have been dead only little more than half a century.

When the French bombarded Rome in 1849, the whole world trembled. For in Rome were the Vatican, and St. Peter's, and the palaces, with their pictures and statues. Day by day the flower of the Roman youth went out upon the walls and were cut down. But they fell in defense of a city which was of itself dear, as well as for principles which they thought the salvation of their country. New York might rattle about our ears to-morrow; but who, if he had his family safe and were well insured, would care? Banks, warehouses, churches, and dwellings might fall into nameless confusion of destruction, but no Sydney Smith's pilgrim would sit and wonderingly muse.

Has Trinity Church any association? Has the Exchange? or the City Hall? or Barnumbo's Museum?

You ought to go and see Paul Delaroche's picture of Marie Antoinette coming out from the Revolutionary Tribunal. It has been, and we hope still is, at Goupil's. You screw up that winding staircase, and step into the dark cavern in the rear, where the gas burns yellow, or the strange daylight pours in from the concealed window in the roof. There is always a group of spectators, curious spectators usually, and their remarks are of the same kind. There is always a large subscription-book, and an unfinished copy of the engraving which is to be made from the picture, and which a young man, usually of a foreign accent, informs you is rapidly proceeding to completion, and how many India proofs, or artist's proofs would you wish to put your name down for?

That is always the Death's Head at these feasts of art, that small man with the enormous subscription-book. Who, even if he were able to buy an engraving, wants to have one which a thousand other people receive at the same moment. There is surely a pleasure in choice. You can not help getting tired of a tune that every negro whistles, and every hand-organ grinds. It is bad enough that all our houses should be built just alike, so that you know where a neighbor keeps his boots, and where his wife hangs her morning dress. It is also bad enough that they are all furnished alike, but that all the pictures upon the walls should be the same, is too bad.

There is many a beautiful picture that a man wants to look at, but not buy. There are many fine paintings that do not make good engravings. Besides, how can you bring to a picture the perfectly free mind with which only it can be properly enjoyed, if there is a young man with a subscription-book lying in wait for you at the door?

The only way is to be brazen, and go and look at it unconcerned, and put the young man and his large book behind you.

There is a mannerism in all great pictures. After seeing a few works of any master you can always recognize his way. It is as marked as his handwriting. The stern grandeur of Michael Angelo; the spiritual grace of Raphael; the gorgeousness of Titian; the Arcadian felicity of Claude, are not to be mistaken, and the lesser men have their peculiarities in the same way.

Among modern painters Paul Delaroche is distinguished for the skill with which he depicts historical incidents. His genius is shown in the selection of those which appeal with the most earnest pathos to the general heart. His pictures are historical ballads; full of the costume and feeling of the time and a kind of dramatic reality. Such are the Death of Queen Elizabeth; Strafford going to Execution; Cromwell looking at the Body of Charles First in the Coffin; and now Marie Antoinette coming from Judgment.

These are not great events, they are episodes. Paul Delaroche does not undertake to put battles upon canvas, like Horace Vernet, nor scenes which have a vast historic importance, like Lessing, in his Huss before the Council. He aims to interest the spectator in emotions which are purely individ-

ual. In the Cromwell, for instance, the history is implied. It is your knowledge of the great events that gives meaning to the picture of the scene, and which serves to bring in vivid contrast the victor and the victim, and to emphasize the fact that they were victor and victim.

The present picture is perhaps the most interesting of all. The romantic interest which invests the fate of the unhappy Queen, and the fatal fascination of every marked incident of the French Revolution, are material which the artist has known perfectly well how to use.

Marie Antoinette is represented advancing directly toward the spectator, closely followed by two guards, a young and an old man, and an officer. Behind, in the depth of the picture, is dimly seen the Revolutionary Tribunal, sitting in a ghastly glimmer of lamplight, and wearing their cocked hats. At the side of the Queen, as she comes out, is the railing behind which is the mass of spectators, straining forward to get a glimpse of the royal prisoner, and expressing every emotion of sympathy, stolidity, curiosity, and rage. The Queen is supposed to have just reached the outer door, and the white light of early dawn streams over her, leaving her guards, the Tribunal, and the spectators in shadow. Marie looks like her mother, Maria Theresa. She has that imperious scorn upon her features, full of manly force, which made the Hungarian nobles swear to die for the King Maria. She would seem entirely unconscious of the scene around her, except for the curling lip of contempt with which she regards it. Against this vile rabble, against this insane and raging people, against the dregs of France, she has to maintain the cause of royalty and rank. They may condemn her as a criminal, but she will die a Queen. They may insult, but she will not be insulted. They may hiss with rage, but she will be scornfully calm. They shall see that a Queen is not a caitiff. They shall know that a woman who has lived in voluptuous luxury may meet a fearful death with the stern tranquillity of a savage. They shall feel that neither tumult, nor raging, nor buffeting, nor the sharpest pangs of torture, can stir the soul that is superior, nor make the woman wince whom God has anointed Queen.

Perhaps as you look you long to see more of the tenderness of the woman. But to reach and hold that height of heroism undismayed amidst the awful reverse and desolation of her position, it was necessary to summon all the stern resolution of which her nature was capable. Marie was a heroine by force of situation and determination, and to that position a constant strain of power was indispensable. Had she given way to the natural emotions of the womanly heart, her knees would have trembled and her cheek paled. She had to keep herself up to the task—to reinforce her resolution with the consciousness of her position as a martyr in the cause of the divine right.

All this is told in this striking picture. It is the injured Queen, not the suffering woman, that we see. The eye clings to her until the scene almost puts the whole Revolution in the wrong. It is so true that the sins of the parents are visited upon the children. It is one of the great elements of pure tragedy.

The technical details of the work we must leave to Owl, who will probably ask, "Who is Marie Antoinette? and who is Paul Delaroche? that is all we have to say of this picture." The contrast between the light upon the Queen's figure and the shade upon the groups behind seems rather extreme. But the one fault we should find with the picture—for is not this Easy Chair a critic?—is that the spectators express in their faces all the emotions with which the story is read. It is hardly likely that such a variety of strong feeling should be concentrated into so small a group as that upon the Queen's left hand. It instantly suggests the picture of a scene, rather than the scene itself, and so destroys the intended illusion. The mind betakes itself to making out the details instead of enjoying the whole.

But it is a noble picture, worthily done. We do not speak of other subtle excellences. The fresh face of the boy guard looking brightly at the spectators, and the hushed expression of the older man who marches silently on with his eyes fixed upon the ground. There is a look of grim resolution in his figure, as if it were very hard to save France at this price—but as if France must be saved at any price.

Contrast with this sad scene the entry of the young Austrian bride into France, making her way through Europe over flowers; fêted, idolized, and blessed. Youth, beauty, royalty, grace, dignity, all gave lustre to that single girl. Bells rang, trumpets blew, cannon sounded, all the splendor of the most splendid court of Europe and of modern times welcomed her, and a young King gave her his heart and crown. And this remains. That dusky chamber, with swarthy judges beneath dim lamps—that infuriate crowd, cursing horribly and shaking hands of vengeance—that father of a family, with stern eyes fixed upon the ground, guarding this mother to the scaffold—all that, and this pure white light of early day streaming over the Queen discrowned, over the woman broken-hearted, covering her like a shroud—yes, but also like a glory.

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

And has it come to this? Is old Europe relapsing tranquilly into an era of progress—of stocks *mobilier*—of railroads—of quietude—of home enjoyment, and of ripening civilization: and we, on this side, with our Kansas squabbles, our pot-house senators, elegantly "switching odors from their tongue," and bepommeled with caoutchouc canes, slipping backward into barbarism?

Have we great things to boast of in this good year of our Lord 1856, if we set aside the *ad nauseam* singings of Hiawatha, and plenty of beef in the New York market? Is American citizenship gaining honors, and carrying a flag that challenges respect and admiration over seas?

We fear not. We greatly fear that there has been no time within fifty years past, when the American name has borne so little of honor, and so little of dignity along with it, over the seas, as at this moment. We greatly fear that this great example of Republicanism, of which we had hoped, and of which we had boasted so much, has at no time since its institution found so few loving disciples among the well-wishers for the race in Europe as now. We say it mournfully, and with sorrow in our heart; but we will not blink the truth, though the truth counts against us.

And what does the European eye find upon this side, just now, upon which it may rest hopefully, and with strong faith in our Republican destiny?

First, it finds the outcasts of the mother-land, who had hoped to find a home and greeting, the subjects of political proscription: and they, in their turn, incensed by a denial of favors they never enjoyed, and spurred by demagogues into a noisy antagonism, which finds illustration in the knife and the fire-brand.

Again, the calm and hopeful European, with some such stand-point as the old Puritanic community of Geneva, where he is freed from the tyranny of kings or the shadow of mitres, hears of our countrymen preparing for battle against each other in the West, or of our daughters putting fire-arms in the hands of their lovers and kindred, to defend themselves against each other! He hears how our churches even have become propagandas of political faith, and how our veterans of science, in the fierce feeling of the day, take sides and furnish weapons!

We offer no opinion here upon the merits of the contending parties. Our Easy Chair is no place for political creeds. We have our opinions indeed, but we keep them for places and times when and where they will *tell*.

We only chronicle, with soreness of spirit, the anomalous and unfortunate circumstances which beleaguer us, and which have turned our representative institutions into a mockery.

We can not go beyond the waters—indeed we can not—without finding foremost in the European thought (whose phases we undertake to chronicle) the regrets and the fears which attach in the minds of liberal-thoughted men, just now, to our American scheme of Republicanism.

Are we conscious what perils our political experiment is just now undergoing? Are we alive to the actualities of the moment? Are we deeply sensible—as we should be—of the particular grade in the world's civilization where we stand? Do we know, as we ought to know, what special attraction we offer, as a nation, for the influx of hopeful ones, trusting in a life of quietude, of safety, of freedom to develop all honorable manliness?

Does the Sumner brawl—whose odor stinks in our nostril, and whose brutality bleeds in our memory—wear a good aspect for the eye of any disinterested man, whether from Switzerland or the Poles?

Do the Kansas stories, true or false—bowie-knives or rifles, Lecompton or New Haven North-Church—offer any inducements to a good class of emigrants to come over and settle thereabouts?

Is there any place—even in Presbyterian Assemblies, Methodist Conferences, or Tract Societies—where American bickering has just now ceased, and where men have agreed to differ amicably?

Is there any place where there is hope of a quiet life—where the family fig-tree may be planted and not cut down—where Opinion may grow, and not cramp itself in the shadow of Puritanic churches or cotton-bales—where a man may be all himself, and not Mr. Pierce's man, or Stringfellow's man, or Mr. Seward's man?

We have long ago foregone the hope of drinking even Cincinnati wines without a rebuke from the elders, and a "reading out" from the assembly of the "temperance elect;" but we may have an opinion of our own still. May we give utterance to our thought without a Herbert or a Brooks at our heels? May we call a man a—"nameless animal," and cherish the unction of the remark tranquilly?

Is there any political Agassiz abroad, who would like to make his home in this country, who feels lured hitherward just now?

What makes a country desirable, and a thing to be boasted of, and to be proud of? It seems to us—though the seeming may be very vain and false—that one of the essential requisites is full protection for life, property, and opinion. Do we offer that? Do celestial pilgrims generally look upon our mountains in 1856 as the Delectable Mountains; or do they reckon New York the half-way station on the road to Beulah?

Is Mr. Fernando Wood, with all his energy of administration, the keeper of the telescope through which the Celestial City can be seen? Is Mr. Pierce, or Mr. Fillmore, Christian, with the sack of sin already rolled off his back? Is Mr. Jefferson Davis much better than Giant Despair (without a castle, thank Heaven!), but thwacking where he can?

Are there any religious pilgrims bound hither in this time, except it be to the Salt Lake City?

Miss Sedgwick, in her "Letters from Abroad," published many years since, relates that she was one time present at some considerable entertainment, where a company of ladies fell into discussion of the comparative attractions of various countries as a permanent home. Being British ladies, all naturally gave the first choice to their native land; but after England, some decided for Switzerland; others for France; a few for Italy, or Germany; but not one, says the observer, for America. Have we made such advances in civilization, since the day of Miss Sedgewick's travel, as to offer stronger inducements now to the refined population of the old world? Have our manners ripened into grace, our morals into such goodness, and our culture into such refinement, as will invite to our shores the good, the graceful, or the cultivated?

Do we offer place for the quiet observer, harassed by European changes or frighted by European tyranny, to set up his house gods here, and to live tranquilly and joyfully, without fear of burglars or bugbears of any sort? If he comes, can he call a cab without being cheated? Can he traverse the streets without being bespattered? Can he escape any where the stifling sense of our unrest, our activity, our orderless administration of things civil and things social? Will not the everlasting newness and fastness stare at him from every street front, crowd him in every omnibus, hustle him on every railway, and chase him as far as the Kansas villages?

Are there any signs of subsidence in the political yeast with which we have leavened our republican bread? Is the quiet of a settled civilization evolving? Are our boys in Shanghai coats and Newport flats heirs to calmness, to content, to fullness of all manly development? or, are we only hammering the stones still for our grandchildren's Macadam?

We have run on in this strain, far from the scent of any foreign gossip, by reason of our reflections upon a letter which has just now come to our hand from a friend after his return from twelve years of life in Europe.

He says: "My hopes 'touch ground;' but do not, as yet, 'dash themselves in pieces.' Republican America, free America, seen by a native eye, through the mists that lie on the over-ocean distance, is a very charming object to dwell on. Sitting in a Paris café, protected by Imperial police, with every appliance of civilization at one's elbow, and the

hum of street order and of street gayety in one's ear, and a man lapses pleasantly into the belief that all these things are so many natural conditions of his being as a social animal; and he transfers them, in his thought and faith, to the other side of the water, where lies the boast and the possession of freedom. With the American, who lives a long time abroad, the abruptness and harshness of American life die out of memory; and he only cherishes the splendid idea of a great, free nation, with ships ranging every where, gathering luxuries and wealth. He is more boastful, if possible, of the American 'destiny' than when at home. He becomes more than ever jealous of a national slight. He hears with eagerness any stray stories of what the Western wealth is accomplishing. He looks with a new pride upon the map of those possessions stretching along the shores of the Pacific. His thoughts of Western manhood rally around a few great names, and his measure of the mental stature is guaged by flattering memories, and magnified by historic tradition.

"Well, by-and-by he comes back, with all this American enthusiasm in a glow with long absence. He calls the civilization he is leaving effete, but comfortable. He is about to find something more expansive and lively. And he does. At least, I did. Indeed it pains me to say how much I have been taken aback by the tokens of barbarism which we still retain. First of all, the dirtiness: dirt in the air, dirt under foot, dirt in the carriages, and dirt (tobacco-y) in the taverns. My old ideal of America, as a nymph with a chaplet of wheat-blossoms and a modest tunic, is turned into a stout wench with bare arms, her gown tucked up, and slipshod.

"I must have forgotten, too, the crazy wooden docks; and am sure I had forgotten wholly the freebooting army of cabmen. Pray, is there no law for them; or must a stranger defend himself as Mr. Brooks defends Senator Butler? I am ashamed to say it, but I sighed for a Paris *fiacre* before I had gone the length of a block. After jolting over a mile of execrable pavement, and paying as much to our Milesian *confrère*, the cabman, as would have given me two hours of luxurious *coupé* in the Bois de Boulogne, I was introduced to a fifth-floor chamber of one of those splendid palaces which have grown up in my absence, and about which gorgeous rumors had come across the ocean. There was the Croton in the corner, with its pair of cockroaches, but no movable basin, and no ablution possible beyond face and hands.

"There was a single chair, a dressing-table, with cracked mirror, a four-post bedstead with exceedingly flat mattress, and a Brussels carpet of such magnificent pattern that my chamber floor was utterly insufficient to give me even a hint of its design. I thought I detected the small end of a horn of plenty. I considered if we had made any substantial gain, in the matter of hotel accommodation, over the cozy rooms of the old City Hotel. It seems to me very doubtful. I think I would have exchanged the Croton, with its cockroaches, for the generous ewer and manageable water-basins which they give one in the seedy taverns of England.

"When I came to the newspapers with my breakfast, the admiration I had so fondly cherished for American institutions suffered a new relapse. My eyes are twelve years older than when I left the country, and I need not say how they suffered with the miserably fine type, by which we manage to convert an amusement into a toil. If I regretted the chambers and mattresses with which the other side civilization equips itself, I placed in the same list of things wished for the large and clear imprint of the European journals.

"But if the type is not bold and clear, thought I, at least the opinions will be, and an American may safely console himself that there is no muzzle on the press, and none on speech.—The papers contained accounts of the Sumner oration, and of the subsequent tragic entertainment in the Senate chamber.

"Surely if a man might ever blush heartily for his country, it is a time for it now."

In the way of foreign gossip proper, what have we to say? Shall we tell how the last days of the Plenipotentiaries were made brilliant with fêtes and junketings? how the Hôtel de Ville was transformed into a fairy palace, where the waters gurgled, the trees rustled, the birds sang, and the lights flashed? Shall we tell how the Russians are reinstated suddenly in the popular love, and how the faithless fair ones of the Rue St. George's, who say their masses at *Nôtre Dame de Lorette*, have deserted their French and British lovers, and have gone back to the fuller purses of the Muscovites?

Shall we say how poetry is read again, and how Victor Hugo, the twice-condemned (for only political crimes), has blazed on the world from his exile, in rich and penetrative poems? or how Lamartine is still struggling with his debts, and pleading for succor through his brilliant *livraisons* of appreciative talk upon the literary workers of France?

Then there has been that new struggle for admission to the French Academy, in which age and place and scientific attainment have won the day, in opposition to literary merit. And it occurs to us here that it may be worth while to set our readers right in regard to the position and objects of the French Academy, and its relation to the Institute of France. Membership of the Institute is a very different thing from membership of the Academy; and membership of *the* Academy is a very different and more coveted place than membership of the Academy of Political and Moral Science, or of the Academy of Arts, or the Academy of Sciences proper. Yet all these are embraced in the Institute of France.

Every visitor to Paris will remember the long, low hulk of building which lies over against the Gallery of the Louvre, upon the other side of the Seine. Its windows are always closed; its cornice, and the cherubs which adorn the façade, are always dusty and cobwebbed. Its central doorways he will scarce see ajar, though he passes years in the city; but under an archway, to the left of the principal front, he may see, from time to time, seedy-looking old men passing in and out, with books or parchments under their arms; and he will see inscribed over this archway, upon a dingy tablet of black marble, the words "*Bibliothèque Mazarin*."

This is the every-day entrance to the Palace of the Institute; and from the huge court within, a shrewd *valet de place* will pilot one to the chambers of the five different Academies, of which the Imperial Institute is composed.

First of all, is the *Academie Français*, numbering forty members, who are elected for life, who are supposed to be the most cultivated men of

France, and who form a high literary court, the conservator of French language and letters.

Among the present members are such men as Guizot, Thiers, Mignet, Cousin, Lamartine, Scribe, Hugo, De Tocqueville, De Musset, De Vigny, Berryer, and Salvandy.

Next is the Academy *des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres*, corresponding nearly as may be with our Historical and Archæological Societies, and numbering among its members the eminent librarians and antiquarians of France, to the number of forty.

Third, is the Academy of Sciences—*Sciences Mathématiques et Sciences Physiques*. It is made up of sixty-three members, and embraces such names as Leverrier, Dumas, Biot, Dubois, Velpeau, Daguerre, etc., etc.

Fourth, is the Academy of Fine Arts, embracing painting, sculpture, architecture, engraving, and music. It has forty members, a college for pupils at Rome, an annual *concours* for prizes, and is illustrated by such men as Vernet, Ingres, Delaroche, Auber, and the late David d'Angers.

Fifth and last, is the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, which proposes themes for private treatises, is accumulating, year after year, a fund of statistical information in regard to all known governments, and all inquiries in philosophy. Its members are limited to thirty, and among them figure Dupin, Montalembert, Guizot, Cousin, and Mignet.

Membership of one Academy does not, it will be seen, preclude membership of a second; and there are a few—Guizot and Thiers, for instance—who are academicians of three degrees.

The Institute was established by a decree of the Republic in the year 1795, "to perfect the sciences and the arts by uninterrupted labors, and to pursue those branches of scientific and literary investigation which have for their object the profit and glory of the Republic."

Aside from the honor, a considerable pension attaches to membership, contingent, however, upon regular attendance.

The title of Academician attaches, by usage and courtesy, only to a member of the *Academie Français*. All others are spoken of simply as "Members of the Institute." Thus we see, "*Thiers, de l'Academie Français*"—"*Leverrier, Membre de l'Institut.*"

Having cleared up this little other side perplexity, we go on to say, that the Paris *salons* have latterly been full of talk in respect of two recent elections to the company of academicians. The successful candidates were Biot, an octogenarian, physician, and geometrician, and M. de Falloux, well known only by his political antecedents.

The last succeeds to the place of the late Count Molé, and Biot to the chair of the historian Lacretelle.

After election a day is fixed, by vote of the Academy, when the new member shall be admitted and deliver an initiatory address upon the character and qualities of his predecessor. An academician is appointed to receive him; the new member is conducted by a committee to pay his respects, in his new quality of academician, to the chief of the state, and the affair is ended.

Among the last who have gone through this ceremony of reception was M. the Duc de Broglie, who, in the course of his speech of admission, took occasion to defend the famous *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire of Napoleon the First; but guarded an ominous silence respecting the 2d of December, so famous in the annals of Napoleon the Third.

The Emperor received him courteously, expressing his satisfaction for his chivalrous defense of the action of the First Emperor, and continued, "I trust that your grandchild will appreciate my 18th Brumaire as you have done the Brumaire of my uncle."

"Sire," replied the Duc de Broglie, "history will decide the point."

We have spoken of the new poems, *Les Contemplations*, of M. Victor Hugo, the exiled academician. We will try and render the preface, which he prefixes to these poems, under date of "Guernsey, March, 1856:"

"If it were possible for an author to prescribe the feelings with which readers should enter upon the perusal of his book, the writer of these Contemplations would say simply—Read these lines as the work of a man who is no more!

"Twenty-five years run through these volumes. In those twenty-five years this book has formed itself. A life, leaking drop by drop through toils and sufferings, has left these tokens in my heart.

"You who look over will find, mayhap, your own image reflected in the sombre depths of a soul—fatigued, undone.

"Were there no pretension in the language, I might call these Contemplations the 'Memoirs of a Soul.'

"In reality, these are the impressions, the recollections, the realities, all the phantoms, vague, joyous, or mournful, which belong to my experience, and which I have merged, sigh by sigh, sparkle by sparkle, in one long plaint of wailing.

"It covers the story of a soul from the mysteries of infancy to the grander mystery of the tomb; a spirit struggling from light to light—leaving behind all of youth, of love, of illusion, of struggles, of despair, and standing at length appalled, in view of the Infinite.

"Is this a human life, then? not only mine but thine. None of us have lives which are wholly ours. You live what I live, and I live what you live. Our destiny is one.

"Look in this mirror, then, and see if it be true. The book contains, I repeat, as much of the individuality of the reader as of the author. To pass through tumults, scandal, visions, strifes, pleasure, toil, sadness, silence, and, after all sacrifice, to contemplate things Eternal—to begin with crowds, and end with solitude—is not all our history measured by such beginning, and by such an end?

"No one will be surprised, then, to find these volumes growing more and more dark in tone, as they draw near to the brightness of a better life.

"Joy, that blossom of our youth days, opens leaf by leaf through the first of these little books, which I may call the book of Hope; and it disappears in the second, which is the book of Mourning—real mourning for the death of dear ones.

"It is a soul which tells its story here of other times and of now. A great gulf lies between them—and that gulf is a tomb. VICTOR HUGO."

We wish it were possible for us to render the tenderness which belongs to his lament over the death of a son—written, indeed, long ago, but with grief as fresh as yesterday's. It is something remarkable that two writers of such rare genius as Hugo and Balzac should be so little known in this country.

Editor's Drawer.

SYDNEY SMITH gave it as his deliberate opinion, and left it in writing for the warning of those who came after him, that the tendency of wit and humor is to corrupt the understanding and the heart. The author of that sentiment was the wittiest man of his age and standing, and ought to be able to judge of the effects upon his own character, of indulging the mirth-provoking powers which he possessed. He was a member of the clerical order also, though it might be said of him, as it was said of a lawyer who was objected to as a candidate for office on account of his profession, "he doesn't know law enough to hurt him." Sydney was rather a nominalist than a realist in religion. Perhaps he was a good man at the start, and his wit was the ruin of him; making him the best possible proof of the truth of his own theory.

"Professed wits," he said, "though they are generally courted for the amusement they afford, are seldom respected for the qualities they possess." There is too much truth in that. "Keep your mouth shut, and nobody will know you are a fool," was the very good advice of an anxious father on sending his half-baked son into the world. At the first appearance of the youth in society he preserved a taciturnity so profound, while others about him were indulging in free and easy converse, that one said to him,

"Young man, you are very silent; what makes you so?"

"Sir," responded the youth, "my father told me to keep my mouth shut, and nobody would know I was a fool."

So the first time he disobeyed the paternal precept, the fatal secret was blown. On the other hand, many a man with very little sense to back him, has had a great reputation as a man of judgment for no other reason in the world than his keeping his lips sealed.

A quaint old English writer, speaking of this very class of men, whose dullness passes for gravity, says, "They do wisely to counterfeit a reservedness, and to *keep their chests always locked*, not for fear any one should steal treasures thence, but lest some should look in and *see there is nothing within them*."

Great is the power of silence! When you have nothing to say, say nothing. Above all, aim not at being a professed wit. Sontag was a lady, and it cut her to the quick when the parvenues of the city invited her to their *salons* that their guests might be entertained with her voice divine. No man wishes to be admired *only* because he can say a smart thing. Wit is not to be bought and sold like leather and land, and though jokes are plenty as blackberries, one does not care to produce them on compulsion. Brown was confounded at Madame Pennyroyal's supper, when a servant came to him, as he was talking sense for a change, and said to him, "Mr. Brown, Missus sends her compliments, and will be much obliged if you will please begin to be funny!" Alas for the diner-out! he was expected to scatter his jokes like pearls before swine, and pay for his oysters before the supper was over.

But the Drawer holds men of wit in honor. Fools would never fill the Drawer. If there were no wits, our occupation would go with Othello's. And as we often essay to be witty too, it is our pride to know that "almost all the great poets, orators, and statesmen of all times have been witty. Cæsar, Alexander, Aristotle, Descartes, and Lord Bacon were witty men; so were Cicero, Shakspeare, Demosthenes, Boileau, Pope, Dryden, Fontenelle, Jonson, Waller, Cowley, Solon, Socrates, Dr. Johnson," and ever so many other great men, were men of wit, and the world would never have heard of one of them if they had been dull men. Wit is a good—one of the gifts of a good God to man. It is better than wine: it is the draught that "cheers and not inebriates." When it is combined with sense and information; when it is softened by benevolence and restrained by strong principle; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it; who can be witty, and something much better than witty; who loves honor, justice, decency, good-nature, morality, and religion, ten thousand times better than wit; wit is then a beautiful and delightful part of our nature. It is refreshing to observe the effect of wit on different men; to see it relaxing dignity, melting coldness, teaching age and care and pain to smile, extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief.

Thus discoursed the aforesaid Sydney, and the doctrine of that clerical joker is incorporated into the creed of the Drawer.

And after all this, how true it is that a "good thing" depends very much upon time and place, and more than either on the man who says it, for its effect. When the lion roars, the beasts of the forest tremble; and when the lion condescends to laugh, the beasts must split their sides. Reputation for wit is worth as much at dinner as for wealth on 'Change. Selwyn's commonplaces were received with wild applause; but they would have fallen still-born from another. But Selwyn did rattle to some purpose betimes. It was proposed to raise a subscription for Fox, and one of his friends observing that it would require some delicacy, asked how Fox would take it. "Take it?" said Selwyn, "why, quarterly, to be sure."

And when a namesake of this same Fox was hung at Tyburn, Fox inquired of Selwyn if he attended the execution? "No," replied Selwyn, "I make it a point of never going to *rehearsals*."

But if any other than Selwyn had said these, and a score of other things, they would not have been written and reprinted at the end of a hundred years.

"You have given many humorous anecdotes of the pulpit," writes an Alabama correspondent, "but I send you a specimen of negro preaching that has a peculiar beauty in it. Though it may not excite a smile, it will touch the heart, and its truth will commend it. I dropped in at the lecture-room of the Presbyterian Church, and heard a colored man preaching. 'My bredren,' said he, 'God bress your souls, 'ligion is like the Alabam' river! In spring comes fresh, and bring in all de ole logs, slabs, and sticks dat hab been layin' on de bank, and carry dem down in the current. Byem-by de water go down, den a log catch ere on dis island, den a slab gits cotched on de shore, an' de sticks on de bushes, an' dare de lay, withrin', dryin', till come noder fresh. Jus' so, dare cum 'vival of 'ligion; dis ole sinna is stuc on his ole sin; den dat ole backslider is cotch where he was afore, on just sich a rock; den won after anoder what has got 'ligion lays along de shore, and dare dey lay till a noder 'vival. Be-

lovid bredren, God bress your souls, keep in de current.'"

Many a white man has made many a worse figure of speech than that, and very few have made as good.

JUDGE CLAIBORNE, of Louisiana, well known in those parts as Judge *Dick* Claiborne, was a parish magistrate, who swayed a sceptre like a despot, usually dispensing *justice*, but putting his own interpretations on the *law*. Among other duties devolved on him was that of auctioneer. He sold all the property in the parish that came under the hammer. It happened on one occasion, while selling out the property of a deceased grocer, that an unruly parishioner disturbed the order of business by his noise and nonsense. The auctioneer, in the person of the judge, fined him fifty dollars, and sent him to jail for contempt of court! An application was made by an attorney to remit the fine and release the prisoner, on the ground that it was no contempt of court, as the judge, when fulfilling the duties of auctioneer, was not a court, and therefore not liable to contempt. The Judge immediately drew himself up with all his dignity, and replied to the lawyer,

"Sir, I'll let you know that I am judge of this parish; judge all the time; judge from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof and rising again; and, as such, I am always, and every where, *an object of contempt*."

"I agree with your honor, and withdraw the application," said the attorney; and the man had to make an apology to get out.

We have some judges in these parts, at this very time, of whom it might be said, though they are not likely to say it of themselves, that they are always and every where *objects of contempt*.

A GOOD story is told of an officer in the American army, during the war of 1812–14, who was, and is still, more accustomed to the use of the sword than the pen. While stationed on the Lake frontier, two of his soldiers, brothers, by the name of Kennedy, and usually called Kannaday, deserted. The officer of whom we are speaking, wrote an order, and issued it to a subaltern, to take a file of men, and proceed to a place named, and take the two *Canadas*. The order was peremptory, and not to be trifled with. The officer looked at his instructions, and prepared to obey them, but he remarked that he did not believe he could take more than *one* of the provinces *without a reinforcement!*

IT is said that the Governor Bell, who recently quoted Shakspeare's "Winter of our discontent" as coming from the Bible, is no relative of "The church-going Bell" spoken of by Cowper in one of his poems.

WHEN an actor, named Woodward, first played Sir John Brute, Garrick was induced, from curiosity, perhaps jealousy, to go and hear him. A few days after, they met, and Woodward said to Garrick,

"How did you like my acting in that part; I thought I struck out some beauties in it?"

"And I think," said Garrick, "that you struck out all the beauties in it."

THE low-necked dresses of the ladies are made the theme of small jokes by certain "lewd fellows of the baser sort," who might be in better business. In our opinion, it is with the ladies a matter of taste, which they might be allowed to indulge at their discretion; the wits who would ridicule them are the men who had better look at home, and as they live in glass houses, abstain from throwing stones. If they don't like to see the ladies, let them look the other way! There was a great party in the Fifth Avenue just before last Lent, and the ladies, in the matter of dress, were extremely *lowly*-minded: so low were some of them disposed to go, that Jones said to Snooks,

"Did you ever see the like?"

"No," says Snooks, "I never did; at least, not since I was *weaned*."

That was outrageous; but presently the rascals met the *belle* of the evening, a splendid creature, and Jones exclaimed,

"What a *galaxy* of beauty!"

"Well, I declare," says Snooks, "you have the advantage of me; I thought a *galaxy* included a constellation of beauties?"

"So it does," said Jones, "and don't you see the *milky way*."

On they passed, and soon encountered a magnificent woman, with such frank developments as to leave no room for doubt as to the quantity of her charms.

"There," says Jones, "is the finest woman in the house."

"Fact," says Snooks, "she *outstrips* all the rest."

NOT far from the city of Montgomery, in the State of Alabama, on one of the stage-roads running from that city, lives a jolly landlord by the name of Ford. In fair weather or foul, in hard times or soft, Ford would have his joke. It was a bitter stormy night, or rather morning, about two hours before daybreak, he was aroused from his slumbers by loud shouting and knocks at his door. He turned out, but sorely against his will, and demanded what was the matter. It was dark as tar, and as he could see no one, he cried out,

"Who are you, there?"

"Burder, and Yancy, and Elmore, from Montgomery," was the answer, "on our way to Tuscaloosa to attend court. We are benighted, and want to stay all night."

"Very sorry I can't accommodate you so far, gentlemen. Do any thing to oblige you, but that's impossible."

The lawyers, for they were three of the smartest lawyers in the State, and all ready to drop down with fatigue, held a brief consultation, and then, as they could do no better, and were too tired to go another step, they asked,

"Well, can't you stable our horses, and give us chairs and a good fire till morning?"

"Oh yes, can do that, gentlemen."

Our learned and legal friends were soon drying their wet clothes by a bright fire, as they composed themselves to pass the few remaining hours in their chairs, dozing and nodding, and now and then swearing a word or two of impatience as they waited till daylight did appear.

The longest night has a morning, and at last the sun came along, and then in due time a good breakfast made its appearance; but to the surprise of the lawyers, who thought the house was crowded with guests, none but themselves sat down to partake.

"Why, Ford, I thought your house was so full you couldn't give us a bed last night?" said Burder.

"I didn't say so," Ford replied.

"You didn't? what in the name of thunder, then, did you say?"

"You asked me to let you stay here all night, and I said that would be impossible, for *the night was nigh onto two-thirds gone* when you came. If you only wanted beds, why on earth didn't you say so?"

The lawyers had to give it up. Three of them on one side, and the landlord alone had beat them all.

An up-town reader of the Drawer tells of a quaint speech made by a well-known pastor in his neighborhood. He had been lamenting the limited number at the prayer meeting, and impressing upon his hearers the necessity of a more general attendance, when, as a sort of clincher to his argument and appeal, he said, "My brethren, it has been observed by some one that the prayer meeting is the *thermometer* of the church; if this be the case, I am afraid we shall be found *very near the North Pole!*"

That was a crusty old doctor, the famous Abernethy, to whom a patient with the hypo very bad came, and describing his symptoms, said:

"I feel a pain in my side when I put my hand to my head."

"Then, Sir," returned the doctor, "why in the name of common sense do you put your hand to your head."

The remedy was very simple if that was all.

C. Starr Bailey, of Edmeston, New York, translates from the German, and sends to the Drawer, these fine lines.

WAR OF LIFE.

Hark! the ringing of the anvil,
How the strong arm strongly plyeth,
How the iron unshapen bendeth
To the stroke of him who tryeth
Heated matter, red and glorious,
Heated life-blood, calm, victorious;
Ringing anvil, hammer plying,
Shows the good of *work* and *trying!*

Hark! the shout of life and living!
Daylight duty, work before us,
Who will take the life unshapen
Bending that to *life victorious?*
Daylight wrong and midnight riot!
On the anvil never quiet
Beatest thou, until the giving
Of each stroke shall bring the *living!*

"My dear," said a lively married lady to her lord the other day, "My dear, I hope you have no objection to my being weighed?"

"Certainly not; why do you ask me the question?"

"Only to see, my dear, if you would allow me to have my *weigh* once."

On the New York Central Railroad, from Albany to Buffalo, the conductors are frequently changed, and with the entrance of each new one comes the annoying command, "Show your tickets!" On a night trip a few weeks since, a testy old Yankee was one of the passengers, and having exhibited his ticket to the first conductor, he placed it in a well-worn pocket-book, buttoned it up in the breast pocket of his coat, pulled his hat tightly down over his eyes, and resigned himself to sleep. The first dream was just beginning when another conductor came in, and cried in his startled ear, "Show your tickets." He roused up and exclaimed,

"I reckon you don't want to be seein' on it all the time dew ye?"

"Once will do for me," said the conductor.

"I should kinder think you had seen it offen, so you kin pass along."

But the conductor insisted, and the old fellow had to unbuckle, grumbling the while like a bear with two sore heads. Presently the conductor came back again, thinking he had overlooked some, and as he approached, the Yankee roared out,

"What, agin! Well, you are the biggest bother I ever did see—there, take a good look this time, and don't come agin."

Once more at rest, the old man stuck his ticket into his hat-band, where it could be easily seen, and settled down into a regular snore. The motion of the cars loosened his hat, and it soon fell off, rolling away under the seats. A sleepless wag seeing the accident, approached the old man and shouted in his ear, "Show your tickets!"

"Patience! massy on us!" he screamed, "ef here ain't one of them ticket fellers agin."

He pulled out his pocket-book, and fumbled it over, and felt in all his pockets for his ticket in vain, and at last broke out:

"You've got it, I know you have; I gin it to you myself."

Here he recollected sticking it in his hat-band, and now he commenced a search for the hat, which had traveled on far out of his sight and reach. After a busy search he spied something black under a fat old lady's seat, and pitching after it, waked her ladyship out of a sound sleep. She cried out,

"What on airth are you after, I do want to know?"

"I'm ony jist reachin' for my hat, ma'am; it's got under your seat."

"I tell you it 'tain't no such thing; that's a nice excuse to be givin' for comin' feelin' round people in the dark, in this kinder way. I'll tell the agent —see if I don't."

"Why, goodness gracious, old lady, don't be sceered; I never dreamed of teching on ye."

"Well, I didn't say you *dreamed* about it; but you ain't a bit too good for it, comin' around here in the middle of the night, talking about a hat. Why don't you get you're old hat and go away?"

Thus permitted, the old man reached carefully under the seat to take the hat, when it proved to be the old woman's pet dog, which snapped at him with a *we-e-ow*, and caught his fingers.

"Blame the little sarpint," yelled the frightened man, "why it's a live catamount, I do declare."

"Now, I guess you're satisfied," says the old vixen, "that you're hat ain't *there*."

Just then a jolt of the cars threw the poor man into the woman's lap, from which he escaped with sundry scratches, and remarking, more coolly than could be expected, that "he would rather be bit by a dog than hugged by a bear."

The wag who had personated the conductor thought the joke had gone far enough, and picking up the hat, handed it to the old fellow, and settled him down in his corner again.

The Rev. Mr. Walker, of Connecticut, saw his

friend, the Rev. Mr. Read, sitting in one of the pews last Sunday morning, and leaving the pulpit went to Mr. Read and urged him to preach for him. Mr. Read begged off, as he was providentially detained in town over the Sabbath, and had no "preparation" with him. But Mr. Walker was pressing, and at length his friend yielded to his importunity and entered the pulpit. But he had no text, and after some reflection pitched upon Job i. 7, "Then Satan answered the Lord, and said, from going to and fro on the earth and from walking up and down in it." From this passage he drew the doctrine, and announced it boldly, that the devil is a great *Walker*. He rung the changes on the name of his friend till the people took, and signified their notice by a general smile. Mr. Walker took the pulpit in the afternoon, and returned his friend's compliments by taking for his text, Matthew xi. 7, "A *reed* shaken with the wind." The doctrine of the text, he said, is the instability of *Reeds*. On this theme he discoursed till Mr. Read wished that he had never ventured his wit in the pulpit at the expense of his friend Walker.

Old Dr. Strong, of Hartford, whose name is still a praise in the churches, had an unfortunate habit of saying amusing things when he meant it not so. As when he was presiding in a meeting of ministers, and wishing to call on one of them to come forward and offer prayer, he said,

"Brother Colton,
Of Bolton,
Will you step this way,
And pray?"

To which Mr. Colton immediately answered, without intending to perpetrate any thing of the same sort,

"My dear brother Strong,
You do very wrong,
To be making a rhyme,
At such a solemn time."

And then Dr. Strong added,

"I'm very sorry to see
That you're just like me."

The good men would not, for the world, have made jests on such an occasion; but they could plead the same excuse for their rhymes that the boy did for whistling in school: "I didn't whistle, Sir; it whistled itself!"

Not a neater compliment did a lovely girl ever receive than was paid to one in the flower-market the other day by an Irish woman. The young lady was bending her head over a rose-tree which a purchaser was about to buy, when the market-woman, looking kindly at the fresh face of the charming girl, said to her, gently: "I axes your pardon, Miss, but if it's pleasing to you, I'd thank you to keep your cheek away from that rose; ye'll put the lady out of conceit with the color of the flowers!"

That was very neatly done, better than the Duchess of Devonshire's, who was accosted in the street by a sailor, as she leaned out of her carriage to see what was obstructing the way: "Please, madam, and let me light my pipe by your eyes!" The Duchess used to say that, after the sailor's compliment, all others were insipid.

"Quid Fles," in a late number of the Drawer, reminds a correspondent of a very familiar Latin pun. An Irish shop-keeper, having made a fortune by selling tobacco, set up his carriage, and applied to Curran for a motto to be emblazoned on the door. The barrister complied with the request, and the innocent ninny was soon trundled through the streets in a carriage with the inscription thereon, Quid Rides? *Anglice*, "Why do you laugh?"

Quite as appropriate as the motto on the carriage of the snuff-man:

"Who would have thought it
That noses would have bought it?"

WILLIE.

"Oh! half a cherub, half a child,
With brows so fair, with eyes so mild,
What lured thy gentle spirit here,
Midst want and woe, and care and fear?

"Pure, holy is thy infant face,
Unconscious is thy childish grace,
Ah! that a dream of sin should stain
What naught can ever give again!

"Why didst thou leave thy peaceful home,
Midst the cold weary world to roam?
Was it to cheer a while the road,
Then point the pathway up to God?

"Or didst thou all unconscious stray
From the bright bowers and fields away?
And art thou but a wanderer here,
Too innocent to weep or fear?

"Upon that face so sweet, so fair,
Sure heaven hath left its impress there,
Lest earth too fond should claim the prize,
And of an angel rob the skies.

"Yes, it must be: thou art too pure;
Earth hath for such as thee no lure,
And all unsullied shall thy soul,
Sweet wand'rer, reach again its goal!"

That was a shrewd reply of the poet Milton to James II., when he, as Duke of York, called on him out of curiosity. In the course of their conversation, James said to him that he thought his blindness was a judgment of Heaven on him because he had written against Charles I., the Duke's father. Milton replied: "If your highness thinks that misfortunes are an index of the wrath of Heaven, what must you think of your father's tragical end? I have only lost my eyes; *he lost his head!*"

R. Monckton Milnes is a member of the British Parliament and a poet, the author of the following lines on

SMALL THINGS.

"A sense of an earnest will
To help the lowly living,
And a terrible heart-thrill,
If you have no power of giving;
An arm of aid to the weak,
A friendly hand to the friendless;
Kind words, so short to speak,
But whose echo is endless:
The world is wide—these things are small,
They may be nothing—but they may be all."

In the door of a New England cottage sat a little child, at the close of a summer Sabbath-day. The twilight was fading, and as the shades of evening deepened into darkness, one after another of the stars stood out in the sky, and looked down on the child in his thoughtful mood. He looked up into the mysterious chambers above him, and counted the bright spots as they came, till his eyes grew

weary of watching the worlds of light, which to him were only holes in heaven's floor to let the glory through. And the child became so thoughtful in his reverie, that his mother said to him,

"What are you thinking of, my son?"

He started, as if suddenly awakened from a dream; and when she repeated her inquiry, he could only say,

"I was thinking—"

"Yes, my dear child, I knew you were thinking, and I wish you would tell your mother what you were thinking of?"

"Oh," said he, and his little eyes sparkled in the dark with the thought on his lips—"oh, mother, *I want to be an angel!*"

"And will you tell me, my precious boy, why you would be an angel?"

"Heaven is away up there, mother, and God is there, and the angels love him, and are so good and so happy; I want to be good, and go there, to love God, and be an angel to wait on him forever."

There was something so like the voice of heaven in these child-words, that the mother—proud of her son, but trembling for her treasure—called him to her knee, and as he laid his head on her bosom and wept, she thought she had been warned as in a vision. But she was wise as well as fond in her affection, and she kissed his forehead and smoothed his silken hair, and in a low gentle voice told him to be a good boy, and by-and-by he should be an angel among angels. His young heart was comforted. He sat on her knee for an hour, and asked strange, deep questions, which the mother could not always answer; and then he knelt by her side, and with her soft hand on his head, he repeated his evening prayer. A few minutes afterward he was in his cot asleep, dreaming, perhaps, of heaven.

Within less than a quarter of a year, when the summer was gone, but the mellow autumn was yet lingering, and the leaves had not changed to fall, the child fell sick, and the light of that cottage, the joy of that mother's heart went out. He breathed his last in her arms; and as he took her parting kiss, he whispered in her ear, "*I am going to be an angel!*"

A Boston correspondent writes: "When the late Judge Wells was living and presiding in the Court of Common Pleas, an action was brought to recover the price of some *felloes* and *tires* to wheels furnished by the plaintiff. The counsel in the case were Messrs. Maine and Morris, and they proved to be so tedious that court and jury got out of all patience, and the foreman perpetrated the following *impromptu:*

"'Morris and Maine, two lawyers shrewd
(Though they themselves may like the sport),
Talking of *felloes* and of *tires*,
Tire all the *fellows* in the court.'

"That foreman has, since that day, been the well-known editor of one of the Boston daily papers."

Two sisters in Newark, New Jersey, are so much alike that you can't tell t'other from which. They are married, and live neighbors, and their husbands are now and then bothered to know them apart when they see them in the street, and frequently have a good laugh at each other's expense. One of these model husbands chanced to be sick a few weeks ago, and his wife was obliged to go down to the city of New York on some little business; so she sent over for her sister, Mrs. Wilson, to come around and spend the day at her house, to take care of Mr. Baker, her husband, while she should be absent for a few hours.

Without waiting for an answer, she hurried to the station, lest she should be left by the cars, and as she stepped within the door she saw her own figure in the large mirror on the opposite side of the ladies' apartment. Taking it for her sister, and put out that she should have set off without knowing whether or not she could take her place, Mrs. Baker called out, "Why, Polly, is that you? I didn't know you was going to York to-day;" and without waiting for a word of explanation, she left the room and hastened home. There she found Polly nursing her Baker with tender care; and, being perfectly bewildered by the discovery, she dropped into the big chair, and exclaimed, "Well, I never, and don't believe I never shall! As sure as I'm alive and livin', I see Polly Wilson up to the railroad jist now, and here she is this minit." The more thoughtful husband suggested the explanation, and advised her to try again, as there was time enough to get to the cars.

In the Potter's field at Yorkville, Canada West, two miles from Toronto, is the following epitaph, written by a bereaved husband, and transcribed for the Drawer:

"Come all young men as you pass by,
And stop and read before you cry.
I am the mother of 7 children,
4 sons have I.
3 of them was wicked and wild, which
Caused me here to lie.

The 8th of April I walked to the jail. I saw my son in chains. The 16th of April I took my bed, the 25th then I died. I have an honest and industrious husband, that you all know so well. He provided a living for us while traveling here below. My sister, standing by my side, thus to me did say, Have you made your peace with the Lord? I answered, Yea. I bowed my head, closed my eyes, and said, Good-by, my friends, good-by; I have no more to say."

Such inscriptions are scarcely worth copying, except to show the eccentricities of people, which we would consider ridiculous and improbable if we found them in works of fiction.

Mrs. Lawson was a passenger on the *Mayflower* running between Buffalo and Detroit. It was her first steamboat excursion, and the magnificence of the furniture, carpets, and curtains quite confounded her. She had seen nothing like it "in all this born world" before. At the far end of the ladies' cabin the mirror reached to the floor, and showed another cabin stretching an unknown length beyond. Mrs. Lawson thought to extend her walk of observation to the limits of the vessel, and was speedily confronted by a lady who manifested no disposition to let her pass. They courtesied to each other, and shot out the same way whenever either attempted to pass, until Mrs. L. gave it up in disgust, and returned to her friends, who were laughing at her blunder. They told her there was a looking-glass which had deceived her; but not getting into the sense of the thing yet, she said, "Well, wasn't it lucky that I met that stupid woman just there; for if it hadn't been for her, I should have smashed right through."

Old Judge Dole, one of the early settlers of

Pike, in the County of Wyoming, New York, was a military man in his early days. He was one of them who "fit the British" in the "late war"—that is, of 1812—and he carried his habits of military discipline into the management of his large farms. One hot day in July his hired men, five or six in number, thought to take a good nap after lunch, instead of working at the hay. So they set one of their number to keep watch for the old man, while they stretched out under the shady shadow of an umbrageous tree, that bathed its feet in a limping stream, and they were soon sound asleep. But unhappily for himself, the sentinel, like Homer, nodded, and sank down upon the sod, himself asleep upon his post. Just then the Judge strolled out to see how the men were getting on with his work, and his quick eye detected at a glance the true state of the case. From his position, it was plain who had been the sentinel, and without waiting for an explanation, the Judge whaled him with his staff till the poor fellow begged for mercy, interlarding the basting with those huge nine-cornered oaths that even to this day are sometimes heard in that region, winding off with—"There! take that, and that; and I'll learn you to sleep on your post!" So saying, the Judge stalked off, leaving the rest to undisturbed repose.

Doctor Bunting has a large practice in one of the western towns in Illinois, and his fame having spread to the parts adjacent, he is sometimes called off fifteen or twenty miles, in cases that require more than ordinary skill. On such an occasion he was summoned to face a terrible prairie northwester, blowing its bitterest breath, as he made his way, in a dark and stormy night, to save the life of a young man who had had the bad luck to "fall down and break his crown." The Doctor arrived, more dead than alive, at the miserable cabin where the wounded man was lying insensible, and two or three doctors were around him, who lived nearer than he, but were afraid to trepan him, lest they should have his death laid to their charge, and so suffer in their reputation. Recovering soon from the cold, Dr. Bunting took the case in hand, performed the operation with his usual dexterity, and had the satisfaction of seeing his patient restored to consciousness, and fairly out of danger. The evident poverty of the family left the Doctor no hope of a fee, and he sent his bill in for the county to pay it, as was customary, and he committed it to an attorney to have it audited at the next meeting of the overseers of the poor. After a month or so he met the lawyer, and began: "Now, you see, I was too cute for the overseers this time. I never meant to charge but a hundred dollars for that operation; but I knew they would cut the bill down, and you must have your collecting fees too, so I made it a hundred and twenty; I suppose they allowed me *only* a hundred."

"Not quite so fast, if you please," said the lawyer. "Hear the decision of the wise men who manage these matters. I made them put it in writing: 'Had the man died, we should have allowed the doctor's bill; but as the work was well done, and the man got well, we decide that the practice and the reputation the doctor has got is enough pay, and we reject the bill!'"

Speaking of doctors reminds us of a very good thing that the celebrated Zimmerman said to Frederick the Great. The king was in his last illness, and one day said to his physician, Zimmerman: "You have, I presume, in your day, helped many a man into the other world?"

This was rather a bitter pill for the Doctor, but he gave a dose in return when he replied,

"Not so many as your Majesty, nor with so much honor to myself."

A Missouri correspondent vouches for the following, which is certainly characteristic of both preacher and hearer of this same sect, who are opposed to all the reformatory measures of the day, believing what "is to be will be," do what they please.

Brother Field, one of the most active members, was carrying home a jug of rum, when he was met by one of his neighbors, who inquired if he was going to have a raising, a log rolling, or some other kind of a frolic.

"Oh no," replied Field, "nothing, only Brother Morrison is going to preach at my house to-morrow, and he always thinks he can preach a little better if he takes a dram before he begins; and to tell the truth, I always think I can hear a little better if I take a dram too."

Like people, like priest, in old times as well as new.

Here is a copy of a genuine epistle of the tender order:

"dear Nelley,

"Sweet Nelley there are moments When the Hart is not ones own When We fain Would clip its Wild Wings tip but we find the birdd has flown dear nelley there are moments When a loss may be again and Sorrow goy for the harts a toy and Loving such sweet pain yes nelley there are moments When its throne is worth a smile When a frown Can prove the flower of Love must fade and die a Lone.

"dear nelley thare moments When Love gets you in a fix takes the bit in his gaws and Without any pause bolts a Way With you like bricks yes nelley thare moments thare When affection knows no bounds When i rather be talking with you out a walking than rattling after the hounds from you know who."

If Nelley didn't surrender on that ardent summons, goose quills can't conquer her "hart."

Big words pass for sense with some people, and sometimes may be very successfully employed when nothing else will answer. As when a man, in great alarm, ran to his minister to tell him he could see spots on the sun, and thought the world must be coming to an end.

"Oh, don't be afraid," said the good minister, "it's nothing but a phantasmagoria."

"Is that all?" said the frightened man, and went away quite relieved.

A very smart lawyer in Wilmington, North Carolina, had the misfortune to lose a suit for a client who had every reason to expect success. The client, a plain old farmer, was astounded by the long bill of costs, and hastening to the lawyer's office, said,

"I thought you told me we should certainly gain that suit?"

"So I did," answered the lawyer; "but you see when I brought it up there before the judges, they said it was *quorum non judice*."

"Well, if they said it was bad as that," replied

the old farmer, "I don't wonder we lost it;" and he paid the costs and a big fee besides without another murmur.

In a case at law, in which a man was on trial for passing counterfeit money, a witness was put upon the stand to identify a certain spurious note of the denomination of XX., said to have been uttered by the prisoner. The counsel for the latter thought it proper to test the familiarity of the witness with paper money, and particularly such money in the higher denominations. He therefore asked,

"How many twenty dollar counterfeit notes did you ever see?"

Witness. "Not many, Sir."

Lawyer. "That's not an answer. Understand me, I ask you *How—many*—twenty—dollar—counterfeit—notes—you—ever—saw?"

Witness. "Oh, very few, Sir."

Lawyer. "*How many?* I ask you again."

Witness. "Well, Sir, I think I never saw more than a horse could draw."

Lawyer. "*What, do you mean to answer me in that way! What do you mean, Sir?* Do you wish to insult me?"

Witness. "No, Sir."

Lawyer. "Then what do you mean, when you say you 'never saw more twenty dollar counterfeit notes than a horse could draw?'"

Witness. "Do you wish an answer?"

Lawyer. "Certainly I do. Explain yourself."

Witness. "Well, Sir, I mean that I think a horse could draw all the twenty dollar counterfeit notes I ever saw."

This explanation made the meaning of the witness no clearer, and he was dismissed. The "learned counsel" in the case is now President of the United States. The prisoner ran away from his bondsmen before the case was concluded or his counsel fees paid. A few months ago he wrote to the President begging an office, and coolly urged, as an inducement to his appointment, that he would then try and pay up the old score.

The man who got up the first "*Hen Show*" in Boston, and who is now a flourishing fancy-agriculturalist in Iowa, relates the following anecdote connected with his first efforts to introduce into that region an improved breed of swine:

"The first lot of improved hogs which I brought to Iowa, were of the famous Mackay stock. The Mackay hogs of Daniel Webster were the best of that breed ever imported into America, and Mr. Webster wrote me at Plymouth, from Washington, to go to Marshfield, and select from his best samples to introduce into this State, and I promptly availed myself of his offer. With this stock I passed through Van Buren County, on the day of the State election, and some of the 'sovereigns' were rather 'tight,' and they, as well as the sober ones, were attracted to our wagon on seeing hogs, fowl, ducks, geese, Maltese cats, etc., all caged in the same conveyance; and as the pigs were rather extra, one of the 'tight' ones pointed to the cage of the Mackays, and asked: 'Where is that pig from?' 'That pig,' said I, 'is from Mr. Webster's Marshfield farm.' 'Well,' said he, 'that is about as near as I ever expected to come to *old Dan*, so I'll have a kiss,' and suiting the action to the words, he took the Mackay pig by the ears, drew it to the front slats of the cage, and *kissed it!*"

"'Every one to his taste,' as the old woman said when she kissed the cow," is an old saying; but after this, we take it, the modern saying will be:

"'*Every one to his taste,*' as the man said, at the West, when he kissed a Mackay pig!"

Chacun à son goût!

That was not a bad idea of a *large foot*, which was conveyed in the remark of a shoemaker to a man of "*great understanding*," who had called to be measured for a pair of boots:

"No use in measuring *that* foot, Sir; we can't get a last that will come *near* it; we shall be obliged to *build* a boot over your foot—there is no *other* way, Sir, I assure you!"

This was tolerably good; but not quite so forcible as the observation of an impudent porter in Albany to a traveler with a "*tremendous* big foot," who had called for a boot-jack to pull off his boot:

"A *boot-jack!* what for? To pull off *that* boot with? No, *Sir!* if you want to get *that* boot off, *you'll have to go back to the fork of the road!* Jabers! *what a fut!*"

Among a few recent reminiscences of the "witty and wicked," and very popular German writer, Henry Heine, who died recently in Paris, we find the following:

"I asked him why he was always ridiculing Masseman (a German contemporary):

"'Ah!' he replied, 'I am an old man, and can not find a *new* fool every time I want one. I must make the *old* ones answer. Masseman is a great source of profit to me. He is my income. I can't help it!'

"Grabbe was a rare compound of German modesty and unbounded conceit. He concluded I was rich because I was the fortunate owner of a handsome cloak. He used to tell me that, with such a cloak as *that*, I ought to have no difficulty in composing love-songs full of glow and warmth; whereas he, with his old worn-out wrapper, through whose many rents the sharp air of a Berlin winter found an easy entrance, had to seek for inspiration in the frozen regions of the far-off Northland."

Heine married a French woman; and when on his dying bed, in an obscure street in Paris, he said, as we think most touchingly,

"I am lying here lonely and forsaken. I would like to have died in Germany. As it is, perhaps my poor body may be taken there; but what would my widowed wife do in Germany? Here *I* have no Fatherland—in Germany *she* would have none. I know I shall never rise from this bed. *That* song is ended. How they will praise me when I am dead! They will load my grave with bouquets of flowers, and deck my tombstone with laurel-wreaths. Campe (his bookseller) will be glad, because my death will be a godsend to him in the way of bookselling."

When the writer called upon him, as it seems for the last time, Heine said to him, in a half-sad, half-comic tone:

"Return soon, and do not forget me. You have only a few steps to go *now*, but if you *delay*, you will have to take the long and muddy road that leads to the cemetery of Montmartre, where I have already rented a house for eternity. It will be a poorly-furnished one, and, I presume, somewhat damp; *but* it will be in a very quiet neighborhood."

But his friend never saw him again.

Hints for Celebrating the Fourth of July.



PREPARING FOR THE FOURTH.



GRAND EXCURSION TO THE FISHING BANKS.



A DRIVE ON THE AVENUE.



YOUNG AMERICA.



"HOORAY, THERE'S A ROCKET!"



READING THE DECLARATION.



A RURAL CELEBRATION.



TAKING IT QUIETLY.



THE LARGEST LIBERTY.



A PLEASANT LESSON



THE DRUNKARD'S FOURTH.



COLORED PEOPLE'S FOURTH—ON THE FIFTH.

Fashions for July.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 51 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figure 1.—Bridal Morning Costume.

THE ROBE EN PEIGNOIR illustrated on the previous page, though especially designed as a bridal morning costume, is also adapted for general use. In our illustration it is composed of white *mousseline de laine;* stone tint, azure, or *mode* colors are, however, equally appropriate. The first of the series of loops which confine the garment is left unfastened in order to show the chemisette, which is of lace *bouillonnée* crossed by narrow plaited white satin ribbon. The robe adjusts itself easily to the figure in front; the back is gathered in four reversed plaits. The skirt, folded back upon itself, displays an elaborate embroidery, or it may be wrought in braids. Cords, passing through large eylet-holes, which form part of the ornamental design, loop the *revers*, as indicated in the drawing. The sleeves are Vandyked; they are very full, short upon the fore-front, descending abruptly midway below the elbow, and are richly ornamented to match the skirt. The under-sleeves are of lace, very full, and are caught up in festoons upon the upper arm. The jupe is of Nansouk, richly embroidered.

The prominent feature in the PROMENADE COSTUME represented below is the very beautiful shawl of Chantilly lace. The season has now so far advanced as to render garments of this description peculiarly appropriate, and they are consequently in high favor. Among the many patterns open to our selection, we have seen none more elegant than the one which we have chosen for illustration.



FIG. 2.—PROMENADE COSTUME.



FIG. 3.—FICHU.

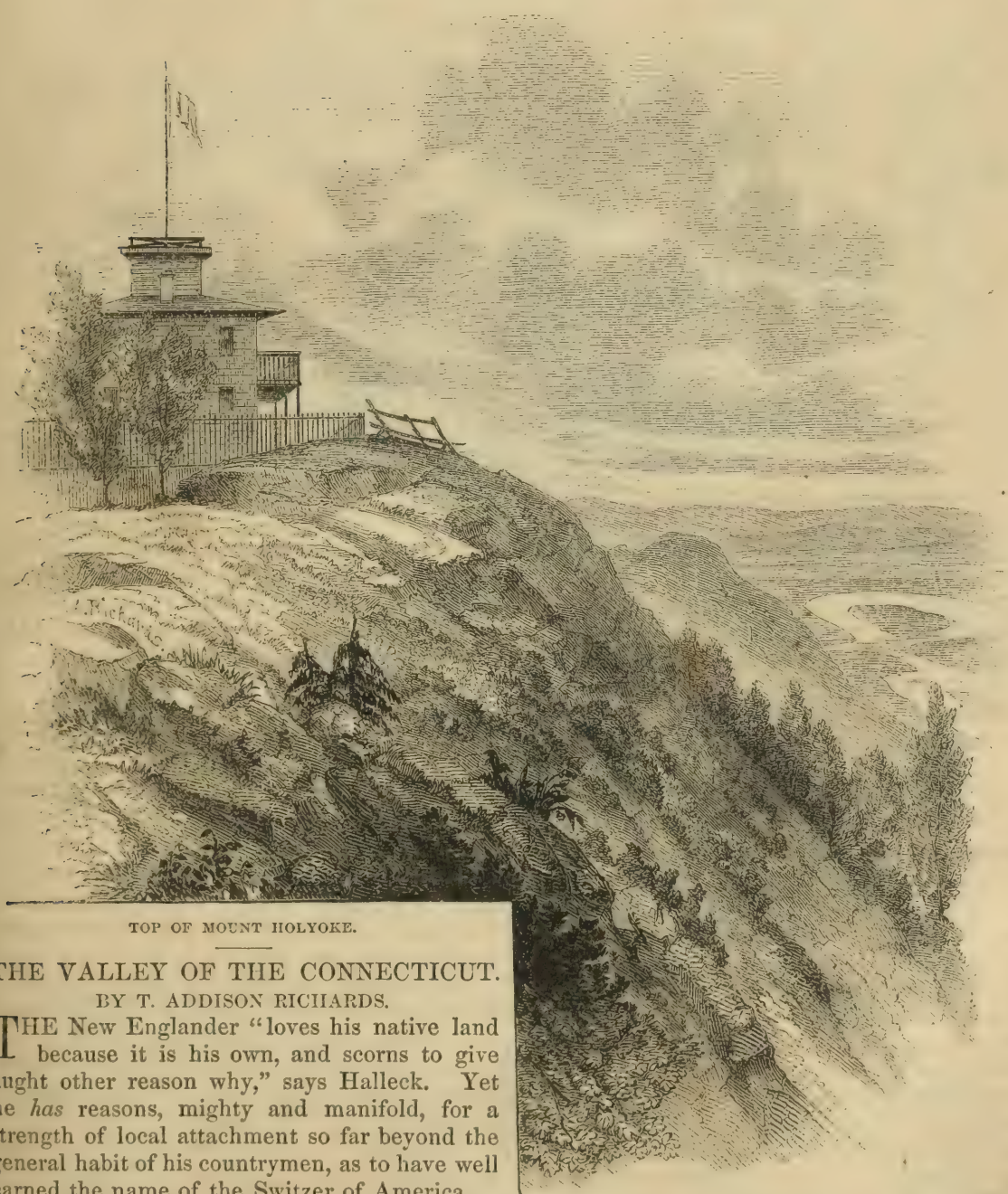
Figure 3 represents a FICHU of tulle, plain in the body, with *bouillonnées* bordering the entire outline, and crossed with very narrow ribbons in large lozenges.—Figure 4 is a FICHU, likewise of tulle, gathered in folds, which are confined by rosettes of narrow white satin ribbon, plaits of which form the edge and traverse the front. A fall of lace completes the whole.



FIG. 4.—FICHU.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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TOP OF MOUNT HOLYOKE.

THE VALLEY OF THE CONNECTICUT.

BY T. ADDISON RICHARDS.

THE New Englander "loves his native land because it is his own, and scorns to give aught other reason why," says Halleck. Yet he *has* reasons, mighty and manifold, for a strength of local attachment so far beyond the general habit of his countrymen, as to have well earned the name of the Switzer of America.

Of these whys and wherefores we are content at this moment to recall those only which are so eloquently written by all-bountiful Nature upon the charming physique of the whole length and breadth of his cherished home, and which all so clearly read in his proud, self-reliant, and untiring nature, and in the simple virtues and the healthful pleasures of his social life.

His love, to be sure, is not of that passive kind in which the Southron is content to dream away his days in the perfume and shade of the self-same magnolia which was a world to his childhood's eyes; but, far better proved, it withstands the estranging powers of strong ambitions, and prolonged excitements—a love unconquered by pride, the spirit of gain, or the

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VIEW FROM MOUNT HOLYOKE.

seductions of other climes; for takes he ever so kindly to chibouk in Persia, to the gold-digger's spade in California or Australia, shivers he among the icebergs of Polardom, sings he "do re mi" Mississippi-wards, or dispenses the A B C, nutmegs, or tin-ware, in latitude and longitude *ad libitum*, he is still Jonathan, gazing back with gentle memory, ever and anon, as he follows a trail or drives a trade, to "the smoke's blue wreaths ascending with the breeze;" and feeling always, down in that unsolidified stratum of his rugged heart, beneath the layers of gold and brass and tin, that "the first, best country ever is at home;" and at last rejoicing, some day, like Macgregor, to find his foot again upon his native heath.

In the small area of the Eastern States we find not only an epitome of the landscape beauty of our whole country, but the brightest examples of many of its highest characteristics; as in the vast primeval wildernesses, sustaining still the wild animal life of untold centuries back; in the lofty hill-ranges, where the peaks of Mount Washington overlook all the land; in the matchless lakes, where Winnepiseogee and Squam sleep unrivaled; in the generous rivers and the teeming valleys, where the meadows and floods of the Housatonic and of the Connecticut drew the poet to sing,

> "No watery glades through richer valleys shine,
> Nor drinks the sea a lovelier wave than thine."

The summer tourist finds it as perplexing to choose between the many attractions which invite his love in the endless field of natural beauty which this wide Union presents, as did Portia's suitors before the mysterious caskets, although, more happy than were they, he is sure to catch fair Nature's portrait in each.

Thus, one early summer day, a few years since, were *we* embarrassed, while cogitating the best investment of some months' furlough from city toil. We had said a reluctant "No," successively to the persuasive pleadings of the dainty valleys and cascades of the Carolinas and Georgia; to the springs and hills and rivers and caves of Virginia and Kentucky; to the shores of the great inland seas, and to the lake-dotted wilds of the Adirondacks; and had limited the election to New England alone: and so—shutting our eyes upon the dominions of the Camel's Hump, and of the White Hills, and of old Graylock reigning down in verdant Berkshire upon the venison and trout of the woods and waters of Maine, and upon the rocks and waves of her rugged coasts—we looked determinedly toward the far-famed valleys of the Connecticut alone.

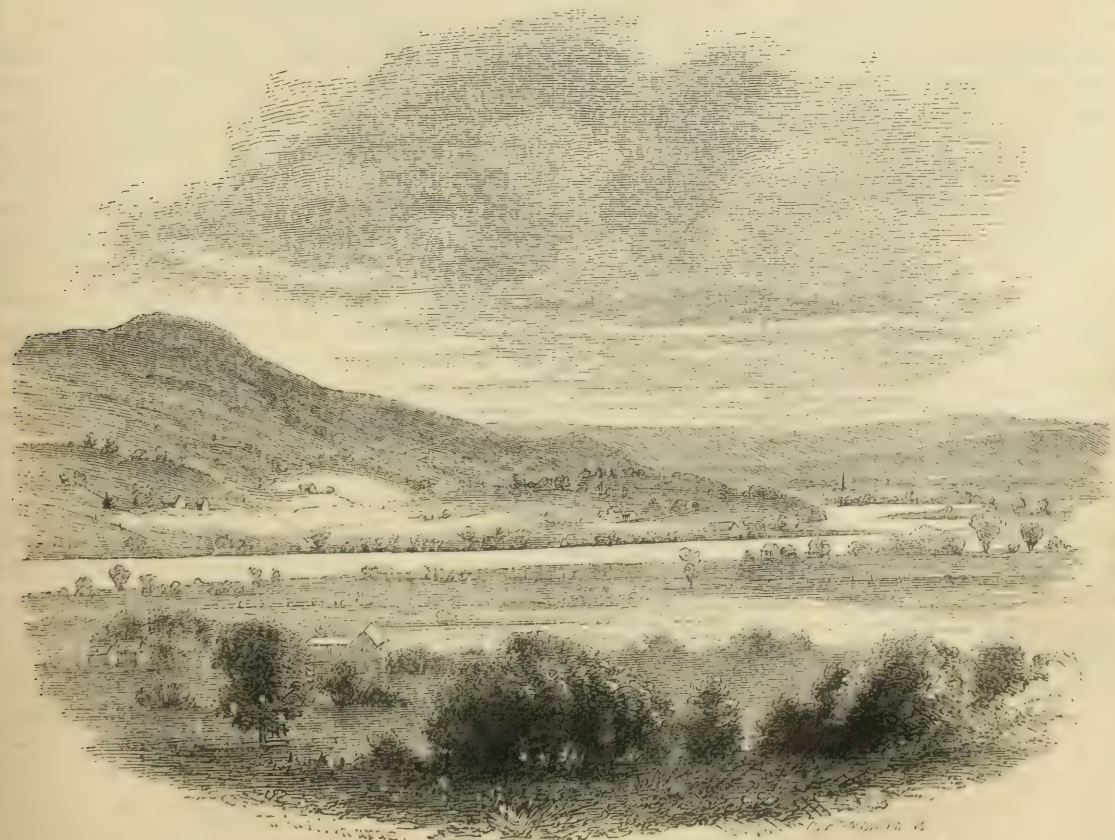
In our survey of this charming river we determined to deny ourselves the last seventy-six miles of its course, extending from its debouchure into Long Island Sound, through the pleasant though quiet breadth of its namesake State, to Springfield, in Massachusetts; and making at once for that central point of rendezvous, where New England railways most do congregate, journey thence to the sources of the river in the northern wilds of Vermont and New Hampshire. This route we cordially commend to our be-packed and Connecticut-inclined readers.

They will reach Springfield readily by railway, *via* New York from the south, Albany from the north, and Boston from the east; and they can voyage thence through all the landscape-loveliness of our noble river with infinitely more ease and comfort than they can possibly deserve, be they never so virtuous, for their experience will give them the united pleasures of picturesque travel and home luxuries. They will find here, as one of our own companions figuratively observed, the piquant strawberry of nature, retaining all its native flavor, though nicely smothered in the luscious cream of every social refinement and appliance.

We set the reader down, therefore, at a most comfortable hotel (there are many such) in Springfield, and we can not conscientiously quarrel with him if he should tarry long, for he might pass his life in a less happy spot. Still, as it is but the threshold of yet fairer haunts, we shall expect him, as a good traveler, to move on, when he shall have noted the New England comfort and enterprise and thrift, of which the well-built, busy, and elegant streets and villa-homes will speak to him; and when he shall have glanced down upon the whole happy village, and far off upon the broad meadows which stretch away from the opposite shore of the winding river, as seen from the terrace on which stands the greatest of our national armories; and when he shall, like a good patriot and a sincere student, have duly surveyed the *modus* and the manufacture of said armory.

The process of our own discharge of this duty led us into some agreeable moralizing upon the happy working of our political and social systems. Here, in this great and well-ordered establishment, stood no suspicious sentinel to forbid our approach, or to distrustingly dog our steps; but, on the contrary, we wandered at pleasure through the work-shops, saying "By your leave" to no man; and finally, on application at the keeper's office to see the stores of arms, the key of the great edifice was handed over to us, with privilege to explore and inspect at will and alone! The only trouble in the business was, that we were detained for a brief time while a courier went in quest of a prior visitor, who, after examining and locking up the house, had forgetfully carried the key away in his pocket! Long may dear old Uncle Sam's amiable shooting-irons (the hundred and fifty thousand bright muskets looked harmless enough in their glittering bouquets) need no more careful watching!

Leaving Springfield, the next considerable post is Northampton, seventeen miles away by rail. We made the journey on foot, as indeed we did nearly the whole transit of the long river, sending our traps ahead from point to point, at which we held up to reflect and refit. On the way to Northampton we crossed the western flanks of sturdy Mount Tom, and soon after entered the quiet village of Easthampton. The street, and the houses, and the hotel, and hydropathic establishment, were all quiet, the immaculately white church looked very quiet, and even the groups of boarding-school misses (what a country Down East is for piety and parsing) whom we met on the way, were marvelously quiet. New England villages are, though, always at one or the other extreme, intensely



MOUNT TOM.



ROUND HILL, NORTHAMPTON.

busy or strikingly still. The activity, however, is orderly, and the stillness is that of healthy repose, not of insensibility.

It was a relief to us here to visit a large button factory close at hand. We were absorbed for an hour in watching and admiring the ingenious process of the production of this useful little agent, leaving at last with a soul somewhat less above buttons than usual. Being a little foot-sore with the rude trudge over old Tom, our pedestrian virtue succumbed to the temptation of vacant seats in a carriage returning over the intervening four miles to Northampton.

We must peep at Northampton with loving leisure. It is the frontispiece of the book of beauty which nature opens in the Valley of the Connecticut, and one of the most winsome pictures in the volume. Two hundred years ago the Indians thought they drove a good bargain with the whites in selling them the acres included in this township for a lot of wampum and a few miserable coats. However, they afterward exacted, as has ever been their way, no trifling boot in blood and treasure. Wampum and linen, buttons and baubles—ah, reader, our peaceful, rich, and happy homes of to-day cost our honored sires more than that, as the sorrowing history of many a murderous day, two centuries ago, and the commemorative tablet here and there through those now populous valleys, sadly tell us.

Northampton is one of the most popular summer resorts in New England, a distinction to which its topographical and social attractions well entitle it. Broad and fruitful meadows, rising here and there into wooded hills and hillocks, stretch away in every direction, and off yonder, a mile or more to the eastward, winds the quiet river between the opposing cliffs of Holyoke and Mount Tom. Pleasant supplements to the days' excursions may be found in the inviting walks and drives about the village. In our own perambulations we were for a while a little mystified, as the following of what, in the absence of all hindering gate or stile, seemed public promenades, often led us unintentionally to the piazzas of private villas, and into the domesticity of flower and strawberry beds. We soon observed, greatly to our satisfaction, that so far from there being any offense to the general in the matter, this generous and trusting bestowal of the Lares and Penates was a custom of the country. May the custom be perpetuated and the municipality praised, for of course there were no foraging pigs there.

Included in the beguiling trespasses of which we have just spoken, was a stroll over the broad lawns and terraces of Round Hill, an extensive hydropathic residence on the western edge of the town, and overlooking it. A glimpse of this locality, seen from a point up the river, will be found among the pictorial trophies of our visit. There are two other similar establishments, that of Dr. Denniston, at Springdale, and Dr. Munde's, at Greenville, in the immediate vicinage. They are not so picturesquely perched as is "Round Hill," though they are, for aught we know, equally estimable in all

other respects. Round Hill was once a very favorite residence of Jenny Lind. It was, too, many years ago the seat of a famous educational venture, under the auspices of the Historian Bancroft and of Mr. Cogswell, now presiding over the tomes of the Astor Library. It was during his residence here that Bancroft wrote the first volume of his History of the United States, published in 1834.

Should the visitor to Northampton happen to arrive without a knowledge of its famous ladies' school, he will infallibly be well posted therein, as he ought to be, before he departs. This establishment has been in high repute for many years, and its graduates are scattered as teachers all over the land. This school budded and blossomed into fragrant beauty under the laborious yet loving culture of Miss Lyon, whose memory is justly green in the hearts of the villagers, and in those of the three thousand pupils who grew up under her admirable training. The Rev. Dr. Hitchcock, of the neighboring college of Amherst, has published a memorial of this lady's well-spent life.

Linked to Northampton by a river bridge, is the little village of Hadley, where the visitor is intimately reminded of the tragic times of Cromwell, as he calls to memory the whilom residence here of Whalley and Goff, two of the stern judges of the ill-fated cavalier king. Memorials of this great event are dispensed to curious travelers at the little box on the crown of Mount Holyoke.

The past of Northampton gives us remembrance of more grateful, if not more enduring names than those of the iron regicides.

Beneath the verdant turf here, sleeps the devoted missionary Brainerd, the faithful preachers Hooker, and Stoddard, and Williams, with many other worthies, honored in their day and held in reverent memory by their posterity. Here, too, the great and good President Edwards lived and labored.

Our last pleasure at Northampton will be that which most visitors seize first—a tramp to the commanding crown of Mount Holyoke. This eminence and its burly brother Tom form the southern pickets of the New England hill-ranges, and worthily are they thus honored, coming, as they do most charmingly, into the pictures of all around. The story and song of the land have paid them lavish tribute; yet not above measure, for their greatest glory is not, as with many canonized shrines, only in the pilgrim's love and fancy, keeping the word of promise to the ear and hope alone.

It is not, however, for their own beauties, though these be such as



MOUNT TOBY.



NORTH FROM GREENFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

"Varying in the light
Of living nature, can not be portrayed
By words, nor by the pencil's silent skill,"

that these hills are most famous. Their grand speciality is the extraordinary panorama overlooked from their lofty summits. The wide and varying landscape seen from the observatory which caps the heights of Holyoke, has stirred the fancy of innumerous pilgrims, none the less fervently, perhaps, from their having gained access to it by the fatigue-saving inventions of good mountain paths and easy carriages. "Probably the richest scene in America," says a distinguished writer, "is that from Mount Holyoke." The bald face of the mountain, which is turned toward Northampton, is about one thousand one hundred feet above the level of the water. The view immediately below presents a singular phase of the scenery of the river, which seems here to possess a soul for beauty, and loiters, enamored and unwilling to flow on, in the bosom of the meadow, which has no parallel in New England for loveliness and fertility. Four times the amorous stream turns to the west and thrice to the east, threading its silver tide through the tender verdure as capriciously as a vein in the neck of beauty, and cheating twelve miles of direct course into twenty-four of coil and current. The meadow is almost entirely unfenced, and the river is fringed in all its windings with weeping elms, wild flowers, and shrubs, while up toward the town the fields rise in slightly swelling terraces, forming a foreground to one of the most sunny and cheerful villages in Massachusetts. The painter Cole has left us a bold chronicle of the wayward humors of the waters here. A hint at their odd caprices will be found in our own budget of pencilings.

The observatory sweeps the horizon far away at all points of the compass; now over interminable meadows, glittering with village spire and cottage roof, and again peeping down on the rank and file of marshaled hills.

Ingeniously contrived dials, on each side of the observatory balustrade, easily supply the nomenclature of the surrounding landscape. Placing the eye at the union of the radiating lines on the dial-board toward the north, number 2 or number 3 will be found to lead the sight to a far-off mountain crest, which, upon a reference to a printed list of localities correspondingly marked, will prove to be that of stern old Monadnoc. By the same facile means one will successively spy out the heights of Sugar Loaf and droll Mount Toby (of which we

shall take a nearer view anon), the more remote peaks of the Green Hills of Vermont, the venerable Graylock, and Mount Everett. You may see, too, if the valley vapors will let you, the distant spires of Hartford, and the rocky ridges which environ New Haven.

"In depth, in height, in circuit, how serene
The spectacle, how pure! of Nature's works
In earth and air—
A revelation infinite it seems."

After the appetizing fatigues of the Holyoke panorama, our traveler will be none too virtuous for cakes and ale. Northampton will serve him well in such necessity. The bill of fare is the most elegantly printed, and the napkins are the most irreproachably folded at the "Mansion House," high up in the village; but at the older and more "down-town" establishment, the "Hotel Warner," the *carte* is equally eloquent and veracious (not *vo*-racious), and the linen no less immaculate and serviceable. You may choose between the two, or reject both, and still fare comfortably.

The next halt of the comfort-seeking tourist will be at Greenfield. It was thither that we sent our trunks, they needing good care (it will be remembered that we were at this time on foot), while we jogged leisurely along, peering into every nook of interest which the intervening miles secreted. In the shade of the grand old trees of Deerfield, hidden in its fertile glen a hundred feet below the general level of the river valley, we almost forgot that there were journeys yet before us. We had pleasant parting glimpses hereabouts of our late friends Holyoke and Tom, and shook hands with the Deerfield Mountain, the Sugar Loaf, and Mount Toby; and climbing a thousand feet to their venerable shoulders, we looked abroad upon scenes of beauty and happiness to be held in continual and gentle remembrance.

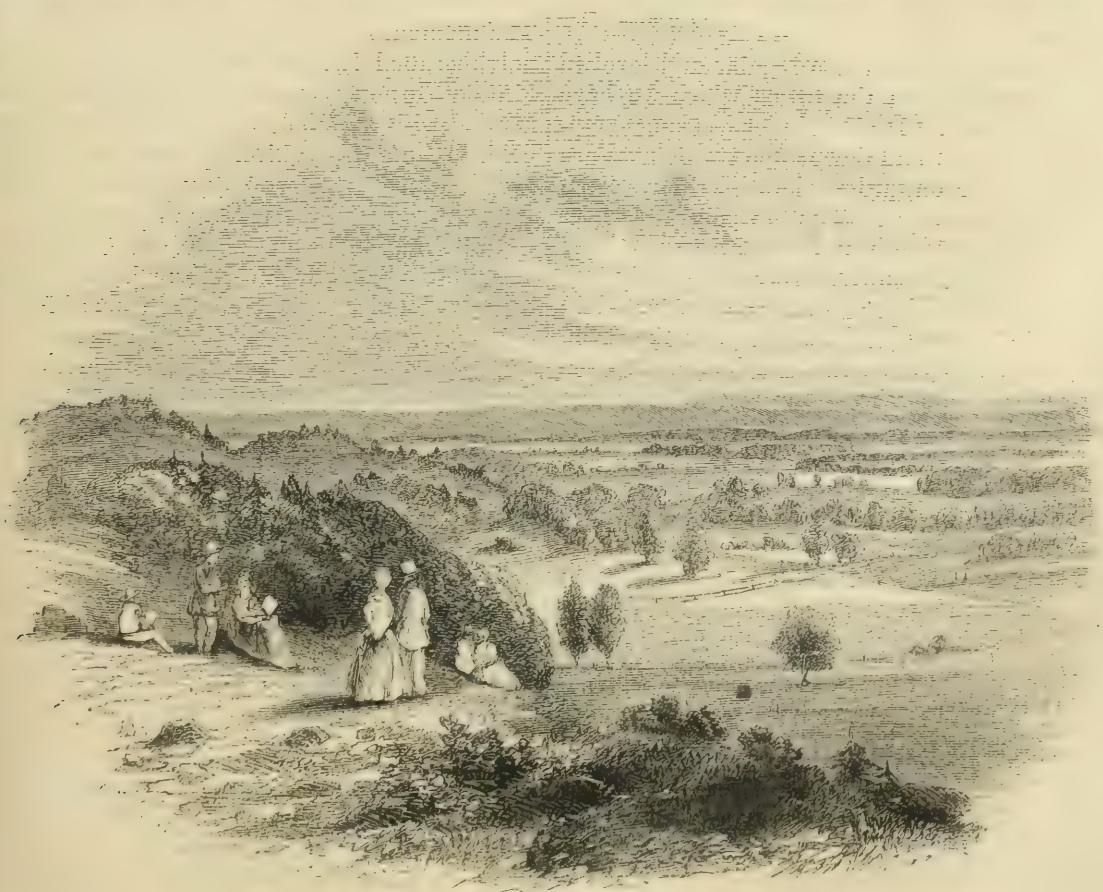
From the Sugar Loaf heights we mused over the fate of that youthful band of pioneers who rest together under the marble stone gleaming below in the sunshine. The monument tells us that there were nearly eighty of them, being the flower of the neighborhood, who fell together, one sorrowful night, under the murderous blows of the tomahawk. The hamlet which has grown up around their untimely grave, and the stream which wept red tears at their woes, are now called Bloody Brook. How changed the scene and circumstance, as we recall the story nearly two centuries afterward. On these now peaceful waters no longer

"With tawny limb,
And belt, and beads in sunlight glistening,
Does the savage urge his skiff, like wild bird on the wing.

* * * * * * *

Look now abroad—another race has fill'd
These populous borders—wide the wood recedes,
And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are till'd;
The land is full of harvest and green meads;
Streams numberless that many a fountain feeds,
Shine disembower'd, and give to sun and breeze
Their virgin waters: the full region leads
New colonies forth, that toward the western seas
Spread, like a rapid flame among the autumnal trees."

Greenfield seemed to us to be one of the most wide-awake of the valley towns. Indeed, the business portion looked *so* busy as to have forgotten the wonted decorum and propriety of the



POTT'S SEAT, GREENFIELD.



SCENE AT MIDDLE VERNON, VERMONT.

latitude. This grateful characteristic, though, we were glad to find afterward as we strolled over other portions of the village. The hour of our first impressions, too, it should be mentioned, was at high, hot noon, and dinner was not yet.

Greenfield is much less regular and level in its topography than the towns which we have recently passed. It gives, indeed, strong symptoms of the ups and downs upon which we are to toil in our onward explorations toward the mountain fastnesses. The township runs over a plain with a length and breadth respectively of twelve and five miles, rising eastwardly into the hill terraces thrown out from the Deerfield Mountain. From these heights, near the town, we picked two views, the one looking up the Connecticut, and the other down upon the Greenfield meadows, included in our present portfolio. Poet's Seat is the lovers' walk of the neighborhood.

There occurred here, in the olden time, a famous Indian skirmish, known in history as the Fall Fight. Near by, the nervous Deerfield Brook comes to swell the current of the great river. It is here, too—favored spot—

> "Where wanders the stream with waters of green,
> As if the bright fringe of herbs on its brink
> Had given their stain to the waves they drink;
> And they whose meadows it murmurs through,
> Have named the stream from its own fair hue."

Bryant's Green River! Surely the pilgrimage is profitable when the oracle answers you in such sweet notes as those of the poet's "trance of song."

Our next leap carries us beyond the domains of Massachusetts into the ruder lands of Vermont and New Hampshire. In the vicinage of Vernon we found the landscape growing more and more picturesque in form and variety. The memento which we have preserved of this neighborhood is seen from the railway at the Middle Vernon post-office. The distance here is filled with the noble form of Mount Chesterfield, in New Hampshire. These heights shelter the good people of Brattleborough below from the perils of the poisonous east wind.

Brattleborough comes into our Connecticut programme in capitals. It is a winsome village in all its details, no less than in its healthful and picturesque seat, terraced high above the river shores. If Vermont has still pleasanter towns, then Brattleborough may yield with the lofty humility of Aristides the Just. Our first stroll after tea at the Revere House, was to the cemetery at the south end of the village; our next, a morning excursion to the charming banks of West River, at the opposite extremity. From the first locality comes the Brattleborough scene in our short catalogue. This glimpse of the village with its grand background of hills must, in the lights and shades of either the rising or the setting sun, come to the mourner's heart, as he muses among the tombs, with whispers of "mild and gentle sympathy." Turning the eye here a little to the eastward, the windings of the river, and the acclivities of Mount Chesterfield, add new charms to the panorama. The cemetery walk continued, soon opens upon a charming glimpse of meadow views, which we

should have been pleased to have added to our list of pictures, but the line would stretch out interminably did we essay to tell all we felt and traced of beauty in this varied region.

Brattleborough is, after Northampton, the most popular summer residence of ruralizers and invalids in the Valley of the Connecticut. Its mountain proximity gives greater piquancy to its temperatures than the lower latitude affords, while its great water-cure hotels are scarcely less famous. If these Priessnitz places here should be Erricsonized a little in style and title, and called air instead of water cures, the truth would be more nearly told. With the two magic agencies united, both pure, fresh, and sparkling, fair Hygeia would be sure to work wonders before the season waned.

The broad and verdant lands of the Vermont Lunatic Asylum, spreading away on the northward to the banks of West River, look, in their quiet summer beauty, like a fitting domain for a "Castle of Indolence," where this busy world and its cares might be easily and happily forgotten. Surely in such smiles as Nature here puts on, their must be balm for mind diseased.

There is, or was, strange to say, in this little far-away corner of the world, an extensive printing and publishing concern, called the Brattleborough Typographic Company. We remember its imprint upon the ponderous volumes of the "Comprehensive Commentary," the "Polyglott Bible," the "Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge," and other big books.

Continuing our peregrinations from Brattleborough we find the physical aspect of the way charming and striking as ever; the river borders always alternating with grassy or grainy meadows, and field, and bald bluff, and vigorous hillside.

The landscape is admirable in these traits in the vicinity of Putney, a centenarian village, lying *perdu* on the banks of Sackett's Brook, where it comes out into the broad daylight of the "Great Meadow," a mile away from the river. Did not the dotted maps sometimes jog our memories, we should quite forget that there are such hidden nooks in the world as this and the many others like it in the ancient commonwealths of New England. Putney, with its rich soil, its grasses, and its hardier grains, is a good example of the agricultural capacities of this section of our Great Valley. Like all the Eastern towns, it has, too, its quantum of manufacturing industry. Every thing, from a pin to a propeller, is made somewhere or other in New England.

Among the individualities of Putney is a rare mineral—a fluate of lime, or fluor spar, of a rich emerald hue. This production is found in no other part of the United States.

Bellows' Falls is a famous dépôt of travel. Here opposite lines of railway deposit their passengers, and here they are detained generally longer than was their intention, by "mine host of the 'Island House.'" One has but to experience his elegant, spacious, and well-appointed castle, to understand exactly how he does it. This mansion, one of the finest and



BRATTLEBOROUGH, VERMONT.



NEAR PUTNEY, VERMONT.

best-ordered hotels in New England, leads the roofs which fill our accompanying sketch of the village.

Across the river, on the New Hampshire side, is Fall Mountain, whereby hangs an amusing Yankee tale, which has given the name of the Governor's Meadow, or "Governor's Garden," to the rich plains below.

The worthy Governor of years ago, we forget his name, denied the demand of Colonel Bellows for a grant of land in the northwest part of the county, remembering Colonel Bellows to be a shrewd and sensible man, not likely to ask for any thing but the best, and taking it for granted that that best must be certain fine lands which he knew to be somewhere in the jurisdiction, but not exactly where, he reserved the Colonel's solicited *bonne bouche* for his own use, and very generously authorized him to choose a domain of the same extent *in any other part.* The sagacious Colonel, who had anticipated this strategy, unsighingly abandoned his claim to the crags of Fall Mountain, in the northwest, to the worthy Governor, and consoled himself instead with as many acres of the fine river bottoms.

Between Fall Mountain and the island upon which our village rises are the falls in which it finds its baptism. The waters of the Connecticut are gathered here into most Procrustean limits, and are toppled over cliff and crag in a very cavalier fashion. That most conscientious historian of Connecticut, Samuel Peters, wrote eloquently, more eloquently than we can hope to do, of this spirited scene. This is what he said—*le drôle*—in the year of grace 1782: "Two hundred miles from the Sound is a narrow of five yards only, formed by two shelving mountains of solid rock, *whose tops intercept the clouds!* Through this chasm are compelled to pass all the waters which, in the time of the floods, bury the northern country. At the upper cohoes the river there spreads twenty-four miles wide, and for five or six weeks *ships of war* might *sail over lands* that afterward produce the greatest crops of hay in America! People who can bear the sight—the groans, and the tremblings, and surly motion of water, trees, and ice through this awful passage—view with astonishment one of the greatest phenomenon in nature! Here water is consolidated without frost, by pressure, by swiftness, between the pinching sturdy rocks, to such a degree of induration that no *iron-crow can be forced into it!* Here lead, iron, and cork have one common weight; here, steady as time and harder than marble, the stream passes irresistible, if not as swift as lightning! The electric fire rends trees in pieces with no greater ease than does the mighty water!" All this, and more of the same sort, honest Samuel thinks, must "compel the hardiest traveler to reflect how feeble is man, and how great that Almighty who formed the lightning, thunders, and the irresistible power and strength of waters!"

What *would* Peters have said had he seen Niagara! Charge the underscoring and the exclamation points of the historian's rhetoric to our own account—*his* sin is heavy enough without the emphasis.

It was at this famous "Narrow" that the first bridge which ever spanned the Connecticut was erected. Colonel Enoch Hale did it in 1785. When President Dwight wrote his "Travels in New England," thirty or forty years ago, the bridges had increased in number to thirteen, and the catalogue is more than doubled at the present day. We do not know how many bridges have fallen and arisen on the site of the old pioneer; but we do know that there is a broad one there now, and a second, used by the railway, alongside thereof, and that both are to be seen in our sketch from the glen below. In said sketch the reader will observe that we have not quite verified Samuel Peters's description of the mighty "Narrow!"

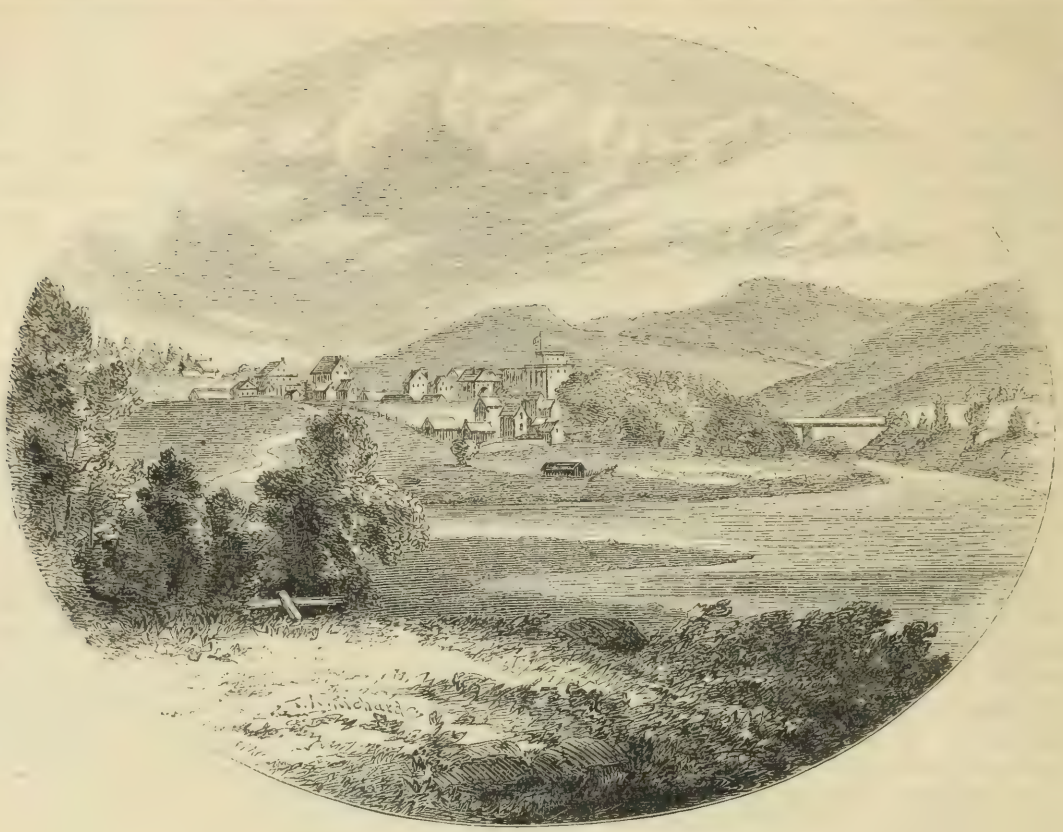
Many years ago a canal was built here at great cost to circumvent the bar to navigation which the great "Narrow" interposed; as canals, with like *animus*, have been made at sundry other points of rapid and cascade in the passage of the river. There is a famous structure of the kind, which we omitted to mention in its proper place, at South Hadley, below Northampton. None of the Connecticut falls, excepting the merry little fellows on the upper mountain waters, are of much service to the artist. We may as well tarry here at the comfortable "Island House" to say a word or two concerning the navigable capacities of the Connecticut, to strengthen which so much money, as we have hinted, has been expended in canals. Small steamboats, with the help of the canal portages, have reached Springfield, while sloops run readily from the Sound, fifty miles, to Hartford and beyond, and boats of twenty-four tons have traversed a distance of nearly two hundred miles, to the rapids at Waterqueechy; but the railways, which at this day fill the Valley of the Connecticut, have made the river-transport of very small account.

Charlestown, a quiet valley-centre, on the eastern bank of the river, was the extremest fortified post in this direction during the French and Indian wars. It was known as "Fort No. 4." At this day the little village sleeps peacefully enough in its fertile savannas; so peacefully that we counsel none but dreamers to venture upon a halt within its borders. It has its legends of Indian cruelty, like all these ancient settlements; but the reader may easily concoct them for himself with a moderately intelligent use of the usual ingredients: A few white trespassers, six times as many angry exiled red men, fused like the two papers of a Seidlitz powder — the customary blow up is inevitable.

Our next and last great resting-place is at



ABOVE PUTNEY.



BELLOWS' FALLS, VERMONT.

Windsor, on the Green Mountain side of the Connecticut. There are charming villages in plenty, to the northward, on both shores of this river, and among them Hanover, with the classic halls of Dartmouth; but Windsor is the outermost summer-home of the Valley traveler. This place passed, he soon turns eastward to the White Hill region of New Hampshire, or westward to the Green Mountain glen. There is an excellent hotel here, where the outside enjoyments may be happily relieved with indoor pleasures, until evaporated weeks have left only a sediment of sunny remembrance.

Mount Ascutney, with its triple crown, is the great object of interest in the river landscape for miles above and below Windsor. It is more than usually Protean in form, as viewed from opposite points. A few miles off, at Claremont, across the pleasant waters of Sugar River, it curves in a very charming shape. Its summits, which are more than three thousand feet above the valley, overlook fields of beauty which one may wisely climb to see.

The Ascutney panorama, indeed, is second to neither that of the Camel's Hump or Mansfield, its bigger brothers in the Green Mountain family.

The Indian name, which these huge granite heights fortunately retain, is said to mean "the Three Brothers," in allusion to the three distinct summits which they exhibit from certain points of view.

We first looked upon old Ascutney and upon all the hills and valleys of the Connecticut as they appear in the exquisite drapery of verdant spring and early summer time, and we inwardly rejoiced at our good fortune in coming at what then seemed to us to be the most auspicious of all seasons for the display of their charms; but our delight still grew, when in another visit we saw all the fair scenes resplendent in the gorgeous appareling of many-colored autumn; when the bright oranges, the glowing carnations, and the many-hued greens of the maples, the birches, the walnuts, the elms, and the mountain spruces, mingled, and mocked the rainbow in its prismatic glories. The varied and luxuriant vegetation, which gives these valley lands such wondrous beauty in the emerald spring, served equally to produce the marvelous enchantment of colors which so magically follow the transforming touch of winter frosts. Here Nature has, although a brief, yet a glad life; not outlasting her loveliness, and sadly wasting in an old and ugly decrepitude of green and yellow melancholy. She dies in the pride and plenitude of her youth and beauty, and her coffined features wear a grace beyond the triumphs of her life.

Here, too, even grim winter must wear a smile—a smile of especial and extraordinary bewitchments. These broad plains must glitter resplendently in their spotless, sprite-like carpetings of snow; and the weird mountain sides, in their white sepulchral robes, must, in the mystic light of silver moon, conjure up a thousand odd and unearthly dreams and fancies. There must be jolly hours, too, by crackling fagot, within those closely-fitting and well-lardered cottage walls, or happy hearts issuing forth in generous folds of bear and buffalo, to brave the cutting breeze, in the swift flight of

the merry, tuneful sleighs. Ah! that must indeed be fun

> "To rollic over heels and head,
> Tossed with a dozen damsels from a sled!"

One should see New England in its speciality of winter dress and life, as he should experience Carolina in her unique aspect of summer suns and vegetable wealth. But these pleasures are both to be dearly bought; here, icy frosts and nose-nipping winds; there, scorching airs and dread miasmas. But then, what is there in this world worth the having, for which we must not pay?

Perhaps the reader will think that we are musing and moralizing very much at our leisure; but he must remember that we told him we were well off in housed-comfort here in Windsor, and also that it was our last great resting-place. We have but to accompany him to the spot where the White River pays tribute to old "Quonnecticut," and where the cars of the Vermont railways will come to bear him westward, should he be so booked; or to trudge on, for some dozen leagues, to greet the waters of Wells' River, and send him eastward to the Granite Hills; or if he must yet follow the fortunes of our noble stream, give him good counsel for his further wanderings; where to pause and what to see, how to shoulder his knapsack as he approaches the mountain springs, where to lodge his bullet in the proud deer's head, and how to lure the wily trout from the shelter of his native ripples. All this, though, he perhaps already knows, in which case it remains for us but to conduct him quickly to the hills, and with a God speed, part company.

The Connecticut divides the States of New Hampshire and Vermont through nearly all their reach from north to south. Above the mouth of Wells' River, in the latitude of the White Mountains, it begins to lose its broad, stately character, and to assume a more sprightly and youthful air, until it at length becomes a merry, rollicking hill stream, needing no better bridge than a stone or a pebble here and there, and bearing no weightier freightage than the bait on the angler's hook. It has two distinct sources in the Hereford Mountains, along the Canada line in New Hampshire; one branch coming from a little lake, to which it stands godfather. All this region of its upper waters is replete with the wild varying charms of lonely forest and mountain haunts. Crag and precipice, brook and cascade, and woodland glen, with the proper accessories of game, in water, earth, and air, with sufficient civilization at hand to make even the neophyte in wilderness life to enjoy its delights at his ease. Oh! ye dyspeptics of the sweltering city, ye of the counting-house, the club, or the drawing-room, fly, if you may, a while to these pure and truthful altars of Nature, and ask and receive renewed



BRIDGES AT BELLOWS' FALLS.



WINDSOR—MOUNT ASCUTNEY, VERMONT.

physical and moral life. It was beneath the open sky and on fragrant verdant lawns, not upon tapestries and under frescoes, that the men of old lived forever.

It is no slight addition to the charms of travel in this region, to meet every where a population earnest, truthful, and wise, in all the duties and uses of life, to say nothing of the physical comforts which enterprise, honesty, and intelligence always bring.



CHARLESTON, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

VIRGINIA ILLUSTRATED.

ADVENTURES OF PORTE CRAYON AND HIS COUSINS.

Fifth Paper.

"Se delle antiche gente
Le cenere disperdi,
Se atteri i monumenti,
Se le memorie perdi,
A te Patria, che resta?"

AS the moon, with red and stupid phiz, stared from behind the ragged mountains of Albemarle, her rays faintly illumined a scene that might have served for the opening incident of a romance: A wrecked carriage, a pair of patient, drooping horses standing near, a group of human figures, male and female, that in the dim light appeared to be all of one color. But who could fail to recognize the Herculean contour of Little Mice, or the philosophic shrug that accompanied the following characteristic remark:

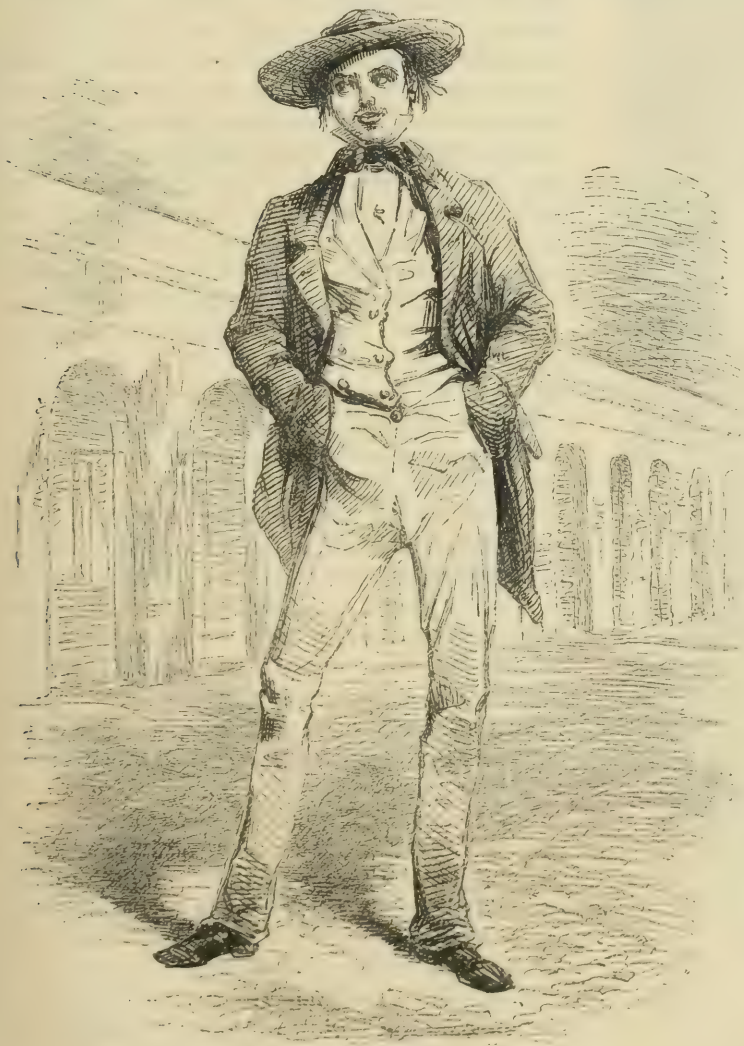
"'Misfortunes never come alone!' Curse the luck and the man that mended the axle!"

"What we gwine to do now, master?"

"I hear dogs barking at no great distance ahead; there must be a house at hand. We will first provide a shelter for the helpless beings under our care—the women and horses—then turn our attention to the vehicle and baggage."

Fortunately for our friend, Squire Oliver's soul was greater than his house; and through his hospitable care they were comfortably fed, lodged, and sped on their way next morning. Their equipage was accommodated precisely as it had been after the accident near Lynchburg; and notwithstanding its somewhat cumbrous appearance they made their way to Charlottesville, thirteen miles distant, with comparative ease and rapidity.

The girls, who never were able to attain that stoical contempt for appearances so frequently enlarged upon by their philosophic companion, could not but congratulate themselves that they passed the University during lecture hours, and in consequence escaped the observation of some five hundred quizzing students. After dinner they set off on foot to visit the University, which is about a mile distant from the town of Charlottesville. On the way Mr. Crayon indulged in some sage observations on the subject of giggling, general propriety of deportment, especially among strangers—more especially if those strangers happened to be young persons—students, for example. Not indeed that he intended these remarks to be understood as suggestions on the present occasion; hoped the ladies wouldn't think so for a moment; too much confidence, etc. But seeing students always reminded him of dignity—"As Cæsar's triumph shorn of Pompey's bust," etc.



THE STUDENT.

Having at length arrived at the College, they felt at a loss for a chaperon. Dora intimated that her cousin, Ned Twiggs, was then at the University—that he was an amiable, well-mannered youth—but she felt a delicacy in interrupting his studies, as she had understood from his letters home that he was in the habit of studying nineteen hours a day. Fanny thought it was a great shame only to allow himself five hours for sleep and recreation, and that his health must give way under it. Mr. Crayon heard these remarks with a contemptuous shrug, and went directly to the proctor's office to ascertain the number of Ned's room.

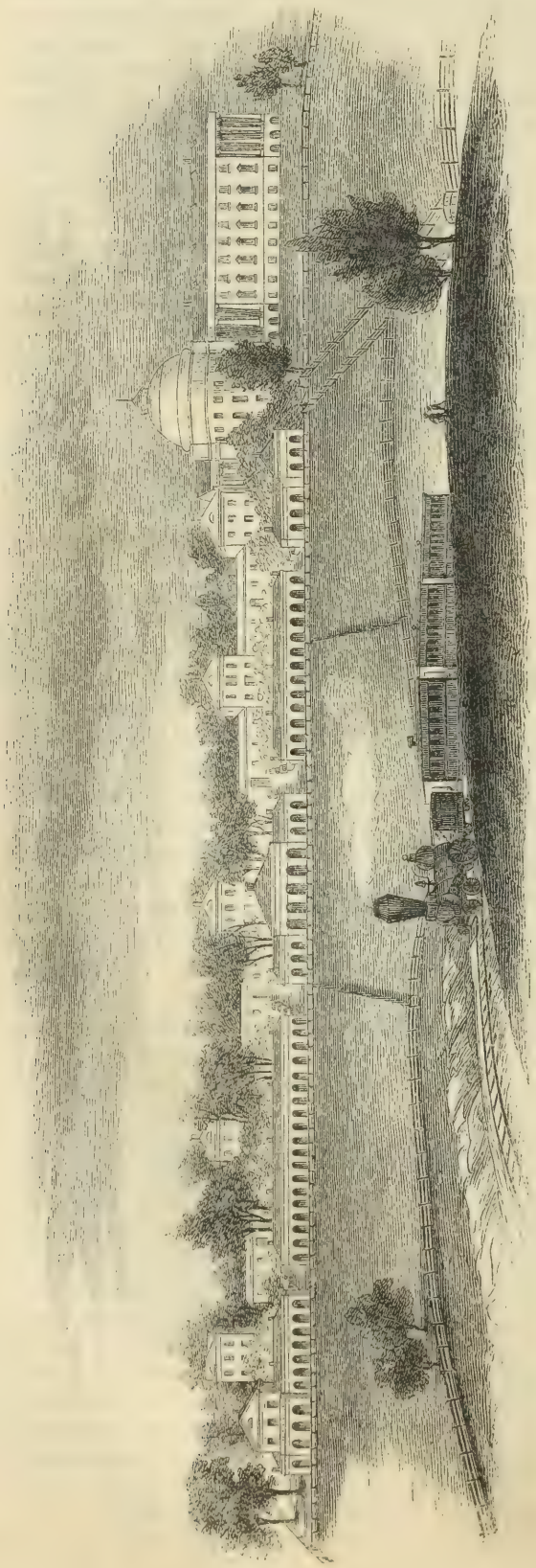
Now that young gentleman did look as if he hadn't slept his wholesome allowance for some time; but Mr. Crayon took pains to insinuate afterward, that young men at colleges sometimes lost their rest from other causes than mere devotion to their legitimate studies. Ned was vastly delighted to see his fair relatives, and undertook the office of chaperon with an alacrity and good-humor that fully justified Dora's good opinion of his manners.

"Indeed," says Mr. Crayon,

"it gives me great pleasure to say, that, although the vivacity of these blooded colts at our Virginia colleges frequently leads them into all sorts of deviltries and excesses, they have almost invariably the manners of gentlemen.

The University was established by an act of Assembly dated January 25, 1819, upon the site of the Central College of Albemarle. It was planned, built, and organized under the immediate supervision of Mr. Jefferson.

The student's dormitories, professors' houses, and class-rooms, are built upon three sides of a quadrangle, and are connected by a continuous colonnade. Outside of these, at some distance, are second lines of dormitories and offices, the space between the ranges being occupied by well-cultivated gardens. The whole has a very pleasing and pretty effect, but the buildings are too low, and the architecture wants finish.



THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

Although this institution was an especial pet of its distinguished founder, and bequeathed by him to the fostering care of our venerable Commonwealth, it was not eminently successful in its early years. Latterly, however, it seems to be taking the position that it should have attained long ago, and its present catalogue shows over five hundred students.

The ladies were so much delighted with every thing they saw, and had so much to say about the students, that Mr. Crayon began to grow morose and cynical.

"Women," said he, "always make most fuss about matters of which they know least. They are prodigious admirers of learning, or, more strictly speaking, the name of learning. For any owlish fellow who gets a reputation for profundity, or malapert who has written verses for a magazine, is, in their estimation, a Newton or a Milton. While they pretend to be in love with scholarship, they are sworn foes of every means of acquiring it. So jealous and exacting of the time and attention of their unlucky admirers, that an interesting book is as bad as a rival beauty; the solution of an abstruse problem is equivalent to a quarrel; the study of a science amounts to prolonged absence, and consequent oblivion. As for themselves, they will read nothing but novels, and listen to nothing but nonsense. Improving conversation is ever drowned in untimely giggling, and a useful lecture is looked upon as an inadmissable bore."

"I think," interrupted Fanny, "that lectures may be bores without even the pretense of being useful."

"If I had Cousin Porte's talents," said Minnie, "I would write a novel to demonstrate the impropriety of novel reading, and deliver a public lecture on the frivolity of frivolousness."

Dora yawned, and, with an air of unaffected simplicity, avowed that, for her part, she thought more of the scholars than she did of scholarship.

"To be sure," said Minnie, with enthusiasm, "we do not so much admire the laborious, painstaking student, the mere book-worm; but the brilliant, dashing genius, whose productions seem the results of intuition rather than of labor, whose eloquence is unstudied, whose verses are impromptu—"

Minnie stopped suddenly, and turned away her suffused cheek under the pretense of arranging her sewing. Crayon bit his lip and began whistling like a fifer, when fortunately the servant ushered in Mr. Twiggs and several of his friends.

While the Freshmen are paying their compliments to the ladies, we can not forbear indulging in a few moral reflections.



TO SHAVE OR DYE, THAT IS THE QUESTION.

While every body's mouth and every body's book are filled with laudations of Nature, her skill in adapting her gifts to the necessities of every age and clime, the unerring truth of her teachings, the infallibility of her intuitions, the eternal fitness of things, why has not some bold philosopher overthrown this host of slang and battered this castle of paper walls with the artillery of every-day facts and experiences? Why do babies cry after the moon? Why does all the world want what it can't get? Why have boys of sixteen or thereabout such an inordinate desire for beards? And why, when the gift would be most acceptable, does the hard-hearted Dame insult them with a sprinkling of peach fuzz instead? And why, when years have matured the hirsute harvest, does the desire for it disappear, and the man become involved in expenditure of time and money to get rid of that appendage which, as a youth, he would have gloried in? Answer me that, ye optimists.

During the journey, our hero's beard had grown broad and long, until he resembled a *sapeur* of the French Guard. In looking on the downy lips of the students, a most unphilosophic sense of superiority took possession of him. He was annoyed, at the same time, to perceive the interest which the ladies appeared to take in their beardless conversation.

Crayon assumed a magisterial air: "Ned, my boy, how are you getting on with the classics?"

Ned replied, modestly, that he had passed his last examination very creditably.

"Are you of opinion that Dido was really in love with the Pious Æneas?"

"Virgil says so," replied Ned.

"But does not Virgil frequently say '*Dido et Dux*,' and, worse than all, '*Dux Trojanorum*' (which species was probably larger than our fowl—a sort of aquatic Shanghai), and how do you reconcile this with his previous statement?"

"If she *eat* ducks," said Dora, "she certainly couldn't have been much in love."

"Certainly not. Dido was a humbug."

"Cousin Crayon," said Ned, beginning to show a little pluck, "who was first found guilty of a breach of the peace?"

"According to Holy Writ," said Crayon, "it must have been *the first Cain*."

"Not so," said Ned. "For before his time, and even before the creation, it is said '*Nihil fit*.'"

"So he did, indeed," said Crayon.

Although the girls did not entirely understand this sally, they laughed all the more, while Crayon looked quite vexed.

"Very well, youngster, very well; you'll get along. With twenty years of study and patience you may become a ripe scholar, and grow a beard like mine probably. For the present, Ned, let me counsel you to cream your face and submit it to the cat; and for the rest, be content with the distinctions that appertain to your age and condition. '*Pro Ingenuo adolescenti, sedula scholasticæ, disciplinæ observantia, et in literis profectu egregio.*'"



SHAVING.

Now, before the girls, this was rather too much. Crayon must have forgotten that he had once been a boy. Ned turned very red, bit his lip, and then writing a verse on the back of a card, handed it to Crayon, and asked him to translate it.

"Qui pascit barbam, si crescit mente, Platoni,
Hirce, parem nitido te tua barba fecit."

"Devil take the puppy," thought our hero. But the ladies didn't understand Latin; so he complimented Ned on his scholarship, and put the joke in his pocket, taking good care not to allude to the subject afterward.

As their own carriage was still at the shop undergoing repairs, our friends hired a hack to visit Monticello, once the seat of Mr. Jefferson. On their way up the mountain they turned aside, a little way from the road, to visit the tomb of the departed sage and statesman. The gate of the inclosure was off its hinges, and the wall itself crumbling to ruin. The grave was formerly marked by a simple granite obelisk, eight or nine feet high, in one face of which was sunk a slab of white marble, containing the following inscription:

HERE LIES BURIED THOMAS JEFFERSON,
AUTHOR OF THE DECLARATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE;
OF THE STATUTE OF VIRGINIA FOR RELIGIOUS FREEDOM;
AND FATHER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

The marble slab has disappeared entirely, and of the obelisk there remains but a shapeless lump of granite. A good sized flint-stone, which had evidently served very often for a hammer, lay beside the remains of the monument.

"Is this broken, nameless stone all that marks the grave of Jefferson?" inquired Minnie.

"It seems," said Fanny, "as if some Vandal enemy had visited the place. Such sacrilege and wanton destruction is a disgrace to civilization."

"It must have been the British," said Dora. "You know how they were censured and abused for breaking the Naval Monument at Washington."

"Be more particular in your chronology, Dora. The last war with England terminated in 1815, and Jefferson died in 1826."

"Sure enough, I forgot that. But how can any one tell when he died when the tomb is broken to pieces. It is very disgraceful."

"Women always jump at conclusions," replied Crayon. "The modes of showing respect to the dead are altogether conventional, and are different in different countries. Among some barbarous and semi-civilized peoples it is customary for every passer to cast a stone upon the grave of departed greatness, and the monument thus raised grows in magnitude and respect from year to year and from age to age. In this country, justly proud of its enlightenment, it is, on the contrary, customary for visitors to carry away a portion of any monument or memorial that may have become hallowed by association with an illustrious name. While the unpretending name, which private affection has carved upon the mortuary slab, may remain undisturbed until the dead and his posterity are forgotten, the monuments of the great are cracked up and scattered abroad to enrich innumerable curiosity cabinets throughout the land. It must be a source of gratification to the admirers of Mr. Jefferson to observe these unmistakable evidences of popular respect for his memory."

The exterior of the house at Monticello is striking, although time and the elements are playing sad havoc with the perishable materials of which it is built. Unless speedily repaired, brick, stucco, and wood-work will soon tumble into absolute ruin. The interior is better preserved, and the two principal rooms have some pretensions to elegance. For the rest, it is difficult to conceive of an interior plan more ridiculous and ill-contrived. The stairways are so narrow and steep, that they would scarcely be admissible as passages to a kitchen loft. It is not uncommon to find great men ambitious of little things entirely out of their line, and we suppose the statesman, here as at the University, meddled a good deal with the builders. The view from the plateau, for beauty, variety, and extent, can scarcely be surpassed; and what, after all, are the considerations of convenience, expense, or technical criticism, to one who can appreciate the glorious surroundings of this classic dwelling?

Monticello is situated upon the apex of a mountain, five hundred feet above the Rivanna River, which flows at the base. It is three miles distant from the town of Charlottesville, which, with the University, is in full view from the house. The whole improvement is said to have cost one hundred thousand dollars.

As they were descending the mountain, our travelers heard a sharp crash, and the carriage sunk on one side until it was suddenly brought up against a gravel bank.

"What's the matter?" asked one of the girls, with a yawn.

"Oh! nothing," replied Porte, quietly accommodating his person to the change of level; "a wheel is smashed, I believe."

The driver made his appearance at the window, in a state of great perturbation; but was soon calmed by the impassive manner of the travelers.

"Detach your horses, Uncle; ride to town, and bring us another carriage. You need not hurry about it, but try to bring us one that will last to the hotel."

"Did you say onhitch 'em, master?"

"Yes! yes! onhitch 'em."

"Dat I will do dat," replied the obsequious negro.

Presently his horses' feet were heard clattering down the road; and soon the sound died away in the distance. The ladies drew their shawls around them, and one after another dropped to sleep. Wakeful on his post, like a chivalrous sentinel, Porte Crayon looked on the sleeping beauties, proud of his responsibility, and filled with knight-errant imaginings. Half an hour after, when the ruddy moon peeped in at the carriage-window, she found sentinel and all asleep, and so Uncle Pompey found them when he returned with his new carriage.

After leaving Charlottesville, our travelers floundered on through the mud of Orange and Culpepper, which part of the journey the philosopher characterized as "dead slow," and wondered that counties that contained so many handsome country residences, and had furnished so many great names to history, could tolerate such thoroughfares. Not unfrequently the overdone horses would come to a halt in the middle of the highway, and the ladies would be disembarked by means of a bridge of rails, constructed from the door of the carriage to the shore. Then Mice would, by dint of coaxing, whipping, and putting his own shoulder to the wheel, get his beasts out of that difficulty, shortly to fall into another of like character.

One day as they journeyed, Mice tied the reins to his leg, and drawing up his carpet-bag, with some hesitation pulled out a bundle about the shape and size of a man's head.

"What!" exclaimed Porte, with surprise. "Have you turned naturalist, too? What are you going to do with that hornet's nest?"

"Dis ain't no hornet's ness, Mass' Porte; dem's bank-notes; an please, Sir, I want you to count 'em for me."

On examination of the bundle, it proved to

be a wad of one-dollar notes, a circulating medium then in tolerable repute in Southwestern Virginia, furnished for the most part by the Washington City bankers. A medium much more convenient than gold and silver (Old Bullion to the contrary notwithstanding), as it may be manufactured to any extent without the trouble of washing and mining in outlandish and inhospitable regions. When he saw of what material this ball was composed, Crayon's countenance fell, and vague suspicions of bank robberies crossed his mind.



STUCK FAST IN THE MUD.

"Where, in the name of Fortune, did this come from? Did you find it, or have you robbed a country store? Confess instantly."

"No, indeed, Mass' Porte," replied Mice, with honest fervor, "I never stealed money in all my life—I didn't. Fact is, Massa, I larnt day way to thumb a Jack, what you showed dem wagoners, and so I skun dem nigger waiters at Lynchburg and Charlottesville outen dat money honestly, Mass' Porte, honestly. Dat money and dese two watches."

Here Mice produced a brace of copper watches, which might have figured at a New York mock-auction.

"Honor and honesty, like every thing else, seem to be purely conventional."

"Dat's a fac, Mass' Porte. Dem's my sentiments."

In the mean time Crayon counted the money, and ascertained that what he had taken for one or two thousand, amounted to less than a hundred dollars. He returned the coachman his ill-gotten gains, and lectured him soundly on the general impropriety of his conduct. Mice acquiesced easily in every thing, and promised amendment for the future, especially as the Popish idea of restitution was not suggested. He muttered, at the same time, that he "didn't see the use of gittin' larnin' if he wasn't 'lowed to use it."



RATHER SEEDY.

As they put up one evening at a village tavern, a red-nosed, unshaven fellow approached our hero, and giving him a familiar poke in the ribs, addressed him by name.

"I say, old hoss, how goes it? Don't remember me, I reckon? Old schoolmate. Look again!"

Crayon shaded his eyes. "The face," said he, "I don't recognize, but the voice reminds me of one Bill Montague."

"The same, old fellow, the same!"

William Montague had commenced life some twenty years before, with a small patrimony and a tolerable education, both

of which he drank up. With his means and respectability he also lost his good name, literally. From the sonorous William Montague, it got to be Will Montage, then Bill Tage—pronounced *g* hard—and by the time he arrived at the condition of complete vagabondism, nothing was left of his title but Bill Taggs.

"Mr. Montague, I'm glad to see you."

"Mr. Montague? It wasn't Mr. Montague when we used to sit on the same bench at school. I have never forgotten our early friendship, old boy, how we used to catch flies together and drown kittens. Ah! those were rare times!" and William sighed, as if the reminiscence was too much for him. "Ah, Porte! we will never see such days again. To think of the windows we've broken, the bird-nests we've robbed, the hens' eggs we've sucked. And then the splendid lies we used to tell the schoolmaster. You could beat us all at that, Porte; we all knocked under to you. Many a whopper I've borrowed from you to get myself out of a scrape."

"My friend," said Crayon, with dignity, "since I left school I have been about in the world a great deal, and consequently have but a faint recollection of the matters to which you allude."

"At any rate, you'll condescend to take a drink with an old acquaintance?"

"Who's to pay?" said Boniface, looking significantly at Mr. C.

Crayon slipped a quarter-eagle into his friend's hand with delicate adroitness.

"I'd like to know," said Bill, addressing the landlord with an air of offended dignity, "why you put that question to me when I ask a gentleman to drink? Set down your best." Here Mr. Montague flipped his coin on the counter with the look of a millionaire.

"Mr. Taggs, I beg your pardon."

"Change!" said Bill, smacking his lips.

"Mr. Taggs, I haven't got the change handy; but I'll just credit the amount on your little account, you understand."

Bill looked blank. "Porte," said he, "I shouldn't mention it, probably, after twenty years, but the amount you lent me just now about covers a little balance you owed me on a game of seven-up—you recollect we played the night of the big spree, when you and I stole the miller's geese and got beastly drunk afterward—"

"No!" said Crayon, bluntly. "I recollect nothing of the sort; get out—"

Our hero was relieved from hearing further reminiscences of his early friend, by the approach of an elderly gentleman, whose dress and deportment, to the practiced eye, showed him to be one of the lords of the soil.

"Your servant, Sir. Traveling, I presume? Returning from the springs?"

"I have been making an excursion in the mountains; have visited the principal watering-places; and am now homeward bound: —— County, on the banks of the Potomac."

"A Virginian, Sir, of course? Happy to make your acquaintance. My name is Hardy, at your service."

"And mine, Sir, is Crayon."

"Indeed, bless my soul! I am delighted to hear it. You must be a relative of my wife. That was her maiden name. Spells it *C-r-a-n-e*."

"Our family spell the name *C-r-a-y-o-n*."

"All Frenchified nonsense. Your father didn't know how to spell, young man. But you must go out to my house, and make it your home while you remain in this part of the country—several weeks, of course. Mrs. Hardy will be delighted to see you. We are a great people for blood."

Crayon intimated that his plans did not admit of his remaining longer than that night; and besides, he had a party of ladies with him.

Squire Hardy's countenance brightened.

"Ladies! So much the better; my girls will be delighted to see their cousins. Tom, get my buggy immediately." And the Squire drove off in hot haste."

"The old gentleman is gone," said Crayon, rather mystified by this manœuvre.

"Bless your soul, Sir," said the host, with a sad smile, "he'll be back directly. He's not going to let you off. This is a poor place, Sir, for my business, Sir. There's not much travel at best; and when I do get a genteel customer I can't keep him, on account of Squire Hardy, and the like of him. He only lives two miles from town, keeps a much better tavern than I do, and nothing to pay, and good liquor into the bargain."



THE SQUIRE AND DAUGHTERS.

In a marvelous short time a carriage drove up, and the old gentleman, with two bouncing daughters, stepped out. The ladies were presented; the Squire kissed the girls all round, and in an incredibly short space of time, without any particular agency of his own, our hero found himself, bag, baggage, and responsibilities, transferred to the old-fashioned,

roomy mansion of the Hardys.

Every body was delighted. The old lady left off in the middle of a cut of yarn she was winding, to welcome her newly-discovered relatives; and Crayon was entertained for two hours with the genealogy of the family. It was ascertained beyond a doubt that they were connected, not only on the Crayon side of the house, but likewise on the Hardy side. These interesting discoveries were confirmed next morning by a message from an aged domestic, Aunt Winnie, who informed Mr. Crayon that she had nursed his father, and insisted on receiving a visit from him at her cabin.



WINDING YARN.

Crayon says his father must have been a remarkable child, for he had already heard of some fifty or sixty old women who had nursed him. However, Aunt Winnie was a person of too much importance on the estate to be slighted, and the visit was made in due form next morning. Her little white-washed cabin stood at no great distance from the "great house," and was fitted up with due regard to the comfort of the aged occupant, not forgetting the ornamental, in the shape of highly-colored lithographs and white-fringed curtains.

"Lord bless us!" said the old woman, "don't tell me dis is Mass' Nat's son. Mussy on us! What you got all dat *har* on your face like wild people? Good Lord; can't tell who de boy looks like on account of dat *har!*"

Crayon smiled at the old nurse's comments; and having made the donation usual on such occasions, turned to depart.

"Thank'ee, young master; Lord bless you. You'se 'mazin' good-lookin' behind, any how."

Aunt Winnie was supposed to be upward of a hundred years old, and could count among her descendants children of the fifth generation, one of whom stood at her side when Crayon took a sketch of her. She walked with difficulty, but her eyes were bright, and her other faculties apparently complete. Her memory was good, and her narratives of the olden time replete with interest. One story which she told of revolutionary times is worth preserving:

In one of Tarleton's marauding expeditions into the interior of Virginia, his troops stopped to breakfast at the plantation of old Major Hardy, the father of the present Squire. All those of the household that drew the sword were with the armies of their country, but they had by no means carried with them all the pluck and patriotism.

The good lady received her visitors with such spirit that it seemed she still considered her house her own, and she still appeared to give with haughty hospitality what her unwelcome guests would have taken as a matter of course. The officers who breakfasted in the house were awed into respect by her manner; and her houses and barns were spared a fate that befell many others. But the passage of such a troop was like a visit of the locusts of Egypt. Fodder-stacks had disappeared, granaries were emptied, meat-houses rifled, piggery and poultry-yard silent as the grave. The matron contemplated the devastation with swelling indignation. All gone—all. If they had been Washington's troopers she would have gloried in the sacrifice; but to be forced to feed the host of the oppressor—to give nourishment and strength to those who might soon meet

her husband and sons in battle—that was hard indeed.

The negroes had returned from their hiding-places, and stood grouped around, with eyes fixed upon their mistress, but not daring to break the silence. Presently an old Muscovy drake crept out from beneath the corn-house, where he had taken refuge during that Reign of Terror. The sight of this solitary and now useless patriarch was the feather that broke the camel's back. The matron's patience gave way under it.

"Jack!" she screamed, "catch that duck!"

With the instinct of obedience, Jack pounced upon the wheezing waddler.

"Now, mount that mare; mount instantly!"

With countenance of ashy hue, and staring eyes, Jack obeyed the order.

"Now, ride after the troopers—ride for your life. Give my compliments to Colonel Tarleton—mind, to no one else—the officer on the black horse—give him my compliments, and tell him your mistress says he forgot to take that duck."

Away went the messenger at full speed after the retreating cohorts.

"Well, Jack, did you deliver that message?"

"Sartain, missus."

"To Colonel Tarleton himself?"



AUNT WINNIE.



THE MUSCOVY DRAKE.

"Sartain, missus."

"And what did he say?"

"He put duck in he wallet, and say he much 'bliged."

The old nurse was not the only character on the estate. The Squire himself was the type of a class found only among the rural population of our Southern States—a class, the individuals of which are connected by a general similarity of position and circumstance, but present a field to the student of man infinite in variety, rich in originality.

As the isolated oak that spreads his umbrageous top in the meadow surpasses his spindling congener of the forest, so does the country gentleman, alone in the midst of his broad estate, outgrow the man of crowds and conventionalities in our cities. The oak may have the advantage in the comparison, as his locality and consequent superiority are permanent. The Squire, out of his own district, we ignore. Whether by nature, or simply in default of comparison, at home he is invariably a great man. Such, at least, was Squire Hardy. Sour and cynical in speech, yet overflowing with human kindness; contemning luxury and expense in dress and equipage, but princely in his hospitality; praising the olden time, to the disparagement of the present; the mortal foe of progressionists and fast people in every department; above all, a philosopher of his own school, he judged by the law of Procrustes, and permitted no appeals; opinionated and arbitrary as the Czar, he was sauced by his negroes, respected and loved by his neighbors, led by the nose by his wife and daughters, and the abject slave of his grandchildren.

His house was as big as a barn; and as his sons and daughters married, they brought their mates home to the old mansion. "It will be time enough for them to hive," quoth the Squire, "when the old box is full."

Notwithstanding his contempt for fast men nowadays, he is rather pleased with any allusion to his own youthful reputation in that line, and not unfrequently tells a good story on himself. We can not omit one told by a neighbor, as being characteristic of the times and manners forty years ago:

At Culpepper Court House, or some Court House thereabout, Dick Hardy, then a good-humored, gay young bachelor, and the prime favorite of both sexes, was called upon to carve the pig at the Court dinner. The district judge was at the table, the lawyers, justices, and every body else that felt disposed to dine. At Dick's right elbow sat a militia colonel, who was tricked out in all the pomp and circumstance admitted by his rank. He had probably been engaged on some court-martial, imposing fifty cent fines on absentees from the last general muster. Howbeit Dick, in thrusting his fork into the back of the pig, bespattered the officer's regimentals with some of the superfluous gravy. "Beg your pardon," said Dick, as he went on with his carving. Now these were times when the war spirit was high, and chivalry at a premium. "Beg your pardon" might serve as a napkin to wipe the stain from one's honor, but did not touch the question of the greased and spotted regimentals.

The Colonel, swelling with wrath, seized a spoon, and deliberately dipping it into the gravy, dashed it over Dick's prominent shirt-frill.

All saw the act, and with open eyes and mouths sat in astonished silence, waiting to see what would be done next. The outraged citizen calmly laid down his knife and fork, and

looked at his frill, the officer, and the pig, one after another. The Colonel, unmindful of the pallid countenance and significant glances of the burning eye, leaned back in his chair, with arms akimbo, regarding the young farmer with cool disdain. A murmur of surprise and indignation arose from the congregated guests. Dick's face turned red as a turkey-gobbler's. He deliberately took the pig by the hind-legs, and with a sudden whirl brought it down upon the head of the unlucky officer. Stunned by the squashing blow, astounded and blinded with steams of gravy and wads of stuffing, he attempted to rise, but blow after blow from the fat pig fell upon his bewildered head. He seized a carving-knife, and attempted to defend himself with blind but ineffectual fury; and at length, with a desperate effort, rose and took to his heels. Dick Hardy, whose wrath waxed hotter and hotter, followed, belaboring him unmercifully at every step, around the table, through the hall, and into the street, the crowd shouting and applauding. We are sorry to learn that among this crowd were lawyers, sheriffs, magistrates, and constables; and that even his honor, the judge, forgetting his dignity and position, shouted in a loud voice, "Give it to him, Dick Hardy! There's no law in Christendom against basting a man with a roast pig!" Dick's weapon failed before his anger; and when at length the battered Colonel escaped into the door of a friendly dwelling, the victor had nothing in his hands but the hind-legs of the roaster. He re-entered the dining-room flourishing these over his head, and venting his still unappeased wrath in great oaths.

The company reassembled, and finished their dinner as best they might. In reply to a toast, Hardy made a speech, wherein he apologized for sacrificing the principal dinner dish, and, as he expressed it, for putting public property to private uses. In reply to this speech a treat was ordered. In those good old days folks were not so virtuous but that a man might have cakes and ale without being damned for it; and it is presumable the day wound up with a spree.

After the Squire got older, and a family grew up around him, he was not always victorious in his contests. For example, a question lately arose about the refurnishing of the house. On their return from a visit to Richmond, the ladies took it into their heads that the parlors looked bare and old fashioned, and it was decided by them in secret conclave that a change was necessary.

"What!" said he, in a towering passion; "isn't it enough that you spend your time and money in vinegar to sour sweet peaches, and sugar to sweeten crab-apples, that you must turn the house you were born in topsy-turvy? God help us—we've a house with windows to let the light in, and you want curtains to keep it out; we've plastered the walls to make them white, and now you want to paste blue paper over them; we've waxed floors to walk on, and we must pay two dollars a yard for carpet to save the oak plank! Begone with your nonsense, ye demented jades!"

The Squire smote the oak floor with his heavy cane, and the rosy petitioners fled from his presence, laughing. In due time, however, the parlors were furnished with carpets, curtains, paper, and all the fixtures of modern luxury. The ladies were, of course, greatly delighted; and while professing great aversion and contempt for the "tawdry lumber," it was plain to see that the worthy man enjoyed their pleasure as much as they did the new furniture.



PIG VERSUS PRIGG.



THE BATTERING-RAM.

On another occasion, too, did the doughty Squire suffer defeat under circumstances far more humiliating, and from an adversary far less worthy.

The western horizon was blushing rosy red at the coming of the sun, whose descending chariot was hidden by the thick Indian-Summer haze that covered lowland and mountain as it were with a violet-tinted vail. This was the condition of things (we were going to say) when Squire Hardy sallied forth charged with a small bag of salt, for the purpose of looking after his farm generally, and particularly of salting his sheep. It was an interesting sight to see the old gentleman, with his dignified portly figure, marching at the head of a long procession of improved breeds—the universally received emblems of innocence and patience. Barring his modern costume, he might have suggested to the artist's mind a picture of one of the Patriarchs.

Having come to a convenient place, or having tired himself crying *co-nan, co-nan*, at the top of his voice, the Squire halted. The black ram halted, and the long procession of ewes and well-grown lambs moved up in a dense semicircle, and also halted, expressing their pleasure at the expected treat by gentle bleatings. The Squire stooped to spread the salt. The black ram, either from most uncivil impatience, or mistaking the movement of the proprietor's coat-tail for a challenge, pitched into him incontinently. "*Plenum sed*," as the Oxonians say. An attack from behind, so sudden and unexpected, threw the Squire sprawling on his face into a stone pile.

> Oh, never was the thunder's jar,
> The red tornado's wasting wing,
> Or all the elemental war,

like the fury of Squire Hardy on that occasion.

He recovered his feet with the agility of a boy, his nose bleeding, and a flint-stone in each hand. The timid flock looked all aghast, while the audacious offender, so far from showing any disposition to skulk, stood shaking his head and threatening as if he had a mind to follow up the dastardly attack. The Squire let fly one stone which grazed the villain's head and killed a lamb. With the other he crippled a favorite ewe. The ram still showed fight, and the vengeful proprietor would probably have soon decimated his flock, had not Porte Crayon (who had been squirrel shooting) made his appearance in time to save them.

"Quick, quick! young man; your gun, let me shoot the cursed brute on the spot."

The Squire was frantic with rage, the cause of which our hero, having seen something of the affray, easily divined. He was unwilling, however, to trust his hair-triggered piece in the hands of his excited host.

"By your leave, Squire, and by your orders, I'll do the shooting myself. Which of them was it?"

"The ram—the d—d black ram—kill him—shoot—don't let him live a minute!"

Crayon leveled his piece and fired. The offender made a bound and fell dead, the black blood spouting from his forehead in a stream as thick as your thumb.

"There now," exclaimed the Squire, with infinite satisfaction, "you've got it, you ungrateful brute! You've found something harder than your own head at last, you cursed reptile! Friend Crayon, that's a capital gun of yours, and you shoot well."

The Squire dropped the stones which he had in his hands, and looking back at the dead body of the belligerent sheep, observed with a thoughtful air, "He was a fine animal, Mr. Crayon, a fine animal, and this will teach him a good lesson."

"In all likelihood," replied Crayon dryly, "it will break him of this trick of butting."

"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest," is the motto of true hospitality all over

the world, and nowhere is the first part better understood than in the Old Dominion. Intensely social from character and habit, the Virginian welcomes the stranger with a hearty cordiality unknown to parts where strangers are less of a rarity, and opens his house and heart with the frankness of a man who has never been taught suspicion by intercourse with a world of sharpers. Confidence begets confidence, kindness begets kindness; the stranger soon becomes a friend. Day by day the invisible cords that bind the heart are strengthened, and the lures of a caressing hospitality more difficult to resist.

When at length you have overstaid your time, and broken two or three appointments for your departure—when the calls of duty and the twinges of conscience can no longer be disregarded—when your trunk is packed, and your carriage at the door, then your entertainer presses your hand: "You've determined to leave us, have you?" He hears your reiterated affirmative with a sigh. "Well, if you must go, good-by. You remember the old rule. 'Speed the parting guest.'" He quotes it reluctantly, as if by way of apology for letting you go at all. "Come again soon, and then not for a week, as if you came merely to light your pipe, but for a good month or so." You promise in good faith, and take your leave with a swelling heart, as if bidding farewell to a second home.

"Crack your whip and drive on."

"Mud," observed Mr. Crayon, "is emblematic of despondency. There is nothing picturesque in mud; nothing suggestive of poetic ideas. Dante punishes some of his sinners in mud—fast fellows of the Guelphic faction we presume. Well, if mud is as hard on sinners as it is on horses, they deserved compassion."

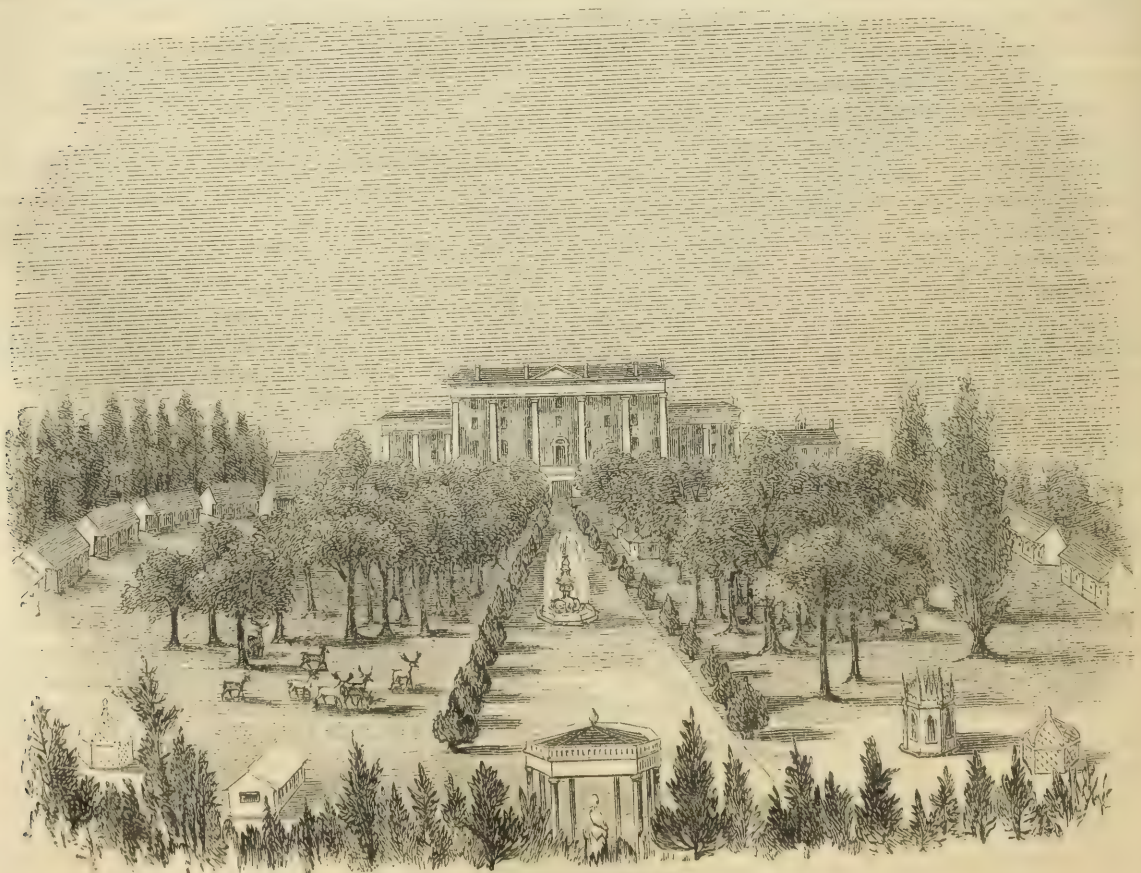
Notwithstanding the prevalence of this adverse circumstance, our travelers kept up their spirits marvelously well. In default of better game, Crayon amused himself shooting chicken-hawks, which abound in these more populous districts.

Passing Barboursville, Culpepper Court House, and Jeffersonton, they at length arrived at the Fauquier Sulphur Springs, where they determined to repose a day or two for the benefit of the horses. If the natural advantages of this watering-place do not equal many of those found higher up in the mountains, it surpasses all others in the extent, elegance, and costliness of its improvements. The buildings, of brick covered with slate, form a semicircle, inclosing a handsome park. These grounds are ornamented with fountains, and enlivened by herds of fallow deer.

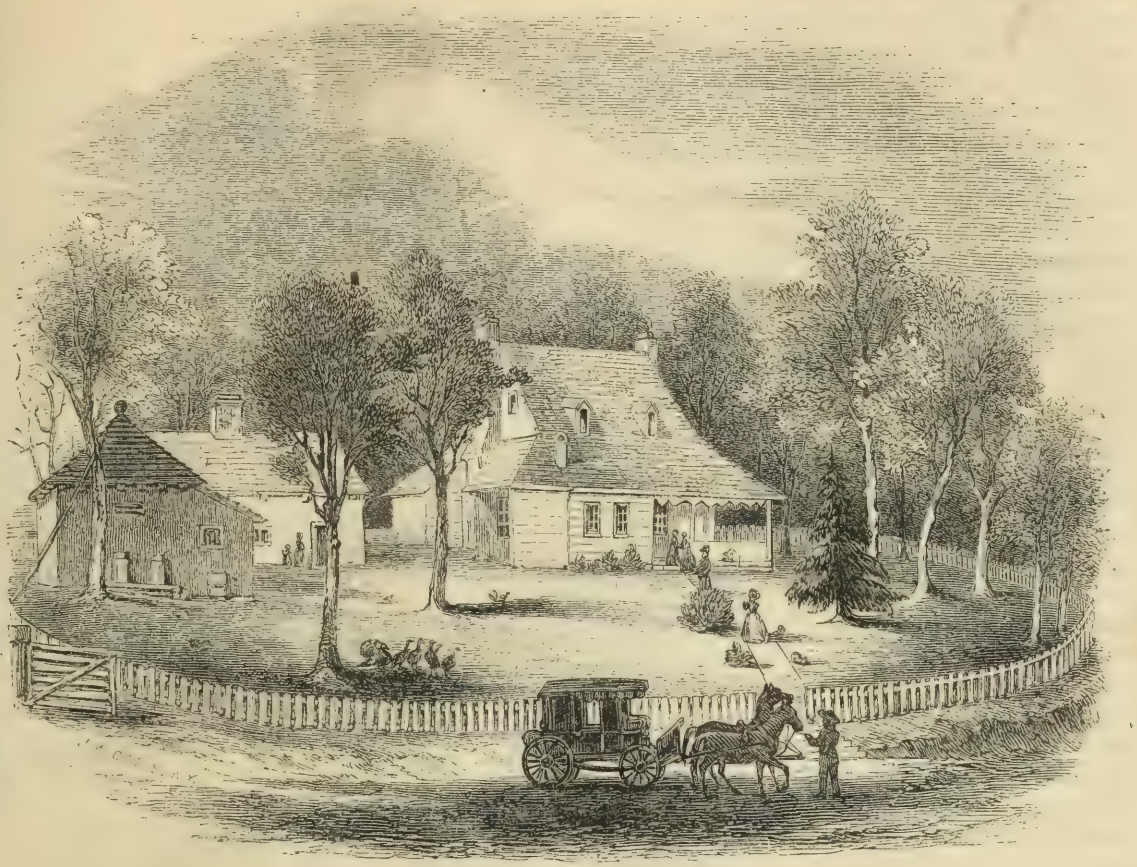
Warrenton, the county town of Fauquier, is six miles distant from the Springs, and from this place our travelers pursued the road toward Ashby's Gap, in the Blue Ridge.

Miss Katy Shackley's quaint, old-fashioned cottage received them that night, and so much pleased were they with their entertainment, that our artist resolved not to leave without carrying with him some reminiscence of the place. Accordingly, next morning before breakfast, he climbed upon a gate-post and made a sketch of the premises, a proceeding which seemed very greatly to mystify a turkey-gobbler and a negro boy at the wood-pile.

Crossing the Ridge at Ashby's Gap, a beauti-



THE FAUQUIER SPRINGS.



PRIVATE ENTERTAINMENT.

ful view of the Piedmont country is obtained: and immediately on the summit is a tulip-tree, or American poplar, called Lord Fairfax's tree, said to mark the spot where three counties corner.

The Rev. Andrew Burnaby, A.M., vicar of Greenwich, who traveled through the Middle Settlements in 1759 and 1760, thus notices this pass:

"The pass at Ashby's Gap, from the foot of the mountain on the eastern side to the Shenandoah, which runs at the foot on the western, is about four miles. The ascent is nowhere very steep, though the mountains are, upon the whole, I think, higher than any I have ever seen in England. When I was got to the top, I was inexpressibly delighted with the scene which opened before me. Immediately under the mountain, which was covered with chamœdaphnes in full bloom, was a most beautiful river; beyond this an extensive plain, diversified with every pleasing object that nature can exhibit; and, at the distance of fifty miles, another ridge of still more lofty mountains, called the great or north ridge, which inclosed and terminated the whole."

The reverend traveler goes on to give an interesting account of Fort London and the town of Winchester, where he sojourned for a short time. While there, he was almost induced to take a tour southward to Augusta County, for the purpose of visiting some natural curiosities which the officers of the garrison assured him were well worth seeing. He gives as a reason for not undertaking the trip, a want of time, and a report that the Cherokees had been scalping in those parts a few days before.

He then gives a list of the curiosities mentioned, as follows:

"1. About 40 miles westward of Augusta Court House, a beautiful cascade rushing down a precipice 150 feet perpendicular.

"2. To the southward of this about twenty miles, two curious hot springs, one tasting like alum, the other like the washings of a gun.

"3. A most extraordinary cave.

"4. A wonderful mineral spring.

"5. Sixty miles southward of Augusta Court House a natural arch, or bridge, joining two high mountains with a considerable river running underneath.

"6. A river called Lost River, from its running under a mountain and never appearing again.

"7. A spring of a sulphureous nature, an infallible cure for particular cutaneous disorders.

"8. Sixteen miles northeast of Winchester, a natural cave or well into which, at times, a person may go down to the depth of 100 or 150 yards; and at other times, the water rises up to the top and overflows plentifully. This is called the ebbing and flowing well, and is situated in a plain flat country, not contiguous to any mountain or running water.

"9. A few miles from hence six or seven curious caves communicating with each other."

The leading wonders of this catalogue are evidently those lately visited by our travelers.

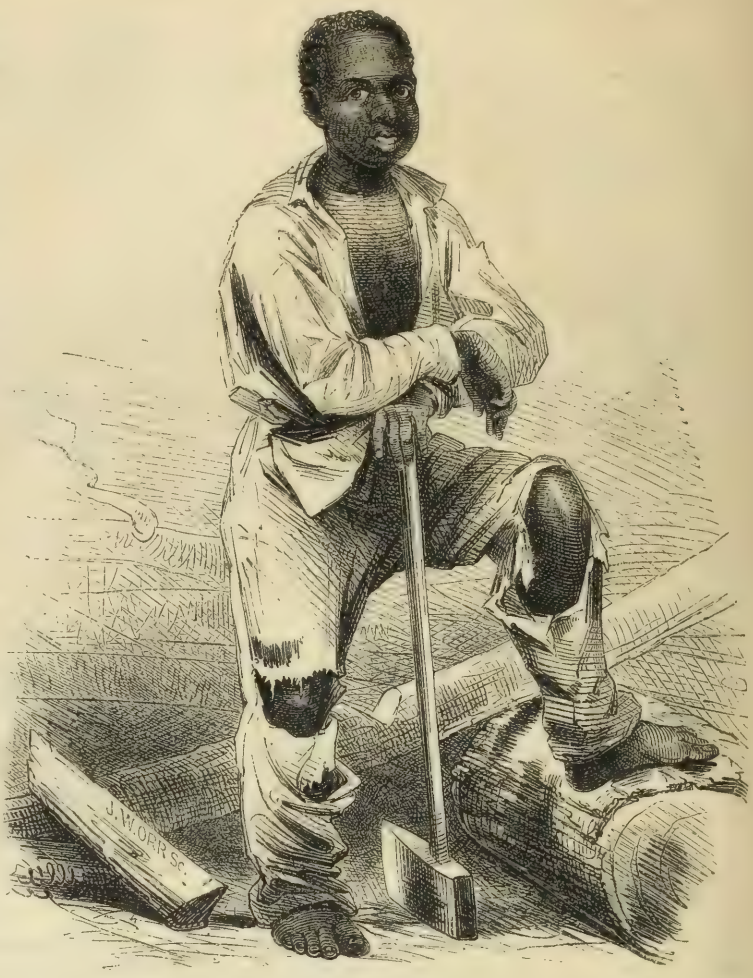
Numbers one and six refer to the Falling Spring Creek in Bath County, and the Lost River in Hampshire, and number nine, probably to Allen's Cave, near Front Royal.

Number three must refer to Madison's Cave; Weyer's, as before stated, not having been discovered until 1804, forty-four years after the date of these travels.

On the evening of the 15th of November our friends again found themselves in the town of Winchester, after an absence of nearly six weeks.

Many a page of graver history would the annals of this old town fill. The first stronghold

of European civilization west of the Blue Mountains—the general rendezvous of the Virginia troops during all the bloody border wars with the Indians and French—what dark tales of savage cruelty, of sudden death, of ghastly torture, of lingering captivity, of hair-breadth escapes, of superhuman endurance, desperate courage, rescue, and revenge, does not the retrospect suggest. What names, too, would be associated with the thrilling narrative; George Washington, the Colonial Colonel of 1755; the eccentric Thomas Lord Fairfax, Baron of Cameron and proprietor of the northern neck of Virginia; and, at a later date, the Morgans, those valiant captains of 1776 and 1812. But leaving these nobler historic themes to other and abler pens, we must mind our own unpretending business, and follow the fortunes of our merry pilgrims to the end.



THE WOOD-PILE.

From Winchester they continued their journey, thirty-six miles, over a good graded road to the Berkeley Springs. After a night of sweet repose and an early dip in the celebrated marble pools, our fair friends appeared at the breakfast-table, looking like roses that had been

"Washed, lately washed in a shower."

The baths at this place are probably not excelled by any in the world. The gentlemen's swimming-bath is sixty feet long by twenty wide, and contains about fifty thousand gallons. There is a smaller swimming-bath for ladies, besides about thirty private plunges, douche, and shower-baths. The natural temperature of the water is 74° Fahrenheit, and the supply is almost unlimited. About twelve hundred gallons



THE BERKELEY SPRINGS.



THE VALETUDINARIAN.

per minute flow through the baths now in use. The bath-houses are surrounded by a beautiful grove; and a fine hotel, capable of accommodating four hundred persons, adjoins the public grounds. These waters are said to be specific in cases of chronic rheumatism, and useful in many other maladies. They mix kindly with old Monongahela, and the baths are said to equal the waters of Lethe in washing away all remembrance of a spree.

In addition to its present celebrity as a summer resort, Bath has a history intimately connected with the great names and events of the early days of the Republic. Near this place the ill-fated army of Braddock passed when marching to its doom in 1755. Sir John's Run, a small stream emptying into the Potomac two and a half miles from Bath, and which gives its name to the station on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, was called after Sir John Sinclair, a captain in the British service, and commander of Braddock's vanguard. The springs were originally the property of Lord Fairfax. He made a gift of them to the Commonwealth of Virginia, which placed them in the hands of Trustees to be improved and managed for the public benefit. The Act incorporating the town of Bath was passed in October, 1776; and the preamble refers to the springs as having been previously a great place of resort for invalids. In 1777 General George Washington, Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, General Horatio Gates, and a number of other distinguished men, purchased lots here and built cottages, to which they resorted with their families, both during and after the Revolution. The Baroness de Reidesel, wife of the German general who was captured with Burgoyne at Saratoga, notices this place in her interesting memoirs. With her invalid husband, still a prisoner on parole, she spent the summer of 1781 here, and mentions her meeting with the family of Washington, and other persons of mark in the history of those stirring times. At the very time this amiable and accomplished lady was writing these notes, the rebel Commander-in-Chief was carrying out his plans, which resulted in the capture of Cornwallis in the month of October in that year.

Here, too, from 1782 to 1784, we have accounts of an humbler laborer in a great cause, destined to bring about a revolution in the condition and habits of mankind scarcely less important than that just accomplished by the great Washington.

In the little harbor at the mouth of Sir John's Run—at that time one of the wildest and most inaccessible spots on the Potomac—James Rumsey built his first experimental steamboat. The traditions of the place inform us that Rumsey gained the money necessary to carry on his experiments by working at the Baths erected by the Trustees at that time. The following notices, taken from the *Maryland Gazette*, will throw some light on the subject, and may also serve to amuse the curious:

"*Richmond*, June 19th, 1784.—The histories of the most eminent empires can not produce more flattering or greater instances of the genius of a people proud to cultivate the arts and eloquences of polite refinement in the infancy of its natural existence, that is, in a state of freedom, than in the United States of America.

"Among the various exertions that legislative wisdom and well-directed policy pervading the whole for the permanent establishment of general good and national grandeur, we are happy to find that the convenience of a medicinal bath, supported on a plan of propriety and decorum, has engaged the attention of the public. Popular respect will determine whether this plan can have for its basis the uses of similar springs in Europe.

"In Berkeley County five bathing-houses, with adjacent dressing-rooms, are already completed: an assembly room and theatre are also constructed for the innocent and rational amusements of the polite who may assemble there.

"The American company of comedians it is expected will open there, under the direction of Mr. Ryan, on the 15th of July, and to continue till the 1st of September. It is supposed they will prove so acceptable to the Bath.

as to encourage the proprietor to renew his visits yearly.

"The Muses follow freedom, said Socrates; from Greece and Rome they certainly fled when those mighty empires fell. Let us hail, therefore, their residence in America."

"To the Public.

"*Warm Springs at Bath, in Berkeley County, Virginia, June 18th*, 1784.

"James Rumsey and Robert Throgmorton propose opening a very commodious Boarding-House for the residence of Ladies and Gentlemen who may honor the Bath, at the sign of the Liberty-pole and Flag. Every possible attention will be paid to render the situation of those who honor them with their commands perfectly agreeable."

But the old times have passed away; the old theatre has disappeared, the old bath-houses fallen to decay. The brave, the gifted, the gay, the beautiful of the old days gone to one common resting-place. There are new times now, new hotels, new bath-houses, new fashions, new manners, new people at Berkeley. The new buildings are undoubted improvements on the old ones, and the fresh beauties that congregate here every summer pleasanter to think about than their great-grandmothers. For the rest, we may quote Solomon and hold our peace: "Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this."

But there still remains one connecting link between the past and the present in the person of the old bathkeeper, who sits beneath the canopy at the spring. Eighty years ago, honest John Davis was born at the head of the grove, on the very spot where he now lives, and for nearly forty years has, in his present official capacity, served the invalid and pleasure-seek-



JOHN DAVIS, BATHKEEPER.

ing public with patient fidelity. The top of the grove fence is the horizon of his world, and his head contains but one full-grown, all-absorbing idea, that the chief end of man is to bathe.

We are told that he never left home but once in his life. When the British marauders threatened Norfolk, he was drafted into the militia, and marched to the defense of that place. His term of service expired, and he returned home, innocent as he departed of the stain of human blood, to resume, in the valley of the sweet waters, the even tenor of his peaceful and harmless life.

As the air was fresh and bracing, Porte Crayon insisted that his wards should walk with him over to Sir John's, two miles and a half distant. "It will be worth the trouble," said he, "to see those fine engines of Ross Winans, glorious in their completeness, thundering and screaming, as if in wanton superfluity of strength, over the very spot where seventy years ago the enthusiastic and unfortunate Rumsey hoped, and sighed, and wrought in vain. Could the shade of the ingenious Virginian but now revisit this scene of his labors, and behold the misty giant, to enslave whose might he gave a life of unsuccessful toil, now so completely and beautifully subservient to the will of man, how would disappointment, neglect, weariness, and poverty be forgotten in the swell of glorious pride at the consciousness of having been one of the pioneers in this triumph of human genius!"

"Upon my word," said Dora, "I had always thought that steam-engines were nothing more than great black, dirty, greasy, dangerous machines, whose business it was to draw long trains on the railroad and kill cows, but Porte's speech has quite astonished me, and made me believe they are very wonderful productions."

"Miss Dimple, my speech, as you call it, was not so much a glorification of steam-engines as a tribute to departed genius. But surely one could scarcely find a nobler theme for eloquence than these same squealing, fizzing, rattling machines. And of those black, greasy-looking demons who conduct them, I could relate instances of courage and devotion which, if displayed in the tented field, would have brought the actors rank and distinction. As it was, a newspaper paragraph, and the consciousness of merit, were, as far as I know, the only rewards they ever received. Listen while I relate a circumstance that came partly under my own eye:

"It is customary, young ladies, to carry powder over the road in long tubular cars, made of sheet-iron, with a close-fitting door in each end to keep out fire. The powder train was running westward between Martinsburg and North Mountain, when an explosion took place within the car, so severe that it nearly knocked the brakesman off the platform where he was standing. The fact was immediately communicated to the conductor, and the engine stopped. The men procured buckets of water from the reservoir, walked back, opened the door at both ends of the car, and deliberately waited for the smoke to escape before they proceeded to extinguish the fire burning among the straw and paper that was strewn thickly over the floor. This was executed in the coolest and most careful manner, so as not to wet the powder. I happened to be at Sir John's when the train arrived, and hearing the circumstance mentioned, had the curiosity to examine the car. The marks of the explosion were distinctly visible around the crevices of the doors at each end. Inside the floor was covered with burnt straw and bits of paper, the kegs and barrels containing the powder were scorched and blackened, and the paper covering of a coil of rope fuse was burnt in holes. That the cargo should have been saved under these circumstances, seems little less than a miracle.

"This cargo consisted of 230 kegs of powder, 22 half barrels, and 11 barrels, which, if ignited, would have blown the train to Cumberland, probably, or farther. The partial explosion was doubtless occasioned by a spark entering the hole traversed by the connecting-rod, and igniting some loose powder that lay in the bottom of the car.

"I was struck with the quiet, unpretending manner with which the men treated this circumstance, which to me looked like an almost miraculous escape from annihilation, and was at a loss, too, to imagine a motive that could induce men in their senses deliberately to face such imminent and fearful peril. I asked the conductor, 'why, upon the first warning, they all did not take to their heels?' 'Sir,' replied he, 'it is our duty to protect the property intrusted to our charge even at the peril of our lives.'

"The names of these men were, David Koonce, conductor; Horace Woodward, engineer; John Weaver, fireman, and G. G. Frithey, brakesman.

"In taking leave of the subject I may sincerely say, that a more splendid exhibition of courage, or a motive more nobly expressed, I have never seen on record."

On their return from Sir John's they stopped to drink at a chalybeate spring, whose waters stimulate like strong tea. Hard by this fountain there is a cavern, formed by the upheaved strata of sandstone, which resembles a tent. The opening is about ten feet in height, twenty in extent under the roof, and will afford convenient shelter for a dozen or twenty persons from sun or rain.

For some time past Porte Crayon had exhibited no anxiety to bring the journey to a conclusion, but seemed rather to dread the approaching day that would bring his vessel into port, and deprive him of his command. Notwithstanding his ingenious delays and easy drives, that day at length arrived. In the cool of the morning they drove off from the Berkeley Springs at a sweeping trot, and that evening they would sup in Crayon Hall.

It was the 20th day of November, and nature had completely doffed her summer gar-



SPA SPRING CAVERN.

ments. Yet still the purple haze of the Indian summer softened the harsher features of the landscape, and the genial rays of the mid-day sun tempered the chill breezes of autumn. Porte Crayon looked affectionately at his wards:

"Girls, we've had a charming trip, have we not? How much superior in all respects to a winter's campaign in the city. Instead of returning with sallow faces and impaired health, with heads and trunks stuffed with tawdry vanities, fevered with heartless dissipation, shallow sociability and artificial pleasures, the recollection of which brings no real gratification, yet is sufficient to make the healthful quiet of your country house dull and distasteful. How marked a contrast your present appearance and feelings present! What rustic bloom now mantles your cheeks! How plump and buxom—"

Here Mr. Crayon's speech was interrupted by a shower of apple cores and chestnut hulls, which forced him to dodge behind the curtain of the carriage. He still continued—

"'What though the sun with ardent frown
Has slightly tinged your cheeks with brown?'

What buoyancy and grace in your every movement! how light and elastic your steps! and then what glorious recollections are ours! what pictures we have seen! How tame would the exhibitions of the National Academy or the Düsseldorff Gallery appear, in comparison with the gallery we have visited—all undoubted originals too, painted after no school; infinite in variety, matchless in beauty. And then the store of incident and information we have gathered, such as books can not afford—all fresh, and all our own."

"To say nothing of the delightful eating and sleeping."

"I had not forgotten that, Cousin Dimple. The subject, however, was not uppermost in my mind so early in the day."

"Indeed," said Minnie, "although the idea of getting home is charming, I can not repress some feelings of regret at the thought that our journey must soon come to an end. I have actually become attached to this old carriage; and there is a fascination about this wandering, half-gipsy life that I never dreamed of before."

"Through such a country as ours, and with such amiable companions," replied Crayon. "one might journey pleasantly till the end of time."

"Wouldn't one of the company do?" inquired Fanny, with a glance at her brother, full of meaning and mischief.

"With good roads and good weather, Cousin Porte, it would indeed be happiness."

"Not so, Minnie; not so, cousin; I would not stipulate for these. With eternal sunshine and smooth roads the journey might become insipid, and the nobler traits of a manly nature would rust for lack of use. A man of true mettle would rather rejoice in any opportunity presented by fortune, to struggle with difficulty and brave danger for the sake of those he loved."

These chivalrous sentiments Mr. Crayon expressed with a fervor and earnestness so unusual to him that Fanny whispered something to Dora, and they both got into a violent gig-

gle. Our hero cast a glance of displeasure at the merry couple, and cynically remarked, that it seemed their manners as well as their looks had caught a tinge of rusticity.

But what white chimneys are these that rise above the leafless grove, and show so fairly against the blue mountain background? What old-fashioned mansion is that which stands so stately amidst the straggling group of white-washed cottages? The younger cousins clapped their hands for joy. Fanny turned to hide a starting tear as she exclaimed, "There it is! Home at last!"

Porte Crayon stiffened himself against all emotion, while the exquisite lines of Petrarch trembled on his lips:

"Sento l'aura mia antica,
E i dolci colli veggio apparir."

The coachman strove mightily to maintain that dignified composure of countenance with which he had resolved to meet the denizens of the kitchen. Manfully he struggled, but his negro nature prevailed at last, and a wide-spread grin took undisputed possession of his face.

"Mass' Porte," said he, indicating a lowly hut by the roadside, half-hidden in a patch of broom corn; "Mass' Porte, ain't dat a little house for sich a big nigger as me to be borned in?"

"Ah, Mice, was that your birth-place?"

"Yes, indeed, Sir. Dar's whar I was borned and riz till I went to serve old missus. But I'se growed so I can't stand up in dat house now. When I goes to see the ole 'ooman I'se 'bliged to set outside."

The door of the hall is closed, and there appears to be no one at the windows.

"Drive on," cried Porte, "and we'll take them unawares."

Just then they passed a group of negrolings huddled in a fence corner. A stare of surprise, a flash of recognition, and the whole troop went off at full speed toward the house. "Stop! you wretches, Pomp! Cassy! Til! Pop! stop, or I'll cut your ears off! Confound them, they'll blow us, after all!"

The runners never looked behind, but dodged into house and kitchen as if a big dog was after them. Then, in a twinkling, doors and windows thronged with the welcome faces.

"They're all grinning from ear to ear," observed Crayon. "All's well!"

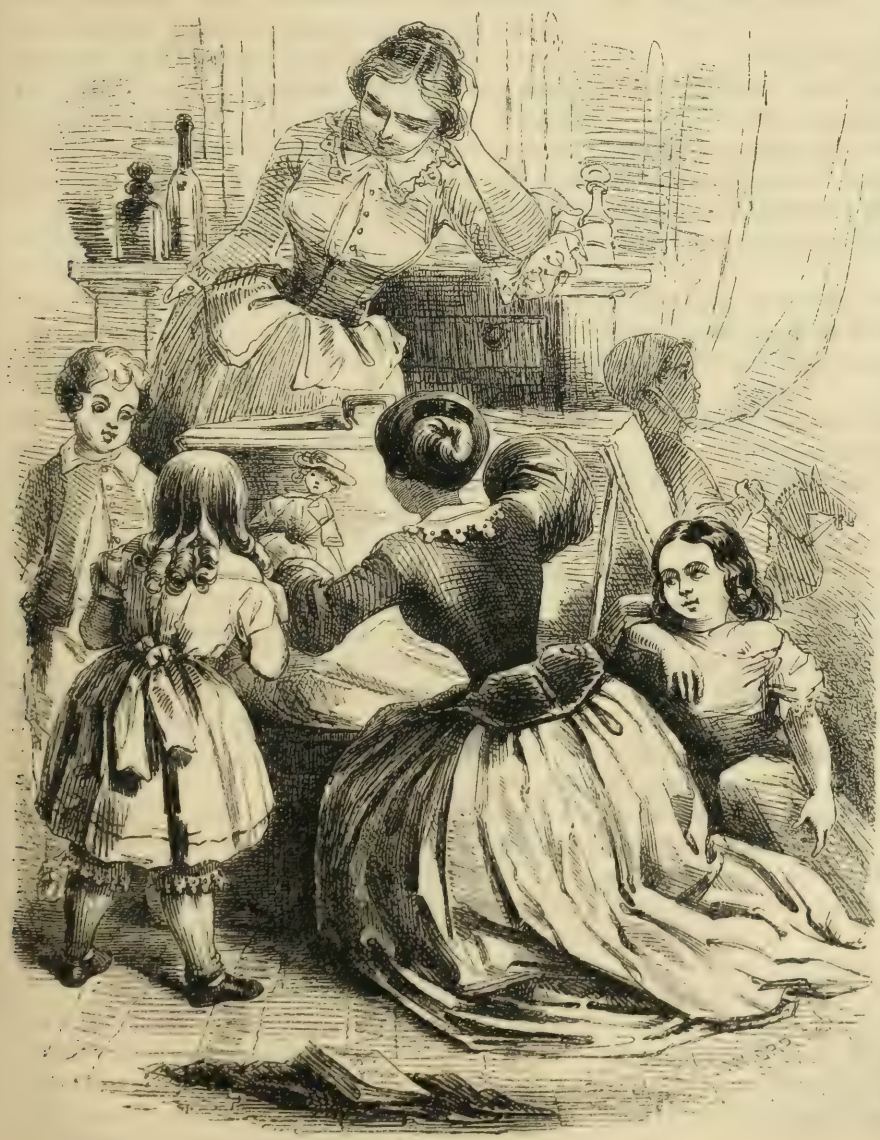
That evening was a merry one at the Hall. Every body talked at once.

"Confound their tongues!" exclaimed Uncle Nat, pinching Minnie's ear. "What unexampled volubility! You'd 'put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes!' An interesting excursion of six weeks' duration, one might suppose, would furnish conversation for at least six months; but, at this rate, it will not last you till bed-time. Do take breath and swallow a little supper, for, by my word, you don't look as if you had been subsisting entirely on air of late."

But at length supper is over, the trunk unpacked, the doll-babies distributed, and the wanderers sleep once more under the shelter of their own roof-tree.

In the kitchen Mice sat over a big hominy pot, surrounded by a gaping auditory, composed of blacks of all ages and sizes.

"Niggers," said he, with pompous gravity,



UNPACKING.

"I'se seed things I never 'spected to a-seed. I'se been in places whar I never 'spected to a-been. You niggers go 'way. You knows nothing. Aunt Dilly, hand me dat fried bacon."

"Ugh!" grunted old Tom; "same fool he always was."

Mice took a moderate dip from the hominy pot.

"I'se seen de ounateral bridge dat stands 'twixt two mountains; no mortar used in de distruction; trees growin' outen de top of it."

"How come trees growin' on a bridge?" interrupted old Tom.

"Kase I seed 'em growin' thar, dat's why. If you don't believe me, ax Mass' Porte. Den I'se seed Ware's Cave."

"What's dat?" exclaimed several voices.

"Dat's a place what hain't no bottom, two or three mile underground. A place what make you believe in everlastin' torment. You climbs up and down *lathers*, and creeps through places no bigger 'an a rat hole!"

Old Tom gave a derisive whistle.

"What dat ole Tom Crow whistlin' for? Don't believe me? Ax Mass' Porte."

"Kase why, you want to make me believe you creep through a place no bigger 'an a rat hole. If you git through yourself, how you git your foot through? Tell me dat; yah! yah! yah!"

"Please God, I ain't gwine to tell nuffin' more till dat old interruption goes away," said Mice, venting his displeasure on the bacon and hominy.

"Please de Lord, I'm gwine to ax Mass' Porte fuss thing to-morrow mornin'."

So he took his leave, and left the field to the traveler.

Mice's statements having been substantially verified by Mr. Crayon, he from that day became a man of mark, a genuine African Lion, and made use of his privilege, like a true traveler. When the truth got stale by frequent repetition, he drew upon his imagination without restraint or contradiction. For black people are in this respect not very different from white folks; while they require more than legal testimony to induce them to believe the truth, they will swallow lies of any dimensions without salt or pepper.

The last we saw of Mice he was sitting in front of the little cabin among the broom corn, beside an aged matron whom we took for the "old 'ooman." In her wrinkled hands she held a number of *Harper*, which she considered with mingled curiosity and delight.

"Well, de laus! he, he, he! Dat is jest de werry spit of him. Well, I never thought to see de profile of dat 'tater head' printed in a book."



SADDLER'S SHOP.

Soon after, the cousins took leave of their friends at the Hall and returned to their respective homes. Porte Crayon, to all appearance, resumed his ordinary habits of life, although some remarked that he paid more attention to his dress than formerly, and was a less frequent attendant at the saddler's-shop, where the villagers met to talk politics.

For the rest, the world still continues to turn round on its axis as usual, and our narrative has at length come to an end.....

"And is that all?"

Did you wish it longer, fair querists?

"No, not that precisely; it is long enough in all conscience; but the conclusion is somewhat unsatisfactory—rather tame, we think. In fact, taking all the circumstances into consideration, and from certain hints dropped by the way, we had a right to expect that something particularly interesting would come of the trip."

Truly, and did not these interesting sketches with pen and pencil come of it?

"Pshaw, Mr. Editor, you are provokingly slow of apprehension. A story without a love-plot is like a bush without a rose, or a flower without perfume."

Listen, then, my gentle friends. In the wildest and most secluded region among the mountains of Virginia there is a deep valley, overshadowed by gloomy hemlocks and bedded with huge misshapen rocks. Mile after mile the traveler may toil along the rugged way, yet no purling streamlet gladdens the ear tired of silence, no flower blooms to cheer the heart wearied with the savage monotony of the scene. Occasionally, flitting behind the dark trees like a sheeted ghost, a brook leaps from the mountains, tumbling in white cascades, and hastening

to hide itself in the crevices of the rocks, where it is seen no more. Thunder-clouds burst over it and pour their floods; but the waters sink, and the weird valley is again dry as a desert. Go on, mile after mile, and it is still the same—all silent as the grave. The loneliness becomes oppressive. The valley is like the valley of the dead. Is there no sound? Listen—one seems, indeed, to hear a hollow moaning, like the night-wind in the forest, a hoarse murmuring deep down in the earth, like the rush of subterranean waters. A feeling of awe and mystery steals over the spirit. Have patience for a little while; go on a little further; then you will see a broad, bold river burst out suddenly, its crystal waters flashing in the sunshine, roaring and leaping between its flowery banks, rejoicing the lonely valley with the voice of music, and the eye of the wanderer with the freshness of beauty. In some stern, rugged human hearts the course of love is like that mountain stream. Unseen and deep the little fountains mingle their waters, gathering strength in silence and in darkness, until it bursts forth at once a deep, resistless river, making the desert heart to bloom like a garden, and the rugged way of life a path of pleasantness.

As for our hero, he still bears himself loftily, still professes to

"Make a pish at chance and sufferance,"

and seems, as ever, scornful of that gentle weakness—

——"The dearest theme
That ever warmed a minstrel's dream."

But not without reason has it been said "that speech was given to man the better to conceal his thoughts;" and we regret to say that we do not feel as fully assured of our friend's sincerity in all things as we did formerly. On visiting his room one day, in his absence, we found on his table a copy of verses recently written. Ere we were aware of it, we had read them. You ladies, who are more conversant with these mat-



SUB ROSA.

ters, may draw your own conclusions. To us they sound like those deep murmurings that half reveal the mystery of that subterranean river, ere it breaks forth from its dark prison.

Summer's over—summer's over,
Sighing breezes whisper now;
And the leafy trees that cover
Misty vale and mountain's brow;
Like the doomed, in Aztec story,
Ere the dreadful sacrifice,
Stand arrayed in vesture glowing
With the rainbow's richest dyes.

Soon shall autumn winds come rushing,
Dark December's tempests moan,
And these leaves in beauty blushing
O'er the faded earth be strown.
Wild the lifeless branches tossing,
Winter's chilling blast will roar,
'Till the spring all life renewing,
Earth may leaf and bloom once more.

But the friends who shared our pleasure,
With us roamed for many a mile,
Whose sweet memory still we treasure,
Hours of sadness to beguile;
They are gone—Is it forever?
Oft Hope's promises are vain—
Summer's over—summer's over,
And we ne'er may meet again.

If upon life's rapid river,
One might my companion be,
As we glided onward ever
Song and soul in harmony—
Maiden mild and blissful lover,
Drifting by each flowery isle—
Summer's over—summer's over,
Never while my love could smile.

PASSAGES OF EASTERN TRAVEL.

BY AN AMERICAN.

IT is impossible to stand on such a point in Egypt as the hill above Osioot and look out on the magnificent plain, green and rich, without a strong desire that a better Government could be introduced as the fonndation for making this a better people. The country is capable of every thing, and I believe the people to be capable of something more than they now are. Certainly it is melancholy in the extreme to see the waste of human labor, and its small product in every thing here.

The method of cultivating the land of Egypt has been already very fully described by travelers; but I may find some readers who will be interested in hearing a few particulars of it, for the sake of contrasting them with the more advanced state of agriculture in other parts of the world.

The overflow of the Nile, which occurs in the latter part of our summer and autumn, is the grand means of enriching the soil. Very little manure is used in Egypt. I have, indeed, seen none applied except the old earth from decaying brick walls of the ancients, which are pounded into dust, and carried in baskets to such points of land as are not sufficiently enriched by the Nile.

The Nile water is muddy. Whence the mud comes is a question for solution. Much of it is from the wash of the banks themselves, and therefore much of the deposit of soil is but a change from one place to another. Still it is muddy at Wady Halfeh, the second cataract, and there is not much wash for a thousand

miles above this point. I am unable to ascertain at what remote part of the river, if any where, its waters are clear and limpid as are our great streams; and therefore I can not say whence the soil of Egypt has come, though the Blue (or Black) River is supposed to yield it rather than the White Nile.

The annual deposit of the river on its overflowed lands varies, of course, according to the height of the overflow. On the low land of Beni Hassan I found the deposit of this year to be about an inch and a half. Other years it is more, and others less. Naturally, the overflow of the river is followed, when it recedes, by a baking of the surface in the sunshine, and at first the black and cracked surface of the ground appears utterly beyond all hope of cultivation. We should as soon think of raising grain in the dry bed of a clay pit, which is full of fissures from a hot sunshine after a rain, as in the soil of Egypt when the river has just retired. But the Fellah knows well the ability of this rich soil, and breaks it up with his rude plow, which is doubtless of the same form used in the days of Joseph—a simple wooden block and handle. Of course, the surface only is broken three inches deep, and in this dry dust the seed is cast and harrowed in, either by dragging a brush or a rude harrow over it, or by driving sheep over the land to tread it in.

The land is divided into small squares, which are bounded by low heaps of earth, a few inches in height, each square being about a rod. The *shadoof*, or *sakea*, on the river bank, keeps a flow of water running through a small canal or ditch, and from this branches diverge in all directions; so that any one of these little squares may be filled with water in a few moments by opening the side of the run or ditch. It should hardly be called a ditch, because it is elevated above the surrounding level in place of being dug in it. Thus continually watering the land, the crop springs up luxurious, and bears a large increase. Nevertheless, all modern improvements are wanting, and no better illustrations of modern Egyptian farming can be given than those found in the tombs of their ancestors of more than two thousand years ago.

Thus the drawings here given, from a tomb at Thebes, show the method of plowing, and



sowing, and also the pulling up by the roots, of the millet, or doora, as well as the cutting of grain with a sickle, in all respects similar to modern husbandry in Egypt.

The great crop of Egypt is corn, doora and wheat being the most plenty. Doora is of



two kinds, and but two. The millet, growing one large ear on the top of the corn-stalk, and the *Doora Shamee*, or Syrian doora, as it is called, which is our ordinary Indian corn. The latter is of poor quality as to the yield, but is sweet, and makes excellent meal. The antiquity of the millet, or native doora, is great, as is evident from the monuments, where we find it often represented in farming scenes. It is not, however, to be supposed that these are the only products of Egyptian soil. Beans grow in great quantities, lupins and lentils abound, and immense fields of *bamia*, the edible hybiscus, are found near all the large towns. Onions abound, and a large bulbous root, known as the *ghoulghas*, or *oulas*, is used as a substitute for the potato, which does not flourish here.

There is but one form of tool for hand use by one man that I have seen in Egypt. It is a species of hoe, but more like a broad pick, very heavy and unwieldy. It is used to break up the clods, to dig, and in fact much as we use a garden hoe. Another form of hoe or scraper, used for making the small squares which I have described, is a flat piece of board, with a handle held by one man, and two ropes held by two others, who draw it while the one guides it over the ground. Thus three men do less work than one would do with a good tool.

Threshing is done, as of old, by the oxen treading out the grain, and it is winnowed in the wind. Some instruments are in use to assist in this work; but they are simple and rude, and but little advantage is derived from them, most of the natives preferring the simpler process. I wish a thousand Yankee farmers could be in Egypt for ten years, and I believe it would be the garden of the world.

My last article left the party on their donkeys, returning from the grottoes and tombs on the Mountain of Osioot.

We took a shorter path down the hill than that which we had ascended, and made some heavy plunges over steep places, where two Arabs to a lady and a third to the donkey were hardly sufficient to keep them safe from accident. But the foot of the hill was safely reached at length, and we trotted rapidly across the bridge and into the city again.

Here, as elsewhere in Egypt, the traveler will not fail to observe the process of brick-making as now carried on, and be surprised as

well as interested at the new light it gives him in reading the history of the bondage of the Israelites.

It was not common among the ancients to burn brick. It is no more common now. It is almost incredible, to one who has not visited this country, that immense ruins remain of buildings and walls, composed entirely of these unburned brick —mere Nile mud sun-dried, which date quite as far back as the time of the children of Israel. Large structures remain, of which every brick bears the name of THOTHMES III., the supposed Pharaoh of the Exodus. In Dr. Abbott's collection, in New York, specimens of these may be seen; and he who is incredulous of the genuineness of these may convince himself by visiting Egypt, where he may turn hundreds of them over with the point of his boot, and read the ancient legend.

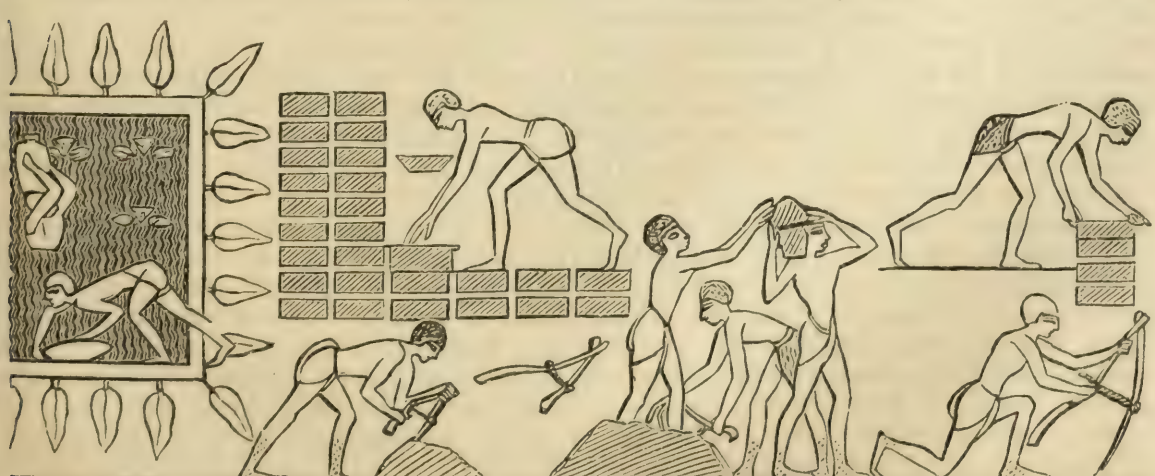


THRESHING MACHINE.

The making of brick, in those days, was much more of a business than now, for the great population of the country doubtless required a constant supply of building material, and the mud was probably then, as now, the chief article in use for this purpose. But aside from this, kings built pyramids of brick, which yet stand, and inclosures of temples, and residences for priests, and city fortifications, and all the other massive structures for which other countries use wood or stone. There was, therefore, employment enough for the miserable sons of Israel.

Doubtless the modern process of brick-making is similar to that then in use, and a brief explanation of the method, which we saw here and often elsewhere along the river, will serve to make the history of the Israelites more intelligible to many readers. The mud of the Nile is the sole article now in use for Egyptian house-building, and this is either roughly plastered up in mud walls, or is shaped in the form of brick, and dried in the sun. I passed by some men, a few days ago, who were building a tomb. It was made of crude brick, and they paused in their work to make their brick, which was done by preparing a bed to hold water, into which they threw mud, and, over all, large quantities of cut straw. This they trod into the mud with their feet, and when the whole was thoroughly mixed, they took out large lumps with their hands, which they dexterously shaped into bricks, and laid down to dry. At another place I saw two men at the same work, with only this difference, that they held in their hands a rude mould, into which they thrust the mud, and from which they almost instantly shook out the brick, and left it to dry in the sun. The tenacity of the Nile mud almost passes description, and until one has his foot in it, he can not fully understand it. That a similar process was used by the ancients, the best evidence is afforded in the accurate painting of one of the tombs at Thebes, which contains a view of the whole machinery of an ancient brick-yard. Men dig the mud, while others dip water in jars and bring it, and others still mould the bricks with a wooden mould, and lay them out to dry.

I have paused to speak of this subject here, as



it was suggested by the brick ruin on the hill-side, which some writers mention as probably very ancient. It may be so; but it is also worthy of remark that the brick, on being broken, I found to contain date stones, pieces of pottery, and even the dry, pithy substance of dates themselves. Nor does this prove them to be modern, since in the air of Egypt the preservation of such articles for two or three thousand years is not uncommon. But now to return to our subject.

As we came back from the mountain we paused in the bazaars to make some purchases, and especially to replenish our stock of pipe-bowls, which had become low.

Forever to be remembered are the chibouks of Egypt, and the tobacco of Lebanon, called Latakea, from the city that was the ancient Laodicea, celebrated now no longer for the fragrance of its piety, but for the delicacy of its tobacco. The chibouk, oh my friend! is not very different from the pipe that you and I used to smoke in college days, when we had reeds bored, some six feet long, and rested the bowl on the other side of the room. It is but a long stick with a clay bowl for the tobacco, and the wealth of the owner determines the elegance of the ornaments. The amber mouth-piece is a necessity on an Eastern chibouk, and on this are set jewels of every description. The stick itself is common dog-wood, or cherry, or jessamine; and as the pipe-maker is always at hand, and will bore a stick in two minutes at any time, it is not uncommon for a host to have branches of roses or other plants loaded with fragrant blossoms bored for pipe-sticks, and handed to his guests fresh from the garden. Osioot is celebrated for its manufactory of pipe-bowls, whence come the best in Egypt; and besides these, the workers in clay make many small affairs—match-boxes, cups and plates, vases, and like articles, which are curious and even beautiful in appearance, and with which we loaded ourselves as we returned to the boat.

As we rode rapidly through the narrow streets of the city we were not a little astonished and delighted at meeting a party of Christians, whom, on approaching, we recognized as Americans. One of the American missionaries resident in Cairo was on a tour of inspection up the river, accompanied by his wife and an assistant in the mission, who is a Syrian. They had arrived at Osioot in the afternoon, I have had occasion constantly in the East to observe the high respect paid to the American missionaries, and nowhere are their praises more loudly spoken than in Cairo. We were not a little pleased at meeting with this pleasant party, and the face of an American lady was a delight to us and ours. And the sight of an American baby, born in Cairo indeed, but no less American for that, in the streets of Osioot, is a sight that Upper Egypt does not often furnish to the eyes of a traveler tired of gazing on the miserable, squalid, and filthy *scarabæi*, that are called children in Egypt. The missionary boat continued in company with us as far as Assouan, and I shall have occasion hereafter to speak of the wild mountain gorge and the moonlight in which I parted from them at the first cataract. Whether they have selected a place for a location on the upper part of the river I do not know, but I should think not. I can imagine no hope of good to be derived from it, and no ordinary or extraordinary ideas of Christian duty are sufficient to convince me of the propriety of sending educated men and delicate females to waste their lives and die, as they soon must die, in the midst of a population like this. The time may come for it, but it is not yet, while so many equally destitute places remain in which delicate females may hope to survive for their labor. In the evening I sat alone till midnight writing my letters for home, and was aroused by a procession passing me on the bank of the river.

Latif Pacha was going to his *dahabeeh*, which lay astern of ours. Twenty torches blazed around the horses of his suite, and lit the side of the palace as he came out, waving a bow gracefully toward our boat as he passed on the way to his own. His steamer was ready to tow his boat down the river. He had told me in the morning that he was going to meet the Viceroy, who is on his way up to visit Osioot. We fired a salute on our arrival in the morning, and the governor expressed his regret that he had no guns loaded with which to reply to it. When he was on board, in the night and ready to sail, as the steamer turned her wheels he fired two guns, to which I replied, and he repeated, and I followed. As long as he was within hearing he continued to fire and I to reply, and I heard his guns faintly from three or four miles down the river.

The next morning was Thursday, November 29th, and we knew very well that it must be Thanksgiving-day in some of the States at home, and we had tolerable certainty that it was so in New York and Connecticut. As we were to leave at noon, our American friends accepted an invitation to breakfast with us, and we made our Thanksgiving feast at about the time that you were sleeping your hardest in America.

And with the day came thronging all the memories that hallow that day. Who has not pleasant, who is so happy as not to have sad, memories of the annual feast. What table is full, without one empty chair!

In my Nile boat I sat down alone at sunrise to watch the coming of the day on this strange land, and with his coming I seemed to have new light poured on the dim and distant past, by which I read the story of my first affliction over and over.

How often have I thought of him here, my boy-companion, my guide, my brother, counselor, friend! It was always the saddest thought I had in connection with this visit to the East, that he had died without seeing it. I could not bring my mind to the idea that he has seen a city whose foundations in adamant and gold surpass the splendor of the Jerusalem toward which I travel. But since I have come here—

since I have looked up into these skies whose deep blue beauty and unfathomable glory seem to bear the memory of the days when they received our ascending Lord into their radiant depths—since I have breathed the East wind from Bethlehem, and begin to see clearly my pathway to the cross and the tomb of our Master and Saviour, I say now I realize that he whom I so loved in boyhood, whom I have so mourned in secret in all my years of wandering life, whose lips have whispered to me a thousand times in the solemn nights—that he has seen, with clearer eyes than mine, the grandeur of Egypt, and the olives of the hills of Jerusalem.

Did I not tell you once, my friend, that I thought the sky must be lower down over the Holy Land than elsewhere from the crowding hitherward of the footsteps of the angels, and that heaven must be nearer here than our cold Western clime? It is so, I think; and already I am where the arch is lower, for I never felt so near him as here. He sleeps—not where we laid him then, but where we laid him last, on the forest hill near our great city, in the congregation of the dead. And he hears not, and he heeds not the roar of the city, the tramp of the thousands, the sounds of warring, wrangling life there. He hears not that, but he did hear me as the morning sun rose up above the Arabian desert and poured his flood of light on this slavish land—he did hear me praying for a blessing on the "old folks at home" on that Thanksgiving morning, and I heard his voice too, from the deep sky. It was not till the sun was far up, and the sounds of Arab life were heard on all sides of me, that I lost the influence of that morning reverie.

The coolness of these Arabs is amusing. It was not enough that we should occupy the Viceroy's steps with our boat, but our men erected their poles on lines at the top of them in front of the palace gates, and all manner of clothing, unmentionable articles of ladies' and gentlemen's apparel, were floating in the wind before the door of the Governor of Upper Egypt, doubtless much to the edification of the ladies of his harem, who had an opportunity of studying Christian styles of dress and American costumes. Nor was this all. The butcher killed a sheep on the steps themselves, and when I went out to see what was going on, I found the Arab hound actually skinning the animal before he was dead. I was strongly inclined to have him flogged till he understood the meaning of flaying alive.

The mails of Egypt go by a curious sort of post. All Egypt is on the Nile, as every one knows, and one line of mail service up and down the river goes through every city and village from Cairo to Assouan. This line is cut into sections, and on each section is a foot runner, who goes over his course three or four times a day, back and forward, meeting the next runner at each end of his section, and passing along from one to the other any letter he may receive. Thus no mail-bag is made up, but letters are passed singly. I sent my letters to the local governor at Osioot, to be posted in this way; but he had orders to take special care of me and my wishes, and forthwith dispatched an express with them. This is the method with all government letters. They go by dromedary, crossing the desert and avoiding the long bends of the river. It was somewhat strange to follow with my imagination those letters on their wanderings, and I sat that evening thinking of the dromedary carrying an Arab charged with those precious words of affection, crossing the desert back of the lofty hills of Aboufayda, guided by the stars as he hastened northward. In what wild and dark pass of the mountains he might lie down to sleep, who could tell? What howling wolves or fierce hyenas would follow his steps, who might know? On what sandy plain, in what Arab tent or hut of Fellah might they rest! What moonlights would look down on their swift course across the desert—what hot suns would weary the carrier before they reached the City of Victory! It was something to have a dromedary express dispatched with one's letters, and I was content, thinking only that I hoped the envelopes would be kept at home in some safe place, that I might look on them and endeavor thereby to learn something of their eventful travel.

As I was returning from the mountain on the previous day, and riding across the plain toward the boat, a mounted officer rode up to me and handed me a small package. They were letters prepared by Latif Pasha to various inferior governors along the upper part of the river, introducing me to their attention, and these subsequently proved of far greater value to me than I supposed possible. They were the means of my becoming acquainted with several Turkish gentlemen of the highest character, and forming two or three friendships that, I trust, will be lasting long after I have returned to America. But of these I shall say more hereafter.

The bread was ready. Have I or have I not mentioned that the object of a stay of two days at Osioot was to give the crew of the boat an opportunity to bake bread, which is their sole article of food, and which is always renewed at this point, and again at Esne.

The Nile boatman is *sui generis*. There is no other race of men in the world like them. They live a miserable life of hard labor without enough pay to be able to save a farthing, and yet they seem to be always happy. Their songs make the night musical, and all day long, at oars or the tow-rope, they go chanting and singing as cheerfully as if they received thirty instead of three dollars a month, and were well fed and clothed, instead of having to feed and clothe themselves out of this miserable pay. Their food is but the poorest sort of bread, baked and broken into pieces and dried on deck in the sun. A heap of several bushels of it always lies on the cabin deck, and this is boiled in Nile water, mak-



THE DÔM AND DATE PALM.

ing a sort of mush or soft mass, which the men surround three times a day, and eat with their hands, dipping out of the one wooden bowl, which is their sole possession in the shape of plate or dish.

At Osioot they stopped, as I said, to renew their supply. This would seem to be an easy matter. But it is not so easy. They arrived at eight in the morning, and went instantly to purchase wheat. This they took to a mill to have ground. When ground, they took the flour to the baker's, where they mixed the bread themselves, and then handed it over to the baker, who is in fact only a baker and not a maker of bread. At twelve at noon on the next day the bread had arrived on board, and we sailed from Osioot, and were now fairly on the Upper Nile.



The dôm palm-tree now appearing on the shore, changes the hitherto uniform aspect of the palm groves, and the shadoof poles seem to grow more abundant. The irrigation of the land is kept up by steadfast, hard labor, and it is remarkable that no pumps or other improved hydraulic machines are used in Egypt. The shadoof, which is simply our old-fashioned well-pole, is as old as the monuments of the country, for on the wall of a tomb at Thebes we find several representations of it, such as the one here given. No improvement has been made on this in three thousand years, and I have no doubt that the banks of the Nile present now in many places the exact aspect which they presented so many centuries ago.

At evening of the next day we were under the cliffs of Sheik Herreddee, whereof the tradition saith that a serpent resides there, gifted with miraculous powers to heal all manner of diseases. It would cure a blind man, could he but have a momentary glimpse of the splendor of the hill in the light of a setting Egyptian sun, and this was the last night of the autumn, and the winter came on us next morning right gloriously with a flush of gold in the east, and the full-orbed splendor of the sun, and an air balmy as June, and a sky that tempted one heavenward. Pelicans began to be plenty, and this morning we shot two, and in the course of the day half a dozen geese and as many ducks. We made no count of the pigeons that we shot; they were innumerable. There was one day when we were at Negaddeh that we shot three hundred and six, which we distributed to our neighbors in other boats, and gave our men as many as they could eat for three days.

All along the river game began to abound, and crocodiles were frequently seen on the sand-banks. I shot at several, as all travelers must do; but I killed none, as all travelers must say. There was one whch I came very near to kill-

ing. Had he waited for me, I should have hit him. He was sunning himself on a bank, and I crawled quietly toward him; but when I got there, he was not there. The *trochilus*, the bird celebrated as the watching friend of the crocodile, who is said to warn him of the approach of enemies, flew before me with a loud cry, and perhaps alarmed him. I can not say that I verified the story of this bird's habits and friendship for the huge water monster, but I have no doubt that in this case he did act as ancient and modern writers say he is in the habit of doing. But he also acted precisely as he and a thousand like him have done every day that I have been on the Nile, and I am quite certain that if there had been no crocodile there, he would have gone along before me in the same way, with the same sharp, shrill cry.

Mr. Curzon, an English traveler, gives the most circumstantial account of the habits of this bird, and his testimony appears sufficient to establish the truth of the story. He states that when he was approaching a sleeping crocodile, the trochilus made a furious noise and flew at the sleeper, pecking him with his bill, and rousing him to a sense of his danger, while he, the author, in place of shooting the animal, paused to admire the sagacity of his small friend and protector.

We were at Mensheeh. I had walked along the shore ahead of the boat, and on reaching the village met Suleiman Aga, the local governor, taking a walk with his old uncle along the bank. He was apparently delighted at seeing the face of a stranger, for he said he led a life of imprisonment in his village, and was glad of any relief to its monotony. He walked up the bank with me, and when the boat came to the land near the upper end of the village, he came on board and spent an hour with us. While we were lying here, our friends the American missionaries, who were lying near us, had a difficulty with their servant, who was an impertinent scoundrel, and whom it became necessary for them to discharge. The Governor begged hard to be allowed to thrash him into respectability, but to this, of course, our friends would not consent; and I have seldom seen a more disappointed man than was Suleiman, after sitting for an hour and hearing the fellow complain of his master, when he was not permitted to put on the bastinado. It is a luxury to some of these governors to thrash a man; and it is even related of the Defterdar, Mehemet Ali's son-in-law, that he often whipped men to death for his amusement. But this is not all. It is also a luxury to the men oftentimes to be whipped, if one may judge from the headlong manner in which they rush into the necessity of being punished. "You may give me a hundred if these eggs are not fresh," says the Fellah, and the clerk of the market breaks three spoiled eggs in succession, and down goes the Fellah and gets his hundred, with fifty to boot.

A roving letter of credit on the Nile is a marvelous assistant to one's traveling comforts, and at the same time affords much amusement in the way of incident. I was not a little amused that same evening at Mensheeh by overhearing a conversation on deck between Abd-el-Atti and the sheik of the village. When we left Cairo, among other articles of boat furniture we were particular in ordering a good cat; but we were sent away with two worthless kittens, both of which found their way into the river within the first week after sailing, and we repeated the order to provide another. It seemed that Abd-el-Atti had directed one to be brought down to the boat, and the sheik was protesting that there was no such animal in the town—no, not a kitten, not a piece of the skin or tail of a feline animal. The war of words grew furious, and at length the dragoman rushed into the cabin for the firman, and infinite was my amusement to see the government seal exhibited, and condign punishment threatened if the cat were not forthcoming. It had the desired effect, and the sheik instantly and silently departed, and an hour later a row and general outcry on deck called me out to see five cats, black, white, and yellow, each led by a string, and all now tangled in an inextricable knot, fighting, spitting, and uttering all manner of Arabic sounds, brought for us to select from. We took three, and I may as well pause to record their fate. The yellow one took a flying leap from the boat to the bank, about thirty feet, struck heavily, and fell back into the water. I have forgotten what was the immediate impulse which induced this catastrophe, but the cat was worthless. The next, a small black kitten, met with an unhappy fate. We found a dead rat in a closet, and from the appearance of May's Indian rubber overshoes, we concluded he died of caoutchouc. He lay on deck dead, when the kitten caught sight of him, and made a dash at him, seized him by the neck, and swung him up and over the rail, and, presto! rat and cat fell overboard together, and we swept on, leaving them to their fate. The last one was a furious wretch, with the eye of an arch devil, and one day in Nubia I loosened the rope by which he had been tied, and gave him a chance to run. The last I saw of him he was crossing the desert twenty miles below Abou Simbal.

I have said but little thus far of our manner of life on the river, preferring rather that it should be guessed at from what I might write. But I find that nothing I have yet said will convey any idea of the perfect *dolce far niente* of the Nile boat. The day is one long dream of delight, the night a paradise of beauty. We never weary, yet we do nothing. We have books, but we do not read. We have paper, but I have not had the courage, until I reached the second cataract, to write. All day long lounging on the divans, we gaze out at the deck or the ever-changing shore, and should the wind fail us for a moment, we amuse ourselves by seeing the cloud of flies that instantly settle down on every thing, and the vain attempts of



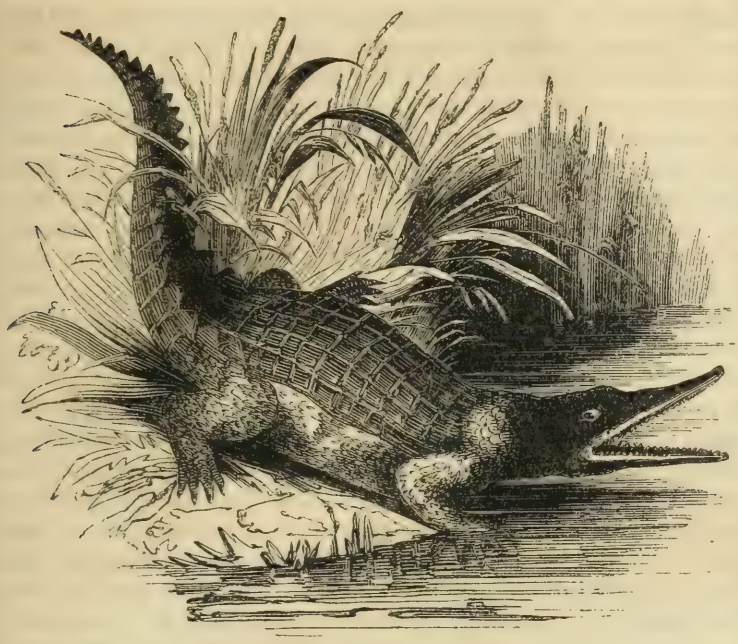
THE NILE BOAT.

the men to escape them. But then we are ourselves glad of a coming breeze again, for they do not long leave the cabin free from their incursions, and once in it, we must move out or drive them out. In fact flies have been our only annoyance on the river. Fleas we at first found plenty and venomous, but they left us after a while, and we had but occasional visits from them, after we had visited a Coptic convent, or some similar abode of the masses.

It is not to be denied that we have once in a while, after being carried through the mud in the arms of an Arab, found a small nameless animal on the skin, that shocked our ideas of cleanliness beyond all description. But one learns to submit to this sort of thing with due patience after a while, and we have long ago ceased to regard it with much surprise. But I was speaking of our employments. Yet that is not the word, for we have no employments. Time dies—we do not kill it. If there be no wind, and the boat is tracking, we walk along the shore and shoot whatever we can find, and game is plenty every where, for there is almost no one in Egypt to disturb it. If the wind spring up, a hail from the boat calls us; we jump on board, and are off, perhaps for only a mile or two, when we again track and again walk. We eschew all manners of dress. It would be impossible to say what style or national costume I wear, unless it be a remote approximation to the French blouse-man; for I wear but a thin pair of linen pants and a blue shirt—nothing else, on my word. With this it is not difficult to follow the example of the Arab sailors and jump overboard at any moment, or wade in deep water after game. Sometimes I follow the men at the tracking-rope, and cross the branches of the river which come down around islands, wading where it is up to my waist, and never thinking of changing my clothes, I push on through villages and fields, to the manifest astonishment of the natives, who are not accustomed to see a Howajji so nearly on a parallel with themselves in dress. Oftentimes I am far in advance of the boat, and then, if I am near a village, I usually sit down in front of a coffee-shop—which is very certain to occupy a prominent point on the river-bank—and while the Ghawazee sing and dance, and the natives smoke silently and look on, I take the first pipe offered me, and curl my legs under me as well as I am able (I begin to have a knack that way), and wait the coming of the boat.

At other times I push the Reis from his place, which is the top of the kitchen on the extreme bow of the boat, and, as this is altogether the best look-out that I find, Ferraj brings me cushions from the divan and my chibouk, and, with my gun close at hand, I smoke and watch the river and the shore. From this point I have gotten not a few shots at crocodiles that lay basking in the sunshine; and if I have not hit them, it was worth the shot to see the splendid start the fellows made as they heard the crack of the gun, and how they leaped into the air and the water with a grand flourish of the tail and a tremendous plash. Hajji Mohammed, the cook, is a great hand for a shot at a crocodile, and never sends word to the cabin that he sees one, but on the instant that he gets sight of him, whether near or far off, sends a bullet after him, if it be half a mile. He wastes an awful amount of lead and powder, and gets nothing. But not seldom I have gotten geese and duck from my seat on the kitchen, and Halifa, a capital swimmer, stands always ready to swim off and bring them to me.

It is vain on the Nile to attempt late sleeping in the morning. I have usually been on deck at break of day, and almost always on shore before the sunrise. The mornings are delicious beyond expression, and the beauty of the dawn is only equaled by the brief evening twilight. But early as I am out, I am never ahead of our prince of cooks, who sends me a cup of coffee the instant he hears my footstep, and then goes to work at breakfast, which he makes



NILE GAME.

a meal fit for the most fastidious of tastes or appetites.

The twilight always finds us on deck, and there we remain till midnight. There is enough to see in air and sky, whether it be or be not moonlight. There are sofas on the cabin-deck, well-cushioned and perfect, and here we lie on our backs on deck, looking up at the stars. We talk but little, and when we do speak it is mostly of the dear ones at home, of the pleasure they would have with us here—never of the glorious past, the fallen grandeur of Egypt, the march of history, the trampling feet of time. Of all these we think—think—think—till thought becomes soul, and we are bodiless, and the moon and stars look down on a silent, verily a *phantom* boat, floating slowly along the river of Egypt, surrounded by the princes and priests of Osirian days.

Small incidents interrupt the placid current of life, and we magnify trifles into great events.

One evening I was writing a letter at the table. It was late, and all was silent outside, and I supposed every one was sleeping, when I was startled by the abrupt entrance, rather say rush, into the cabin of Hassabo, the Nubian pilot, supported on either side by Ferraj and Hassan, the two cabin servants. Black as he ordinarily is, Hassabo was now blue with fright or pain, I could not tell which. Blood was running from his finger, which Hassan and Ferraj held in their hands, grasping it as if they thought it would get away from them; and from something that he muttered about fish, I understood that he had run a fish-hook through his finger, and I proceeded to wash the wound and put on some common plaster. In the midst of this, Hassabo, who is by far the most pious Mussulman on the boat, was constantly muttering, "Allah! Allah!" and trembling and growing weaker, until suddenly he turned from me with a bolt toward the door, which was open, and threw the contents of his stomach on the deck. Unfortunately a deck plank was up, and, as he rushed out, he tripped in the hole thus left and went down on deck with a tremendous fall just as he heaved a second time; and then the poor fellow lay frightened and badly hurt in the scuppers. And now I learned the cause of his fright, for I saw that the wound was a trifle. Hajji Mohammed, the cook, had invited Hassabo to an extra good supper, and the poor fellow, glad as they all are of a chance to get anything better than sour bread to eat, had accepted the invitation, and overfed himself at the kitchen with sundry relics of fowls and mutton. Now Hassabo is rigid in his observances, and always washes before and after eating, so that when he had finished his supper he stepped into the small boat, which lay alongside, to wash, and, as he dipped his hands in the water, a huge fish seized his finger. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.* The fright and the overfeeding were too much for him.

I had fishing-tackle for the river ready on deck at all times, but had as yet hooked nothing, having been unable to get any idea from books or persons of the habits of Nile fish. The natives take them in a way peculiar to the river. They have a rope two hundred feet long armed with large hooks at every few inches, which is sunk by weights, and dragged up or down the river. By chance they sometimes hook a large fish in this way, and only by chance.

This accident of Hassabo's gave me a clew to the ways of at least one species of fish, and in ten minutes I was diligently trolling for him, and in ten more I had him. He struck my hook as a blue fish would strike, from below, with a sharp, swift blow, turning on his tail as he took hold, and carrying away my line with him, which I gave him for six fathoms before I struck him. I needed not to wait, as it afterward appeared. He had swallowed the hook instantly. I had him fast, but that was very little indeed toward getting him into the boat. He was a strong swimmer, and tried my tackle severely; but it had held heavier fish than he in American waters, and landed them, too, and I did not give him up when he had fifty fathoms of line out, and was pulling straight down the river. Jumping into the small boat, I cast her loose myself and drifted down stream, helped not a little by his pulling. It was nearly an hour before I killed him, and during that time I had never for an instant thought of where I was or whither I was drifting. And now I found myself alone on the Nile, the night dark, the moon not yet risen, my boat four miles away, a strong current against me, and an uncommonly lively fish raising the devil in the bottom of the boat. I had no time for consideration. Every minute was a loss, and carried me farther away.

I sat down to the oars. I remembered all the heavy pulling I had done in my life as I leaned to those clumsy sticks which they called oars, any one of which will outweigh two long-boat sweeps. I thought specially of two scenes in my past life: one when I rowed against a fierce gale off the north point of Block Island, and the other when, with May wrapped up in oil-cloths and Indian rubber seated in the stern of my boat, I pulled up from the ferry-stairs at Niagara to the foot of the American Fall, and across to the milk-white basin of the Horseshoe. But in neither of those instances, said I to myself, did I hear these hungry jackals that are barking on the shore to-night. Then I sang, and I made the Egyptian darkness ring to Yankee songs, until it occurred to me that I was inviting the Ababdee scoundrels, who are all along that part of the river, and always awake at night watching for chances to rob passers-by on the water; and so I kept myself quiet, and pulled steadily, and counted stars.

There never were half so many visible to my eye in the heavens. That night, and every clear night since I have been in Egypt, I have seen twelve stars in the constellation of the Pleiades, and one night I saw thirteen distinctly. But I did not pause long to count stars. I looked northward and pulled southward with a will, and in an hour I saw the red light which we always carry at the end of the high yard, and in half an hour more I was pretty much used-up, and alongside the boat, where every one was sound asleep, and no one knew of my lonesome adventure until they saw the fish lying on deck the next morning.

Administering to the diseases of the crew became an every-day matter. Hajji Hassan, the cook's mate, a tall bony Arab, had never before been in the upper country, and the sun effectually skinned his face, so that he was as miserable an object in appearance as one will meet in a year, and, I have no doubt, was equally miserable in feeling. His head, bones, back, all parts of him, and a number of other parts that he imagined he had, ached unendurably, and well they might. I applied cooling lotions (I believe that is the phrase), and the next morning he was much better, only needing a mild dose of medicine to complete the cure. My stock was small, for we eschew the use of them; but a Seidlitz powder would fit the case tolerably well, and I gave him one, explaining before he took it the effervescing character of it. But he did not understand it; and as he held one glass in his hand and I poured the acid in from the other, telling him to drink quick, he raised it to his lips, but the foam touched his nose and he was astounded beyond measure. He dropped the glass as if he were shot, and cried out "*Efrit! efrit!*—A devil! a devil!" and no persuasion could induce him to try another. I substituted the half of one without the acid, which answered all the purpose.

That same evening I shot, for the first time, a bird that the Arabs consider almost sacred. It is much like our curlew in size, shape, and habit; but its peculiarity is that it utters a note that the Arab understands to be a distinct address to God: *El moulk illak, La shareek illak*—"The universe is thine, Thou hast no partner!" This cry is remarkably distinct and musical,



GIRGEH.

and we heard it all the evening, in the twilight, across a waste of Halfeh grass, which marked the position of a forgotten city. I know no picture on all the earth's surface more striking than that of this bird standing erect, in the gloaming, on a mound that covered the palace of a long forgotten prince, and uttering on the desert wind that simple and sublime tribute of praise to Him who alone knew the history of the dead that lay below.

This was the same day that Hassabo's adventure with the fish occurred, and this was at Girgeh, where we passed the night. Early in the morning I went up into the town with May to see if the bazaars furnished any curiosities worth purchasing, and as we entered the gate of the street of shops we were altogether "taken aback"—if I may use a common phrase—by finding Abd-el-Atti engaged in administering justice, or injustice, which of the two remained to be seen. He had a ring of thirty or forty persons around him, in the centre of which, prostrate on his face, lay a six-foot Arab, one man sitting on his back and another on his legs, while two held up his feet to receive the blows that Abd-el-Atti's hand was raised to give, when I arrived and interrupted the amusement.

Thrashing is necessary in Egypt. I am a full convert to this doctrine. The time may come when it will be otherwise, but for the present it is an absolute necessity. Nevertheless I am too much of an American to look on it with any feelings but those of horror, and I always interpose, where I can, to keep back the lash.

"What's the row now, Abd-el-Atti?"

"Only whipping a man, Sir."

"For what?"

"Why, Sir, he was ordered by the sheik of the village to get some turkeys for you, and I overheard him telling his partner to pick out the leanest and poorest he could find. I waited till he brought them, and see here what a poor starved lot of animals they are! He says he hasn't any better, and that there are no better in the place."

"How is it? Ask him again. Let me hear what he says."

The fellow insisted as before. They were the best he had, and there were no better to be had in Girgeh. It had been a bad season for turkeys. They had not thriven any where along the river, and especially here they had suffered from every disease that feathered bipeds are known to inherit. I was half-convinced by the fellow's earnestness, and more by his difficult utterance. Lying on one's face with two men sitting across you is not the best possible position in which to talk good Arabic.

But there was a twinkle in Abd-el-Atti's eye that weakened my faith in the prostrate Arab. The poor fellow looked up at me, evidently expecting an escape, and he would have gone free if I had not at the moment caught sight of his partner in the crowd, and the scamp looked so knowing that, when Abd-el-Atti said, "Let me give him just one, Sir," I replied, "Do as you please," and turned away. The Arab howled before the blow came, and it did not reach him, for Abd-el-Atti caught his promise to produce the proper kind of turkeys in the howl, and the rope went by his feet without touching him. Five minutes afterward, the man still lying under the weight of his captors, a lot of large plump turkeys made their appearance, and the man had his pay in full and was let up. This was the only incident of our stay at Girgeh, and is well enough to relate, as illustrating a general fact that an Arab will often prefer to be whipped rather than do what is not only correct but just as easy for him to do. It is a common remark that the Fellah will have the money for his taxes ready, but will not hand it over to the collector until he has had one or two hundred blows, boasting afterward how many it took to make him pay the money which he fully expected and intended to pay before the beating began.

Walking on shore, two days after leaving Girgeh, in the morning, I came on the ruins of a village which was evidently Arab, and whose destruction was manifestly violent. Such village-scenes are not uncommon in this miserable land. Not infrequently the inhabitants of one of these mud heaps—they can hardly be called any thing else—rebel against the authority of the Viceroy. More foolish or mad conduct could not be imagined. Entirely destitute of arms, they have no hope of success, and their fate is inevitable; yet village after village, galled by the enormous loads of taxes imposed on them, resist and are destroyed, and such ruins as this mark their sad history.

I asked an old man, who was at work near the ruin, who destroyed this place, and when? He answered, "Ibrahim Pasha, two years ago." Now Ibrahim Pasha rendered his account to an avenging God some eight or more years ago, and the old man was, of course, mistaken in his date or the person. Ibrahim Pasha had a way of destroying villages, a sort of passion that way, and I supposed it possible that the people might attribute every thing of the kind to him as a sort of matter-of-course. There is a town not far from New York where it is said, on good authority, that the people at the last presidential election supposed they were voting for General Jackson, and I fancied this was much the same way. I learned afterward that it was the date only that was wrong. This was one of the monuments of the terrible Ibrahim, and yet I have no doubt the verdict of impartial history will be that the same Ibrahim was one of the greatest men of this age. But I contrasted this ruined village, these deserted houses, fallen roofs, burned thatches of doora, and silent streets with the gorgeous tomb in which he lies at Cairo, surpassing in its splendor of marble and gold any work of modern art that I have seen or expect to see; and I felt—who could avoid it?—a shudder at the thought of the meeting beyond the grave of the spoiler and the slain!

As I was walking by the men on the shore one morning, shortly before reaching Gheneh, an incident occurred which, while it illustrates the brutal character of an Arab who has a little power, serves also to introduce more particularly than heretofore to the reader's notice Reis Hassanein, as stupid and poor a specimen of a Nile captain as could well be found on the river.

I do not yet know what is the process of promotion on the river, or what stages a man should go through to become captain or commander of a dahabeeh. This much I know, that there are fourteen men on our boat, any one of whom is more competent for the office than the man who fills it, and we have been often tempted to hand him over to a governor and take another in his place.

Some difficulty occurred at the tow-rope. I do not know the nature of it, but the first that I saw of it was when Hassabo, the steersman, by the direction of the Reis, turned the boat to the land so as to allow the latter to jump on shore with a large club in his hand, wherewith he made a rush on the row of men who were hauling on the tow-rope, and struck two of them, bringing one to the ground. Had this one been any other man, I do not know that my sympathies would have been so strongly excited, but it was Mohammed Hassan, who was altogether the best man on the boat, and the regular attendant of the ladies when they walked on the shore.

At first I thought his knee-pan broken, and I had a strong notion of administering summary punishment on the Reis, then and there. He was himself much frightened, and on my advancing to the scene he retired, leaving Mohammed to me. I had him removed to the boat, where his wound was attended to, and it fortunately proved to be but a bad bruise. Nevertheless the Reis was left to understand that on our arrival at Gheneh we should hand him over to the governor, to determine whether it was proper for him to beat the men in that way; and in the mean time he was forbidden to punish the men with any similar weapons, under penalty of a broken head himself. This filled to overflowing the cup of Reis Hassanein's afflictions, and thereafter he was a milder and a better man.

He had asked and obtained permission to leave the boat before we reached the village of Manfalout, and, crossing the country, had gone on to visit his family, who resided there. He also asked permission to have the boat remain there all night, which we granted, and he had a day and a night in the midst of his friends. When he came on board the next morning, I observed that he was in a sorrowful humor, and so continued for a day or two; and at length he unbosomed himself of his sorrows. He had met a cold reception—or rather, a warm one, the wrong way—at home. His wife had not seen him for a year, and she knew he had been marrying another wife in Cairo, and no asseverations would convince her to the contrary. He swore it was not so, and she swore that it was so. She scolded him; and finally called in her family and friends, and beat him—actually beat him—in their presence. This capped the climax, and as it was then nearly morning, he left the house and came down to the boat, and when we were ready to go on he was ready. He begged only one thing: that on the way down the river we would not stop at Manfalout at all, but go by as rapidly as the current would take us. This trouble was now increased by finding himself in disgrace on the boat, and I had no pity for him, but let him suffer until we reached Gheneh, under the apprehension of punishment, for his too free use of the club.

An Arab can not take a joke. He will inevitably understand it as a serious affair. The evening after we left Girgeh, Hajji Mohammed, the cook, made a mistake in his bread, and it came in as heavy as lead, and as damp as the Nile mud. Abd-el-Atti, mindful of Hassabo's illness, and the cause of it, rolled up a lump of the soft bread into a pill as large as an English walnut, and sent Ferraj to give it to Hassabo, and tell him it was one of the cook's pills, and would do him good. The poor pilot swallowed it unhesitatingly, though it choked terribly. No one dreamed of this till the next day, when I found Hassabo quite sick, and he laid it all to the cook's pill, which he told me he had taken. I have no doubt he was right, but it came as near being a case of cholera as I have ever seen.

We reached Gheneh in the afternoon, and I proceeded immediately to pay my respects to Abd-el-Kader Bey, the Governor of Upper Egypt, and next in rank to Latif Pasha, to whom I had letters.

I have met many men of high rank in Egypt, and have been fortunate in making the acquaintance of several of the most distinguished officers of the Viceroy, but I have seen no one with whom I was so well pleased, or whose acquaintance I was so glad to have made. The letters would not have been necessary. I found an accomplished gentleman—a Turk, indeed, but affable, polite, and dignified; a pleasant man in conversation, a good soldier, and a grateful protégé of Mehemet Ali, whose name he almost revered.

I found him in his audience-room, a large chamber, forty feet by forty, with a high ceiling and a stone floor. Across the upper end of the room was a divan, covered with rich cushions, and this also extended down one side; while opposite was a row of chairs, of Eastern pattern, heavily gilded. He led me to a seat on his left, at the upper end of the room, and gave me a chibouk of magnificent pattern. The stick was carved ebony, and the amber mouth-piece was loaded with diamonds. Four young Nubian slaves, handsome in countenance and elegantly dressed in the Nizam dress, brought coffee and sherbet, and then retired, one standing on each corner of the carpet to await farther orders. They were manifestly favorites, and a fifth, who had been absent on some errand, entered while

the governor was talking, and making directly up to him, took his hand and kissed it and pressed it to his forehead, and retired to the corner of the room.

Persian carpets covered about one-fourth of the room, across the upper end, and the next fourth was covered with Nubian mats, the remainder being bare. No one stepped on the mats with slippers on his feet, but every one who approached the governor left his slippers on the stone floor, and advanced over the mats as far as the edge of the carpet, but no farther unless the governor gave leave. My visit did not interrupt the usual course of business, but he continued to affix his seal to papers that were presented, and to hear petitions and administer justice as usual. He turned from me with a polite excuse each time, completed his business rapidly, and resumed the conversation, which was chiefly on political subjects, with all of which he was more familiar than any man I have met in Egypt.

One poor wretch who had deserted from the army was brought before him by his soldiers, and he turned to look at him. There was a world in his eye, but he did not give the order then. If the power of life and death had not been taken from the governors by recent changes, I have little doubt that I should then and there have heard—what I have so often, and always with deep emotion, heard in America—the sentence of death passed on him. The man held up a bleeding hand, from which he had lately cut two fingers, hoping thereby to render himself unfit for military service. I believe I have already remarked that this is so much the custom in Egypt, that nearly every man has lost a finger or an eye. But this did not avail him now, and he was remanded to await examination. On my return down the river I passed two days at Gheneh, and of the pleasant friendship which I then established with Abd-el-Kader Bey, and of the favors he did me, I shall have occasion to speak fully at another time. He now forwarded letters to every inferior governor on the river, informing them of my progress, and gave me copies to deliver in case of needing any assistance, and so I left Gheneh and approached Thebes.

That night the wind wailed around us, and December voices came flying on it. The starry sky was like the skies of our home-land, but the air was pure, soft, and delicious to the cheek, though the blast was terrible. Once there came on it, from down the river, a long, wild cry—a shriek of women in agony. It was the death-cry of some poor wretches whose boat went down in the tempest. Our men took the small boat and went to their rescue, but in vain. They found the floating evidences of a lost boat, but nothing more.

And in the night I heard the sounds of a distant land come to me distinctly on the gale. You may laugh at me: you may say, I write it because others have said and written the same; you may tell me I dreamed it. I care not what you say, but I know that on that stormy Saturday night I heard the church bells of my old home sounding over the tossing waves of the Nile. Yes, I heard them. I, too, laughed when I read in the books of travels of others that they heard such sounds on the desert, but I did not laugh now, for I have learned the truth of those sounds right well.

I was sitting just here where I now sit, writing a letter home, to be mailed when we should reach Luxor. Profound silence for a moment rested on every thing. There was a lull in the wind. The flow of the river was swift and noiseless. May was sleeping. All the others on the boat were sleeping. It was midnight, I say; but far away, in that pleasant land that I call home, it was just sunset, and the hour of prayer. I leaned my head forward on my hands a moment, and perhaps—I will not say it was so, but perhaps—perhaps there were some tears in my eyes; for on a winter evening like this, in the long-gone years, I saw the light of life fade out of eyes that I loved, and deep gloom take its place forever, and so, perhaps I wept as I remembered it—and then—and then I heard those bells. They sounded sweetly—clearly, and I sprang to the door of the cabin, and out into the starry night, and leaned my head forward to listen to the melody.

Soft, soft and sweet they came over the swift river; clear, rich, and full. There could be no mistaking them. I might have doubted, but the tones were all the same. There was the Presbyterian bell, deep, stern, and solemn in every stroke; the Episcopal church bell, more musical and silvery; the old Scotch church bell, that was forever chanting the psalm, "they that go down to the sea in ships"—all clear and loud; and then the wind arose, and they went away over the desert, and I heard them far off, and then no longer.

There was an hour when, before I left America, I stood with a friend—the best friend of all my years of life, the companion of boyhood, youth, and mature years—and talked with him of this same subject.

He had been in Egypt, and had once heard that same sound, and with all the calm thoughtfulness of his nature, he believed that the bells did verily sound in his ears with their own metallic notes. We were speaking then of Eothen, and the same story as related by its author, in his own inimitable style; but I had little faith then in my friend or in Eothen. I have more now. You may tell me it was the wailing over a dead man in a village along the bank, or you may say that it was a creaking sakea, or a palm-tree moaning in the wind, or whatsoever you please to believe it. I am content to know that my ears heard the church bells, and since my feet might not tread the accustomed path, my heart went there with those that trod it, and the old altar had a worshiper there that none knew who surrounded it that evening, but whose worship was sincere and fervent, though the waters of the Nile were under him, and the skies of Egypt, starry and clear, over his head.

THE WONDERS OF VEGETABLE LIFE.*

THE vegetable world abounds in wonders which are open to the admiration and the study alike of the adult and the child. And yet, such are the unobservant habits of the community, arising, in a great measure, from the prevalent modes of education, that but few of these wonders awaken the attention even of those who consider themselves as earnest and ready observers of nature. The educated, one would suppose, would be universally prompted, by the variegated beauties that the vegetable world offers to us on its very surface, to look into the cunning processes by which so much beauty is developed. The very entrance to this study is decked with flowers of every hue, mingled with luscious fruits of every form, inviting all lovers of the beautiful to enter and see what an inner world of beauty lies beyond. But how few enter these portals! Most content themselves with standing without, and admiring the varied forms and the mingled gay and delicate colors of the outward adornments. Why is this? It is, in part, because the botanist stands at these inviting portals, thrusting upon all his dry chart of classification, with profuse utterance of technical terms, and of names that are often far from euphonious and bid defiance to the memory. No wonder that so many, who would otherwise enter, are repulsed by the jargon which they hear so soon as they manifest the least inclination to approach. We are content, say they, to feast our eyes with what we see here, and care not for the penetralia, if they are to be seen only at the cost of such burdens on the memory.

Let us not be understood as objecting to the classifications and technicalities of botany, but only to the undue prominence that is commonly given to them. As this science is ordinarily studied, these are made the principal thing; while the phenomena of vegetation, so varied and interesting, are put into the background. The result is, that few become attached to the study, although it introduces them to the minute observation of the most beautiful, and at the same time most multiform exhibitions of God's handiwork. The mode of studying this science should be reversed. The phenomena of vegetable life should be made the most prominent subjects of teaching in this study; while the classification and the technicalities should be wholly subsidiary. These should not be considered even as the frame-work of the science, but merely its scaffolding. Not only so, but the phenomena should be made familiar subjects of common education, and long before the pupils are old enough to master the science as a whole.

There is a cause of the prevalent failure to observe the beauties and wonders opened to us by vegetable physiology, which operates before the one to which we have alluded. It is not only a prior cause, but a more effectual one. It is a cause which acts throughout all our early education. From our very childhood we are accustomed, through the mode of our teaching, both in the schoolroom and at the fireside, to look merely upon those beauties and wonders which are displayed to us by vegetation upon its very outside. We do not observe even those beauties that require any thing like close looking to see them. And very few look at flowers through a microscope. Fewer still pry into the nice and wonderful processes that generate the world of beauty that is all around us. The book of nature is to a very large extent a sealed book to the great mass even of the educated. They see only those beauties that are open to their careless gaze, while those which are at all concealed, much more those which are recondite, escape their observation; and the phenomena which so curiously exhibit the workings of that mysterious thing that we call life, are almost wholly unknown to them. It is but a few, a very few, that go counter to this general inclination. It is these few only that enter the inner court of beauty into which the outer portals gazed upon by the multitude open, and then penetrate beyond this to those arcana in which are found the mechanical, chemical, and vital agencies, that together produce from the earth beneath our feet all the endless variety of plants and trees and flowers and fruits.

We say that we are *educated* into this lack of observation. Even the inquiries of the child into nature's workings are repressed at the outset, instead of being encouraged. He is shut up in the school-room to a dull routine of studies to a great extent useless, and worse than useless, and the world of beautiful things around is shut out from his mind as effectually as the walls of the school-room shut it out from his eye. If he chance to bring to the school a flower, one of the multitude of gems alike of beauty and knowledge from that teeming world which is all shut out, he would not dare to ask the teacher how it grew. Such a question would not comport with the rigid customs which so often make the school-house the prison of childhood. And if he should ask this question at home, in most cases either no answer at all would be given, or one so unsatisfactory that it would be the last time that any such inquiry will be ventured. The influence of such a repression of inquiry, in contrast with a course of education which encourages the observation of nature, can hardly be measured. Education needs to be radically changed on this very point. One of the marked tendencies of the child's training should be to make him a naturalist. Education should, in other words, be made to chime in with the mental tendencies of the child, and not run counter to them, as they now for the most part do. He should be guided by the parent and the teacher in the observation of nature, to which he is so prone. If this be done, we shall see a new face put upon educa-

* *The Child's Book of Nature. Intended to aid Mothers and Teachers in training Children in the Observation of Nature.* By WORTHINGTON HOOKER, M.D. Part I. PLANTS. Harper and Brothers.

tion. The school-room will be delivered of its dull monotony, and its worrying drudgery. It will be no longer a prison, repressing the lively energies of the opening mind, rather than waking them by a genial influence into a free and joyous action.

It is to aid parents and teachers in this delightful labor of guiding children in the observation of nature, that the book from which the hints and the materials of this article are taken, has been written. It opens to the child in simple language the beauties which observation shows us, and those phenomena which are within his comprehension. All technical terms are avoided—as they are unnecessary to the proper understanding of these phenomena, they are left for books intended for older persons.

In this article we propose to follow somewhat the plan of this little book, and develop to our readers, in a very simple way, some of the same points, with the hope that we may quicken you in the observation of nature. We ask you for a little time to walk with us in the garden, and ramble with us in the field, and see what beauties and wonders they have to offer to our contemplation.

The love of flowers is universal. There is no one thing in matters of taste in which the world is more agreed than in this. It is true that we once in a while meet with one so engrossed with accumulating money, that this, with every other emotion of a refining character, is destroyed. And now and then, though very rarely, the farmer is so much of a churlish utilitarian, that he never looks upon his daughter's flower-beds without longing to see there beet-tops or potato-vines. With such rare exceptions, flowers are objects not merely of admiration but of love.

There is a difference, however, in this respect, between different flowers. The gaudy peony we admire as an ornament of the garden border, but the little pink we love. An especial hold on our affections have the early flowers of spring. They are the first after the earth has been disrobed of its winding-sheet of the death of winter. We greet them as old friends that we have not seen for a year. We greet them as harbingers of that host of beautiful things, which in summer are to display their endlessly varied colors and forms, and load the air with their fragrance.

Few and small are these early flowers of spring. The trailing arbutus is one of them. Its little white flower, with its delicate pink tinge—sweet emblem of modesty—peeps out from the midst of its rude leaves sometimes as early as the latter part of March. Soon, too, you find the wild violets, and the anemones, those delicate little flowers that move with every breath of air. These first flowers generally have no fragrance, the warm temperature of summer seeming to be necessary to develop that. The trailing arbutus does, indeed, have some fragrance, but it is slight compared with that of most summer flowers. It is in mid-summer that we have the greatest profusion of flowers, and then the air is filled with their fragrance. Through the whole warm season of the year there is a succession of them; so that, although each flower lasts generally but a short time, there are always some in bloom to speak to us of the kindness of our Heavenly Father, and of His love for the beautiful.

The universal fondness for flowers is shown in the peculiar delight which they give to all when preserved mid the dreariness of winter. It is not merely where the appliances of wealth are brought into service in the preservation of plants, that we have evidence of this affection for them. There is often less here than there is where a few common plants are kept in a window, and their buds are watched one by one as they open their pure blossoms to the light of heaven. The care sometimes exercised by the poor over the few fresh and beautiful things of God, which their scanty means enable them to guard against the cold, is often a very tender care. And their sorrow when, with all their watchfulness, they have unwarily failed, some bitter cold night, to guard their precious charge sufficiently, is often truly affecting. It is a loss different from a similar accident coming upon a green-house stocked with costly plants. This latter loss can be made up by money; but the other can not be. There is an individual affection for each of the few plants lost, and affection is not easily transferred. Perhaps some child of the family has had its affection fastened upon some one of the plants, and it has been cherished as one of her favorite pets; and when she sees it frozen in the morning, she feels as if she had lost a friend that always smiled upon her.

There is much in what Cowper said about his plants. It was to this purport—that he could carry all his little store of them on his shoulder, and yet they were of more value to him than Lord Bute's splendid garden was to its owner. The poor, that so carefully keep their few plants through the winter, can echo this sentiment of the beloved fireside poet.

The universal fondness for flowers is also seen in the representations of them which are made in so many of the things which we wear and use and have about us. Gems are arranged in flower shapes; we often have representations of flowers in articles of gold and silver; we see flowers in the paper on our walls; we tread on beds of flowers in our carpets; the calico-printer gets his most beautiful patterns from flowers; their figures are woven into our table-cloths and napkins; and even the stove-maker ornaments his stoves with flower-shapes, whether they are for the parlor or the kitchen.

Now all this love which we have for flowers is enhanced and elevated in its character if we know something of the processes by which they grow, or, in other words, of the care which God exercises over these beautiful things of his creation. But just here, as we have before said, there is a great deficiency even among the edu-

cated. Little thought is expended upon the curious processes of growth; and growing is so common to our experience, that, generally, it is unthinkingly looked upon as a simple affair, or at least as not being very wonderful. Point to a flower, and ask a group of children how it came there, and they will with one voice say it *grew* there, as if that was a satisfactory answer, and there was nothing more to be said about it. And most adults would treat the matter in the same way. They might, indeed, in some random way, have caught some ideas of the processes of growth, but these ideas are at best rather indefinite, and are seldom present with any distinctness in the mind.

Let us, then, look at this growth of flowers in a very definite but simple manner, and see how wonderful it is. Here is a little rose-bud. If you had not seen such buds made into roses before, you would have no idea that this little bud could be changed into a large rose, with its full disk of spreading petals, such as you see below. The contrast is very great between the bud and the rose, both as to size and form. It is much greater as to size in the case of some roses than is here represented. In order to see how wonderful the change is, we must come out from our confused and indefinite ideas of growth, and look upon the rose as having been made, and upon the bud as the seat of the manufacture — or the rose factory, as we may express it. Each of these richly-colored leaves or petals of the rose was made by a combination of mechanical, chemical, and vital processes. It is as really a manufacture as any texture that is made by the ingenuity of man, but a manufacture beyond our comprehension in some of its processes, much more beyond our imitation.





We know from what material the rose is made, and by what means it is brought to the rose-factory. The material, the sap, is a bland fluid, apparently of no very decided character, and it is carried to the bud by numberless conduits in the stem. It is not such a material as we should suppose to be fitted to make the fragrant and richly-colored petals.

Let us go a step farther. Look at the endless variety of colors that are given to roses and other flowers as they are made. By what magic chemistry are these many dyes made from the sap which is so much alike in all? Who can tell us? Ah, there are no experiments of the chemist in his laboratory that can solve this mystery! And then, too, in some flowers we have several colors together. In the iris we have the purple, the blue, and the yellow. In a cluster of China pinks you see many different colors, arranged in an endless variety of combinations. In one kind of poppy the petals of the flower are white, except at their tips: here each presents a bright-red color, as if it had been dipped in a red dye.

There is one curious circumstance in regard to color in the common pea. Some of the blossoms are white and others are a purplish red, but you never see both kinds on the same stalk. Now if you look down a stalk on which are the purplish-red blossoms, you will see at each joint where a branch passes off a red spot, as if the chemistry of coloring did some little portion of its work here and there, in anticipation of the full elaboration to be seen in the flowers above.

Sometimes in flowers one color seems to be laid directly upon another—in stripes, as in tulips, or in spots, as in the tiger lily. In some varieties of the calceolaria there are small spots of one color scattered over another color with extreme delicacy. In some flowers there seem to be veins of one color incorporated in a groundwork color, either of a different kind or of the same kind, but of a fainter shade. This you see in some of the varieties of the geranium, and it is displayed with rare beauty in the gracefully-pendent flowers of the abutilon.

Wonderful as is this varied display of chemistry in coloring, as seen in the combinations of colors in flowers, there is one circumstance, which we have not yet noticed, that exhibits the delicate and exact working of this chemistry in a manner vastly more admirable and inimitable. We refer to the shading off of colors. This is often done so nicely that you can not tell where one color begins and another ends. In the blossom of the common apple-tree the reddish color is shaded off into the white with surpassing delicacy. And so of other flowers. Here nature can not be imitated by art except at very humble distance. Art can, indeed, imitate nature in its combinations of colors by stripes, and spots, and veins; but it is impossible to imitate that extreme delicacy of shading which the chemistry of nature displays to us even in some of the most common of her flowers.

There is another thing besides color often evolved by this vital chemistry from the sap in the flower. It is its perfume. Every fragrant flower is a perfume factory. What a multitude of them there are in a clover-field! Observe what a variety there is in this chemistry of perfume-making in flowers. Each kind of fragrant flower sends forth its characteristic perfume. It is not simple sweetness of odor from all, but the sweetness is different in each. The odors of the sweet pea, the orange blossom, the heliotrope, the pond-lily, the mignionette, the seringa, the clover, are all very sweet—but how different! You could distinguish them if you were blindfolded while smelling them.

Thus various are the colors and the perfumes of flowers. Quite as great is the variety seen

in their shapes and arrangements, and for the same purpose—the gratification of man. Of the multitude of forms of beauty that flowers present to the eye, we shall remark upon but a few. The name of the flower is often taken from its form. Thus there is a class of flowers called papilionaceous, from their resemblance to butterflies. The pea-blossom (here given) is of this shape. There is a very large class of flowers that are called asters, from their resemblance to stars. The China asters belong to this class, and it furnishes quite a large proportion of the wild flowers of autumn. They are of various colors. Some are blue, some are purple, and some are white. Some flowers are shaped like bells. In the lily of the valley (represented here), the pure white flowers hang like bells from the stem. The Canterbury bells are of this shape. So also are the tiny blue-bells, so pretty, and yet often so troublesome to the gardener. Many flowers are cup-shaped. This is the case with the butter-cup, one of the favorite flowers of childhood. The cup daffodil has its name from the deep cup which you see in the middle of the flower. The Narcissus







(of which this is a representation) has a shallow cup with a sort of ruffled edge. Some flowers are trumpet-shaped, as you see in the trumpet-creeper. Some are shaped like funnels, a good example of which you have in the morning glory, to be noticed in another part of this article. There is a little wild flower, called, from its shape, ladies' tresses. And so also we have ladies' ear-drops, and the lady's slipper.

There are some flowers that have very singular shapes. The snap-dragon is so shaped that by pressing it together laterally, you make it appear as if it were an opened mouth well armed with teeth; and then, if you let go of it, the mouth snaps together, and hence the name of the flower. Here is a flower of a curious shape, called the calceolaria. It hangs like a bag, or pocket, with a round opening above, and a part of the flower juts like a roof over this opening. We see many varieties of this flower in our green-houses.—They differ much both in size and color.



The flower of the Indian turnip (which you see here) has a singular arrangement. That which you see is not considered by the botanist as the flower. It is



a covering for the flowers, which are very small, and are arranged around the lower part of the round-headed stalk that you see in the middle. This covering, so beautiful, yet unique in its shape, is sometimes a pale green, and sometimes a rich purple. There is a similar arrangement in the calla of the green-house. The flowers are very small, but the pure white covering, or *spathe*, as the botanist calls it, is large, and of a trumpet form. The arrangement of the flowers of the crown imperial is such as to give the plant this very appropriate name. The stalk stands erect, about two feet in height, and its long sharp leaves project from it in sets of rays, at intervals, up to about two fingers' distance from the top. And on its top is a crown of leaves and flowers—the flowers hanging in a circle from beneath the leaves. Sometimes this crown is double, and even triple. The whole has a very rich appearance, and well merits the name of crown imperial. But the chief beauty of this plant is not seen as you look down upon it. There are jewels in that crown unknown to most observers. You can see them only by looking up into the cup of the flowers. There, in each flower there seem to be five or six pendent pearly gems. They are the honey hanging from the cup-shaped nectaries, which,

being of a white color, give to these drops their pearly lustre, and this is heightened by the surrounding dark color of the petal.

The chief beauty of a flower is often, as in the case just cited, concealed from a casual and superficial observation. This is especially true of the compound flowers. In these there are many flowers or florets clustered together. The dandelion and the clover-head are flowers of this kind. So is the common white daisy. In the yellow bosom of this weedy-looking flower you may count some five or six hundred florets; and each of these, examined by the microscope, is not only a perfect but a beautiful flower, very much like a yellow lily. The mountain daisy, which you have here, is a sweet little flower of the same kind. It is the "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower" of Burns. Like our common daisy, it has in its middle yellow part a multitude of florets. In all flowers of this form the blossoming begins at the outer rows of buds, going in toward the centre.



The flowers of many of our forest trees hang clustered in tassels, as here represented. This is the case with the willow, the chestnut, etc. Sometimes these tassels are very beautiful when closely examined, just as is true of other compound flowers. The large tassels of the chestnut give this tree an exceedingly rich appearance when it is in bloom.



The few examples that we have presented furnish but a poor idea of the vast variety of color and form which God has given to flowers. In all there is beauty, even in the most common of them; and a close examination, as you have seen, reveals beauty in many that to a casual observer appear to have none. And it is by such an examination that we take in the full meaning of that saying of our Saviour in regard to the lilies of the field, that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." We see that here is a great truth that applies not merely to the flowers of which he spoke, but to flowers generally, even to all that are as common as the lilies of the field—that there are no textures that are made by man's skill which can at all be compared to them in the richness and delicacy of their structure or coloring.

The profusion of beauty spread before us in flowers might be termed prodigal, if he who makes them were not omnipotent in the creation of beauty as well as in every thing else. What a mass of beauty do we see even in a common apple-tree when it is in full bloom! And as we look upon an orchard as the rude wind scatters the blossoms, we can hardly help exclaiming, What a waste of the beautiful! But He can afford thus to destroy, who can every spring clothe the earth anew with verdure, by calling into action the seeds, and buds, and roots that have slept embosomed in the death of winter, and bring out, one after another, the host of beautiful things that gladden our eyes during all the warmer months of the year.

It is interesting to observe the habits of flowers. Some close at night, as if to compose themselves to sleep, and open again in the morning. Tulips do this. So does the pond-lily as it lies upon its watery bed. So also does the mountain daisy, gathering itself into a little green ball which you would hardly notice among the grass. On the other hand, there are some flowers that open only at night. The evening primrose is so called because it opens at evening. That splendid and yet exceedingly delicate flower, the night-blooming cereus, is open only at night; and when it shuts itself up it never opens again—it gathers up its beautiful vestments to die. So short-lived is its gentle and lovely beauty, that it is with a melancholy pleasure that we look upon it.



The flowers of the morning-glory, common as they are, are not only among the most beautiful of flowers, but they have habits of the most interesting character. They, like the night-blooming cereus, open but once. They open early in the morning, and begin to close at noon. In the afternoon the vines present a very dull appearance, but you will find that there are many buds in the condition represented in this figure. Observe the spiral arrangement of the folds. It is these buds that are to be the flowers of the next day;



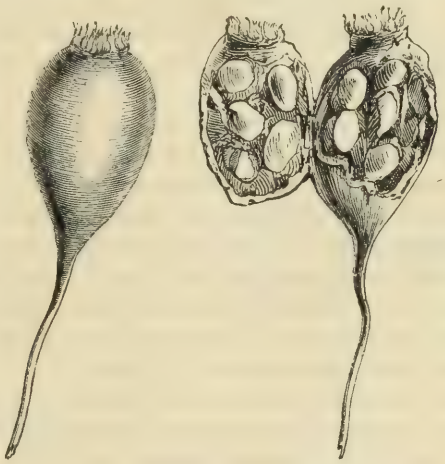
and early next morning you will see them all opened, presenting the elegant shape shown at the bottom of the opposite page. The texture of the flower is exceedingly thin and delicate. It is on account of this that the strong ribs, which you see, run up from the bottom of the flower-cup, and come to a point at its edge. They are the frame-work that keeps it in shape. If you look at the same flower in the afternoon you will find it closing up in the manner represented in this figure. You see that the spiral arrangement that it had when folded as a bud is not observed now. The points of the ribs bend directly over into the middle of the flower. The cypress vine, like the morning-glory, has a fresh set of blossoms every day. Very beautiful are its brilliant red tiny flowers in the morning, new-born with the rising sun, as they peep out from among the delicate leaves. But before the sun is set they are all wilted. A few short hours have sufficed for them to fulfill their mission of beauty. It is curious to see how the bumble-bee manages to get at the honey in these flowers. They have a deep and slender tube, at the bottom of which is the honey; and as the bee can not go into this, he works away at it until he slits it open.



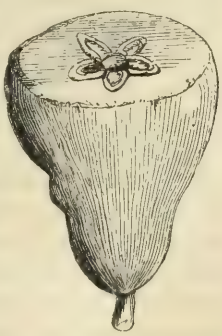
Did you ever observe, as you have walked in your garden, how busy the insect world is among the flowers? Besides the "busy little bee," and his lumbering noisy cousin, the bumble-bee, and the sportive butterfly, there are multitudes of flies and bugs, great and small, many of them of brilliant color, and some of the smallest of exceeding delicacy and beauty. A Frenchman in Paris, St. Pierre, watched a strawberry plant in a pot in his window, and counted in three weeks thirty-seven different species of insects that visited it. "They were all," he says, "distinguishable from each other by their colors, their forms, and their motions; some of them shone like gold, others were of the colors of silver and brass; some were spotted, some striped; they were blue, green, brown, and chestnut-colored. The heads of some were rounded like a turban; those of others were drawn out in the figure of a cone; here it was dark as a tuft of black velvet, there it sparkled like a ruby. There was not less diversity in their wings; in some they were long and brilliant, like transparent plates of mother-of-pearl; in others short and broad, resembling net-work of the finest gauze."

As you watch the insects about flowers at mid-day it is a busy scene. Some are crawling about; others seem to be resting for the time, perhaps feasting their little eyes on the beauties around them; others are flying about from one flower to another, or hovering over them, humming their quiet song of pleasure; and the bees are ever busy gathering their store of honey. But if you look at evening, all this hum and stir of the insect world is stilled—they have gone to their rest for the night, and you see but here and there one of the smaller ones, sheltered in some flower upon a bed more soft and beautiful than royal wealth ever secured to its possessor.

If we take simply the utilitarian view of flowers, we should say that their purpose is to make seeds and fruits. After the flower falls a seed-vessel is left on the stem. In some cases this is barely large enough to hold the seeds—it is simply a seed-holder. But sometimes this is larger than it need to be to hold the seeds—it is then fruit, as well as a seed-holder. Here is the seed-holder of the rose, shaped, as you see, very much like a pear. When the rose first falls it is small, but it grows, and commonly becomes of a reddish color. When you cut it open you find it entirely filled with seeds, as represented here, crowded closely together.



In contrast with this is represented a small pear cut open so as to show how small a space in this seed-holder the seeds occupy. All the juicy substance which makes up its bulk is not needed to preserve the seeds—it is designed for another purpose. And the same distinction can be drawn in regard to the seed-holders of other plants. Most seeds are enveloped in the fruit part of the seed-holder. It is otherwise, however, with that small but elegant fruit, the strawberry—here the seeds are set in upon the outside, giving beauty to the fruit by their contrast with its bright-red surface.





The formation of seeds and fruits is the finishing of a process of which the flowering is the beginning. The same material is used throughout—the seeds and the fruits are made from the same sap with the flowers. Few think how wonderful this is. But look at it for a mo-

ment. Here is a pure white orange blossom with its rich perfume. It is constructed from the sap that comes up in the green stem. The blossom falls, and a little green ball is left, made out of this same sap; and by the flow of this fluid to it this green ball becomes larger and larger, and at length changes its color to a bright yellow or orange. What a series of changes in these successive elaborations from that simple and almost characterless fluid, the sap! And then look at the ripe fruit itself, the consummation of these elaborations, and observe what different products from this sap are contained in it. You have the sweet juice inclosed in the cells of the divisions, like so many sealed bottles ready for use; the white and tasteless substance of which these cells and divisions are made; the seeds; and then the skin with its pungent and often bitter oil—all very different, and yet made from the same material.

Seeds and fruits could have been made without being preceded by any thing so beautiful as flowers. This beginning of the series of processes might have been such as not to awaken admiration or gratify taste. It might have been simple, even homely; and yet the object of the processes might have been accomplished just as well as now. But the Creator chose to usher in the fruits with which He blesses us with even a profuse display of beauty—He has done more than this, in giving us many flowers where no fruit follows, thereby showing that beauty is not always the mere attendant upon use, but an end sometimes to be aimed at by itself.

While fruits are especially for use, as flowers are for beauty, in many fruits the two objects are combined. Clusters of grapes, hanging by their slender stems, the bright yellow oranges among the green leaves, and richly-colored peaches, are familiar examples. Sometimes, though not often, the fruit itself is more beautiful than the flower, as in the case of the strawberry.

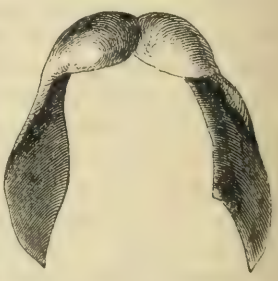
The germination of seeds is an interesting process. A dry seed does not look as if much would ever come out of it. But there is a wonder-working power locked up in that seed. There is life there; but it is asleep. There is the germ there of a large growth. There need to be applied certain stimulants, heat and moisture, and this life wakes up and bursts its prison-house, and the germ unfolds more and more, till the plant, with all its appurtenances, is evolved. From a single kernel of corn comes up the tall stalk, with its broad, long leaves, and at length appear the golden ears; there being nothing in all this growth like to the little kernel put into the ground except the kernels in those ears. So too, from the acorn trodden into the ground comes the mighty oak; and the life imprisoned in the little brown seed of an apple, called out by warmth and moisture, produces a tree loaded year after year with fruit.

Sometimes life in the seed has a long undisturbed sleep, even for centuries. Seeds buried in Herculaneum and Pompeii have been recently taken out, and have been found to germinate as readily as seeds that have been kept only from the previous year.

When a seed germinates, there is a stalk and a root, the stalk always going up to seek the air, and the root going down to fasten itself in the ground, no matter what the position of the seed may be. Here is a representation of a seed burst open, and letting these two parts go, each in its destined direction. Why it is that this sort of instinct thus governs the movements of the root and the stalk, we know not. The root sometimes shows its propensity to seek the ground in an extraordinary manner. In Galloway, in Scotland, a seed of the plane-tree was observed to take root on an old wall, about ten feet from the ground. The young tree grew well for a while, sending its roots into the earth which was between the stones. But after a while it began to languish, because this small quantity of earth was not sufficient to maintain a tree of the size to which this had reached. It shortly, however, revived again by sending down roots the whole ten feet into the ground at the foot of the wall. It would have become a large tree had it not been blown down by a heavy wind, which was readily done because it was so stilted up upon its long roots.



Various are the ways in which seeds are scattered. The wind, however, is the principal agent, and some seeds have special contrivances to enable it to blow them about. Here, for example, are seeds of the maple, with their thin wing-like appendages, by means of which they go whirling in the wind, instead of dropping always just under the tree. And here you have one of the seeds of the dandelion. Its long and slender stem, ending in numerous fine fibres, is an apparatus fitting it to be a great traveler, as it often is, upon the wings of the wind. The symmetrical feathery globe, which the seeds of the dandelion form upon its stalk, is one of the most exquisitely delicate structures to be found in the vegetable kingdom; and yet, because it is so common an object, it is seldom admired. As we see the child making a toy of it, and blowing upon it, to see its feathered seeds fly off in the air, we do not think of it as one of the wonderful things of God's handiwork. In looking at this globular arrangement, we must observe that the rays do not







come from a centre. The seeds, as you see by the bare stalk, here represented, are fastened to a rounded base; and, therefore, if any artificer were to undertake to construct such a thing, he would find it very difficult to make the stems all of the proper length to secure the perfect globular shape. If they were attached to a common centre, the work would be much more easily done, for then the stems would be all of equal length. But with an Omnipotent artificer, of course, nothing can be difficult—the most complicated arrangements are to Him equally easy with the most simple.

Here are three other wing-arrangements of



seeds. The first is the seed of the salsify—much like that of the dandelion, but differing from it in having each of its terminal branches feathered. The second is the seed of the clematis. The third has fine fibres extending in regular curved lines from the seed. The seeds of the thistle have this arrangement, which is exceedingly beautiful.

A vast deal of life sleeps in the scattered and hoarded seeds through the winter, to wake up and put forth its abundance when the warm breezes of spring come. It is asleep, also, in the roots in the ground. All those plants that die down to the ground in autumn, but come up again in spring, do but have their life imprisoned and put to sleep for the time in their roots, away from the freezing air, just as it sleeps in the seed. But life sleeps also in the buds. It sleeps thus in the trees, and shrubs, and vines, that are so bare through the winter. Look at the branch of a tree after the autumn winds have stripped it of its leaves, and you will see that, though it is so bare, there are all over it little buds, holding in them the life that is to unfold them into such luxuriance of leaves, and flowers, and fruits, when the summer comes again. These buds are formed at the close of summer, and they contain folded up within them the vegetation of the next year. Precious treasures are in these repositories, and well, therefore, must they be guarded against the severity of winter. Observe how this is done. The outside of a bud is made of scales, overlapping each other like the tiles of a roof, and well fastened together, thus completely shutting in the sleeping germs from the wintry blast. These scales are well seen in the bud of the horse-chestnut, represented here, and in this case they are glued together by a resinous substance. These coverings of the buds have been called by some one their "winter cradles;" and very appropriate is the name, for there they rock back and forth in their sleep as secure from harm as the infant in its cradle by the fireside. And there is an additional security to the bud from the cold, by the downy lining which we find on the inside of its cradle; this being, in fact, as necessary to its preservation as fur is to the animals of a wintry clime. It is the bud's little blanket. The buds of warm climates have no such coverings, for they do not need them—the Creator provides the defense only where it is wanted.



We have spoken of the buds as the germs of the vegetation of another year. Indeed, in the sleeping embryos there contained can be traced, in miniature, the forms of that future vegetation. A German botanist, in a minute examination of a horse-chestnut bud, when it was no larger than a pea, saw distinctly twenty-eight leaves and a spike of sixty flowers. The growth, then, from the bud, often enormous—and we may say always so relatively to the bud—is but the unfolding and enlarging of what is there at the beginning. Omnipotent power sketches with minute exactness in the tiny bud, locked up in its down and its coat of scales, the plan of all its luxuriant development of leaves and flowers.

There are three different kinds of buds. There are buds from which come only leaves; others from which come flowers; and others still, from which come both leaves and flowers. You have an example of the last kind of buds in the horse-chestnut. When its glutinous covering is thrust open in the spring, there appear from it leaves on a stalk, which unfold themselves in a beautiful manner, and at length a rich cluster of blossoms is seen at the summit of this stalk. The same is true of the buds of the lilac. The branches of a grape-vine, even after many things have put forth their leaves and blossoms, appear like lifeless sticks; but you see here and there small round buds of a woolly appearance. From these come forth most extraordinary growths. Each is the germ of a fruitful branch. When we see at length a branch stretching out many feet, with its broad leaves and its rich clusters of grapes, we can hardly believe that all this has come from one of those little brown woolly buds.

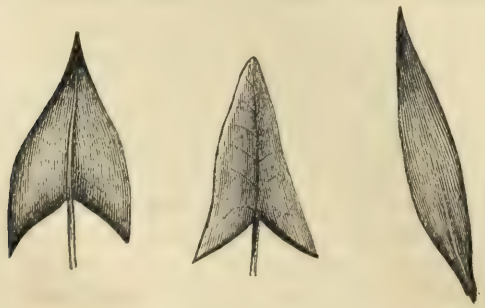
This wonderful unfolding of plants from buds is seen in many different forms. It is admirably exhibited in the English cowslip, a representa-



tion of which is here given. In the spring, a bud is seen pushing up from the ground. From this bud gradually unfold the leaves, and from the midst of them rises a stalk, which is surmounted by beautiful flowers. And the same can be seen in multitudes of plants in the spring.

Now if all this development, thus gradually coming from the buds, should in any case occur rapidly while we stand watching it, we should be struck with wonder at what we should call the magical results. But would the process by which all this is done be really any more magical than it is now? The great wonder is that it is done at all. There is mystery, deep mystery, in the process, irrespective of the time that it occupies. The depth of this mystery is only realized when we attempt to fathom it, and the common insensibility to it comes from the constant but unthinking observation of the results. Let one begin to examine the working of the mechanical, chemical, and vital agencies in the processes of growth, instead of beholding their results with uninquiring gaze, and he will need no unusual rapidity of development to startle him into a realization of their mysterious and wonderful character.

We have said much of flowers; let us not forget the leaves. These, though they vary much less in color than flowers do, approach to them



in variety of form. We will notice a few of these forms. The botanist gives leaves names according to their resemblances to other things. Thus in the three examples that you have here, the first is a *sagittate*, or arrow-shaped leaf; the second, *hastate*, or halbert form; the third, *lanceolate*, like a lance.

This is a *palmate* leaf, the divisions not going up to the stem, but leaving a space entire like the



palm of a hand. The leaf of the passion-flower is of this shape.

Here, on the other hand, is a *pedate* leaf, shaped much like the spread foot of a bird.



The first of these three leaves is called *panduriform*, from its resemblance to a fiddle; the



second is called *peltate*, or target shaped; the third is *cirrhose*, ending in a tendril, the plant being supported in this way.



Here is a *serrate*, or saw-like leaf. This is a very common form, of which the rose, apple, and peach leaves are familiar examples.



This is a little different. It is a *crenate* leaf, its edge being scalloped.

These are but a few among the many forms which are given to leaves. Their variety of appearance is much increased by their various arrangement. Here are two vari-

eties: the first, *ternate*, or three leaved, of which the clover is an example; and the second, *biter-*

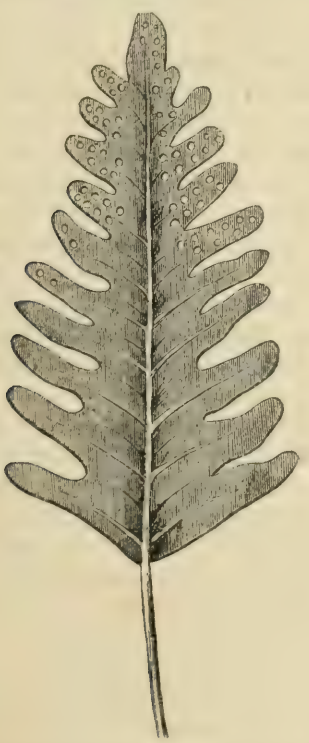


nate, twice three-leaved, the leaf-stem dividing into three parts, and each part having three leaflets.

The leaf-stem, in this case, has many leaves upon it, and their arrangement is complex.

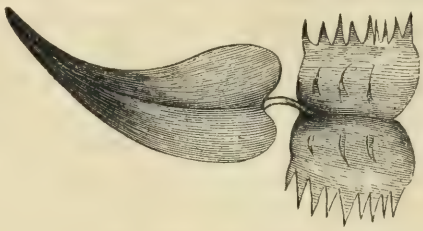


From the examples which we have given you can get no adequate idea of the extent of variety of form and arrangement in leaves; this can be done only by an examination of the leaves themselves as nature presents them.



There are some leaves that are very singular in their shape and arrangements, a few of which we will notice. The leaf of the common fern, or brake, as it is usually called, which you see here, is peculiar in having the fructifying organs scattered here and there on its under side. They are little capsules, which, when opened to discharge their seeds, are cup-like depressions, as here represented.

One of the most peculiar of leaves is that of the Venus fly-trap. Here it is represented as

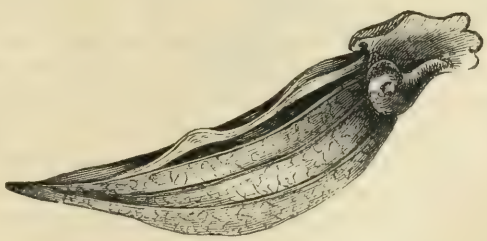


expanded. It consists of two lobes jointed together, and capable of moving upon each other like the two parts of a hinge. They do thus move whenever an insect treads upon the up-



per surface of the leaf, and inclose the poor captive, as is seen here. The points on the edges of the lobes lock together when they close, and it is supposed that the three spines, which are in the middle of each of these lobes, serve to transfix the imprisoned insect, and thus destroy his life more quickly than it would otherwise be done. The singular irritability of the inner surface of this leaf is peculiarly lively in the heat of summer, when the insect world is very busy among the flowers.

The side-saddle flower is of itself very singular, but its leaf, seen here, is still more so. It



has somewhat the shape of a butter-boat, and its lip is shaped as if it were intended to be a vessel from which some liquid is to be poured. These leaves almost always have some water in them.

But the most singular of all leaves is that of the Chinese pitcher-plant. It has a lid, as you see, which is generally closed, and yet there is commonly about half a pint of water in the pitcher. Whatever doubt there may be as to the source of the water in the leaf of the side-saddle flower, there is none as to its source here. The closed lid



prevents the rain from falling into the leaf. The water, then, which is in it must be the watery part of the sap exhaled from the pores on the inside. In Ceylon these leaves are called monkey-cups, for the monkeys often lift the lid and drink the water. Whenever this is done, the exhalation after a while fills the pitcher again.

The amount of exhalation from the surface of leaves is very considerable. This can be seen by placing a tumbler inverted over some freshly picked leaves; it will become in a little time covered with drops upon its inside, from the condensation of the moisture exhaled. The moisture of the earth in a flower-pot is very soon drunk up by the roots of the plant; and unless there be an occasional supply of water, the earth will become dry, and the plant will wilt. The water is constantly disappearing, and most of it does so by being exhaled into the air from the upper surfaces of the leaves. This being the case, if any leaf were transformed into a cup shape with a lid, there would be an accumulation of water in it from the confined exhalation, just as there is in the leaf of the pitcher-plant. It is this exhalation that makes a picked leaf wilt. If this process ceased as soon as the leaf were separated, it would retain its firmness, which depends upon the fact that all the tubes in the frame-work of the leaf, and the cells in its tissue, are filled with sap. But the exhalation goes on, and as the supply by the conduits in the stem is cut off, these tubes and cells are not full, and the leaf becomes flaccid. By immersing the stem in water this result can be prevented for a time, because the water goes up in the channels of the stem to take the place of that which is exhaled.

One of the principal uses of leaves is thus to breathe out moisture into the air, making it soft, while the flowers make it balmy. Another of their uses is to furnish shade. The defense which they afford against the burning heat of the summer's sun is useful not only to man and animals, but to fruits, preventing the heat that ripens them from acting upon them too strongly. But their chief office is to support the life of the plant and to make it grow. In a tree, the addition to its growth from year to year is not from the sap that goes up; the sap is not fit for this purpose until it has been up and had an airing in the leaves. Leaves are to a plant what lungs are to an animal. In them the sap is acted upon by the air as blood is acted upon by the air in lungs; and as the animal must breathe, so must the plant. The dependence on its breathing apparatus is not as immediate in the plant as in the animal; but it is as real. If a tree be stripped of its leaves year after year, as is sometimes done by caterpillars, it dies. And it is for the same reason that an animal dies when it is strangled. The animal dies in this case simply because his blood is not aired; and so the tree dies because its sap is not aired. The only difference is that the death is much slower in the one case than in the other.

Lungs and leaves are chemical laboratories, in which the air acts upon the building material of the living world. But the air acts differently in these two sets of laboratories. The result produced in the lung-laboratories, is just the reverse of that which is produced in the leaf-laboratories. The air that is breathed out from the lungs of the animal creation is charged with a gas that is deleterious to animal life. This gas, carbonic acid, is a portion of the refuse of the system which is discharged in this way. If this were allowed to accumulate it would destroy animal life. Now, as it is constantly breathed out from the lungs of all the animals that swarm the earth, it would accumulate, unless there were an especial provision to remove it as fast as it is generated. There is such a provision; and, observe, it is removed in such a way as to contribute to the maintenance of vegetable life. This gas, which is so fatal to animal life whenever it is breathed, is absorbed by the leaves. And for this, thus furnished to them by the lungs of animals, they give in return oxygen gas, that constituent of the atmosphere which is the agent in the life-maintaining change effected in the blood as it passes through the lungs. There is a sort of barter, then, constantly going on between lungs and leaves, and the exchange is a profitable one for both. How the balance is exactly preserved, so that the leaves shall have enough carbonic acid and give out enough oxygen, and the lungs shall have enough oxygen and give out enough carbonic acid, is a mystery. We deem it to be one of the highest exhibitions of Almighty power and wisdom, that, while the air is thus so constantly acted upon in these two sets of opposing laboratories, giving and receiving oxygen and carbonic acid from them, it is so uniformly of the same composition, and has no undue accumulations of either of the constituents which are so constantly the subjects of change. The carbonic acid does sometimes accumulate when in the assemblies of men the refuse from multitudes of lungs is pent up in a closed room. But let it have a chance to escape, and away it flies to be drunk up by the leaves, and the oxygen which they give out comes in to take its place, so that the air is very soon as pure as ever.

Another use of leaves is to be found in their beauty. They are beautiful even if we look at them simply as masses of green of different hues, making the prevalent colors of the landscape so pleasant to the eye, or as setting off the richer beauties of the flowers that are seen among them. It is in this point of view alone that leaves are commonly admired. But there is beauty in leaves not merely as thus seen in the mass, but as observed individually. It is not, it is true, of as high an order as that which the Creator has displayed in flowers; but the same love for the beautiful is seen in their shapes, arrangements, textures, and coloring. We have already spoken of the great variety of their forms and arrangements. An examination of their structure sometimes reveals to us

beauty of the most exquisite character. The disposition of the veins of a leaf, and the delicate tracery which the net-work between these veins shows us, whenever they are really observed, awaken the liveliest admiration. This is true even of the most common leaves, and especially if you hold them in such a way that the light passes through them. The microscope reveals new beauties in leaves, though not to such an extent as in flowers. It is delightful to watch them as they come out from their buds in the spring, and see how curiously they are at first folded together, and observe their gradual unfolding and enlargement. Some leaves that are comparatively coarse when of their full size, are exquisitely delicate on first unfolding from their buds. The large leaf of the oak is, when it first comes out from its winter covering, a beautiful little leaf, decked in a gay red color.

There are two periods when there is a peculiar beauty in leaves—when they first unfold themselves, and when they are preparing to fall. The beauty which they exhibit in their first development—in their nascent state, as it may be called—is marked by exquisite delicacy, and is observed only by examining them individually. That, on the other hand, which is seen in them at the last, is displayed for the most part by them collectively, as they present their brilliant and strongly contrasted colors, and give to the whole landscape, in the bright sun of a clear October day, an exceedingly gay and variegated appearance. What is the chemistry of this rich development of color in the dying leaf is not known. In England the autumnal colors of the forests are not thus bright, and the beauty of American scenery in this season of the year is, therefore, a rich treat to an English eye.

We have had much to say of what is made from the sap, the common building material of the plant. This material is obtained from the earth by means of the root. It is sucked up by the absorbents, which are in the fine parts of the root that spread out in every direction from the main branches; and hence the necessity, in removing any plant or tree from one place to another, of being very careful not to break these small fibrous parts of the root. You see, then, that the root is really the stomach of the plant; the nourishing portion of the earth being absorbed by it just as the nourishing portion of what is put into the stomach of an animal is absorbed by that organ.

The absorbents of the root have a selecting power. The sap is not the same in all plants. The sap, for example, that is needed to make the luscious strawberry is different from that which is needed to make the biting pepper, and yet the two plants may grow side by side in the same soil. The sap that is absorbed by the roots of grain has flint in it, to be used in giving strength to the stalks; but there may be plants close by, or even mingled with the grain, the little mouths of whose roots do not take up the flint from the earth, but reject it. The great variety of plants that grow in the same soil, as seen in our gardens, shows the extent of this selecting power. But there are some plants that manifestly thrive better in one kind of soil than in another. Plants, whose especial haunts are in swamps, can not be made to grow in a common garden—they would famish there for want of their appropriate food. The asparagus is peculiarly fond of salt food; but the salt which makes this vegetable grow so luxuriantly is poison to the weeds and grass which happen to be in the asparagus bed.

There is much variety in the shapes of roots. Here is a branching root—the common form



when one great object of it is to fasten the plant firmly in the ground, as in trees and shrubs. The branches of the root spread in the ground to nearly as great an extent as the branches of the tree above, that it may stand firmly against the strong winds. The fibrous root, of which you have here an example, is a very common



root. You see it in the grass tribe. This is not calculated for strength of support, for this was not needed.



Here is a palmate root; that is, shaped like a hand. The dahlias have roots of this kind.

Some roots are much larger than they need to be to support the plant in

its position, or to afford it nourishment. For example, here is the root of the beet,



whose top would require but a small root for the two purposes mentioned. But as some seed-holders are larger than they need to be to hold the seeds, so there are some roots larger than is needed to answer the ordinary purposes of roots, and for a similar additional purpose. Such roots are for food. Indeed it is only certain small appendages of them that perform the functions of roots. In the case of the beet, it is the small fibres only which are attached to the spindle-shaped root that absorb the sap; and these are, therefore, strictly speaking, the root; for so far as the support and the nourishment of the plant are concerned, a collection of these fibrous parts, such as you have in grass, would be sufficient.

In the root of the turnip, represented here, all the large round part can not strictly be considered as the root, for the absorption is done in the tail-like appendage below.



Here is a bulbous root, cut open so as to show its many coats. The onion is a root of



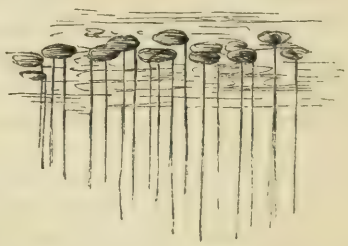
this kind. Such are the roots of hyacinths, blue-bells, lilies, crocuses, etc. Bulbs may be considered as buds underground; for inclosed in their coats are the folded-up plants of another year.

Some plants run upon the ground, and send



down roots here and there, as represented in the figure. Strawberry vines and verbenas spread in this way. Branches thus taking root may be cut off from their mother plant, and be removed to another place to grow separately, as is seen in the transplanting of strawberries. Why it is that mere contact with the ground should thus stimulate to the formation of a root we know not. Still more strange and incomprehensible is this formation when a branch of a plant is set into earth, for there is nothing in the cut end of a slip which would suggest to us the possibility that a root could put out from it.

There are some plants that do not get their support from the ground. Sea-weed grows from what it finds in the water. The duck-

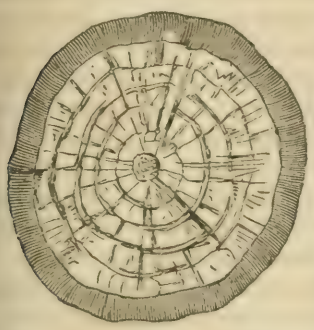


meat is a plant composed of leaves swimming on the water, and having roots hanging down, as seen here. Some plants live on other plants. The famous misletoe does this. So do the mosses that you see on trees. At the South there is a gray moss which hangs in long trails from the branches of trees. In a cemetery at Savannah this hanging moss, draping the trees in mourning, adds greatly to the solemnity of the place.

There is a curious parasitic plant sometimes called the love-vine. At first it is not parasitic, but comes up out of the ground. After it becomes, however, well fastened to its supporter, its root in the ground dies. Its name is very appropriate, for, like love, it lives on that to which it clings.

The sap that is absorbed by the root circulates every where in the plant. It is in constant motion, like the blood in the body. It passes up to the leaves to be aired, and then passes downward as the true finished sap, the *succus proprius*, to be used every where as the material of growth. In the tree it goes up in conduits in the wood. But it goes downward in the inner bark. And this inner bark is the seat of extensive operations—the wood is all made here. A new layer of wood is made by the bark every year throughout the tree, out to the very extremity of every twig. Each year has its separate ring of wood; and the rings are so distinct in the trunk, as seen here in this

section of one, that by counting them you can ascertain the age of the tree. You see in the figure lines radiating from the pith. These mark the place of the divergent plates of *silver grain*, as it is often called, which are particularly obvious in the maple and the oak. This makes a mingling of circular fibres and divergent ones, thus giving great strength to the wood; and some one has compared them, the one to the warp, and the other to the woof of a web.



The variety of things made from the common building material, the sap, we have already remarked upon. Some of them are very different from each other. We could hardly think of any two things that differ from each other more than the rude bark of the apple-tree and its beautiful blossom; and it is as strange to think of them as being made from the same sap, as it would be to think of a brick and cloth of finest texture and richest coloring as being made out of the same material. And then, too, it is wonderful to see what a variety of things are made in different plants. Some, as you have seen, are perfume-factories; some are spice-factories; some are starch-factories; some are sugar-factories; some are gum-factories; some are medicine-factories, etc., etc. Different substances are made by the vital chemistry of plants from the earth beneath our feet, their roots selecting just the elements needed in each case to make the product. We speak of the manufacture of sugar, starch, etc., by man; but man does not make these substances. They are made in the laboratories of the plants, and man merely separates them from what is mingled with them. Probably they are evolved generally in the aired sap, the *succus proprius*. But, in the case of the sugar-maple, we know that the sugar is found in the ascending sap, for it is obtained from the sap before any leaves are put forth—differing in this respect entirely from the sugar-cane. The chemical process that makes the sugar from the earth is carried on in the root of the tree in the very act of absorption. Thus a brisk sugar-factory does every tree of this species of the maple become at the first approach of spring, giving in northern climes a supply of this article exceeded only by that yielded by the sugar-cane in the South.

Very busy are the operations of vegetable life every where in all the warmer months of the year. But as winter comes, all this stir of life is hushed; for death and sleep come then to the plants. The leaves fall and die, decking themselves, however, in the brilliant colors of flowers before they fall. Many plants die only down to the roots; others die wholly. The buds go to sleep in their "winter cradles," and in the bulbs in the ground. The sap stops circulating in the trees, and shrubs, and vines; and they also may be said to be asleep, secure from the winter's cold in their rude coats of bark. How much does the winter kill; but how much more does it put to sleep, to be awaked again by the genial breath of spring! And what an awakening! Fit emblem and earnest of the promised resurrection! It is not a mere awaking from torpor, but from death also; for the leaves and plants that die become incorporated with the earth, and are raised again in after years in other forms of life and beauty.

Thus have we noticed, in a simple manner, many of the wonders presented to us by the vegetable world, avoiding as far as we could all technical terms and abstruse points, though not as scrupulously as it has been done in the little book from which we have taken our material. There are many other points of great interest that we might notice, but it would make this article too long. If in this time of flowers and fruits any are induced by what we have written to go forth and observe the abounding beauties and wonders of plants, and shrubs, and trees, which perhaps have heretofore received from them only a passing look, or have been for the most part unknown to them, we shall have the satisfaction of revealing to such a new and rich source of rational enjoyment, and ever-fresh themes for admiration and praise of almighty wisdom and goodness. And though what we have written may contain nothing which is new to those who have long been earnest and loving observers of nature, we are confident that such will be gratified with the mere echoing of what they have themselves so often observed with wonder and delight.

DE L'AMOUR.

THERE are few persons whose knowledge of the polite language of France is so limited that the above phrase will be unintelligible to them. We almost all of us know, alas! but too well, what it means. If we do not, then let such ignorance stand us instead of other bliss or misery which knowledge might bring.

What, however, taking the world as it stands, is left to say on the subject? Has not mankind been quite devoted to the contemplation of the roseate young gentleman and his performances for the last six thousand years? Have not Anacreon, Balzac, Lamartine, Lord Byron, and N. P. Willis said nearly all that was to be said on the subject, not mentioning a few such trivial fellows as Goethe and Shakspeare, who may have communicated some ideas on the subject?

No, through every century, amidst all sorts of abuse, through good report and evil report, in spite of the wily sarcasms of his wounded, and the blundering and laughable commendations of his fortunate and elated soldiery, Love rears his curly head fresh and ambrosial, scorning the aid of Tricopherous, Balm of a Thousand Flowers, Rowland's Macassar, or Wahpene, with no

bald spot on top, though Love is as old, yea, older than the hills.

So in this balmy summer weather, with Care —the old chimpanzee!—waving his ugly paw at us, and making faces, and beckoning us along, let us give him the slip, and let us retire to the end of the piazza, under the elm-tree, or to the shady rock where the mighty sea comes plashing at our feet, and there think of our dear old follies, and when and where we made ourselves happy and ridiculous; the delightful old times when we were so wretched.

Firstly—for we are cool and argumentative as yet—what is the position of the little gentleman with wings (and that "rare adornment, a good head of hair") in the nineteenth century? Early in the history of mankind he seems to have been in the habit of drinking—a very dissipated, "bad young man." We find him in the company of such fast fellows as Bacchus, and feel sure that, in spite of his blindness, he "led the German" on high Olympus. Then we see him putting his shield on, and taking terrible leaps in Roman story. Later he led his sturdy company to Palestine, and sang roundelays under his lady's window, in a very heavy and inconvenient suit of armor.

Again he seems to have taken mandragora, and gone quite mad during the French Revolution.

But to-day he is simply a *specimen.* He has been classified and put on his shelf. A psychological *Agassiz* has caught Love, young Love, by one wing and pulled him to pieces. Every delicate muscle; every lovely, pliant joint; each blue vein; even the immortal rose in his cheek, all has been dissected, classified, labeled. If you are studying birds, fishes, beasts, or emotions, you will find on a top shelf a book in which love is written out with the same scientific definiteness, and almost in the terms with which Cuvier would define the third claw of a crab.

Reader, have you read *Stendahl?* If not, don't attempt him this weather. He is not easy reading. He mentions in his preface "some insolent works which make the reader think" he comes under his taboo himself.

However, does the most perfect, the most analytical description of the measles enable us to bear better that curious and very uncomfortable disease? Does it protect us from taking that disease? No; *therefore* (behold how cool and analytical we still are) Love analyzed, Love scientific, Love drunk or sober, Love crazy, religious, sane, or profane, is still the same. The little wrong-headed monarch we must all obey, or suffer infinitely more in the punishment of our disobedience.

Should I have been less in love with Julia if I had previously read Stendahl? No; perhaps I should have known better on what shelf to put my emotion; that is, what *kind* of love I was undergoing. But would that have done me any good? Would that little wretch, Amelie Dufour—but I anticipate.

Julia was the first of my real loves. I pass over the frenzied devotions of my freshman year, and some subsequent endless attachments. I was twenty. I knew life when I knew Julia. Deep in study, deep in every thing that I took up, with a future of heroic achievement before me, I first saw and knew her. She was a beautiful woman—a Madonna-like face, calm, pale, intellectual. She was the pure product of the Northern climate and the Puritan blood. I never can forget how astonished she was—dear, impracticable creature!—that I could talk highly and forgivingly of a woman's inconstancy. How she calmly, quietly adopted whatever fate Heaven sent! How she repudiated the idea of admiring, as an uncommon or difficult task, the following of a poor political criminal, supposing him to be a husband, to Siberia! To her it would have been a most easy task. Hers was the soul of the Persian:

> "Religious in mine error, I adore
> The sun, that looks but on his worshiper
> But knows of him no more."

I sighed at length for a fault in Julia. Every thing was coldly, calmly perfect. What interminable German lessons she got! What estimable books she read! How she tried to improve me! Heaven knows, there was room; but after a while I began to dislike being improved: not that there was a particle of the shrew or the reformer in Julia. I was mirrored in the pure lake of her love; a being with all perfections, all nobility, all beauty—an image she but asked to bow before and adore; but it was very difficult, and indeed fatiguing, to live up to this image. No man can long make up his mind to deceive a woman who will believe in him. So when I found Julia would believe me perfect, I tried to be so, and failed.

A very worthy friend of mine, in the midst of a respectable old age, told me he had always been annoyed by the "uncommitted sins of his youth." As if we each had by us a little box full of peccadilloes, which must be emptied out before we enter upon our grand career. It is an encouraging idea, particularly to the industrious sower of wild oats.

Stendahl describes the process of *crystallization* which goes on in the lover's heart, by the simile of a branch, denuded of its leaves, and thrown into a salt mine. In a short time, behold the branch! A thousand diamonds ornament it. On each little twig crystals have formed until the branch is hidden from sight. So put into the heart of a lover any image whatsoever, and his fond fancy hastens to ornament it. Nothing in nature is so good and glorious as his ideal. I crystallized my Julia, and I believe now, though long days have passed since then, that I could hardly add, even in the first passion of a lover, any thing to her sweet character.

Can I not see her face bending over me as I lay ill at her father's house? Can I not feel her soft hand on my fevered brow; her patient eyes, which were ever watchful and tender, as

I awoke at night from uneasy dreams? How she nursed me through that long illness!

But Stendahl, villainous Frenchman! knew how bad—how wicked is the heart of man. He describes the second stage of crystallization, that in which some of the crystals drop off—"It is necessary to doubt:" the lover must sometimes lie awake, tormented by uneasy dreams. "Does she love me!" This, he says, and too truly, is by far a deeper, a more perfect moment of the lover's delight.

To say to one's self, "*Does* she love me? Will she always love me?" implies the necessity of saying, "She *does* love; she must always love:"

"Delightful answer, worth a thousand doubts."

And thus it came to pass, that with all her loveliness; with all my hundred-fold obligations to her, I never reached the second crystallization with Julia. I never could doubt her. Do we doubt the sun that he warms and vivifies, and keeps us alive? But do we spend much time in glorifying him for his generosity. Do I go on the house-tops to thank the sun for all he does for me? No; I fear I am more likely to carry an umbrella to protect me from him. Now the moon, a cold and unhealthy planet, who never did any body any good that ever I heard of, gets infinitely more be-sung and be-sonneted than the sun. Thus was it with my faultless love. I drank in her bounty. For a long time it sufficed me; but, wretch and ingrate that I was, I began to tire and sigh for imperfection.

Shade of Amelie Dufour! didn't I find all that I wanted in thee. Ay, and more.

Julia and I were engaged. We read together—we lived but for each other. I believe such an existence would have satisfied her forever, except that she pined always to sacrifice herself for me in some heroic way. She accepted happiness with a protest. I think she was never so happy as when a severe illness, to which I have referred, gave her an opportunity of watching and generally fatiguing herself for me. At length we were to be separated; I must go and study elsewhere. She must watch and wait. My life was to be full of activity, excitement, effort. Hers was to be patient, silent endurance; but she accepted it with her womanly composure. Her love was like the lamp which burns perpetually on the shrine of some saint. However unworthy the image, the light was always tranquil, pure, and strong.

New York, gay, brilliant, cosmopolitan, succeeded my studious and retired home. I felt, for the first time, how ornamental life could be—how fascinating every thing was to my inexperienced but not uncultivated taste. The opera, with its blaze of light and beauty, its delicious new developments of music; society, so finished, so luxurious; and, above all, a perfectly well-dressed, stylish woman! I had never felt the subtle influence of that something, which means every thing, which we call style.

It was the occasion of a great party which first led me to contemplate this new sensation. I found myself surrounded by a new order of angel—angels in white, angels in pink, in blue, and in yellow. Angels crowned with wreaths which seemed to have been snatched from the brow of a bacchante. Others, with pale, pure lilies—vestal virgins; others in green—hamadryads; and all—angels, bacchantes, vestals, hamadryads—dancing to kill.

I only remember that a rosy cloud descended on me at this crisis and enveloped me. Had I stood on some heaven-kissing hill, and had Venus descended to visit me in the form of a rosy vapor, I am sure the sensation could not have been more new, more delicious. Some one said, "Miss Amelie Dufour;" but that I felt was merely an absurd keeping up of appearances. This was no mortal! Ah! no. She adopted a name, doubtless, for the purposes of society, but she was a vision. Had I been an anatomist, I should have known it could not be a woman. That waist! No lungs had any room to play there. This creature lived by some other process than respiration, and vulgar eating and drinking. Her figure! The female form is not pyramidal. Amelia was. We danced. The cloud moved with wondrous precision, agility, and muscle. But I began to tire; spinning around indefinitely told on my unsophisticated legs. I began to fear that I embraced with my right arm not an angel, not a goddess, but a *wili!* However, the musicians were mortal if Amelie was not, and when they stopped, we did, perforce.

How very soon a woman began to look out of my rosy cloud—a very pretty woman! The mist cleared from my eyes. I saw I had been dancing with a palpable, tangible woman! She was very much disguised, it is true. Fashion, like a fairy godmother, had touched Cinderilla, and behold the change! Even her hair seemed a different material from that I had observed ornamenting the female head—so glossy, so perfect in its satin smoothness—so admirably defining the little head. Her dress—the rosy cloud I have spoken of—no telling what was dress and what was lady: all was delicious, blushing beauty. Her little glove; the bracelets that defined her slender wrists; and oh—Cinderilla again—her pink satin slipper!

From this moment I was infused with my new emotion. To follow out the *tea* simile, I was steeped in Amelie. I ate, drank, smoked, dreamed, lived, thought only Amelie. I danced with her, walked Broadway with her, talked with her, read—no, I do not remember ever reading any thing with her, except visiting-lists and play-bills.

How she *used* me! How obediently I walked the chalk which her fairy finger traced for me. Never was soldier, fearful of being shot, more promptly at his post than I at mine, to join her in her afternoon promenade, or to stand, a statue of devotion, before her box at the opera! Bouquets of her favorite flowers were always coming round the corner, paid for out of my pensive

pockets. How prettily she allowed me to find out what were her favorite ornaments. How sheepishly I sent them anonymously, and how bravely she wore them. Oh, pretty women! did you but know how strong was the lasso which you throw over our asinine necks, perhaps you would pull us round more than you do; but no, on reflection, I do not think you could.

Amelie was the veriest rose-leaf that floated on the vine-crowned cup of dissipation. She lived like a mote in a sunbeam. New York all winter, Newport all summer; she danced unweariedly, she rode horseback, she went to the gymnasium, she walked. When she rested I never knew. Even Sunday, the day when even the poor hod-carrier reposes himself, Amelie took no rest. Seven days she dressed faultlessly, seven she promenaded, and was as punctual at church as though she had not danced until I know not what hour Saturday night.

I should have been surprised had I been in a condition to reflect; but I was not, and therefore I took it as easily as I could, and did not wonder that the most fragile of our creation, the beings whom a whiff could blow away, should endure what would have killed any tight-rope dancer, or any day-laborer.

A letter from Julia—all tenderness, all trust, all quiet confidence—was the first thing which roused me from my delirium. For three weeks I had not thought; I had simply enjoyed. I endeavored to use my somewhat rusty powers. They did not work well. If I can remember rightly (but my dear reader will perceive, that although a lovely breeze is blowing on me from the ocean, I am not as cool as I was)—if, I say, I can remember, I reasoned somewhat in this way: I am a man; I have a right to admire any number of pretty women; I *shall* admire any number of pretty women. Julia is very sweet; I admire and love her, of course, better than any one; but I can see the charms of the lily, and the equal charms of the rose.

Somewhat uneasily, in spite of this very logical and sound doctrine, I sat me down to write Julia. After all, it was more proper that I should tell Julia of my new and very valued friend, Miss Amelie Dufour. So in my descriptions of my new life, I dwelt with some particularity on her charms of mind and person. I am not sure that I didn't hope Julia would be a little jealous, and reproach me. I had prepared a very dignified and somewhat cool vindication of my course when her answer should arrive. It came. It was full of pleasure and commendation! "She was so much pleased that I had such a charming lady friend! She had feared that I was losing my taste for female society, and becoming too bookish; she knew my high aims and studious habits so well, that she counseled me to go into society, and not devote myself too much; and, above all, the society of such a superior person as Miss Dufour must make up to me in a measure for my separation from all those who loved me so much, and cheer my solated life in New York."

I felt very hot and uncomfortable, very mean and sheepish. So to relieve myself of this rather uncomfortable state, I resolved to go and see Amelie. But misfortunes never come singly. Julia would not reproach me; Amelie would not comfort me.

Her parlor was quite full of people, and on the sofa sat one of the most disagreeable young men I had ever seen. He was talking very earnestly to Amelie when I entered, and she was listening with that charming expression of pleased and fixed attention which I had noticed in her so often when listening to me.

I sat down by a lady of my acquaintance, and asked who that could be.

"Oh! don't you know Selden," said she, "the lion of Mrs. Wood's ball last night, just from Paris. He was immensely struck with Amelie last night, and danced with her perpetually. He is a great catch; rich, good family, *and so stylish.*"

I glanced unconsciously at an opposite mirror. The horrible truth flashed across me, for the first time, that I was *not* stylish! I rose to take my leave. Amelie came forward and gave me her hand, and a glance which would have softened a man of stone. I went away more in love than ever. I had reached crystallization No. 2.

I pass over several weeks of doubt, of misery, of gleams of bliss, in which Amelie played off Selden against me, and me against Selden, in a manner which now, as I regard it from this remote period of time, I can unqualifiedly admire as a piece of science.

As the cool breeze which this moment plays over my brow, comes the reminiscence of Florence. Yes, a third occupant came to try the somewhat uncertain apartments of my heart.

I was one night pacing the vestibule of the opera, and looking through the occasionally opened doors of the boxes, feeding my jealousy by the sight of Amelie—little perjured wretch! —wearing my bracelets, and talking to Selden. Fool that I was, I would have gladly given all that I had, all that I hoped for, to be in his position. I knew she was dazzling him as she had me; but alas, I knew how well she did it!

As I paced up and down contemplating this spectacle, a soft voice spoke to me from the box through which I was looking, and said to me, "Won't you come in?"

I looked, for the first time, at the lady over whose head I had peeped, and recognized Miss Florence Ward—a lady I had known slightly in society, but whom I now noticed for the first time. An invitation so graciously given was, of course, accepted; I entered, and seated myself.

I dare say I was *distrait* and rude, for I noticed, after one of my answers to her question, that she smiled.

"I beg a thousand pardons; I am very much bored to-night—with myself," I said, apologetically.

"I see," said she, playfully nodding at Ame-

lie's box, "you are afflicted by the all-conquering hero."

My attentions to Amelie must, then, have been observed! A fact which never occurred to me before.

"And you, Miss Ward," said I, trying to be playful, "you think him all-conquering."

"Doubtless, where he wishes. It takes very little to win a woman. Devotion is all, and the spurious article is apt to be more attractive than the real. The Parisian belles say the artificial roses of one of their flower-makers surpasses nature, even in perfume. So to our artificial eyes all artificiality commends itself."

After a little conversation, which, in spite of myself, amused me, I asked Miss Ward if there were any patent way of getting rid of one's self.

"Well, yes, I think there is. I generally think of somebody else when I do not find myself agreeable."

The remark struck me as a good one. It revealed two things. Firstly, that I was thinking of myself; secondly, that possibly I might think of something else. The contiguity of Miss Ward herself suggested a not unpleasant topic for contemplation.

She was certainly a handsome woman; young, too, but not particularly gay. She had the reputation (now I remembered) of being slightly *blue*. If so, as a gentleman once said of a very lovely woman, it was certainly a pretty shade of blue.

She was not one of the much-talked-of, or much-admired women of her set, though she went about and danced like the rest of the world. At any rate, I came out of her box much more tranquil than I went into it.

Miss Amelie Dufour, after some frantic efforts on my part to bring her to reason, finally dropped me as she would a dead bouquet. As I had been taken up merely to gratify her vanity, so when a more powerful stimulant came along, I ceased to be of consequence.

I suffered extremely. Vanity and self-respect both conspired to render me uncomfortable. As soon as I was uncomfortable, I began to be repentant. Not an unusual consequence, I believe.

My letters to Julia were filled with self-condemnations. Hers to me were the same that they had ever been. We were now separated a year, and it was my desire to see her, and tell her all that had passed.

My acquaintance with Miss Ward had become now a pleasant, but not very exciting intimacy. I always liked to talk to her, and left her side happier than before. I was very much in the habit of asking her opinion on certain subjects without mentioning the premises. So, for instance, I asked her what would be her judgment, supposing she was called on to decide a delicate case, which I would put to her.

So I described my own case, under what I considered a very adroit vailing of "Mr. So-and-so," and "Miss So-and-so."

I fear now that she saw through me all the time.

"I should first ask, in my capacity of judge, if Mr. So-and-so loved—yes, *really* loved the first object of his attachment?"

"He thought he did."

"Then I should say his course should be this: go to her, tell her the whole story, and throw himself on her generosity."

"Supposing he thought he did not love her?"

Miss Ward laughed.

"You are picturing to me such a monster of inconstancy," said she, "that I should advise him to rid any woman of his attentions at once."

This was not very flattering; I was glad it was only said of "Mr. So-and-so."

"You do not think it impossible for a man to admire, yes, love, two women at the same time?" I asked.

"Yes, of course I do, if he wholly admires or wholly loves; but not as the world goes, for we all half love and half admire, and because one craving of the soul is filled, we believe that our nature is satisfied."

"When do we know *if* we truly, wholly love?"

"Now you are asking me what I can not answer; but I imagine never, while we are very young."

"I trust we learn before we are very old."

"Yes, I imagine we do; but I suspect we must all have some experience first."

I perfectly agreed with Miss Ward as to the future conduct of "Mr. So-and-so;" and that gentleman, laying aside his alias, proceeded to make his confession.

I can not think, now, of this event of my life without a tingling sensation to the end of my fingers. I can not think of the high hectic flush on Julia's usually pale cheek, without a very decided acceleration of the pulse. I did not know what I did; that is the only excuse I can ever make for myself. I knew not what an iconoclast I was. Myself seemed so unworthy, measured with her, that I felt I was doing her but little injustice in taking myself out of her heart. Her constancy and pure devotion had never wavered. It had been

> "A rare perfume, concentrate and kept;"

and now, when it was poured on the ungrateful earth, her life went out with it.

It was in vain that I tried to repair what I had done; as well might I have attempted to mend the flawless glass which I had ruthlessly thrown down. The only love which Julia knew or recognized was that which angels feel for one another. There was no shade of human imperfection in her ideal; it twined itself, an immortal passion-flower, only around such hearts as hers.

She forgave me; she had the compassion as well as the love of an angel; but I never forgave myself.

Reader, I began with Love; I have continued about myself: pardon the descent. If you

tire of me and my confessions, return to Stendahl; he will give you the genuine article.

I went to Europe; I read, thought, saw. After several years I met, in Paris, Miss Florence Ward. She was now a beautiful and most cultivated woman. It seemed to me that a shade of sadness vailed her exquisite countenance; and I was not unprepared to hear, as I afterward did hear, that Miss Ward had been unfortunately attached, and had suffered very much.

It was in the gallery of the Louvre, I think, that Florence and I resumed our confidences. What a pleasant thing it was to tell her of one's past! How much a woman she was in her delicate tact! She understood you before you spoke; yet let you speak on, and listened: but too well.

How nice a thing it is in woman to have learned how to suffer without forgetting how to enjoy!

Florence was one of those delicious women who are never the same: her temperament made her sad to-day; joyous to-morrow. In short, Julia was an abstraction; Amelie was a cheat; Florence was a woman.

We found that we loved for the first time. The world seemed to us like the world of the Sleeping Beauty, which woke into reality and life when Love, the gay, young prince, entered it. We forgot our sorrows; we forgot our follies.

* * * * * *

After all, what is the moral of my discourse? Is there any moral in this music which the tree is making over my head as the breeze sweeps through it? Is there any moral in the surge of the mighty ocean which soothes and lulls me? Has it done me any good to lie here and think of the past? or have I put wrong thoughts into any young person's head—that it is right to be in love with three women at once? or have I only turned one of those pages of human imperfection which exist in every man's history? I scarcely know. I will say no more.

"For while I mused, Love with knit brows went by,
And with a flying finger swept my lips,
And spake: 'Be wise; not easily forgiven
Are those who, setting wide the doors that bar
The secret bridal chambers of the heart,
Let in the day!' Here, then, my words have end."

DANIEL WEBSTER'S SOCIAL HOURS.

DR. JOHNSON has told us that the man who would make a pun would pick a pocket; and though we may not subscribe to the whole extent of this opinion, none of us but will admit that your professed punster is the greatest social nuisance that law or municipal ordinances are ineffectual to remove. They lie in wait for some unsuspicious word which they may press into their service, and compel to perform a function never contemplated by its original employers. Clippers of words, they ought to be no less punished than clippers of coin, for they equally destroy all confidence between man and man.

In this kind of wit (if wit it can be called, which the weakest minds most perpetrate) Mr. Webster seldom indulged. Indeed, but one instance has ever come to the writer's knowledge, and that when he was subject to "the atrocious crime of being a young man," where Mr. Webster let himself down in this manner, and though not better than others of the same sort, we relate it for the reason of its exclusiveness.

Party spirit running high in Portsmouth in the days of the embargo, great efforts were made at an annual State election to carry the town by both parties. The Republicans succeeded in electing their moderator, Dr. Goddard, a position of potentiality, because he decided, in case of a challenge, the right to vote. A man's vote was offered on the part of Mr. Webster's friends which the Republican party objected to, and the moderator was appealed to for a decision. The Doctor hesitated; he did not wish to decide against his own party, and still he was too conscientious to make intentionally a wrong decision. He seemed at a loss what to do. "I stand," said he to the meeting, "between two dangers; on one side is Scylla, and on the other Charybdis, and I don't know which to take." "I fear, then," said Mr. Webster, rather *too* loudly, "I fear your Honor will take the *Silly* side."

It is but just to Mr. Webster's memory to add that he never told this himself.

There is scarcely a writer in the English language so free from the charge of plagiarism as Mr. Webster, whether of style or thought. In style, assuredly, he is as much without a model as a follower. It was his own, and never can be copied but by a mind as great. That he may have acquired suggestive ideas from others, and unconsciously sometimes made them his own, is undoubtedly true. An idea that has been domesticated for a long time in our brain loses itself recollection of its original paternity, and tacitly becomes ours. Mr. Webster was a constant reader, and confounded, doubtless, at times, like all great readers, his author's thoughts with his own; but it is to be doubted if he knowingly appropriated, without acknowledgment, another's ideas.

No student, of course, would read Mr. Webster's works attentively without being reminded of the sources from whence many of his sentiments flow. They are full of reference to the Scriptures, to Shakspeare, and to the earlier masters of the English tongue; it is such resemblance that gives them as much strength as beauty. But throughout all and every correspondence in diction, or simplicity of imagery, he preserves his individuality. He is as original as either of his originals, and has lent new force to a common language.

Others may have detected other coincidences, but the only instance the writer recollects, which might lead one to suppose that Mr. Webster had intended to borrow another's words, occurred in his speech in Faneuil Hall, in 1842, where he used the expression "this sea of upturned faces," which can also be found in one of Scott's novels (Rob Roy, I think), but which doubtless the or-

ator was not conscious of ever having seen before.

It may be said here, parenthetically, that this felicitous phrase gained so much upon the popular mind, that an eminent speaker of the Democratic party, in addressing a public assembly a year or two afterward, slyly undertook to make it serve to his own reputation through a new combination of words. He spoke of the crowd before him as "a living pavement of heads," changing, indeed, the words of the original, but at the same time mutilating their beauties and enervating their force.

In the eulogy which Mr. Webster delivered in the Senate Chamber—short, but most impressive—upon his colleague, Mr. Bates, whose loss he keenly felt, he paints the desolation of hearts, and the sad rites with which the dead body of his friend would be received at its burial-place, in the pleasant village of his former home—maids and matrons mourning, and the subdued sorrows of manly breasts—in few, simple, pathetic words, pregnant with all the force of woe.

"I felt all I said," Mr. Webster told us one day at table; "I could not say all I felt. I had in my mind, as I spoke, Andromache's mournful anticipation of Hector's death, and of the dread ceremonies which should solemnize his obsequies. I felt as the poet makes her feel, but I could not speak as he makes her speak."

Mr. Webster had none of the paltry vanity which makes little minds jealous of acknowledging their indebtedness to others.

Mr. Webster had been reading one day the "Lives of the Lord Chancellors," by Lord Campbell, which he commended as very interesting and instructive. Lord Brougham, he said, entertained, or seemed to entertain, an unfavorable opinion of the work. He disliked Campbell very much, and had said, in regard to his "Lives," that, "much as he had feared death before, the thought of it now came clothed with additional terrors; because, if he should die before Campbell, as he had been Chancellor also, Campbell would write out his life."

Mr. Webster never spoke favorably of Brougham. He did not undertake to question his eminent abilities, or to attack his political integrity. He seemed rather to wish to pass him over in silence, as if, where he could not praise, he did not care to condemn. There probably was but little sympathy between them, moral or intellectual. Though both were of extraordinary intellectual power, there would seem to have been something antagonistic in their different intellectual organization, as well as, perhaps, much in their tastes and pursuits. Lord Brougham's eccentricities could hardly have failed to alienate the mind of a man constituted like Mr. Webster's, who always advocated and always practiced the fit, the decent, and becoming in speech and conduct.

The Duke seemed to please him most of England's great men, and many an illustrative anecdote was he accustomed to relate of the warrior-statesman, whom, indeed—in integrity of thought, directness of purpose, and scorn of every thing ignoble or little—he much resembled.

Sir Robert Peel he considered rather an excellent tactician than an orator; well versed in Parliamentary warfare, and capable of controlling the currents of debate, but not a statesman of enlarged and far-reaching comprehension. In society he was ill at ease, betraying what the French call *mauvais honte*, which arises from want of a proper appreciation of one's position. "The Duke," said Mr. Webster, "in his terse way, spoke of this when he and Peel acceded to power early in Victoria's reign, on the fall of the Melbourne ministry. 'He did not know,' he said, 'how he should get along with this young Queen of theirs. Lord Melbourne is a ladies' man—is *au fait* in all their wants and requirements; but I—I have no small talk; and as for Peel, *he's no gentleman!*'"

"I endeavored carefully to study, while in England," said Mr. Webster, "the practical working of its political institutions. It struck me, among other things, that representation rested too exclusively upon the material basis of property; that intelligence did not enjoy its proper influence in the House of Commons. This, true before, had become more manifest since the passage of Lord Grey's Reform Bill, which professed to give a more equal representation. Under the rotten-borough system, as it was called, it is true that a pugilist, like Gully, or some other less qualified person, would occasionally get into the House, but under that system Burke, Sheridan, Gibbon also obtained seats. Now, none but the wealthy—the hereditary proprietors of large landed estates in the country, or the rich commercial classes—can undergo the expense of a canvass.

"In our country a man represents the district in which he resides, where he is personally known to many of his constituents, and, by reputation, to a large majority. Though poor, he may have influence from his moral and intellectual character; and, without the prestige of an inherited name, may easily acquire a personal superiority.

"Besides, where the avenues to fortune are equally open to all, and where almost every man gains an easy competency, corruption is both more difficult and less necessary. The elective franchise is not tampered with, and the constituency remains honest. They may be deceived, but can not be bought.

"In my opinion, the greatness of England does not consist in her political constitution, much as that constitution has been commended by foreign as well as native writers of eminence. King, Lords, and Commons, however nicely adjusted their relative powers seem to be, are not the true constituents of her internal vigor. It is rather the free municipal organization of her commonalty that has rendered England more prosperous than other States of Europe, in the

last hundred years or more, saving the body politic from those dangerous revulsions which have in the same period of time harassed and retarded many of her neighbors. The attempted imitation of the English Constitution a half century since by France proved abortive, as sound political observers predicted must be the case, from the absence in that country of an organic development of democracy in the form of municipal corporations. There was no breakwater between the rage of ignorant, impoverished, turbulent masses, and the rashness of dreamy, hot-headed theorists."

Speaking one day of the early Romans, Mr. Webster said that he could almost believe every thing related by historians of their extraordinary virtues, public and domestic, when he dwelt upon the fact that, though their laws authorized divorce, yet, for the first five hundred years, no individual ever availed himself of such a license! "It was the domestic training," he said; "*it was the mothers* who made a Publicola, a Camillus, and Coriolanus. Women, protected by the inviolability of the nuptial bond, were invested with a dignity that gave authority to instruction, and made the domestic hearth the nursery of heroes.

"Public virtue," he said, "fell with private morality. Under Imperial Rome divorces were sought for and obtained upon the most frivolous pretexts, and all domestic confidence was destroyed. The inevitable consequence was the loss of all public morality. Men who had been false to their private obligations, would not be true to their public duties; Cæsar divorced his wife, and betrayed his country.

"The sanctity of the nuptial bond is, in my opinion, one of the principal if not the chief cause of the superior refinement, freedom, and prosperity enjoyed at the present time by Christian nations."

Mr. Webster was very familiar with, and often quoted, in familiar conversation, Scott's Poems. Two passages particularly delighted him, which he said brought the scenes and parties before him. The first was the beginning of the First Canto of the "Lady of the Lake:"

> "The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
> Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
> And deep his midnight lair had made
> In lone Glenartney's hazel-shade;
> But, when the sun his beacon red
> Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,
> The deep-mouthed blood-hound's heavy bay
> Resounded up the rocky way,
> And faint, from farther distance borne,
> Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.
>
> "As chief who hears his warder call,
> 'To arms! the foemen storm the wall!'
> The antlered monarch of the waste
> Sprung from his heathery couch in haste.
> But, ere his fleet career he took,
> The dew-drops from his flanks he shook;
> Like crested leader proud and high,
> Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky;
> A moment gazed adown the dale,
> A moment snuffed the tainted gale,
> A moment listened to the cry,
> That thickened, as the chase drew nigh;
> Then, as the headmost foes appeared,
> With one brave bound the copse he cleared,
> And, stretching forward, free and far
> Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var."

"I have been to the very spot," continued Mr. Webster, "where this antlered monarch took his start that day; and so naturally and vividly had the poet impressed the scene and its incidents upon me, that I should hardly have felt a deeper conviction of truth at Marathon or Salamis.

"The other passage which strikes me as being so true to nature, also occurs in the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel:'

> "'The stag-hounds, weary with the chase,
> Lay stretched upon the rushy floor,
> *And urged, in dreams*, the forest race,
> From Teviot-stone to Eskdale moor.'

"Here we see that convulsive twitching of the limbs, the involuntary action of the nerves, which we have often noticed in dogs while sleeping—a suppressed growl, perhaps, or broken cry. It is the observation of such natural traits that stamps the true poet. Homer is full of them; and Scott, who was ever studying nature, gives to his descriptions the beauty and force of truth. I always read him with pleasure and instruction."

"It is the fashion of the present day," said Mr. Webster, "to decry Pope, or those who fail to abuse neglect to read him. A return, however, to true taste will take place, and Pope resume his proper throne on the English Parnassus. Later poets have stolen his thoughts, and, as if to conceal the theft, denied his wealth. But a *nugget* (as our Californian friends would say) of his brain, hammered and flattened by present writers, fills a whole volume. He furnishes the capital of a hundred traders in poetry of our day.

"The caliph who destroyed the Alexandrian library has been perhaps not unjustly censured by subsequent ages; yet he consumed, doubtless, much that was worthless, and something, it may be, obnoxious. We do not need so general a cremation; but there is much of our later literature that would be better for the test of fire."

"Every new discovery of geological science," said Mr. Webster, "aids to confirm the narrative of the inspired historian; but geologists themselves sometimes, though with the intent of reconciling their discoveries with the Mosaic writings, build up untenable theories. Of these is M. de Luc, a celebrated French geologist of the last century, whose works I have been lately reading. He contends that the Deluge was not a general inundation, as both the Mosaic account and all historical tradition have taught us to believe; but a mere change of the solid and fluid portions of the earth's surface, so that what was formerly land became sea, and *vice versâ;* and this hypothesis he endeavors to show

does not militate against the account of the great Noachian flood, as contained in the sacred text. But he does not take into consideration the fact, which may have been unknown to him, that many spots have been found in the midst of vast tracts of the ancient bottom of the sea thickly covered with trunks of trees and the accumulated remains of land animals.

"In my opinion the Mosaic history, rightly interpreted, speaks not only of the one great revolution on the earth's surface and character from the general deluge, but of several, perhaps as great, catastrophes of nature, however originating. I do not recollect at the present moment any particular passage in the sacred text illustrative of this belief, but I cherish the conviction from a general impression. The inspired writer fixes, with a precision that admits of no hesitation, the primitive dwelling-place of man in the central region of Western Asia, amidst four inland seas—the Persian and Arabian gulfs on the one hand, and the Caspian and Mediterranean seas on the other—between the two great rivers of that central region, the Tigris and the Euphrates. The third river of Paradise has been sought for farther to the north, in the region of Mount Caucasus; and some contend to have found it in the river Phasis. The fourth river, spoken of in Holy Writ, ancient commentators claimed to be the Nile; but the description of its course is so widely different from the present situation of that river, that a vast change in the earth's surface must have occurred to occasion the discrepancy.

"There is another circumstance to be explained, and which can only be done by the supposition of some convulsion of nature. It is this: the one source in Paradise, in which these four rivers had their rise, and whence they were to shed fertility and gladness over the earth, can not be found. It has escaped the most patient and minute research. To reason from analogy, and from circumstances which the sacred text justifies, may not this source have been dried up by some volcanic eruption, which we know to have dried up large rivers, and effected even greater changes? Geological observation attests many vestiges of such changes; the Dead Sea in Palestine itself may be included among the lakes that reveal a volcanic origin. The irruption of the Black Sea into the Thracian Bosphorus, and the presumed irruption of the Mediterranean into the ocean, as well as many other partial revolutions in the earth and sea, show what changes have taken place, not necessarily to be ascribed to the last general deluge.

"The study of geology, which may be called the Private Life of the Earth, is full of interest, and wholly corroborative of the Scriptures."

"Moses," said Mr. Webster, one day after dinner, when the conversation turned on the Sacred Writings—"Moses interests me more than any character in sacred or profane history. He appears to me, in all respects, the most extraordinary personage of whom we have any record. The true standard of comparison is, perhaps, the relative position of a man to his age—his contemporaneous altitude. Undoubtedly he was 'versed in all the science of the Egyptians,' as has been said of him; for he had received the most learned instruction under the immediate care of an Egyptian princess, who took the warmest and most enlightened interest in his welfare. The whole extent of Egyptian science in those days we can not fully know; but this we do know, that in the natural sciences, in astronomy, mathematics, and even in medicine, they were the masters of the Greeks; and that the deepest thinkers among the latter—the sect of Pythagoras, as well as, afterward, the large-minded Plato himself—gained from them the rudiments of their teachings, or caught, at least, the first outline of those mighty speculations which ever since have astonished mankind. With these sciences, and with such speculations, Moses was familiar; but the nation he led out of bondage was not capable of appreciating them. It was for this reason, without doubt, that Moses withheld from them the high philosophy he had acquired from his Egyptian education—knowing it would rather serve to puzzle their understandings and perplex their judgments than to move and govern their hearts. And, indeed, we can not but perceive from his history that a higher, nobler, grander motive than any desire to perpetuate or aggrandize the science of Egypt pervaded and quickened the conduct of this great man. Whether we look upon him as the founder and mighty lawgiver of the Hebrew nation, or as the guide and teacher of the Hebrew people, we see that his whole intent was to inculcate a principle, wholly foreign to Egyptian science—*the direct, complete, and constant responsibility of man to his great Creator.* This was the fundamental principle, higher far than the vain science of the schools, though that might dive and penetrate, through magical power, into the profoundest mysteries of Nature; this was the fundamental principle that Moses strove, with all the energy of his genius and affluent imagination, to stamp upon the mind of the chosen people.

"The writings of Moses, compared with those of other Asiatic authors so much nearer than ourselves to the source of primitive revelation, have this important difference—that whereas the latter serve but as the lights in the stern of a vessel to irradiate the past, his project their far shadows into futurity. They are, in their essence, eminently prophetic; and, coming down to us through a long line of ages, repeated by the Royal Psalmist, and resounding through that voice of warning and promise in the Desert, they still serve as prophecies, and await their final and full confirmation in God's own time.

"Moses was the first and greatest writer in the Hebrew language, and the first that gave form and rules to the Hebrew language. He may have borrowed the Hebrew letters, as Cadmus is said to have borrowed the Greek, from

the Egyptian hieroglyphics; but he took good care to exclude all their natural symbols, in order to remove from his people every thing, however remotely, suggestive of images and idolatry.

"The more I study his writings, and compare them with those of Confucius and of the Indian and earlier Persian lawgivers and sages, the more I discover his vast intellect and superiority; while his conduct, both in Egypt and afterward, during the forty years' sojourn in the Arabian desert, proves that his moral qualities were as extraordinary as his intellectual power. By mingled firmness and kindness, by attention to their physical wants as well as religious instruction, he showed himself as beneficent as he was great. There was nothing inaccessible to the grasp of his mind, nothing insignificant to the goodness of his heart."

In such a manner would Mr. Webster like to dwell upon the character and history of the first recorded lawgiver. It is not intended to give his very words, but his meaning; and so far as recollection serves, the order of his thoughts. A pleasure always to listen to him in his more familiar hours, it was a high privilege, when he spoke of sacred themes, and of the inspired writers; for then his language rose with his subject, as if he felt the inspiration of the men whose deeds and lives he described.

BOARD FOR A LADY.

MRS. CARLACUE'S boarding-house was eminently respectable. It was situated not a hundred miles from Clinton Place, and was frequented by a stagnant set of people, all well-to-do in the world, and all stupid and tiresome. The gentlemen all wore evening coats in the morning, and the ladies affected black silk dresses, and were particularly solemn over dinner. Conversation rarely rose above a whisper at that imposing meal. The aspect of Mrs. Carlacue herself, who sat at the head of the long table, bony and grim as the skeleton at Egyptian banquets, was quite sufficient to restrain any indecent mirth or vulgar enjoyment. I am not now surprised that I suffer from dyspepsia. After eating so many of those melancholy dinners, where the digestive organs were absolutely chilled into inaction, it is not wonderful that I should find myself continually swallowing pieces of rhubarb, and feeling horrid symptoms about the gastric region. Why I staid there so long is still a mystery to me. It was the custom for quiet business people to go there; and to live at Mrs. Carlacue's was in some degree to entitle one's self to a character for prudence and propriety. Some business interests perhaps decided me to go there, and I am zoophytic in my habits, and change my locality with reluctance. Mrs. Carlacue was not a pleasant woman on the whole. She had seen better days—that is to say, her husband had once been a merchant, failed, and died, and left a traditionary respectability to Mrs. Carlacue as her widow's portion. On this and her boarders she subsisted. She continued, however, to robe herself so magnificently in her antecedents, that it became a matter of surprise to every one that so eminent a lady should condescend to keep a boarding-house. All her professional avocations were performed in so royal a manner as to be positively awful to her guests. We were all afraid of her. She presented a bill in such a manner, that instead of the long array of figures, one saw only Mrs. Carlacue's illustrious genealogy stretching down the paper. Any budding rebellion against over-charges was quickly suppressed by the memories of the grandeur of Carlacue deceased, and the house yet existing in Lafayette Place, where the name of Carlacue was honored. No physical weakness on the part of her guests was at all sympathized in by Mrs. Carlacue. Were you ill, and unable to come down to dinner, it were an act of daring to demand meals in your room. There was a neighboring restaurant whose hospitality was open, but Mrs. Carlacue's system was not to be disturbed. She was never accustomed to wait on invalids when Carlacue was in his apogee. She did not keep a boarding-house—*that* was a point that she wished to have distinctly understood. If she took a few respectable persons to live with her, that was no reason why they should forget that she was a lady. Heaven forgive me, but there were times when I entirely forgot Mrs. Carlacue's claims to gentility, and thought her a heartless old humbug, who ruled over her entrapped guests like a vulgar, abominable old despot.

There was a mystery residing in Mrs. Carlacue's establishment at the time that I lived under her iron sway. A pretty, child-faced girl, with long fair curls, who seemed to droop under the baneful influence of that dreary house as a flower spindles and whitens in a dark cellar. She was called Mrs. Grey, but beyond that we knew nothing of her history. She lived in a hall bedroom on the third story, and was a quiet and noiseless lodger. She seemed to have some deep grief eating into her heart; for her smile, when she did smile, was more melancholy than tears, and seemed like the pale ghost of some vanished happiness haunting her pallid features. She always dressed in black, and her attire, though betraying a forced economy, was always indescribably elegant. At first I put her down as a day-governess. Then I formed the theory that she was an officer's widow, subsisting on some small stipend. Then I rejected all these theories, and simply came to regard her as a mystery.

Every one in the house seemed to soften at Mrs. Grey's approach—every one save the grim old Mrs. Carlacue. Arithmetical, hardened old merchants, prematurely old clerks, who had ciphered their youth away before they were out of jackets, wary and suspicious brokers, and respectable old maidens of independent means, all had a kind word for Mrs. Grey; she was so gentle, so pretty, so evidently grief-worn, so resigned, that it must have been a hard heart

indeed, that refused to grant her a little sympathy. That heart, however, rattled—I will not say beat—in Mrs. Carlacue's bony old bosom. She looked with a hard, relentless eye on poor Mrs. Grey. She snubbed her at the table before the guests; she turned a deaf ear to her requests; she sent her the outside slice of the roast beef; and helped her last to pumpkin pie. I was some time before I arrived at the secret of this savage demeanor, and it was not until poor, patient Mrs. Grey fell suddenly ill, and was obliged to have a doctor, that I discovered that she owed Mrs. Carlacue a bill for board. Then Mrs. Carlacue expatiated to her friends on her amiability in retaining this gentlewoman in her house. She had a husband somewhere in California, Mrs. Carlacue said, with a sneer, but the promised remittances did not arrive. It was always the way with those people. They always had husbands somewhere, that never made their appearance, and were expecting remittances by the next steamer that never arrived. When she had her house in Lafayette Place, she always paid her bills, and the lamented Mr. Carlacue would have died before he permitted her to live on any one's bounty. Oh, you old bedizened hypocrite! you know in your secret heart that Mr. Carlacue passed out of this world owing $50,000, and that your fine furniture in Lafayette Place was sold under execution; and that there exists still on Madame Larami's books an unsettled account with the name of Carlacue at the head of the page.

Days and weeks passed, and still poor Mrs. Grey kept her room. It was no common illness that struck her down, I knew. It was hope deferred, and wounded pride, and all the misery that a delicate nature suffers when touched by such remorseless hands as those of old Carlacue. I did what I could. I sent her fruits, and preserves, and books in secret—for I tell you I was afraid of the old dragon—and I declare I would have paid her bill, only I was then a poor clerk myself on eight hundred dollars a year, and had a young brother at school depending on me.

One morning as I was going out after breakfast, and as I paused, from a sort of vague instinct, opposite poor Mrs. Grey's door, I heard a stormy voice that I knew too well. It was sharp, grating, horrible as the filing of a saw.

"It's scandalous," I heard Mrs. Carlacue say, for that pleasant voice was hers—"scandalous, I say. Could you not get some one else to swindle, madam, besides a poor, lone widow. I have been a lady, ma'am, myself, and I hope am one still, and I know how ladies should act, and I must say that your treatment of me is such as I did not expect."

"Indeed, Mrs. Carlacue," I heard a faint, well-known voice reply, "indeed I can not help it. I paid you as long as I could, and I expect a remittance every day from my husband. The moment it comes you shall have your money."

"Christmas is coming too," said the old brute, with a horrid laugh. "Husbands, if they are husbands, don't leave their wives without money."

No answer came to this abominable insinuation, but I saw as well as if I was in the room the pale face contract with anguish, and the delicate form shudder at this savage blow.

"The long and the short of it is, I want my room ma'am," continued the Carlacue. "I can't afford to give my house for nothing to people that no one knows nothing about. You'd better tramp, ma'am—I want my room."

"I am ill, very ill, Mrs. Carlacue. Pray let me stay for a few days. The doctor says it will be dangerous for me to move just now."

"The doctor, indeed! Who's to pay him, I'd like to know? *I* won't, that's certain. Perhaps your particular friend, Mr. Troy, would like to foot your bills."

Again the sneer. Even my poor attentions were tortured into a crime against the suffering, friendless woman. Once more Mrs. Grey pleaded; once more the Carlacue voice rang shrilly with brutal taunts through the house. It was more than I could bear. I was on the point of marching into the room, and braving the Hecate of our house myself, when there was a bounding step on the stairs; a sunburnt, bearded young man came leaping up three steps at a time, and stood before me.

"Which is Mrs. Grey's room?" he asked, hurriedly.

My heart beat. An instinct told me that the preserver had arrived.

"There, Sir," I answered, pointing to the door.

He entered, and, I confess it, I listened. There was a faint scream of joy, an embrace that echoed audibly, and a moment's murmuring talk. Then, I regret to say, I heard a succession of the most frightful oaths I ever heard, in the midst of which the Carlacue voice seemed to be faintly combating. I heard Mrs. Carlacue—the great Mrs. Carlacue—the queen of vanished kingdoms, called more ugly names by that bearded young man, than I ever heard woman named before; and over all, and through all, I heard the dear, sweet voice of Mrs. Grey pleading for mercy toward her enemy.

In a few moments out rushed Mrs. Carlacue, livid, breathless, disordered in her bearing, and holding in her hand a slip of white paper, which bore on it the name of the Mechanic's Bank. I slipped back into my room, not caring to encounter the old fury in her hour of humiliation, but I breathed a thanksgiving to Heaven from the bottom of my heart that Mrs. Grey had found her husband, and Mrs. Carlacue her master.

THE GREAT EPIDEMICS.

ASIATIC CHOLERA.

IN 1817 the eyes of physicians were directed toward the jungles of India, for under the burning sun of that distant land a strange and terrible pestilence was raging. The affrighted natives called it *Mordechie*—an Arabic word, which

may be translated the *Death-blow*—a singularly expressive title. This had long before been corrupted by the French into *Mort de chien.* It is usually believed to have originated in Jessore, where it prevailed in August; but we have satisfactory evidence that it was in Nuddeah and Mymensing as early as May.

The true origin of the disease is enveloped in mystery. Some learned physicians believe that they have found descriptions of it in the writings of the Greeks, and are confident that Celsus alludes to it. However that may be, it is certain that it has prevailed for ages in India. It was repeatedly seen by the medical men of the last century who practiced in Bengal, but it had never before been known to sweep so destructively over the entire peninsula. It confined itself to narrow belts of country, and appeared only at intervals in them. When it did prevail, however, it was often very malignant. Thus at Hurdwar, during a festival in 1780, it is said to have swept away 20,000 human beings. The next year it attacked a division of Bengal troops, at Ganjam, so fiercely that 5000 were admitted into the hospital during the first day, and by the end of the third half the corps were sick. Men who, up to the time of their attack, were in perfect health dropped dead, and few who survived the first hour failed to recover. We have accounts of still earlier visitations of this terrible disease. Le Begue de Presle tells us that it destroyed 30,000 natives and 800 Europeans in Bengal during the year 1762.

The great epidemic of Asiatic cholera, however, commenced, as we have already said, in the summer of 1817. It did not attract much attention until it had attacked Jessore, a town about a hundred miles northeast of Calcutta. Twenty or thirty died daily; and although the inhabitants soon took the alarm and fled to the country, 6000 perished in a few weeks. Early in September it reached Calcutta, and almost immediately began to spread to the north and west, depopulating many large cities.

About that time the great Indian army, organized upon the old Oriental plan, containing 10,000 troops and 80,000 camp followers, was about taking the field, under the command of the Marquis of Hastings, against the Hindostanee chiefs. On the 6th of November the pestilence reached them. The weather was most oppressive. A moist and suffocating heat relaxed the fibre of the troops. The flags drooped idly from their staves, for not a breath of air stirred the immovable calm. The thermometer ranged from 90° to 100° in the shade. The disease at first attracted but little attention, as it confined itself to the camp followers, and did not destroy a great number of them. At last, however, it burst forth with great violence and ran its course in twelve days. The rapidity of its increase may be learned from the statement that, on the first day of its general prevalence, seventy-nine, and on the second five hundred, were admitted into the hospital. The Bengal report draws a terrific picture of the state of the army:

"Old and young, Europeans and natives, fighting men and camp followers, were alike subject to its visitations, and all equally sank in a few hours under its grasp. From the 14th to the 22d the mortality had become so great as to depress the stoutest spirits. The sick were already so numerous, and still pouring in from every quarter so quickly, that the medical men, though day and night at their posts, were no longer able to administer to their necessities. The whole camp then put on the appearance of a hospital. The noise and bustle almost inseparable from the intercourse of large bodies of people had nearly subsided; nothing was to be seen but individuals anxiously hurrying from one division of the camp to another, to inquire after the fate of their dead or dying companions, and melancholy groups of natives bearing the biers of their departed relatives to the river. At length even this consolation was denied them; for the mortality was so great that there were neither time nor hands to carry off the bodies, which were then thrown into the neighboring ravine, or hastily committed to the earth on the spot on which they had expired, and even round the officers' tents. All business had given way to solicitude for the suffering. Not a smile could be discerned, not a sound heard, except the groans of the dying and the wailing over the dead. Throughout the night especially a gloomy silence, interrupted only by the well-known dreadful sounds of poor wretches laboring under the distinguishing symptoms of the disease, universally prevailed. Many of the sick died before reaching the hospital; and even their comrades, while bearing them from the outposts to medical aid, sank themselves, suddenly seized by the disorder. The natives, thinking their only safety lay in flight, had now begun to desert in great numbers; and the highways and fields, for many miles round, were strewed with the bodies of those who had left the camp with the disease upon them, and speedily sunk under its exhausting effects."

The disease disappeared as suddenly as it came, not, however, before it had swept into eternity a number of souls variously estimated at from three to nine thousand. The most particular statement that we have seen makes the mortality of those frightful twelve days amount to 764 officers and 8500 men. The entire mortality, during the prevalence of cholera in Bengal, has been estimated at 220,000.

Now was noticed that direful march along the lines of communication so characteristic of this pestilence. The disease crossed the Deccan, at the steady, leisurely rate of a pedestrian, making from fifteen to eighteen miles a day. It took no definite course, and obeyed no atmospheric currents, but marched at once in several directions. By July, 1818, it had reached the western coast of India. Eye-witnesses record the usual mutations of feeling

under the influence of the pestilence: "the first feeling of dismay, the reflux of levity; the agitation and bustle at the commencement, and the immediately following unconcern to all that is going on; the mild workings of charity; the cautious, guarded intercourse with others maintained by selfishness; the active energies of the good, and the heartless indifference of the bad."

The Europeans made formidable preparations to combat the disease. Some kept caldrons of water perpetually simmering, in order that they might have a warm bath ready in case of sudden emergency. Some put themselves upon a restricted diet; others endeavored to fortify their constitutions against the dreaded malady by potations of more than ordinary depth. One had notes written and addressed to every medical man within reach, announcing his sudden seizure and imploring immediate assistance. These were kept lying on his desk to be sent off upon the first real or imaginary symptoms of cholera.

The natives, on the other hand, attempted to ward it off by superstitious preventives. They resorted to incantations and charms. At the old head-quarters of the Bombay Deccan division the disease was ushered in by a very singular circumstance of this kind. A woman, frantic with real or assumed madness, or intoxicated with drugs, rushed through the main street, proclaiming herself an Avatar of the fiend of pestilence. She was nearly naked, and her body, her face, her scanty apparel, and her long disheveled hair were all daubed with the dingy red and yellow powders of Hindoo mourning. In one hand she held a drawn sword, to typify destruction; in the other a vessel containing fire, to denote the funeral pile. Before her went a band of musicians, clashing out the discordant noises with which the Hindoos accompany their religious ceremonies. She was followed by a large train of empty carts, having pressed into her service all she met. She denounced destruction upon all who did not acknowledge her divinity, and pointing to the carts, declared that they were to bear away the bodies of those who persisted in their infidelity. This visit created such alarm that the officers on duty, hearing of the affair, sent and had the woman arrested. While under restraint she was attacked with the disease, but yet managed to escape and was never heard of afterward.

By the second week in September, 1818, it had reached Bombay, having been just a year in crossing the peninsula of India. Its travel, however, was not limited to one direction. While it was advancing northward from Jessore, and westward from Calcutta, it was also passing southward along the Coromandel coast, and by October, 1818, one month after its appearance in Bombay, it had attacked Madras. Thus it traversed the whole peninsula, a surface of 66,000 square leagues, in a year.

After having ravaged India it crossed to Ceylon, in which island it made its appearance in the month of January, 1819, first attacking the coast immediately opposite that part of India where it was raging most violently. Thence it passed directly to Colombo, from which point it spread over the entire island. The frigate *Topaze* left Ceylon for Port Louis, in the Mauritius, arriving at her destination on the 29th of October, 1819. During the voyage cholera broke out, and proved terribly destructive to the crew, but the sick were all convalescent at the time of the arrival of the frigate at Port Louis. Nevertheless, in three weeks after her convalescent were landed, cholera attacked the inhabitants of the port, and rapidly spread over the island. The mortality is stated at 20,000 by an eye-witness of the epidemic, but the Governor sets it down at only 7000. The latter estimate is sufficiently frightful, as it amounts to nearly one-twelfth of the entire population of the colony.

The Isle of Bourbon, a French colony, is in the same archipelago with the Mauritius, the distance between the two being about forty leagues. As soon as the existence of the disease in the English colony became known to the authorities of the French island, the Governor of the latter established the most rigorous quarantine regulations. In spite, however, of all his precautions, a smuggling vessel named the *Pic-Var*, which sailed on the 7th of January, 1820, from the Mauritius, managed to elude the vigilance of the French officials, and to land a cargo of slaves near the town of St. Denis, in the Isle of Bourbon. On the 14th of the same month eight slaves perished in that town, and the inhabitants began to leave. The Governor at once established a lazaretto for the reception of the sick, and threw a double military cordon around the place, to prevent communication with the interior of the country. The disease did not spread; only 256 cases occurred, and the island, though more populous than the Mauritius, lost in all but 178 of its inhabitants.

We now return to the delta of the Ganges, to trace its northward and eastward march from that cradle of pestilence. In 1819 it reached the kingdom of Arracan, whence it gradually extended along the coast to the peninsula of Malacca. It raged in Siam in 1820. At Bankok, the capital of that country, its ravages were frightful. Forty thousand of the population perished. It was impossible for the living to bury the dead, and they resorted to the dreadful expedient of exposing the corpses in open sheds, and even in the rooms in which they died, in order that the vultures might enter and devour the dishonored remains. The King made a great religious ceremony to propitiate the malignant divinities who were slaughtering the people. The priests being consulted, gave it as their opinion that an evil spirit, in the form of a fish, had visited the river, and sent out thence the malignant influence under which so many were perishing. By their advice, great numbers of people collected on the banks of the Meinam, where they fired guns and crackers,

beat gongs, and howled all night long, in order to scare away the demon. Some even dived into the water with swords and knives to drive him off. They did not discover the futility of their efforts till the next morning, when seven thousand dead bodies were found in and about the river.

From Siam it passed southward into Sumatra and Java, and northward into China. At Samarang there were 23,000 deaths in two months, and the Dutch estimated the entire loss of life in Java at 400,000. Canton was attacked in the autumn of 1820, and the disease crossed thence into the Philippine islands. At Manilla, the priests persuaded the people that the foreigners had introduced it, whereupon the ignorant and superstitious multitude massacred over thirty Europeans, besides a number of Chinese. In 1823 the mortality at Pekin and Nankin was so great that the government was compelled to appropriate money from the public treasury to bury the dead. By 1827 it had crossed the great wall and the desert of Cobi, and was invading the inhospitable plains of Siberia. When we add that it followed the British army into Burmah, in 1823, and that it repeated its visits to Java and other islands and countries in Eastern Asia, we have completed our sketch of the progress of cholera in this direction. Its westward march remains to be described.

In March, 1821, it paid a second visit to Bombay. Between this city and the islands and ports of the Persian Gulf there existed a considerable commerce, employing one hundred vessels and a thousand sailors. Besides these, there were numerous craft which touched at Muscat, on their way out to more distant lands. Between May and August various islands in the Persian Gulf had been attacked. From these points it spread through both Arabia and Persia. In the former country Muscat was first attacked. This happened in July, 1821. In ten days the disease had destroyed ten thousand lives. The bodies of the dead were towed far out to sea and sunk. About the same time it entered Persia, at Bushire, the principal market for the productions of Persia and of British India. It followed the great thoroughfare to Shiraz, in the neighborhood of which forty thousand perished, sixteen thousand falling victims to the pestilence in the first few days of its prevalence. The caravans traveling between the coast and the countries bordering the Caspian usually take Ispahan on their route. On this occasion passage was denied through Ispahan, and the caravans took the route through Yezd. Ispahan escaped for some time, but Yezd was almost immediately atacked, and lost seven thousand.

Bassora, a port at the head of the Persian Gulf, is the great market for Asiatic produce destined for the Ottoman empire. Cholera attacked it about the same time that it invaded Bushire and Muscat. Its work was completed in a fortnight, at the end of which time eighteen thousand out of the sixty thousand inhabitants of the place had disappeared, and in the surrounding country one-third of the population are said to have fallen before it. It ascended the Tigris to Bagdad, where it was very destructive. The Persian army which was marching against that city was attacked, and compelled to withdraw, but the pestilence pursued them, and slew their commander. From Bagdad it crossed over to the Euphrates, ascended that river, and invaded Syria, following the caravans, and passing into Palestine. The two distinct routes by which it traveled become very evident to those who study its progress with the map before them — one leading from Bassora in a roundabout way to the Mediterranean, the other passing directly through the centre of Persia to the Caspian.

Astrachan, on the northern shore of the Caspian, at the mouth of the Volga, was first attacked in 1823. The disease, however, was not violent, not more than one hundred and forty-four having died. The Russian government adopted preventive measures to check its northward progress. Whether these had any effect it is not now easy to determine; but one thing is certain, the pestilence advanced no further, and seemed to die out. Russia escaped till 1828, at the close of which year the disease attacked Orenburg, brought, it is said, by caravans from Northern Asia. It will be remembered that we left its eastern detachment on the way to Siberia in 1827.

Cold weather appears to exert a more decided influence in checking this disease in the warm regions of the East than in the cooler climates of Europe. It lay nearly dormant about Orenburg in the winter, but in the spring of 1829 it raged with great severity in that town and its vicinity, invading several of the military posts. On the last day of July, 1830, it again attacked Astrachan, and this time it was very violent. Out of a population of thirty thousand, four thousand and forty-three died in four weeks. In the province of which this is the capital, the mortality was twenty-one thousand six hundred and twenty-eight. It ascended the Volga, attaking the towns along the banks of that river. In Saratoff it broke out on the 6th of August, making its first appearance in three persons who had just arrived from Astrachan. A clergyman of the Greek Church stationed in Saratoff has left us so touching a history of the prevalence of the pestilence there, that we can not refrain from quoting a few passages:

"In the very commencement of the epidemic all our four surgeons were seized with it; two died on their journey to Zaritzin, and one here. From this moment fear and anguish took possession of the public mind. They who could flee from the city, fled; and as the malady was not considered contagious, servants, laborers, Tartars and Russians, were permitted to rush into the country. My congregation, which consisted of five hundred and fifty individuals, was reduced to one hundred and fifty. Many of the fugitives died on the road, and spread the malady whithersoever they went.

"From the 10th of August the malady increased in virulence; the daily mortality of four rose to five, twelve, twenty, eighty, one hundred and twenty, two hundred, and one day to two hundred and sixty, and decreased in the same gradual mode. Up to the 30th of August two thousand one hundred and seventy persons died. While all around was infected, Sarepta (a colony of Moravians), in which the quarantine regulations were most strict, escaped, and yet this disease is not called contagious.

"Up to the 11th of August none of my congregation had been attacked. On the 10th of August, the Sunday after Trinity, I preached from the text, 'And he looked on the city and wept;' and we wept, too, in the midst of our desolation and anguish, for our children and ourselves. I comforted my flock, and exhorted them to trust in their God, as I read to them from the ninety-first Psalm, 'He shall deliver thee from the noisome pestilence; thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday. A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee. Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation, there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.' I thus endeavored to drive off dejection, and to substitute resignation: many were strengthened. I felt for hours the peril, but I felt no less the sanctity of my duties; and my whole soul prayed within me as I sighed, 'Preserve me, O Lord, for my flock's sake, and for my own; nevertheless, without murmur, do I offer up my life for thy service. Help me, O Lord, and strengthen me.' On the 11th of August I was called to our old sexton. Immediately afterward I was sent for to a young woman. I did all that my duties enjoined, but she died. Others soon followed her—all dying in twelve or twenty-four hours. They had the usual symptoms, with dreadful cramps. The hands and feet were cold and blue, cold sweat flowed in streams, and the pressure of death was felt upon their chests. The thirst was intolerable, and caused insufferable agony in the mouth and throat.

"13*th August.* I was called to four persons, who all but one took the sacrament, and died. Some of these I visited at night, and as I passed through the poorer streets, I could scarcely step without being made aware I was near a cholera patient. It was with great effort I could master my nature sufficiently to enter into these abodes of misery. I found the wife lying on straw and the husband on hay, near her, both affected. I felt sick as I held the sacramental vessels in my hands, and found myself in the midst of death and pestilence. Latterly I became more hardened and courageous.

"14*th.* To-day I blessed four corpses in their houses, and, having time, I accompanied them to their graves. As we journeyed, we were met by sixty funerals.

"15*th.* Last night I was called to many sick, all of whom died in less than twenty-four hours. At six this evening I saw Mr. ——, who was, to all appearance, in health. At ten he was attacked; surgeons were sent for, but none could be found, for all were ill. At length a medical pupil came, who did not think it necessary to bleed him. The patient became colder and colder. At four in the morning I administered to him the sacrament for the dying. At nine I visited him again. He was calm, cheerful, and resigned, and pressed me feebly, yet affectionately, with his ice-cold hands. At eleven o'clock he was a corpse.

"On the 17th many begged me to administer the sacrament in the church. I did so, and hundreds came and were comforted. One who could not be present in the morning, as his children were attacked with the disease, came to me in the evening, feeling that he was infected. The malady broke out in him at the very moment I began to administer the sacrament, and caused the deepest trouble of conscience. It was long before I could succeed in calming him."

Cholera ascended the Volga to Kazan and Novogorod. In the neighborhood of the latter town the peasantry suspected the physicians of poisoning their patients, and in a paroxysm of fury massacred thirty of the unhappy doctors. On the 26th of September the pestilence reached Moscow. The city was immediately divided into forty-seven districts, separated from one another by a *cordon sanitaire;* ten temporary hospitals were erected, and the minister of the interior was appointed to superintend these arrangements. The Emperor visited the place when the disease was at its height, and when he left he submitted to the usual quarantine of eight days. During the first ten days of October the mortality was 747; during the second ten, 958; and during the last third of the month, 1284 perished. In this city, for the first time, cholera defied the power of winter, and carried on its work of destruction, unchecked by the frost and snow which conquered Napoleon.

At this time a body of Russian troops marched from the province of Koursk against the Polish patriots. They passed through Podolia and Volhynia, and carrying cholera with them, scattered it all along their line of march. On the 14th of March, 1831, it entered Warsaw, attacking both the city and the camp. St. Petersburg was not attacked till late in June. The same scenes of folly and cruelty which disgraced Novogorod were enacted in the capital of Russia. The hospitals, though guarded, were broken open by the infuriated rabble, who dragged out their dying friends and murdered the physicians and nurses. Nicholas, who was absent from the capital, heard of the riot, and with his accustomed intrepidity hastened to the spot. He rebuked them for their madness, and told them that it was far better to beseech the Almighty to dispel the pestilence which was ravaging all classes, than to engage in wicked and

unnecessary hostilities against their brethren. "My children," he added, "let us pray." So saying, he knelt down, and in the clear voice which had so often been heard at the head of his army, the Emperor offered up an earnest prayer for himself and the millions whom he ruled. The people were completely overcome. They fell upon their faces, accompanied their beloved father's petitions with tears, cries, and supplications, and rising up, went quietly home.

While thus advancing westward, the epidemic also passed southward from the Caspian, ravaging the Levant, invading Arabia, and attacking the pilgrims at Mecca with great fury. Forty-five thousand of these zealots are said to have perished. It entered Egypt, raged terribly in Cairo, ascended the Nile, and passed beyond the reach of civilized inquiry into the wilds of Africa.

It steadily advanced across Hungary, where it left 180,000 corpses, and late in 1831 made its appearance at Sunderland, in England. In the summer of 1832 it was in Paris. In that city it is said to have destroyed more than 18,000 persons. As every where else great alarm prevailed at first, but the reckless gayety of the inhabitants was not to be repressed even by this terrific mortality. The places of amusement continued open; balls were even more numerous than usual; and a favorite disguise at masquerades was a ghastly figure representing the cholera. Breaking out as it did, immediately after the failure of a fierce attempt at a social revolution, it called forth some remarkable manifestations of popular feeling. Thus the ordinance for cleansing the city was furiously resisted by the *chiffonniers*, who considered it an unwarrantable interference with their business, and a direct blow aimed by capital against labor. So grave a character did some of these riots assume, that the authorities found it necessary to call out the military. The old absurd notion that the wells had been poisoned also prevailed in the French capital, and bred some disturbance.

In England the pestilence spread more slowly, and generally assumed a milder form than on the Continent. It seemed to confine itself more completely to the poor, the filthy, and the dissolute. It prevailed in the British islands from October, 1831, to December, 1832, and carried off more than 30,000 persons.

The year 1832 was characterized by a very large emigration to this country. Into the port of Quebec alone, up to the 9th of June, there were 25,700 arrivals of these people, many of them paupers, sent out from Great Britain and Ireland, nearly all of them needy. Little attention, of course, was paid to their comfort during their passage across the Atlantic. They were crowded into ill-ventilated steerage cabins, and fed on coarse and scanty food. They came also from infected ports. The brig *Carricks*, from Dublin, which reached Quebec on the 8th of June, lost forty-two of her passengers by this disease, and immediately after her arrival cholera made its appearance. On the 10th of June it reached Montreal, and was very fatal. From these cities it ascended the St. Lawrence, hovered about the great lakes, crossed over to Detroit, and attacked the detachments of the United States army, then moving against the Indians of the northwest. Beyond a few cases, however, which occurred about the shores of Lake Champlain, and seem undoubtedly to have been imported from the Canadian cities, the Eastern States were not invaded from this quarter.

The epidemic attacked New York by a separate detachment, as it were, on the 24th of June. At first there was the usual shuffling and suppression of facts; but after a while, when the disease gained head, it was acknowledged by the authorities. Nearly 3000 interments were made in a month; great alarm prevailed, and it was estimated that 100,000 of the regular inhabitants fled from the pestilence. We think this an exaggeration, but there appears to have been not a little panic in the Empire City. From New York the disease spread northwardly up the Hudson, reaching Albany on the 3d or 4th, Philadelphia on the 5th of July, and Baltimore later in the same month.

The people of Rhode Island became very much alarmed at the proximity of the cholera, and established a rigorous quarantine. Armed patrols guarded certain portions of the island. This, however, did not prevent a slight outbreak at Providence and Newport. The main body of the disease passed southward and westward, attacking most of the cities on its route. It did not reach Havana till February, 1833, nor Mexico till nearly the close of the same year. In 1834, it revisited a few places in the United States, where it had prevailed before, and attacked several which had previously escaped.

It is scarcely necessary to follow further the footsteps of this fearful epidemic. Suffice it to say, that there is scarcely a language under heaven which has not a name for it, and hardly a nation that does not shudder at its ravages.

Over the greater portion of the world it passed, as a hurricane sweeps through a forest, devastating furiously, indeed, but only for a brief time. In the East, on the contrary, it has always prevailed. It seems to have a peculiar partiality for the jungles of the Gangetic delta, and every now and then it rouses itself from that hot and humid lair, again to wander over the earth. We have followed the steps of the first great epidemic with such particularity, that we must glance more rapidly at the subsequent journeys of this terrific pestilence.

In the early part of the summer of 1846 it appeared to rouse itself into unwonted activity. It raged terribly at Teheran, in Persia, carrying off 300 a day for several days, and reduced the population of the place by at least 20,000 souls. It was peculiarly malignant, often destroying life in a few hours, as if by a general poisoning of the blood, without any of the usual symptoms of the disease. At the same time it prevailed

in India, and burst with fearful violence upon a detachment of 6380 men of the British army at Kurrachee, who were, as usual, accompanied by a great crowd of camp followers. On Sunday, the 14th of June, the atmosphere was unusually stagnant and oppressive, so that, to use the strong language of an eye-witness, "the very heavens seemed drawn down upon our shoulders." A dark cloud is said to have hastened up the heavens, and a sudden gust of wind to have shaken the barracks and tents; but it soon passed over, leaving the air as still as before. At the same hour the pestilence began. Before midnight nine soldiers were dead, and the hospital was besieged by more applicants than it could well accommodate. In the morning it was ascertained that the disease was spreading over the town, and that fifty had died during the night. The usual haste was manifested in the interments. Pits were dug, morning and evening, in the church-yard; the dead sewed up in their bedding, laid side by side, and one service read over all. In twelve days all was over, and when the dead were counted, it was found that 900 Europeans, 600 native soldiers, and 7000 camp followers and townspeople had perished. It was at first thought that this was an isolated attack, but further researches have shown that it was a part of the general epidemic. Cholera had again begun to march.

On this occasion, however, it moved more rapidly than upon its first invasion. By May, 1847, it had reached Tiflis; on the 21st of June it was in Astrachan. Thence it marched up the Volga, at the rate of 338 miles a month, reaching Saratoff on the 25th of August. It is a remarkable fact that Sarepta again escaped. Following, as before, the main lines of communication, whether roads or navigable rivers, it attacked Moscow in September. Here it paused a while, and then resumed its westward march, reaching St. Petersburg in June, and Berlin in August, 1848. The loss of life in Russia is estimated variously at from 117,000 to 800,000. It reached London late in September, the first well-authenticated case of it occurring in the person of a sailor, just arrived from Hamburg, where the disease was prevailing. In Great Britain it, together with the prevailing diarrhea, which is considered by the author of the Registrar General's Report a masked cholera, destroyed 72,180 lives, and it is estimated that the mere list of the names and residences of the victims would occupy an octavo volume of 2500 pages.

On the 1st of December the packet-ship *New York* arrived at the Quarantine on Staten Island from Havre, with cholera on board, the disease having broken out at sea. The sick were sent to the hospital, and the well to some large public stores. Several cases occurred among those who were in communication with the emigrants; but on the island it did not extend beyond the Quarantine inclosure. In the city of New York three deaths occurred. On the 11th of December the emigrant-ship *Swanton* arrived in New Orleans, having left Havre a few days before the *New York*. As in the former vessel, a disease broke out at sea, and sixteen or seventeen deaths occurred, which were attributed to dysentery. On the 12th, however, a woman from on board was sent to the Charity Hospital, and was ascertained to have undoubted cholera. In a few days the disease was epidemic in New Orleans. It prevailed for eight months, and carried off 3500 souls.

From this great *entrepôt* of the Southwest the epidemic spread in all directions. Almost every sailing-vessel, steamer, or flat-boat which left the city had cases on board. On some of the steamboats going up the river there were twenty or thirty cases and many deaths, and thus persons affected with cholera and dying in its grasp were carried to all the landings, towns, and cities as high up as Cincinnati. The first points which suffered were the plantations upon the Mississippi and Red rivers, along the banks of which streams it spread with unusual rapidity, bearing terror and death to every settlement on its route.

On the 22d of December it reached Memphis, in Tennessee, built upon a bluff overlooking the Mississippi, about 900 miles above the Gulf of Mexico. The first sufferer was a boy who sold fruit to the sick of the steamboat *Convoy*, which arrived on the 20th, with cholera on board, from New Orleans. The flat-boat people were the next to be attacked. This population amounted, at that time, to about a thousand, many boats having stopped at Memphis on account of the dread of the pestilence below. Communication between these people and the steamboat-landing is denied, and the disease is said to have broken out at once upon several different boats. With various lulls and exacerbations, the cholera lasted till the middle of July, 1849, during which time it destroyed 290 of the inhabitants.

On the 5th of January the first case occurred at St. Louis, and proved fatal. It appeared to arise from imprudence in diet. From that time till March, only sixty-seven cases occurred, and they were so scattering, and so many of them came up the river from New Orleans and other infected places, that it was thought probable the disease would not become epidemic. In April, however, the number of cases increased considerably, and the returns assigned a mortality of 131 to cholera, 456 being the gross amount of the bills. In May there was a marked increase in the number of cases, and during the months of June and July the epidemic was at its height. On the 28th of June there were 123 deaths from cholera alone. After this, the disease abated a little till the 10th of July, when 145 persons died of the prevailing epidemic. In August there was a very great decline, only sixty-two deaths from this affection occurring during the entire month, and from that to the close of the year the cases were few. The mortality from cholera was 4557, from all other diseases, 4046, making a total of

8603. The population at the commencement of the disease was estimated at 70,000, a number which, by the month of July, was reduced to 50,000.

Few sites in the West are more picturesque or more salubrious than that of Nashville, the capital of Tennesee; yet, by the 20th of January, cholera had ascended the Cumberland river and stricken the dwellers upon those high, bold rocks. The disease was far less violent here than on the lower grounds of the Mississippi. It had two distinct outbreaks, with an intermediate lull. It reached its acme by the 4th or 5th of February, and then declined till the 26th, at which time it was considered at an end; but upon the 13th of March it again made its appearance upon the lower grounds of the southeastern portion of the town. It lasted till the 17th of June, when it finally declined for the year 1849. The whole number of deaths during its prevalence was three hundred and five. The next year its attack was short and sharp. It began on the 19th of June, ended on the 30th of July, and killed three hundred and one.

In Cincinnati, a few scattered cases occurred in January and February, 1849. The first case was reported on the 27th of December, 1848. The epidemic did not fairly commence till the middle of April. By the middle of July it reached its height, and then began to decline, but lingered throughout the year. In 1850 it returned again. During these two years it destroyed 5514 lives out of a population of 116,000. Louisville escaped till the 1st of May. Like Cincinnati, it was twice attacked—a second and severer epidemic prevailing in 1850.

Chicago was attacked on the 29th of April. The disease commenced in a canal boat from New Orleans, by the way of St. Louis. At first it was confined to the canal boats, but soon spread over the town. It was particularly fatal among the Swedes who were settled in Chicago. The population of the town was about 28,000, the mortality 678. On the 30th of May the disease reached Buffalo. It lasted in that city till the 7th of September, and carried off 858 persons, nine-tenths of whom are said to have belonged to the floating population of the place.

Sandusky was attacked on the 8th of July, and the mortality was very large. The population was estimated at 5667 at the outbreak of the disease. So violent was the attack that an unwonted panic prevailed. The post-office was closed, business suspended, and the inhabitants so generally betook themselves to flight, that by the time the pestilence reached its height, there were not more than 1000 left in the town. The physicians, exhausted by their arduous labors, were compelled to leave in order to recruit their strength. Their places were supplied by medical men from Cincinnati and Cleveland, who cheerfully gave their professional services to the sufferers. The whole duration of this epidemic was thirty days, and in that time two hundred and eighty-five deaths occurred from cholera alone. If we take into consideration the great diminution of the population by flight, this must be considered one of the most deadly visitations our country has ever witnessed.

We need not trace the progress of cholera further through the Mississippi Valley. Suffice it to say that the pestilence fell upon numerous towns and settlements among the streams that empty into the great lakes and the Gulf of Mexico, but did not cross the Alleghanies.

In the mean time, however, the Eastern States were suffering from a distinct invasion of cholera. New York was attacked on the 11th of May. The disease lasted till November. The principal victims were among the lower classes, who lived in wretchedness and filth; and the entire mortality was 5070. From New York it spread to the neighboring towns and the adjacent States. It reached Philadelphia on the 30th of May, Albany on the 5th of June, and Boston on the 3d of the same month. In Philadelphia, it lasted till October, and carried off 1022 persons. Albany lost 334, and Boston 611. Later in the summer it moved southward, along the coast.

Thus, while cholera was marching over the Mississippi Valley from New Orleans, it was also spreading over the Atlantic States from New York.

There seemed to be, if we may so speak, two distinct detachments of the epidemic. The western wing extended over the plains, struck down the emigrants who were following the overland route to California, and burst upon the Land of Gold in October, 1850. The Eastern detachment swept over the Atlantic coast, and fell with great violence upon the West Indies in September of the same year. Jamaica, in particular, suffered terribly. Out of a population of 400,000, that unfortunate island lost from 40,000 to 50,000. Kingston has a population of 40,000; 5000 died in that town. The little town of Port Maria, with its suburb, had 1000 inhabitants in it when the disease commenced its ravages. Two hundred fled, but five hundred and fifty-three perished.

In 1853 the disease again prevailed in Europe, and in 1854 was again epidemic in our own country. Numerous local attacks of cholera have been recorded, and it is impossible to avoid the conviction that it has become naturalized along the banks of the Mississippi, and in the Great Valley. It is therefore important that we should be specially cautious in the prosecution of sanitary measures, as we are likely to have, for some years, in the rich bottoms of this fertile valley, a focus of disease similar to the moist jungles along the Ganges.

We have thus rapidly sketched the outlines of the history of an epidemic which has had no parallel since the terrible Black Death. Long before it had reached England, in 1831, a careful observer had estimated the loss of human life it had occasioned at FIFTY MILLIONS. An examination of the recorded facts, and a consideration of the immense numbers who must have perished, without any record of their death,

will satisfy us that this is by no means an exaggerated estimate. If we take into account the great mortality which has since occurred, we shall scarcely hesitate to double these prodigious figures.

TWICE IN LOVE.

I.

IN a drawing-room of one of the best houses in our commercial metropolis two girls, from eighteen to nineteen years of age, were sitting one morning, engaged on some piece of embroidery—that delicate occupation of delicate hands. One was a blonde, with long, curling ringlets, and with eyes of deepest blue—so exquisitely lovely, and yet so fragile, you would have hardly dared to say whether she belonged most to heaven or earth. The other, on the contrary, with dark and redundant hair, with brilliant eyes, and lips of rosy redness, had that transparent complexion of olive so often found under an Italian sky. Life and health sparkled in her; gayety shone in her countenance; or if she looked sad—for there is no physiognomy always unclouded—her sadness could not entirely obscure the habitual joyousness of her features.

They were embroidering, and as if they would reveal even in their occupations their different dispositions, the blonde created the lily and pale hyacinths, while the other represented, in lively colors, tulips and roses.

The door suddenly opened, and a young man appeared on the threshold, and stopped to admire the scene. The girls turned on hearing the noise, and at his unannounced appearance could not repress a slight exclamation of surprise. An instantaneous but fugitive blush mounted to the cheek of the blonde, while her companion became, though almost imperceptibly, pale.

"I have done wrong," said the young gentleman, as he approached the blonde—"I have done wrong in presenting myself without being announced, Florence. But the truth is, the habits of familiarity with which I have been educated toward you, have made me feel like one of the family."

"And I hope," replied Florence, "you will always consider yourself as such. Besides, you could not forget in a moment, if you would, the eighteen years during which you have been almost constantly with us. But you have not spoken to Fanny."

He gave his hand, with a smile, to the brunette. "Pardon me, dear Fanny," he said; "but I thought I ought first to apologize to Florence for the fright my sudden entrance had caused her. I heard her exclamation, and ran to her without addressing you."

Fanny smiled, though with a slight shade of sadness, as she gave her hand to their friend, for she thought to herself that she had started with a cry of surprise as well as Florence, which he had either not heard or neglected. She remained a moment undecided, and then, instead of returning to her embroidery, went and sat herself down at the piano, and was soon lost, or seemed to be so, in some difficult fantasia.

II.

Charles Beaufort, whose sudden entrance had for a moment discomposed the two beauties, was a young gentleman of large fortune, whose father dying in his infancy had committed him to the guardianship of Colonel Wentworth, his comrade-in-arms and life-time friend. Considering the trust as of the most sacred obligation, the Colonel had educated Charles like a son, and had domesticated him in his own family. It could not have been possible, in the times of which we write, for a young gentleman to be on terms of the strictest intimacy with two beautiful girls without falling in love with at least one of them; and Charles, without perhaps having been able to assign any reason for his preference, became violently enamored of Florence, the Colonel's daughter, passing by unmoved the more healthful charms of Fanny, a niece and adopted daughter of the Colonel.

Florence was of an extremely delicate and highly sensitive organization; and from the hour her father had received her from the hands of a dying mother, he had consecrated all his thoughts and devoted all his exertions to her welfare, hardly losing sight of her for an instant. He had been passionately fond of his wife, and he clung to this remembrance of her like the wrecked mariner to his last plank. His countenance paled or grew joyous at each alteration of her voice or pulse. Her mother had died of consumption—that fatal disease, which encourages while it kills—and he feared, though he would not acknowledge it to himself, that he had discovered its symptoms in the daughter. His affluence permitted the employment of the greatest medical science in her behalf, and the most eminent physicians were consulted upon each shade of a symptom; and he allowed himself to believe that the life he had once given he had countless times saved by his assiduous and intelligent care.

His whole life, indeed, grew in hers. He had no thought that did not rise and end in her. She was all that he cared for of the past, the present, or the future.

Such an absorbing passion tolerated no rival, and he was jealous of every attention, every glance directed to her. He had not foreseen, or perhaps thought he could always in time prevent, any danger to his cherished affections from the intimacy between his daughter and Beaufort. It may be he had flattered himself that, being educated like brother and sister, they could only entertain for each other a corresponding sentiment. But love will not be cheated.

Some months before, Beaufort had noticed, as he thought, a growing reserve on the part of the Colonel toward him, and in consequence had not been so daily a visitor at his house. He could not persuade himself that the Colonel would object to his pretensions to the hand of his daughter—rich, and of good character and

family; and yet he could not account otherwise for the alteration of his manner. He was determined, however, that the Colonel should have no excuse for his chilliness in a pretended ignorance of his own intentions, and that on the first opportunity he would make a formal demand for the hand of his daughter. Of her feelings toward him he had no doubt—they had interchanged vows of love too often.

"Florence," said he, while Fanny continued playing, "how unfortunate it is that we can seldom see each other alone now. Does chance, or your father so arrange it?"

"I know nothing about it," she replied. "The truth is, when we were in the habit of seeing each other daily, and at all hours of the day, we did not appreciate our happiness at its full value. Clouds have intervened to make us estimate more highly the sunlight."

"Oh! well you know, Florence, that I am always happy in your presence. But, to tell the honest truth, I would almost deprive myself of that happiness rather than only meet you in the presence of others—of people indifferent and unsympathetic, who compel you to disguise your voice and compose your features. Even now, with only Fanny present, you can not imagine under what a constraint I labor."

Florence smiled and rose. "Charles," said she, "will you assist me in gathering some flowers in the garden for a bouquet? I have commenced embroidering one, and as the flowers of yesterday are faded, we will get some fresh ones."

Fanny quickly came forward.

"Florence," said she, giving her a look of intelligence, "you must not go out in this cold and damp weather. Remain where you are, and I will get you a nice collection," and she immediately disappeared through one of the windows that opened on the grounds of the garden.

"Now, dearest Florence," said Charles, as soon as he found they were alone, "now I can speak unreservedly. You know how deeply I love you, how long and devotedly I have loved you. I love you as man never loved woman before, as I never could love again. You are my first love, and will be my last."

"Ah! tell me this again," said Florence; "tell me this a thousand times. It is so sweet to be loved—so sweet to be told we are loved—and by him, too, we prize above all created beings. Oh! tell me," continued the young girl, with one of those tender sighs that so much relieve the full heart, "tell me always that you love me; for it seems to me, sensitive, foolish creature that I am, your love alone can make me live."

"Well, then, dear Florence, since I can rely upon your affection, I only need your father's consent to make me happy for life. But that consent—alas! so much depends upon it, that I shudder at the risk I run in asking it. Happen, however, what may, I shall write him to-night and ask for this hand."

"What can happen," exclaimed Florence, "but that the hopes of our childhood should be realized? Since you have been twenty-one and I sixteen, have we not told each other we were destined for each other! Write, then, unhesitatingly to my father, and you will see that he can not refuse your wishes and my prayers."

"But," said Charles, "he has lately changed singularly toward me. After having treated me fifteen years as his son, he seems suddenly to consider me a mere stranger; and I can not come into the house unceremoniously without making you utter a cry of alarm!"

"Ah! Charles, that was a cry of joy. Your presence, though unannounced, did not surprise me, for I am always expecting you. But I am so feeble, so nervous, so excitable, that every sensation betrays itself in some decided act. Do not trouble yourself, therefore, at such occurrences; but believe me when I say, I am never happy but with you."

"I do believe you," dearest Florence; "for I should be miserable if I doubted. I love you, Florence," continued he, taking her hand and pressing it to his lips, "I love you devotedly, passionately, madly."

Just at this point the lovers heard a slight noise in the room, and, turning round, beheld Colonel Wentworth examining them with a severe countenance. Fathers have a habit of coming in quite *malapropos* upon these occasions.

"You have not understood, Mr. Beaufort," he said, after a moment of embarrassing silence, "why I have intimated that your visits were too frequent at my house. It is not proper for a young man of fortune and position to waste his time in trifling with girls. What is proper at twelve years of age becomes ridiculous at twenty-three. Besides, my daughter's future happiness, to say nothing of yours—though there never can be any thing in common between you—may suffer from these perpetual visits."

"Colonel," replied Charles, in a tone of modest dignity, "you do me injustice. Florence understands the motive of my visits, and I hoped you would approve of them."

The Colonel was on the point of interrupting him; but looking at Florence, he exclaimed, "My God! she is fainting, and you will kill her yet!"

In truth, Florence, quite overcome by her father's sudden appearance, angry voice and language, had fallen upon a sofa, apparently motionless.

Colonel Wentworth sprang toward her, took her in his arms as if she had been an infant, and was carrying her into another room, where Beaufort attempted to follow them.

"Stay where you are!" angrily exclaimed the Colonel, pausing on the threshold. "Stay where you are. She is my daughter, and I will be answerable for her recovery, for this time at least," and thereupon closed the door in his face.

Beaufort remained rooted to the spot, and Fanny, entering at this moment, exclaimed,

"Why, Beaufort, what ails you? What

makes you look so pale and agitated? Where is Florence?"

"Florence has fainted! She is in the next room."

"Why don't you go in, then, and see her?"

"Because I have been driven away!" cried Beaufort.

"Driven away! By whom?"

"By Colonel Wentworth," he replied; and, seizing his hat, rushed out of the house like one distracted.

III.

"You are jealous of Beaufort," said Fanny to her uncle, on their first interview after the *tête-à-tête* of the lovers. "You are jealous of Beaufort, and have been for some time."

"I jealous!" exclaimed Colonel Wentworth. "You are mistaken, my dear niece. How can a father be jealous of another man's love for his daughter?"

"Yes, you *are* jealous," continued Fanny, "and it is that which makes you so cross and unreasonable. My dear uncle, they are desperately in love with each other, and unless you consent to their union, Florence will die!"

"Oh, my God!" cried the Colonel, "and I must then lose her forever! Give up all I value, my very life, to a stranger! But suppose that you are deceived—suppose Beaufort should not love her after all!"

"Ah! my dear uncle, we are not deceived. He loves her," said Fanny, with an unconscious sigh, "and you feel it as well as I."

At this moment the door opened, and the Colonel's servant entered with a letter, which, he said, had just been left by Mr. Beaufort's valet. The Colonel and Fanny exchanged a glance of significance; and the former, dismissing the servant, broke the seal of the letter and read its contents.

"It is with such words," said he, "that these makers of sweet phrases, these architects of delicious metaphors, these coiners of compliments supplant us in our daughters' hearts! They prefer this smooth rhetoric to an honest affection!"

"Uncle," Fanny replied, after having also read the letter, "do not deceive yourself. Beaufort loves Florence with a true, loyal, and devoted love. I can see his heart no less than his mind in this letter. They love each other, and have loved each other from childhood."

"Well," said the Colonel, "it must be done. I must make the sacrifice. I will write to Beaufort, and tell him to come to-morrow and receive my answer from Florence herself."

IV.

So Florence, holding on to life by a thread not less fragile than gossamer, was contracted to Beaufort. Her father concluded that his refusal would be sure to snap this slender thread, while her marriage might possibly prolong her life for many years. It was arranged that, immediately on their nuptials, the young couple should cross the Atlantic, and pass the coming winter under the warmer sun of Italy.

From the time the marriage was determined upon, Florence, to most observers, seemed in much better health as well as spirits; but to her over-anxious father, and her skillful medical adviser, there were symptoms of physical and moral malady continually revealing themselves.

The color had come back to her cheek, wont to be so pale; but this color concentrated itself a little too much upon the centre of the cheeks, leaving the rest of the face, by contrast, seemingly more pale. With others, the fire that shone in her eyes reflected naught but youth and love; but the observant physician detected, from time to time, the lurid brilliancy of fever. He feared that an occasion of great excitement, any emotion exaggerated into a passion, might become instantaneously fatal to her. His fears proved predictions.

To celebrate the betrothal, Colonel Wentworth, at his daughter's request, determined to give a fête; but, as a preliminary condition, he first exacted a promise from his daughter that she would not waltz. Her physician, he said, had prohibited her doing so; not that she was too sick, but nervous and excitable in the highest degree, and this passionate exercise would excite her to a fever.

"*I* shall not dance nor waltz," said Beaufort, decidedly.

"Ah, well," said Florence, "I do not wish to dance or waltz. But as for you, Charles, it is necessary to respect the usages of society, and to observe the proprieties of life; and therefore," she continued, smilingly, "I authorize you to dance, and even to waltz, as much as you please, provided you consent to share with me, from time to time, the passive *rôle* to which both paternal and medical authority condemn me."

"Thanks, my child!" exclaimed the Colonel, and Beaufort looked his gratitude.

Every thing went well during the first part of the ball. Florence, notwithstanding her paleness, was so eminently beautiful, so perfectly *distinguée* in her dress and manner, that she was decidedly the queen of the fête. Fanny alone, full of grace, vivacity, and brilliancy, could have contested her supremacy.

Beaufort kept his promise faithfully. He had danced, with long intervals between, two or three quadrilles with two or three ladies whom it would have been discourteous not to have asked; but when not dancing, he had always returned to Florence, the soft pressure of whose hand thanked him for his conduct, while her look told him how happy she felt.

From time to time, also, Fanny approached her cousin, like a vassal rendering homage, and exchanged with her some of those laughing remarks which the dresses, or the conversation, or manners of a large company always suggest. At last, after one of these visits, Beaufort said to Florence, as he was standing close by her: "And now, my dear *fiancée*, ought I not to dance with your cousin Fanny?"

"With Fanny!" exclaimed Florence, suddenly. Then recovering herself: "Oh, certainly,"

she said; "otherwise she might be angry with me."

"How! angry with you?"

"Yes; she might say it was I who prevented your dancing with her."

"Oh, what an idea! How can you suppose such a foolish thought could enter your cousin's head?"

"Ah yes, you are right," replied Florence, forcing a laugh; "it would be very absurd on her part. Go, then, and lose no time in asking her, for you see how she is surrounded by admirers!"

Beaufort, without perceiving the slight bitterness in Florence's remarks, crossed over where Fanny was standing, and, after a few minutes' conversation with her, returned to Florence. "Well," she inquired, with the most natural air, "for which quadrille have you engaged Fanny?"

"Why," he replied, "if you are the queen of the ball, it appears that Fanny is the vice-queen, for her card is full of engagements."

"Then you do not dance with her?" said Florence, hastily.

"I could not have done so; but as I came in your name, as a special favor she consents to strike off one of her adorers, and give me his place, which is No. 5 on her card."

"Number 5!" said Florence; and, looking at the card, she exclaimed, "Why, that will be a waltz!"

"It is possible," said Beaufort, indifferently.

From this moment Florence appeared thoughtful and preoccupied, making scarcely intelligible answers to any thing Beaufort addressed to her, but looked at Fanny unremittingly, who, excited by the music, lights, and consciousness of beauty, seemed to carry gayety and happiness wherever she flitted.

In the mean time Colonel Wentworth was watching his daughter, and noticed something wrong about her. So, in one of the pauses between the quadrilles, he went up to her, and urged her to retire, as she did not seem at all well.

"On the contrary, my dear father," she replied, with a dry voice and constrained smile, "I am very well, and the ball is a delightful one. I am *so* amused!"

When the quadrille that preceded the waltz which Beaufort was to dance with Fanny was over, Fanny took a seat close to her cousin. The Colonel, who had not lost sight of his daughter for a moment since his last remarks to her, noticed, with fearful apprehension, the strange expression in her eyes, and the nervous, convulsive motions of her limbs. He approached, took her hand, and said, with an accent of the deepest feeling: "Florence, you are wishing for something. Do whatever you please, my dear child. It is better your wish should be gratified, whatever it is, than that you should continue to suffer as you now do."

"What!" cried Florence, with animation, "may I do what I so much want to?"

"Alas!" replied the Colonel, "it is too late, I fear, for an alternative."

"May I waltz once, only once with Beaufort?" she inquired, almost breathless.

"Do as you please," the Colonel replied.

"Well then, Charles," she joyfully exclaimed, "the next waltz if you say so!"

"My dear Florence," said he, gratified but embarrassed, "I am engaged for that waltz to Fanny."

Florence turned suddenly toward her cousin, and without saying a word, questioned her with a piercing look.

"Oh, I am so fatigued," Fanny hastened to say, "that if you will be so kind as to take my place, Florence, with Beaufort's assent, I shall be much obliged to both!"

A flash of joy lighted up Florence's every feature, and at that very moment the music of the waltz commenced. She seized Beaufort's hand and drew him into the circle of waltzers.

"Take care of her," the Colonel said to Beaufort, as they passed him.

"Never fear," replied he, "we shall only make a few turns."

It was a waltz of Weber's, and, like its great composer, ardent and serious at once; one of those movements that draw us on in spite of ourselves. At first, the motion is slow; but as it draws near the end, it becomes gradually more and more animated, and terminates in tumultuous excitement.

Beaufort supported his partner to the best of his ability, but after a few turns he could not but perceive she leaned heavier and heavier upon him. "Florence," he said, "had you not better rest a few minutes?"

"No, no," she replied, "I am strong enough—never fear. Besides, if we stop my father will forbid us from beginning again."

There could not be a more attractive sight than this couple, of such decided yet different comeliness, interlocked within each other's arms, and gliding over the floor with such an elastic step as to be unheard. Florence, slender, lithe, and graceful, leaned her delicate waist upon Beaufort's arm, while he, on his side, carried away by the intoxication of the moment, forgot the spectators, the occasion, the whole world—forgot the warning advice of the Colonel and his own promise—forgot every thing in his strange delirium. They both seemed to fly rather than turn to the feverish tones of the music, and all the time Florence would still cry out, "Quicker, oh! quicker, Beaufort," and he would obey her. It was no longer the pale and languishing Florence that thus urged him on, but a young girl radiant and sparkling, whose eyes flashed fire, and whose cheeks glowed with excitement. While the most active and muscular would stop in the waltz for breath, they still responded to the music, still quickened their steps, seeing nothing more, hearing nothing more, caring for nothing more. Lights, company, the room itself, seemed turning with them, in their delirium. Once or twice Beaufort fan-

cied he heard the voice of the Colonel, imploring him to stop, but at the very instant Florence would murmur in his ear,

"Faster, Charles, oh, faster yet!"

Suddenly she fell with her whole weight upon her lover's arm, and he stopped. Pale as a statue, her eyes closed, her lips just parted, she had fainted.

V.

After lingering a few days, alternating between the two worlds, like the flame of the candle flickering in the socket, Florence died. The physicians said nothing but a miracle could have saved her. The excitement of the waltz might have precipitated her death, but no medical art could have carried her through the winter. It would have been dangerous, besides, to have refused her leave to dance, as her moral nature needed management no less than her physical, and she would have fainted from jealousy if she had not from exhaustion.

Yes, Florence was jealous of Fanny. Her heart was always in tumult on her account. She was fearful that Fanny's bloom, vivacity, and exquisite grace would lead Beaufort from her; and she fretted and became angry with all around her whenever she suspected Beaufort and Fanny were together. It was this feeling, more than a girlish desire to dance, that made her so anxious to waltz with Beaufort; she saw no other way to prevent his waltzing with Fanny.

Fanny perceived all this, and it made her unhappy, for she loved Florence with a full sisterly affection. She therefore avoided Beaufort as much as she could, without the appearance of doing so, and at the ball, though gratified with his solicitation of her hand for a waltz, cheerfully and gladly made way for Florence. Whatever might be the feelings of her heart toward Beaufort, her manner and deportment evinced nothing but the affectionate familiarity of intimate friendship.

Nor had this jealousy on the part of Florence toward Fanny escaped her father's observation. He had, indeed, early endeavored to divert Beaufort's thoughts from his daughter to his niece, by always praising her virtues and beauty to him, and by the intimation that she would share equally with his daughter his large estates; both because he did not wish Florence to be taken away from himself and because he feared that the passion of love, with all its inseparable anxieties, once having gained mastery over her heart, would be too much for her fragile constitution. It may be, however, that the very pains he took to bring about a result so much desired by him had just the opposite tendency. He may have awakened, or at least strengthened, the feelings he sought to suppress. Love can not be coaxed nor controlled; it springs spontaneous, and it reigns supreme.

But Beaufort had never entertained the least suspicion of a feeling of this kind in Florence. Otherwise, perhaps more of his thoughts might have been turned toward Fanny, if only to satisfy himself that, so far as she was concerned, there was no foundation for the feeling. He was no coxcomb, and it had never for a moment entered into his imagination that he could win the affections of both. His love for Florence was so intense, so selfish, and exclusive that he had indeed no thought for any one else. He had at times, it is true, found Florence petulant, fretful, and almost harsh toward Fanny; but such little ebullitions of temper he had attributed to some temporary access of fever—a conviction which Fanny took the earliest opportunity when they were alone to confirm.

VI.

On Florence's death Beaufort traveled for a year, visiting in that time the most celebrated places in Europe, in hopes to gain some distraction from his deep-seated sorrow. At first the burden of his great loss overwhelmed him with stupor. He went nowhere, saw no one, but made the gloomiest thoughts his sole familiar companions. Violent emotions, however, of whatever nature, are transitory; if they do not kill, they exhaust themselves; and Beaufort was too young, of too healthy organization, to die of grief, however poignant. After he had recovered from the first stunning effect of the shock, he began to hold up his head and breathe regularly; soon began to feel angry with himself for the interest he felt he was taking in renewed life. From day to day, unconsciously at first, and afterward from habit or inclination, he mingled with the world; visited the grand scenes of nature, or places of picturesque tradition; took an interest in current events; and at last surprised himself at the theatre and opera.

Nor was this unnatural. A deep passion, like a powerful dose of medicine, racks the system, weakens the nerves, and temporarily suspends the vital functions. But the effect once passed off, the whole economy, mental and physical, becomes purer, stronger, and more active. Beaufort stilldeeply grieved for his loss; but the purifying nature of grief, while it subdued his temperament, and clouded his brow, gave a healthier tone to his mind. That which had been a passion, reckless and extravagant, became now a cherished sentiment.

Another cause had aided to soften the rigor of his loss. During his travels Fanny had been his constant correspondent. The intimacy in which they had been brought up, the relationship she bore to his *fiancée*, and the common sorrow between them, suggested, and Colonel Wentworth's permission justified, the correspondence. Heaven first sent letters to some wretch's aid, and surely there is nothing that sooner alleviates sorrows than the pouring them forth, with unrestrained fluency of pen or voice, into a sympathetic heart. The grief that is shared is broken; and Beaufort, indeed, found more consolation from his letters with Fanny than from every thing he found around him.

One evening as Fanny, for the thousandth time, was endeavoring to console the broken-hearted father by fond enumeration of the vir-

tues of his departed daughter, the bell rang, and a step was heard in the hall.

"It is Beaufort," said Colonel Wentworth, quietly.

"Beaufort!" exclaimed Fanny, blushing violently, and then suddenly turning quite pale.

He entered, and was received by the Colonel with kind civility, but without *empressement;* by Fanny with mixed gratification and embarrassment. After a few words of customary courtesy, they looked at each other a few moments in silence.

Twelve months had changed the Colonel more than as many years could have done under ordinary circumstances. His hair had become bleached, his forehead deeply wrinkled, and his step unsteady. But each day that had added a wrinkle the more to his countenance, had given a new grace to Fanny's, and she was now more lovely than ever. The undulating and elegant outline of her form; her dark, well-opened, and humid eyes, adapted either to melancholy or sport; her cheeks, with all the freshness and velvety smoothness of the peach; her full and red lips; and her white, delicate, and beautifully-chiseled hands, made a *tout ensemble* wholly irresistible, while the air of utter unconsciousness of so many charms greatly heightened their effect.

Beaufort looked at her, and could hardly recognize her. Such a change a year in the teens makes in a girl's appearance! We leave them a bud, we find them a blossom.

On her side Fanny found him much changed, and also for the better. Grief, instead of injuring his features, had improved them, in throwing over them an expression of seriousness which well became them. Solitude, too, had been advantageous in begetting habits of thought which his former busy idleness had never indulged; had enlarged his brow, and given more meaning to his eye. Paler, he appeared more earnest, more sincere, and more manly.

Fanny looked at him from under her eyelids, and a thousand confused and conflicting emotions agitated her heart.

Beaufort himself was not unmoved by the recollections that crowded upon him. Fanny was sitting in the very place where he had been so often accustomed to sit while Florence sat beside him. It was a year before that he, entering this very room quietly, so startled the cousins. Their look of surprise still haunted him, and Florence's soft voice still vibrated on his soul. There was the window through which Fanny had gone to cull the bouquet, and afforded him the opportunity of a *tête-à-tête* with Florence! These crowding memories were too much for his self-control, and he hastily passed out into the garden to calm his thoughts.

He had sworn to himself a thousand times that he would never forget Florence, and that he never would outrage her memory by even the profession of an attachment for another. The sight of Fanny, in all her dangerous bloom, compelled him now to renew these oaths, as if he found it necessary to fortify his failing virtue.

He endeavored, too, to stimulate his grief by the recollection of the most poignant details of her sickness; and he would have given much to have found again those rivulets of tears which six months before had gushed spontaneously from his eyes; but their source seemed dried up; he could only summon up a tender languor. In vain he leaned his head against the trellis with which her ringlets had commingled, and which her breath had perfumed; in vain shut his eyes, and by dint of the most melancholy recollections, sought to conjure tears: all was in vain.

But after a while it seemed to him, as he mused with closed eyes, and with thoughts wholly turned to the past, that Florence was near him; the air that fanned his cheek was her breath; the waving branches of the trellis her floating curls; and the seat upon which he reclined pressed as with additional weight. The illusion was complete.

He murmured some words, of which he did not understand the purport, and put out his hand; it was taken by another. He opened his eyes, and started as he saw a woman near him.

"Florence!" he exclaimed.

"Ah! no," replied a sad voice, "only Fanny."

"Fanny! ah, Fanny! How deeply we both loved her!"

And here the tears which he had in vain attempted to extract from the mournful past flowed freely.

"You see, Fanny," he said, "that I was thinking of her!"

His pride was satisfied; he had been seen to weep, and there was some one to say how much he had suffered. Not that he had *not* suffered. The death of Florence had been nearly fatal to him. He had mourned her as one refusing to be comforted; nor at the time of her death could he have been made to believe any consolation would ever avail him. But it is not the least of the mercies of Providence that our passions are fugitive in proportion to their vehemence, and the very violence of the blow to Beaufort had caused a sanitary reaction.

Besides, however it may be with the pangs of despised love, a man recovers from an attachment which he knows to have been returned, though the loved and loving one dies. His self-love at least has been gratified, and the wounds of that kind of love are more incurable than those of any other. Worms have never eaten the man who died from the loss of a loving heart.

VII.

Beaufort, of course, was a constant visitor at the Colonel's, and always saw Fanny. He apprehended no danger from this intimacy, or would admit none. When rallied by his friends upon the subject, he affected, or perhaps felt indignation. "His heart," he said, "was in Flo-

rence's grave; and as for Fanny, she had never looked upon him in any other light than that of a brother." Still, he was at the house always, went nowhere else, and seemed to care for no one else. If she mentioned any book she would like to read, the next morning she received it with his compliments; if she spoke of riding, he offered his services; or of walking, he recommended the pleasant walks, and volunteered his companionship. This might not be love, but it looked very much like it.

The intercepted glance, the mutual embarrassment, the thrilling touch, the frequent sigh, constraint when together, and uneasiness when separated—these would be considered by the experienced as at least premonitory symptoms of love; symptoms, too, that argued a rapidly-approaching crisis of the disease.

But still Beaufort would speak, when with Fanny, of Florence—of his devoted attachment to her—of her grace, her beauty, her amiability, and fascinating simplicity; and Fanny would listen with earnest seriousness. Yet while Beaufort talked thus to Fanny of Florence, he was all the while contemplating, with increasing admiration, Fanny's loveliness—her sparkling health, and thousand graces of person and manner; so that the sigh with which he affected to speak of Florence at the commencement of the conversation, was given with his whole heart to Fanny at the close.

The true state of things every body perceived but the lovers themselves. It is not to be supposed that a young lady of Fanny's beauty and position, as adopted daughter of so wealthy a person, would be without admirers. But all withdrew their pretensions, however reasonable in themselves, upon their recognition of the intimacy, and probably not far distant relationship, between her and Beaufort.

As for Colonel Wentworth, he said nothing, did nothing; and if he perceived the attachment between the parties, he kept his thoughts to himself.

Love, like murder, will out. It is a secret with which no man can intrust himself; or, indeed, woman either, remarkable as the latter sex is for its powers of reticence. A secret of this kind, interesting to two parties, will be as sure to be shared between them as water to seek its level. Opportunity is only needed for revelation, and that is always found.

One evening, a few months after Beaufort's return, the two were sitting together in the same bower where Fanny had found Beaufort in his musing meditation, and been at first mistaken by him for Florence. It was the decline of a summer day, the hour when the stillness that accompanies twilight creates in the soul a pleasing languor, and fills it with soft emotions. Full of one absorbing sentiment, they had in vain attempted to speak of indifferent subjects; inconsistent sentiments encountered incoherent replies; their hearts were foreign to their language.

At length Beaufort, as if acknowledging the necessity of speaking nearer the feeling of their hearts, said, "If I could ever think of marriage again, I know how to describe the person I should like to marry." Fanny blushed, but said nothing. "In the first place," he continued, "I should wish to have known for a long time, and, if I may use the expression, *by heart*, the girl to whom I was to give my whole life."

"As for me," said Fanny, "I have long determined never to marry; but were it otherwise, I should prefer, for the companion of my afterlife, the playmate of my childhood. It is too often the case that one is unacquainted with her husband till the morning after marriage."

"It seems," replied Beaufort, with a half smile, "that we agree upon a preliminary. Now I should hope to find in my wife three recommendations—good looks, amiability, and sense."

"I trust I should not be considered too ambitious," said Fanny, "in hoping to find in a husband the three corresponding qualities of elegance of person, devotion, and superiority."

"Alas!" said Beaufort, "you would have to hunt a long time before you found them united in one man."

"Don't be too sure of that," replied Fanny, laughing and blushing; "but go on, and finish your own ideal."

"Well, I have not much to add. I should expect, of course, good education and principles, and refinement not only of manners but of mind."

"I could not love a man," said Fanny, "deficient in either."

"Still, there is one thing," continued Beaufort, "without which all the good qualities I have enumerated would be priceless in my eyes."

"And what is that?" inquired Fanny.

"Attachment to me," he replied.

"Could there be a doubt of that?" said Fanny, unguardedly, and suddenly blushing violently.

"But," she continued, after an embarrassing pause, "how could I be assured that my ideal would care for me?"

"He would adore you, Fanny," cried Beaufort. "I answer for him; for no one could know you so long, and not love you devotedly and extravagantly."

They looked at each other in silence, and both afraid to speak, for the truth showed itself too plainly upon their troubled faces. After a while Beaufort, as if talking to himself, repeated—"A girl that I have known from infancy and by heart!"

"The playmate of my childhood!" murmured Fanny.

"Good looks, amiability, and sense!"

"Elegant, generous, and superior!"

"Good education," continued Beaufort, "and good principles!"

"Good principles and education!" repeated Fanny.

"Fanny," said Beaufort, taking her hand, "you have sat for the portrait I have made."

"And I, Beaufort," replied she, trembling, "I have had you always before me."

"Oh!" exclaimed Beaufort, with a palpitating heart, "if a girl like you *could* love me!"

"Is it possible," she replied, "that you can have thought of me?"

"I love you, Fanny, now and forever! I love you as I thought I could never love again! If I could only hope a return!"

"Oh, Beaufort, these blushes, these tears, speak my heart!"

"Then," said he, encircling her in his arms, "I can yet be happy; my life, my own Fanny!"

Here, again, Beaufort was destined to another unfortunate *contretemps*, arising from the same cause as before. Before the lovers had time to recover composure, Colonel Wentworth stood before them. "I see all," he said, hastening to relieve their painful embarrassment, "and have seen it for a long time. I do not complain of you, Beaufort; on the contrary, your conduct is natural, and pleases me. You loved my daughter, I know, deeply, and grievously bore her loss; but youth is not inconsolable, and you have sought solace for your wounded spirit in the sympathetic heart of one who loved my daughter as a sister. I am glad you have found it. At my age they die of love; at yours, they live on it. As for you," he continued, addressing Fanny, "you have loved Beaufort for years!" "Uncle!" exclaimed Fanny, becoming very pale. "Do not deny it," he said; "there is nothing discreditable in such an affection. So far from giving him any reason to believe in it, you have denied it to yourself. And when your rival"—here Fanny made a gesture of dissent—"your sister, I should say, left us, still you repressed and endeavored to overcome the feeling, as if it were injurious to her memory. So Beaufort has striven, and striven in vain. Could Florence, whom I am so soon, I hope, to meet and part with no more—could Florence look down upon you from her blessed habitation, she would smile benignantly upon your mutual affection. She is happy now, and wishes to see you so. Your love for Fanny, Beaufort, is but the complement of the affection you bore her; and your heart now will be fully satisfied."

The Colonel said that he felt conscious he had but a little while longer to remain with them; that with the loss of his daughter the connecting link between him and life was broken; and that, as he wished to see them united before his departure, he should urge an early marriage. The lovers were easily persuaded to the course he recommended.

They married, and soon after Colonel Wentworth died, according to his presentiment; but not till he was assured, by every possible demonstration, that he left no two happier beings on earth than Beaufort and Fanny; whose love, founded on a mutual appreciation of each other's various excellences of person and mind, daily increased, while their sincere and sorrowful remembrance of Florence and the Colonel softened and embellished it.

RAKINGS FROM AN OLD FOGY'S JOURNAL.

A GENUINE, unadulterated old fogy has lately given up the ghost. His name was Thomas Raikes: in his lifetime he "frequented the very best society in England." About twenty years ago Mr. Raikes discovered that the world was going to wrack and ruin, and the conviction grew stronger upon him as his paunch took volume and his head lost hair. In the commiseration he felt for his species, and with the laudable desire of proving to future generations that at least one man had seen where democracy and reform, and revolution and education and invention and railroads and steamers, and all the other new-fangled notions of this degenerate day would lead, Mr. Raikes kept a diary in which he entered his matutinal croak and his evening groan. That valuable record is being published by a judicious friend.

It is not the intention of the present writer to harrow the feelings of the public by extracting the melancholy forebodings of the prophet Raikes. If we are to do away with railroads, and get back to stage-coaches—if we must come to see the folly of free institutions, and fall back on good sound monarchies, with fine solid aristocracies planted as creepers around them—if it is our destiny to sue for a restoration of the colonial *régime*, while France is happy once more in the arms of her Bourbons—sufficient for the day will be the knowledge thereof. Let us drink the bliss of ignorance. But as a mild corrective to the gloomy reflections in which he sternly clouded himself, worthy Mr. Raikes occasionally jotted down in his journal anecdotes of the great persons with whom it was his privilege to dine; and even so far unbent himself at times as to record, in cold blood, a praiseworthy pun. A few of these may be transplanted into open air.

Talleyrand figures largely in the diary. Whenever a *bon-mot* of the famous wit floated through the clubs, our old fogy copied it in his journal. Many of the jests and repartees thus entombed have found their way into daylight by other channels; some, it is believed, still await the spade of the resurrectionist.

Talleyrand was, as is known, Minister to England for many years. On one occasion he was violently attacked by the Marquis of Londonderry in the House of Peers. Shocked at this discourtesy to a foreign minister, the Duke of Wellington rose and defended Talleyrand with warmth. Next day, Lord Alvanley called on the French minister, and found him reading the report of the scene in the *Times*. He was affected to tears; and when Alvanley mentioned the subject, "Ah!" said he, sobbing, "I am very grateful to the Duke—very grateful; the more so, as he is the only man whom I remember to have known to speak well of me."

Tears were a rare occurrence with him. After the battle of Austerlitz, Marshal Lannes drove him over the ground in his carriage. Heaps of dead and dying men surrounded them on every side. The Marshal was so affected at the sight that he burst into tears, and wept profusely; but, "for my part," said the Prince, who told the story himself, "I assure you I did not feel any emotion at all."

To those who knew his character there was nothing surprising in this. He had a friend—if such a name may be used to describe an individual who was constantly with him—a Monsieur de Montrond, who was subject to epileptic fits. He once fell down in a fit in the presence of the Prince. Talleyrand took his glass and watched him curiously, as he writhed and scratched the carpet with his fingers; then turning to one of the attendants, coolly remarked, "He seems bent on scraping his way through the floor."

Talleyrand rose under the French republic. By adroit management he contrived to induce the Directory to appoint him Minister of Foreign Affairs, though he had no sort of claim to office, had given no proof of political ability, and had only just returned from America with fifteen Louis in his pocket. When he took possession of the Hotel of Foreign Affairs he found himself at the head of a magnificent establishment, with an army of servants under his orders, but without a dollar in the world. His house domestics used the most costly services of Sèvres china, from want of money to buy a cheaper set. It was then that Talleyrand elicited from Pinckney the famous reply: "Millions for defense; not a cent for tribute!" He was luckier with the Portuguese, from whom he got a bribe of eight millions of francs, in consideration of making an advantageous treaty with Portugal. He gave five to the five members of the Directory, and kept three for himself. This was the foundation of his fortune. Bonaparte administered a gentle slap to one of these Directors soon afterward, when Robert Livingston was presented at court. After the formal presentation and speeches were over, the First Consul observed in French, to the American minister, "*Le vieux monde est corrompu; et n'y a plus que le nouveau monde.*" Livingston, it seems, did not understand French, and looked embarrassed. Upon which Bonaparte turned to Cambaceres, who stood by, and said, "Tell him in English that the Old World is corrupt: *you* can say so conscientiously."

Talleyrand's *mot* on the poor Duchess of Berry, whose frailty he knew better than most men, was not bad. People were wondering where she was, and reports had been spread of her having been seen in various places. Talleyrand was asked what he thought. He said, "I don't know whether she can be found in Vendée, or in Italy, or in Holland; but one thing is certain, she will be found *en homme*."

A gambler, whose style of play was not strictly according to Hoyle, was once detected in some unfair practice, and was civilly told by his host that if ever he saw him play again, he would throw him out of window. The gambler took Talleyrand's opinion how he should act under the circumstances. "My dear fellow," said the Prince, "I advise you never to play in future higher than the ground floor."

He was a member of the French Academy. It is usual, when a vacancy occurs in that body, for candidates to leave cards on all the members. Talleyrand once received the card of an individual who had no claim whatever to literary distinction, but who, from his influence with government, was well known to be the likely candidate for the vacancy. A friend who was with the Prince when he got the card, exclaimed at the impudence of the candidate, demanding, indignantly, "Why, what has he written?" "Don't you see," said Talleyrand, handing him the card, "that he has written his name?"

As a member of the Academy, he was, *ex-officio*, a judge of letters. Many of his criticisms on literary works are on record. One, on the satirist, Barthelemi, is good, but untranslatable. It was simply, "*La corruption engendre les vers.*"

He was separated from his wife, and lived with a lady who did the honors of his house. When he fell ill, his wife sent to inquire after him; she wished it to be understood, however, that this civility was not prompted by any desire on her part to come into the property she would acquire by his death, but because she wished to reciprocate the courtesy with which he had sent to inquire after her *friend*, the Duke of ——, when his health failed.

His toilet has acquired a European celebrity. When Lord Sefton went to see him, "he found him in the hands of two *valets de chambre*, while a third, who was training for the mysteries of the toilet, was looking on with attention, in order to perfect himself in his future duties. The Prince was in a loose flannel gown; his long locks, which are rather scanty, were twisted and *crépus* with a curling-iron, saturated with powder and pomatum, and then with great care arranged into snowy ringlets. His under attire was a flannel pantaloon, loose and undulating, except in those parts which were restrained by the bandages of the iron bar which supports the lame leg of this celebrated cripple."

In royal anecdotes Raikes, who had the Meagles's weakness for rank, intensified, naturally abounds. He rather liked George the Fourth, and speaks with something like approval of the profuseness which led that monarch to pay Rundell the jeweler $80,000 for the hire of jewels for his coronation. With a glow of manly pride he tells a story—which he had from the Duke of Wellington, who saw the scene—of George dining with the King and Queen of the Netherlands, and mimicking, at the dinner-table, the voice and gestures of the old stadtholder of Holland, till the whole table was in a roar, and the King nearly killed himself with laughing. This was a King indeed!

But honest old William the Fourth was a dreadful thorn in Mr. Raikes's side. When William told Mr. Van Buren that he had always seriously regretted that he had not been born a free, independent American, our old fogy covers his face with shame. William had been a sailor in his youth, and had preserved habits of flying into a rage, and at the same time strict ideas of discipline. On one occasion, at a levee, a lieutenant in the navy presented himself to kiss hands. Etiquette required that he should kneel; but as he had a wooden leg this was out of the question, and he advanced, hoping that the King would dispense with the formality. William grew red in the face at the bare idea, and dismissed the wooden-legged lieutenant with a sharp reprimand.

He was not choice in his language. At the time of the Portuguese troubles, when the present Sir Charles Napier had taken the command of Don Pedro's fleet, greatly to the disgust of the King, the royal family went to see an exhibition of paintings at Somerset House. The President of the Royal Academy received them, and unthinkingly pointed out to the King a portrait of Napier. William exploded: "Captain Napier may be d—d, Sir, and you may be d—d, Sir; and if the Queen was not here, I would kick you down stairs, Sir!"

Louis the Eighteenth rather pleased our old fogy, though the latter, who was a rational gastronomer, does not conceal his disgust at the monarch's gluttony. He does not hesitate, for instance, to condemn Louis's habit of having half a dozen little pork chops brought in between the courses at dinner, snapping them up with his fingers, and eating each at a mouthful. Every one knows that he ate himself to death at last. He ate his friends to death first, however. A party of old gourmands used to meet at the King's table, and at that of his major domo the Duke d'Escars, and eat till nature was exhausted. They would then turn to the lady at the head, and bowing politely, ask, "Will Madame permit me to snatch a moment's slumber?" The sacred request was never refused, and the gorged monster would throw a napkin over his face, and relieve himself by a few minutes' placid sleep at the dinner-table.

When the Duke of Escars died, one of the Paris papers noticed the event in the following terms: "On Friday last, his most Christian Majesty had a fit of indigestion of which M. the Duke of Escars died on the following day."

Poor Louis had his qualities, however. When he regained his kingdom, one of the first persons he sent for was Fouché, the head of the police. He asked the functionary whether he had been acquainted with the movements of the royal family during their exile. "Yes, Sire, every day the actions of your Majesty were known to me." "What! was I betrayed? I insist on knowing who thus abused my confidence." "But," replied Fouché, "if I speak I must wound your Majesty's heart." "Speak, Sir," roared the King; "I insist." "Since you command it, sire, I was in correspondence with the Duc d'Aumont." Louis smiled, maliciously. "Aumont! True, he was poor. So I allowed him to keep 12,000 out of the 48,000 francs you generously sent him, and saved him the trouble of composing the letters you received by dictating them myself." Fouché beat a rapid retreat.

On poor Louis Philippe Raikes, as the friend of legitimacy, is uncommonly hard. He quite agrees with Monsieur de Crequay, who, alluding to the abandonment by Philippe Egalité of the royal arms of France, during the Revolution, bitterly remarked that he had scratched from his escutcheon what ought to be branded on his shoulder. The plebeian instincts of the Citizen King shocked Raikes. He had actually heard that a coachmaker had been to the King's ball! At another ball a lady observed to her partner (whom, according to French custom, she did not know) that her shoe pinched her; whereupon the cavalier drew a card from his pocket — So-and-so, Shoemaker, No. — —— Street—and gallantly tendered it to the fair lady. Louis Philippe had been seen to shake hands with a footman, who, for a bet, had leaped down from his box and addressed the King, "*Bonjour, mon ami!*" receiving a civil "*Bonjour!*" in return. "How different," ejaculates the old fogy, "was the conduct of the old Duke of La Rochefoucauld under the like affront! When a stranger accosted him, 'Good-day, my friend, how are you?' he calmly replied, 'Good-day, my friend, what is your name?' That was dignity and no mistake!"

Raikes won't spare Louis Philippe's friends either. Sebastiani, the most faithful servant he ever had, he compares to a drum, which never makes a noise till it is well beaten—a habit the marshal seems to have had.

Even Fieschi seems a sort of Harmodius to the old fogy, because he tried to kill the tyrant. He mentions with unaffected admiration the exclamation of the bold villain to the surgeon who was bleeding him, "Have a care, or you will leave no blood for the executioner."

The Jews do not figure pleasantly in the old fogy's pages. A Mr. Von Rossum once went to Rothschild, he says, to borrow money on stock; the old Jew refused him, saying (it was cholera time): "In these times I shall not lend money to any one, *by Got:* who knows, you may be dead to-morrow." Sure enough, the poor man, scared by the rough apostrophe, went home and died next day.

Another Jew banker protected the famous French actress Mademoiselle Bourgonin. He had lately received the cross of honor from the King of Prussia, and gave a dinner to Lafitte, Talma, and other lions in honor of the event. After dinner, some dispute occurred between the host and Mademoiselle Bourgonin, and the former forgot himself in the heat of argument; whereupon she savagely retorted, "Cursed Jew, you bear the cross and deny your Saviour!"

To British radicals and French revolutiona-

ries, Raikes is unmerciful. When the cotton spinners of Manchester began to enter Parliament under the Reform Bill, it was clear the national glory had departed. One of these new men—a woolen spinner—once asked a political opponent to find him a member to pair off with him. "Pair," cried the Tory; "of what—gloves or stockings?"

And when the revolutionary feeling broke out, and mobs began to parade the streets crying "Liberty or death!" what a capital answer that was of the sentinel who pointed his musket at the crowd, and shouted, "I don't know any thing about liberty, boys; but if you come a foot nearer I'll show you what death is."

A few other odds and ends may be raked together.

Raikes discovered that God Save the Queen was a French song, stolen by Handel for the house of Hanover. The girls of Saint Cyr used to sing before Louis XIV. a song which ran thus:

"Grand Dieu, sauve le roi,
Grand Dieu, venge le roi,
Vive le roi!
Que toujours glorieux,
Louis victorieux,
Voye ses enemis
Toujours soumis!
Grand Dieu, sauve le roi!" etc.

The words were by a M. de Buison, and the music by Lully. There is a nut for our British readers to crack.

A friend observed to an Italian Cardinal, wishing to compliment him, that assassinations were much less frequent than formerly in Italy. "Yes," was the reply; "it must be admitted that the use of chocolate has spared us great family scandals." Poison, it need hardly be added, is fashionably given in chocolate in Italy.

It appears that the principal authors, or rather sponsors, of the old *trois temps* waltz were a Frenchman in the diplomatic service named Bourblane, and a Dutchman rejoicing in the appropriate name of Baron Tripp. The Church may felicitate itself on their fate. Poor Bourblane went out in a ship to some Pacific island, where he no sooner landed than he was eaten raw by the natives; and Tripp philandered a while, then blew his brains out, leaving a note to say that, having set the waltz in fashion, he had nothing more to live for.

Raikes was a friend of Brummell, and a judge of clothes. Unlike the Beau, however, he held tailors in supreme contempt. He held that it might be mathematically demonstrated that a tailor was next to nothing. "Every body knows," he says, "that it takes nine tailors to make a man. Now as a cat has nine lives, she is worth nine men: *argal*, one cat is equal to eighty-one tailors." To the tailors of the fair sex, dressmakers and milliners, the old fogy was equally unsparing. He lived in the days of short skirts and low-necked dresses; and says that a fine lady's ball dress is like a winter day; it begins too late and ends too soon.

By way of ending seriously this loose gossip, we may give a table compiled apparently with some care by Mr. Raikes from authentic data. The American figures we supply; he was probably not aware that there were any schools in the United States.

Table of persons receiving education in

Switzerland	1 in	6	of total	population.
Bavaria and Baden	1 "	7	"	"
Prussia and Scotland	1 "	10	"	"
Bohemia	1 "	11	"	"
Holland	1 "	12	"	"
Austria	1 "	13	"	"
Moravia	1 "	14	"	"
England	1 "	16	"	"
France	1 "	17	"	"
Venetian Provinces	1 "	30	"	"
Denmark	1 "	33	"	"
Poland and Gallicia	1 "	80	"	"
Portugal	1 "	84	"	"
Spain	1 "	346	"	"
Russia	1 "	954	"	"
Massachusetts	1 "	4	"	"
New York	1 "	3½	"	"

THE SHERIFF'S WIFE.

IT is four o'clock in the morning. The first blush of the dawn is just breaking into my window, and lighting up a world full of more sorrow and shame than I ever before dreamed or imagined could be in it. I know—I always did know—that there was much of real sorrow here, even under the garb of philosophy and the face of careless and rioting mirth. But as I sit here in my solitary chamber, and look back from the deed I have done this very night, through the darkness of many years, during all of which I have worn a mask—a face of a hypocrite—a smile of quiet peace of conscience, and ofttimes joy, while my heart was all the while rebelling, and self-accusation making me a coward, I shudder and feel faint. It is the first time in all these hypocritical years—let it be the last.

My story is a short one, and I have resolved to write it. No one, of course, can know who is the writer, but he I have wronged and deceived, and he who has wronged me as bitterly, should they ever read this. Let them know! For the last, what difference does it make to me? The first is the husband of my bosom, and he knows that since I made the vow that bound us to each other, I have been to him a "faithful and loving wife." And when *he* knows the deed I have done this night, though it might bring disgrace and shame to him, *I* know he will fold me to his heart, and believe that I am still his own true-hearted wife. And he will believe the truth. *I am.* I never wronged him in thought since the night he first pillowed his head on my bosom. I know I never shall.

But to my story. I have a vision now of a large house in New England—that is the nearest I dare write the place—a pleasant large house in the dense shadow of high old trees, with a wide open lawn sloping down to the water's edge—the edge of the ocean—where you could stand and look away off to sea till the eye grew tired of the distance: it was so far—so boundless! It was the home of my childhood.

I was born there, and lived there till I was a woman grown; for I believe I was a woman in spirit long before I reached a woman's stature. There was no other house near, except those of my father's tenantry; for he was owner of a vast domain, reaching along the coast for I know not how far, and away back into the country for miles, I should think. There were seven of us children, of whom I was the eldest, and half way down the list stood the name of my only brother. We had tutors as we grew up, and the best masters; but more than these, we had the kindest and most indulgent parents. But having no society in the neighborhood, and rarely any visitors except in the summer, there was nothing to subdue the exuberance of our spirits, and tame down to conventional forms our out-door habits.

I learned and loved to ride my father's fleet horses, and would scour the country for miles on horseback alone and unattended. I never thought of danger. I learned to row, and to manage a sail-boat, and often spent most of the day on the water, borne along by a gentle breeze, or bounding over the fierce waves when a storm was coming along the coast. I could do it now. Oh! how I should love this very moment to feel the strong breeze blowing on my cheek that was bearing me on over the waters as it did when I was only a girl! I think it would cool my brain, and help to still this wild beating of my heart.

It was the month of June. For several days a wild storm had been raging along the coast—a very unusual thing at that season of the year. But at length it broke away, and the morning arose clear and bright. It was my birthday. I was just eighteen. The confinement of several days had been irksome to me, and after breakfast I took my father's large sail-boat for a day's excursion. I would have no one with me this day. I would have it all to myself. Two hours from that time found me far out at sea, and a fine breeze bore me merrily along, with a wild feeling of freedom that they only know who have been in the same circumstances. The land faded from my sight, and nothing was around me but the boundless horizon of water, and the glorious sun above me. I seemed alone in the world. Not a sail was visible in the whole expanse of sea. Not a living thing moved in sight. I was alone, and with a careless feeling of indifference to every thing but my own sense of enjoyment, I became unconscious of the passage of time till I was aroused to the feeling that I was not the only being in existence by finding myself surrounded by floating spars, and the rigging of a large vessel, and boxes and bales of goods. No wreck was to be seen; but all these evidences of a recent one were scattered for miles over the sea.

Roused to exertion, I steered from one fragment to another, hoping to find some survivor. Every speck that I could see floating in the distance was anxiously examined, but no human form was discoverable. All must have been lost; and it was only when warned by the declining sun that I gave up in despair, and turned my boat toward the land.

Death is terrible any where. To those who have worn out weary days and weeks and months in sickness—going down to the grave step by step, slowly but surely, with its mouth constantly open before them, it comes with a sad sense of recoiling. The heart-ties that have been gathering about them for years and years are only bound the tighter and stronger in the prospect of their being severed. And they lie day by day, and the nearer they draw to the "all-trying hour" the more clingingly they look back to all they have loved and all they are losing, and Memory gathers up her countless and hitherto uncounted stores of affection, and tells them over and over with—oh! what unutterable yearning that they might last! But to be lost at sea—sailing on gayly and joyously—with the land almost in sight, and those very objects that love has been looking toward through weary months of absence almost in our arms, and gathered to our hearts—to go down suddenly to the chambers of the deep, in the midst of terror and dismay, and the shrieks of despair—how ten-fold more terrible it must be!

Such thoughts as these filled my mind as I turned away from this scene of ruin and steered toward home, and had lost sight of every vestige of the wreck, when I saw a mere speck on the water a little out of my course. It was a piece of a spar, and clinging to it, in the last stage of exhaustion, was a young man. I know not how I drew him into the boat. But it seemed the longest day of my life till I reached the shore. The wind was blowing off the land, and I had to beat far down the coast before I could lay my course for home. I had no restoratives in the boat—nothing but the remnants of the food and water which I had brought with me, and which were both useless in such an emergency, and I feared my charge would die before I could procure any aid for him.

But we reached the shore at last, and he was saved, though it was only after days of speechless weakness, and weeks of careful watching and nursing, that he was able again to walk about. It was in this way I became acquainted with Maurice Weston. I had saved his life, and I became his constant nurse. I felt a sort of proprietorship in him, which all the family readily yielded to, though they were all unremitting in their attentions and care, and by the time his recovery was complete, he had come to be regarded almost as one of the family. And he seemed to feel himself as if he was one of us. We never spoke of his escape as if we felt that it called for any gratitude from him; and he never, after the first expression of his feelings, alluded to his thankfulness again, though he often told us of the scene of the wreck, and his own sufferings and peril. To me his manner had ever been kind and gentle, but not pointedly attentive; and if he ever spoke of my agency in his rescue, it seemed more in astonishment at my courage and skill in sailing,

than as any acknowledgment of his debt of life to me. And yet I believe he felt it. I believe it to this day, after all the years of time, and the immeasurable space that scorn, and contempt, and injured love, and down-trodden and crushed affection throw between man and woman, that have so long lain between him and me. He could not help it. He was a man, and though there was no risk of life on my part to save his —though it was all mere accident that took me to the spot, and the mere impulse of humanity that led me, as it would any one else, to rescue him from death—yet I did it. I saved his life —drew him, with my woman's arm, from the sea when his hold on the fragment of the wreck was only the drowning man's grasp of despair, and any moment might have seen that hold loosened and him lost in the deep; and he would have been infinitely less than man if he did not feel the debt he owed me. Such is the confidence I have in human nature. None are all evil; and I do not believe any are insensible to benefits. But I have often thought since—though I did not think then—that it was strange that for so many weeks he should never but once mention a fact that would have made almost a dumb man eloquent.

I have said nothing of his character, and I have nothing to say. What I, a young and inexperienced girl, thought him to be, may be imagined, though I afterward found out my error. He bore all the appearance and wore the dress of a gentleman, and represented himself as the son of a wealthy and respectable man. He had a cultivated mind and polished manners, and was fitted to shine in society. He had traveled in all countries, and was on his way home from abroad when the vessel was lost. Why was he alone saved? He never wrote letters to his friends while with us, for he said he would not distress them with the news of his accident till he should see them.

But why do I linger over these memories? He left us. And he came again after a few weeks' absence. And when he had gone he wrote to us—to me—and his letters were full of high thoughts, and noble aspirations, and glowing accounts of incidents he had met with in his travels. And he wrote often. I learned to wait with longing anticipations for his letters, and every one seemed to awaken a new and stronger feeling in my mind toward him. But I did not inquire what it was. I did not suspect its nature. I did not dream that he was trying to weave around me a strong but invisible net, in which I was to be taken captive at his will. But when he came again, and stood by my side, with his manly form and noble bearing, and looked calmly and kindly down into my eyes, and spoke words of gratitude, as if his feelings had all along been pent up and smothered till they could no longer be subdued, unwilling tears filled my eyes, and I felt that there was a most intoxicating spell upon me which I could not, and did not wish to extricate myself from. And then came words of love—glowing, and earnest, and truthful love—and I opened my eyes to the knowledge of my own heart. It was all his, and from that moment I was bound up in his love.

The years passed thus, with occasional visits and constant correspondence—years shorter in memory than the hours that passed when I took him from the sea till I reached the land; and every word he spoke to me, and every letter he wrote, only bound me tighter in the toils that he had woven around me. And then came misfortune.

I know not how it happened—I never inquired into it or asked the cause; but one evening my father came home with a strange look of sadness on his face, and the next morning we were told of his ruin—of the loss of all his broad lands and noble forests, and all that he possessed. And more than all this, we lost him; for, with a broken spirit, in a few days he too lay down and died. I wrote to Maurice and told all our sad story, and asked him to come to us in our sorrow; for I felt then that I had no one to lean on but him. And instead of coming, he wrote a letter—short and cold and hard-hearted; no, heartless—and took back all the words of love he had ever spoken. He talked of gratitude, and the everlasting remembrance of the debt he owed me—a debt he could never wipe out, and which could never be effaced from his memory; but of his love—no matter what he said. But while I read his cold and heartless letter, I read at the same time the whole hypocrisy that he had been practicing upon me.

Did it crush me? Did I sink down in broken-hearted despair? Would the woman—the girl—who since her childhood had been accustomed to govern fleet race-horses, or contend with her tiny arm against the rude winds and the rough waves of the sea, yield to one blow of fate? Perhaps it was enough to break a stout heart, but it was not enough to break mine; and, as if the blow had suddenly transformed me into the mature woman I had never been before, I rose up strong and resolute to meet what lay before me. It is true that, for a few hours, a "horror of great darkness" gathered about me, and I went out upon the sea, and wandered around where I had first taken him from the water, and in that hour traveled over all the years that had passed since, with a feeling of the keenest torture—not of regret; for I felt that, knowing him as I did then, I could spurn him from my side, and despise his gratitude. But from that hour he was banished from my heart as thoroughly as if he had never had a place there.

What passed for the following years has nothing to do with my story—how I struggled along in hopeless but respectable poverty, maintaining my independence of character, in spite of our sad reverse, till I married. It is the idlest folly to say or pretend that a woman never loves but once. Love's young dream may be the brightest and fondest, but some after-love may be by far the happiest and best reality. I never cherished the first, though I have found

the last; and in the warm affections of one of the noblest and best of men, I have been happy, though I have wronged and deceived him by hiding from him the history of my former love. And often, when he has drawn me to his side caressingly, and told me, what I have always believed, that I was his first and only love, I have felt my heart sink down in shame and self-condemnation; but I could not tell him. He was not rich, but a man honored and respected by all; and we had been married six years when he was chosen sheriff of the county.

One of his duties was to take charge of the prisoners who are confined in the jail, and at the time of his entering on the office there was one who was to be tried for murder, and on his trial the cold-blooded heartlessness of the deed was proved so clearly that no one doubted his guilt, and he was sentenced to death. It seemed the act of a fiend. It was hard to believe that a man could be guilty of so foul a deed. No extenuating circumstances were brought out on the trial, and none were known. The facts, in a few words, were these: He had lived in the place where the murder was committed about three years, and had, soon after coming there, become acquainted with the family of Mr. Anderson, a gentleman of great wealth and influence, to whose eldest daughter he became very attentive. He was a gentleman in appearance and manners, and had the reputation of being wealthy; but still, Mary Anderson did not like him, and when, in the course of time, he made her the offer of his hand, she kindly declined it. He, however, continued his attentions till she became engaged to another, when his whole conduct toward her became changed, and for a long time he persisted in a course of petty persecutions toward her. These she disregarded, till the time was fixed for her marriage and became publicly known, when he met her one afternoon returning home from a neighbor's, and used violent words and threats, which alarmed her. She communicated these to her father, who remonstrated with him, but only with the effect of increasing his violence and eliciting new threats. The morning of the day on which she was to be married she was found in her bed, murdered. All things tended to throw suspicion upon him, and he was arrested.

I had become interested in the history of the case, and when the verdict was rendered and the prisoner was brought down in the charge of an officer, with a few friends who, like myself, were curious to see so great a criminal, I stationed myself near where he would pass. I knew him. One glance was enough to see and know, under his neglected hair, and unshorn beard, and haggard, almost ghastly face, the features of one I had loved and almost worshiped a few years ago. How I concealed my agitation I can not tell. I felt for a moment as if I were sinking into the earth. I felt that it would be mercy if the building would fall and crush me. There was no feeling of gratified vengeance, as many may suppose, for his conduct toward me; but, on the contrary, there seemed, for the time, an entire oblivion of all that had passed for years, and a flowing back into my heart of flood upon flood of old memories, as dear to me as they had been of old. I would have given worlds at that moment to have been alone with him, where I could—but it does not matter. It was but an instant, yet I traveled through years in that moment, and lived over again years of bliss.

Was I mad? No; I had only forgotten myself, and my mastery over my own feelings and actions. In one moment I was myself again, and listened with an unmoved face, but with a sinking heart still, to the opinions of my companions of the savage appearance of the criminal. But when they were gone, and I had retired to my inner room and locked the door, I gave myself up to the unrestrained torrent of my thoughts. I forgot, for the time, husband, and duty, and conscience, and reveled in the memory of the past. I forgot that he was a criminal—a murderer—that the blood of a woman was on his hands and his heart—I forgot that he had ever wronged me. I only remembered our love of former days, while I forgot all the happiness and peace I had enjoyed since.

But this could not last. Gradually the tumult in my heart subsided, and I returned to the consciousness of the present and myself; and when my husband came in, it was with intense shame in my breast, but hid from my face, that I met him. Poor hypocrite! Why had I not told him before—why did I not tell him then, all that had been in my heart?

All that night I was haunted by these memories; and could I live on for weeks thus—with him under the same roof—confined in a dungeon—a man I had loved and gloried in—a man whose smile had once been the day-star of my life? I was glad when the morning broke. It was the first day in all my married years that I had been glad to have my husband absent from my side. But now his presence accused me. I feared to read in every look that he suspected me, and believed that I had deceived him, and that he would spurn me from him because I had palmed upon him a cold and faded love—the counterfeit only of that true and hearty and earnest affection which he had given me. It was not so, but my fears magnified every thing.

And morning came at last, and the active business of the day kept him away, and I had time to examine my own feelings; and it was a long time before I could satisfy myself as to what they precisely were. That I did not love my husband was a thought not for a moment to be admitted. If Maurice Weston had come back—if I had met him at liberty any where, and free from the stain of crime, and in the honor and confidence of men—if I had found him occupying high station—all that, years ago, I had dreamed he was and ought to be—I should have clung proudly and fondly to my husband's side, and felt that he was immeasurably higher and better and dearer than the sordid man who had deserted me—the saviour of his life—be-

cause I was poor. Yes! I would have lived in poverty with the one, while I should have turned away in scorn and contempt from the other, had I still been single. The more I thought of it, the more true did I feel was my love for him whose only I was and wished to be. And now that the other was a convicted felon—guilty of the foulest crime—stained with blood, and that of the woman he had professed to love, and over whom the righteous sword of justice—undeniable justice—was hanging—how infinitely far from love must the feelings be that I had for him? Yet what were they? I could not tell. I was living two lives: one, in all the relations of the present, and the other in the vivid memory of years ago, and both so strangely mingled as to seem one.

The cell in which prisoners under sentence of death are confined is separated from the rest of the prison. Indeed it is an apartment by itself. It is larger, and more like a room, but constructed with additional security against escape. Two doors, at the distance of several feet from each other, form the entrance; and light is freely admitted through a large, but double-grated window. In this room Weston was now placed. For any other prisoner under the same circumstances my sympathies would have been very warm. But what this one had been to me made him vastly more an object of intense interest, and day by day my strange feelings were preying upon my mind, and some strong influence seemed urging me to visit him in his cell. At first I repelled the thought, but it would again force itself upon me. I had heard of persons who were possessed of that strange mesmeric power by which they can influence the minds of others even at a distance. Was he one of these, and was he constantly urging me with this thought? But he could not know that I was near him. He had not seen me the day I saw him in the gallery. Did he know that I was the wife of the sheriff?

Filled with such thoughts I was one night just falling asleep. The hour was very late, and I had been turning about in a very nervous state for a long time. Suddenly I started up at the sound of my name distinctly called—Isabel! I knew the voice; but in a moment persuaded myself that I had been dreaming. But again, just as sleep was again stealing upon me, I heard the same voice call me again. I could not resist it now, and all efforts to persuade myself of its being unreal were vain. My husband was lying in a profound sleep by my side. I arose at once, and taking the keys of the cell from the place where they were always kept, I groped my way in the darkness down to the corridor leading to it, and then paused a moment to light my lamp and collect my thoughts. Even then I would have gone back, but could not.

One moment more and I stood before him. He was sitting on the side of his bed, with his face buried in his hands, and he did not stir till I approached near enough to have touched him.

"I knew you would come," he then said, raising his haggard face toward me.

"It was your voice, then, that I heard?" I asked.

"No," he replied; "I did not call you, but I knew you would come, though I looked for you sooner. My name is changed, so that you did not know it was I, or you would have been here before."

"How, then, could you expect me, when I could not have known you were here?" I inquired.

"Because I have wished for you, thought of you, and longed for you. And now, just before you came, I was sitting here on my hard bed—for sleep does not visit me, at least I do not know that it does—and thinking over the past, and the memory of other days; and I thought of the time when death in another form from that which hangs over me now had almost seized upon me, and the image of my preserver—of you, Isabel—rose up before my mind so clear and strong, that I felt that I would give the world, if it were mine, to see you once more."

"And for what would you see me, Maurice Weston—me, whom you wronged so terribly?"

"Then, it was but to look upon your face again; to see you as I used to see you, and perhaps to be forgiven. Now that you are here, and I see you, it is to talk of those times when we were the world to each other; for I loved you then, Isabel—loved you with all the intensity of the language I used to tell you of it. No matter how I deserted you, I loved you. You do not believe me. Well—I should have been more of a fiend than I am not to have been grateful for the life you preserved. But that was not all. I will not deny that I was sordid and wicked in acting as I did. But from that day to this I have watched you—followed you—and never till you were married did I think of another, and her—for an infinitely less offense than mine was to you—I destroyed. I will not deny it to you, Isabel. My punishment will be just. You have not forgotten those days—"

"Mention them not, Maurice Weston," said I. "It is wrong in you, and wrong in me to listen. Then let them be forgotten."

"But I must speak of them," he replied. "You will not forbid a dying man to recall the holiest hours of his sinful life. You will not take from him the only memories that have in them any real joy."

"There are other things now to think of, of vastly more importance," said I. "These are all past. But there is the guilt of blood on your soul, to which your treatment of me is comparatively nothing. Your life is forfeited now. When you were wrecked on the ocean you were in the hands of a merciful God. Now you are in the hands of inexorable man, whose justice demands blood for blood. Think of this, and of repentance."

"Have I not thought of it?" he exclaimed.

"Look on me, Isabel! Do you know this face? I have not seen it for weeks, and yet I feel that repentance and remorse have plowed furrows there almost as deep as in my heart. But all this can not shut out the memory of what we once were to each other, when I see you here before me; and grief for what I have lost in losing you, or rather, forfeited by forsaking you, is only exceeded by my remorse for this last wretchedly wicked deed I have done."

Was it that I saw through the hypocrisy of the man? or what was it that gave me sudden strength? I felt the influence that had impelled me to go there weakening and giving way, and all at once I rose up superior to it.

"You are not going!" he exclaimed, as he saw me turning to leave the cell. "You will not leave me alone here to feed upon my own heart, as I have through these long weary days that I have been confined here. Stay but one moment longer, Isabel, or say you will come again. This terrible solitude is worse than death. You will come again, will you not?"

Why did he not follow me? But he did not. He did not even rise from the bed on which he had been sitting while he talked to me. But as I locked the door, and the last gleam of the lamp fell on him through the grating, I could see that his eye was fixed on me, and I heard the last words, "Yes, you will come again!"

That night I slept soundly and sweetly. No dreams haunted my pillow, but when I woke late on the following morning, it was with these last words of the prisoner sounding in my ears, and through the day I seemed to hear them continually. But my resolution was strong, and I was determined not to see him again. I was not afraid for myself. I did not fear the influence of his words, for now all the past, as far as he was concerned, was only like a dream to me. But what a dream it gradually became, I only can know. Day after day, and night after night, I struggled against it; but every night I heard the same call, "Isabel, Isabel!" and every day those words, "Yes, you will come again."

I grew wild with the excitement. I hated society, and dreaded the companionship of my husband. I wondered that he did not notice it and suspect me, though in his presence I used every effort to be calm, and in a measure I succeeded. But this could not last always. Weeks were yet to elapse before the day of execution, and before that time I must go mad or die. What should I do?

Last night my excitement reached a pitch that was beyond my control, and when I heard the regular and expected call, I obeyed it. I could not resist it. Again I entered the cell. But what a change I saw. If he was altered before, he was a thousand times more changed now.

"I knew you would come again," he said, as I entered. "I have expected you every night since you were here. I knew the memory of former love could not have died out from your heart. The woman who saved a stranger from drowning could not see one she had loved doomed to a shameful death without feeling sympathy for him."

"Be silent, Sir!" I replied; for as soon as I stood in his presence my strength of mind all came back to me. "This is no time to speak of these things. I have forgotten them all, so far as they can have any influence upon my feelings now for you. The past is all dead to me, and I have never mourned for it."

"Then why are you here to-night?" he inquired. "Is it to add torture to my already crucified heart? You will at least say you forgive me, for it is not in woman's heart to refuse in this awful hour."

"I do, as I hope to be myself forgiven, Maurice," I replied.

A new and strange impulse at this moment seized me. I knew that when I left him I should suffer the same torment that I had been suffering for many days, and the dread of it rose up with a supernatural power in my mind. There was but one way to save my reason or my life. The motive was an utterly selfish one. The past had nothing to do with it. It was all for the future, and that future my own.

"Follow me, Maurice," I said to him, and left the cell. I did not look behind me, but I knew that he was coming. I did not look at him again, but in silence I led the way through the corridor to the outer door of the prison, and he passed through without a word. He seemed stunned by the unexpected deliverance. He was free.

Leaving all the doors wide open, I stole back to my room, and deposited the keys in their place, and for three hours have slept a quiet sleep by the side of the man upon whom I have this night inflicted a wrong, that no one else but he could forgive. But he, when I tell him all, as I shall in a few days, when the wonder and excitement of this morning has passed by, will—I know he will—love me as well as he does now, and speak not one word of censure or reproach, nor doubt my true and hearty love for him.

WHEN WE HUSKED THE CORN.

OCTOBER scorching fires the trees,
And naked lies the shivering vine;
While dimly o'er the distant seas
The fading lights of summer shine.
Along the lane the negro blows
Deep summons on his noonday horn,
And homeward troop the girls and beaus
From husking of the corn.

I mind me well that autumn day,
When, five-and-twenty years ago,
We turned our labor into play,
And husked the corn for neighbor Lowe.
Ah! wife, we were the blithest pair
That e'er to wedded love were born;
For I was gay and you were fair
A husking of the corn.

Oh! how we sang, and how we laughed!
Our hearts sat lightly on our lips,
As we the golden cider quaffed,
And passed the bowl with rustic quips.
And when sly hints of love went round,
You glanced at me with pouting scorn,
Yet smiled, though you would fain have frowned,
A husking of the corn.

Then when I found the scarlet ear,
And claimed the old traditioned kiss,
You bade me not approach too near,
And pleaded that, and pleaded this—
Away you fled, and I pursued,
Till all too faint you were to warn;
And—know you not how well I wooed
A husking of the corn?



BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXVI.—NOBODY'S STATE OF MIND.

IF Arthur Clennam had not arrived at that wise decision firmly to restrain himself from loving Pet (which, it is needless to observe, settled the business), he would have lived on in a state of much perplexity, involving difficult struggles with his own heart. Not the least of these would have been a contention, always waging within it, between a tendency to dislike Mr. Henry Gowan, if not to regard him with positive repugnance, and a whisper that the inclination was neither just nor generous. A gallant nature is not prone to strong aversions, and is slow to admit them even dispassionately; but when it finds ill-will gaining upon it, and can discern between-whiles that its origin is not dispassionate, such a nature is distressed.

Therefore Mr. Henry Gowan would have clouded Clennam's mind, and would have been far oftener present to it than more agreeable persons and subjects, but for the great prudence of his decision aforesaid. As it was, Mr. Gowan seemed transferred to Daniel Doyce's mind; at all events, it so happened that it usually fell to Mr. Doyce's turn, rather than to Clennam's, to speak of him in the friendly conversations they held together. These were of frequent occurrence now, as the two partners shared a portion of a roomy house in one of the grave old-fashioned City streets, lying not far from the Bank of England, by London Wall.

Mr. Doyce had been to Twickenham to pass the day. Clennam had excused himself. Mr. Doyce was just come home. He put in his head at the door of Clennam's sitting-room to say Good-night.

"Come in, come in!" said Clennam.

"I saw you were reading," returned Doyce, as he entered, "and thought you might not care to be disturbed."

But for the notable resolution he had made, Clennam really might not have known what he had been reading; really might not have had his eyes upon the book for an hour past, though it lay open before him. He shut it up, rather quickly.

"Are they well?" he asked.

"Yes," said Doyce; "they are well. They are all well."

Daniel had an old workmanlike habit of carrying his pocket-handkerchief in his hat. He took it out and wiped his forehead with it, slowly repeating "they are all well. Miss Minnie looking particularly well, I thought."

"Any company at the cottage?"

"No, no company."

"And how did you get on, you four?" asked Clennam, gayly.

"There were five of us," returned his partner. "There was What's-his-name. He was there."

"Who is he?" said Clennam.

"Mr. Henry Gowan."

"Ah, to be sure!" cried Clennam, with unusual vivacity. "Yes! I forgot him."

"As I mentioned, you may remember," said Daniel Doyce, "he is always there on Sunday."

"Yes, yes," returned Clennam. "I remember now."

Daniel Doyce, still wiping his forehead, ploddingly repeated, "Yes. He was there, he was there. Oh yes, he was there. And his dog. *He* was there too."

"Miss Meagles is quite attached to—the—dog," observed Clennam.

"Quite so," assented his partner. "More attached to the dog than I am to the man."

"You mean Mr.—?"

"I mean Mr. Gowan, most decidedly," said Daniel Doyce.

There was a gap in the conversation, which Clennam devoted to winding up his watch.

"Perhaps you are a little hasty in your judgment," he said, when he had performed that operation. "Our judgments—I am supposing a general case—"

"Of course," said Doyce.

"Are so liable to be influenced by many considerations, which, almost without our knowing it, are unfair, that it is necessary to keep a guard upon them. For instance, Mr.—"

"Gowan," quietly said Doyce, upon whom the utterance of the name almost always devolved.

"Is young and handsome, easy and quick, has

talent, and has seen a good deal of various kinds of life. It might be difficult to give an unselfish reason for being prepossessed against him."

"Not difficult for me, I think, Clennam," returned his partner. "I see him bringing present anxiety, and, I fear, future sorrow, into my old friend's house. I see him wearing deeper lines into my old friend's face, the nearer he draws to, and the oftener he looks at, the face of his daughter. In short, I see him with a net about the pretty and affectionate creature whom he will never make happy."

"We don't know," said Clennam, almost in the tone of a man in pain, "that he will not make her happy."

"We don't know," returned his partner, "that the earth will last another hundred years, but we think it highly probable."

"Well, well!" said Clennam, "we must be hopeful, and we must at least try to be, if not generous (which we, in this case, have no opportunity of being), just. We will not disparage this gentleman because he is successful in his addresses to the beautiful object of his ambition, and we will not question her natural right to bestow her love on one whom she finds worthy of it."

"May be, my friend!" said Doyce. "May be, also, that she is too young and petted, too confiding and inexperienced, to discriminate well."

"That," said Clennam, "would be far beyond our power of correction."

Daniel Doyce shook his head gravely, and rejoined, "I fear so."

"Therefore, in a word," said Clennam, "we should make up our minds that it is not worthy of us to say any ill of Mr. Gowan. It would be a poor thing to gratify a prejudice against him. And I resolve, for my part, not to depreciate him."

"I am not quite so sure of myself, and therefore I reserve my privilege of objecting to him," returned the other. "But, if I am not sure of myself, I am sure of you, Clennam, and I know what an upright man you are, and how much to be respected. Good-night, my friend and partner!" He shook his hand in saying this, as if there had been something serious at the bottom of their conversation, and they separated.

By this time they had visited the family on several occasions, and had always observed that even a passing allusion to Mr. Henry Gowan, when he was not among them, brought back the cloud which had obscured Mr. Meagles's sunshine on the morning of the chance encounter at the Ferry. If Clennam had ever admitted the forbidden passion into his breast, this period might have been a period of real trial; under the actual circumstances, doubtless it was nothing—nothing.

Equally, if his heart had given entertainment to that prohibited guest, his silent fighting of his way through the mental condition of this period might have been a little meritorious. In the constant effort not to be betrayed into a new phase of the besetting sin of his experience, the pursuit of selfish objects by low and small means, and to hold instead to some high principle of honor and generosity, there might have been a little merit. In the resolution not even to avoid Mr. Meagles's house, lest, in the selfish sparing of himself, he should bring any slight distress upon the daughter through making her the cause of an estrangement which he believed the father would regret, there might have been a little merit. In the modest truthfulness of always keeping in view the greater equality of Mr. Gowan's years and the greater attractions of his person and manner, there might have been a little merit. In doing all this and much more, in a perfectly unaffected way and with a manful and composed constancy, while the pain within him (peculiar as his life and history) was very sharp, there might have been some quiet strength of character. But, after the resolution he had made, of course he could have no such merits as these, and such a state of mind was nobody's—nobody's.

Mr. Gowan made it no concern of his whether it was nobody's or somebody's. He preserved his perfect serenity of manner on all occasions, as if the possibility of Clennam's presuming to have debated the great question were too distant and ridiculous to be imagined. He had always an affability to bestow on Clennam and an ease to treat him with, which might of itself (in the supposititious case of his not having taken that sagacious course) have been a very uncomfortable element in his state of mind.

"I quite regret you were not with us yesterday," said Mr. Henry Gowan, calling on Clennam next morning. "We had an agreeable day up the river there."

So he had heard, Arthur said.

"From your partner?" returned Henry Gowan. "What a dear old fellow he is!"

"I have a great regard for him."

"By Jove he is the finest creature!" said Gowan, "so fresh, so green, trusts in such wonderful things!"

Here was one of the many little rough points that had a tendency to grate on Clennam's hearing. He put it aside by merely repeating that he had a high regard for Mr. Doyce.

"He is charming! To see a dear old fellow mooning along to that time of life, laying down nothing by the way and picking up nothing by the way, is delightful. It warms a man. So unspoilt, so simple, such a good soul! Upon my life, Mr. Clennam, one feels desperately worldly and wicked, in comparison with such an innocent creature. I speak for myself, let me add, without including you. You are genuine, also."

"Thank you for the compliment," said Clennam, ill at ease; "you are too, I hope?"

"So so," rejoined the other. "To be candid with you, tolerably. I am not a great impostor. Buy one of my pictures, and I assure you, in confidence, it will not be worth the money.

Buy one of another man's—any great professor who beats me hollow—and the chances are that the more you give him the more he'll impose upon you. They all do it."

"All painters?"

"Painters, writers, patriots, all the rest who have stands in the market. Give almost any man I know ten pounds, and he will impose upon you to a corresponding extent; a thousand pounds—to a corresponding extent; ten thousand pounds—to a corresponding extent. So great the success, so great the imposition. But it's a capital world!" cried Gowan, with warm enthusiasm, "it's a dear, good, jolly, excellent, lovable world!"

"I had rather thought," said Clennam, "that the principle you mention was chiefly acted on by—"

"By the Barnacles?" interrupted Gowan, laughing.

"By the political gentlemen who condescend to keep the Circumlocution Office."

"Ah! Don't be hard upon the Barnacles," said Gowan, laughing afresh; "they are darling fellows! Even poor little Clarence, the born idiot of the family, is the most agreeable and most endearing blockhead! And by Heaven, Sir, with a kind of cleverness in him too, that would astonish you!"

"It would. Very much," said Clennam, dryly.

"And after all," cried Gowan, with that characteristic balancing of his which reduced every thing in the wide world to the same light weight, "though I can't deny that the Circumlocution Office may ultimately shipwreck every body and every thing, still, that will probably not be in our time—and it's a school for gentlemen."

"It's a very dangerous, unsatisfactory, and expensive school to the people who pay to keep the pupils there, I am afraid," said Clennam, shaking his head.

"Ah! You are a terrible fellow," returned Gowan, airily. "I can understand how you have frightened that dear little donkey, Clarence, the most estimable of mooncalves (I really love him), nearly out of his wits. But enough of him and of all the rest of them. I want to present you to my mother, Mr. Clennam. Pray do me the favor to give me the opportunity."

In nobody's state of mind, there was nothing Clennam would have desired less, or would have been more at a loss how to avoid.

"My mother lives in the most primitive manner down in that dreary red-brick dungeon at Hampton Court," said Gowan. "If you would make your own appointment, suggest your own day for permitting me to take you there to dinner, you would be bored, and she would be charmed. Really that's the state of the case."

What could Clennam say after this? His retiring character included a great deal that was simple in the best sense, because unpracticed and unused, and, in his simplicity and modesty, he could only say that he was happy to place himself at Mr. Gowan's disposal. Accordingly he said it, and the day was fixed. And a dreaded day it was on his part, and a very unwelcome day when it came, and they went down to Hampton Court together.

The venerable inhabitants of that venerable pile seemed, in those days, to be encamped there like a sort of civilized gipsies. There was a temporary air about their establishments, as if they were going away the moment they could get any thing better; there was also a dissatisfied air about themselves, as if they took it very ill that they had not got something much better. Genteel blinds and make-shifts were more or less observable as soon as their doors were opened; screens not half high enough, that made dining-rooms out of arched passages, and warded off obscure corners where footboys slept at night with their heads among the knives and forks; curtains which called upon you to believe that they didn't hide any thing; panes of glass which requested you not to see them; many objects of various forms feigning to have no connection with their guilty secret, a bed; disguised traps in walls, which were clearly coal-cellars; affectations of no thoroughfares which were evidently doors to little kitchens. Mental reservations and artful mysteries grew out of these things. Callers, looking steadily into the eyes of their receivers, pretended not to smell cooking three feet off; people, confronting closets accidentally left open, pretended not to see bottles; visitors, with their heads against a partition of thin canvas and a page and a young female at high words on the other side, made believe to be sitting in a primeval silence. There was no end to the small social accommodation-bills of this nature which the gipsies of gentility were constantly drawing upon, and accepting for, one another.

Some of these Bohemians were of an irritable temperament, as constantly soured and vexed by two mental trials; the first, the consciousness that they had never got enough out of the public; the second, the consciousness that the public were admitted into the building. Under the latter great wrong, a few suffered dreadfully—particularly on Sundays, when they had for some time expected the earth to open and swallow the public up, but which desirable event had not yet occurred in consequence of some reprehensible laxity in the arrangements of the Universe.

Mrs. Gowan's door was attended by a family servant of several years' standing, who had his own crow to pluck with the public, concerning a situation in the Post-office which he had been for some time expecting, and to which he was not yet appointed. He perfectly knew that the public could never have got him in, but he grimly gratified himself with the idea that the public kept him out. Under the influence of this injury (and perhaps of some little straitness and irregularity in the matter of wages) he had

grown neglectful of his person and morose in mind, and, now beholding in Clennam one of the degraded body of his oppressors, received him with ignominy.

Mrs. Gowan, however, received him with condescension. He found her a courtly old lady, formerly a Beauty, and still sufficiently well-favored to have dispensed with the powder on her nose, and a certain impossible bloom under each eye. She was a little lofty with him; so was another old lady, dark-browed and high-nosed, and who must have had something real about her or she could not have existed, but it was certainly not her hair or her teeth or her figure or her complexion; so was a gray old gentleman of dignified and sullen appearance, both of whom had come to dinner. But as they had all been in the British Embassy way in sundry parts of the earth, and as a British Embassy can not better establish a character with the Circumlocution Office than by treating its compatriots with illimitable contempt (else it would become like the Embassies of other countries), Clennam felt that on the whole they let him off lightly.

The dignified old gentleman turned out to be Lord Lancaster Stiltstalking, who had been maintained by the Circumlocution Office for many years as a representative of the Britannic Majesty abroad. This noble Refrigerator had iced several European courts in his time, and had done it with such complete success that the very name of Englishman yet struck cold to the stomachs of foreigners who had the distinguished honor of remembering him, at a distance of a quarter of a century.

He was now in retirement, and hence (in a ponderous white cravat, like a stiff snow-drift) was so obliging as to shade the dinner. There was a whisper of the pervading Bohemian character in the nomadic nature of the service and its curious races of plates and dishes, but the noble Refrigerator, infinitely better than plate or porcelain, made it superb. He shaded the dinner, cooled the wines, chilled the gravy, and blighted the vegetables.

There was only one other person in the room: a microscopically small footboy who waited on the malevolent man who hadn't got into the Post-office. Even this youth, if his jacket could have been unbuttoned and his heart laid bare, would have been seen, as a distant adherent of the Barnacle family, already to aspire to a situation under Government.

Mrs. Gowan with a gentle melancholy upon her, occasioned by her son's being reduced to court the swinish public as a follower of the low Arts, instead of asserting his birth-right and putting a ring through its nose as an acknowledged Barnacle, headed the conversation at dinner on the evil days. It was then that Clennam learned for the first time what little pivots this great world goes round upon.

"If John Barnacle," said Mrs. Gowan, after the degeneracy of the times had been fully ascertained, "if John Barnacle had but abandoned his most unfortunate idea of conciliating the mob, all would have been well, and the country would have been preserved."

The old lady with the high nose assented, but added that if Augustus Stiltstalking had in a general way ordered the cavalry out with instructions to charge, the country would have been preserved.

The noble Refrigerator assented, but added that if William Barnacle and Tudor Stiltstalking, when they came over to one another and formed their ever memorable coalition, had boldly muzzled the newspapers, and rendered it penal for any Editor-person to presume to discuss the conduct of any appointed authority abroad or at home, the country would have been preserved.

It was agreed that the country (another word, here, for the Barnacles and Stiltstalkings) wanted preserving and was in a bad way, but how it came to be in a bad way was not so clear. It was only clear that the question was all about John Barnacle, Augustus Stiltstalking, William Barnacle and Tudor Stiltstalking, Tom, Dick, or Harry Barnacle or Stiltstalking, because there was nobody else but mob. And this was the feature of the conversation that impressed Clennam, as a man not used to it, very disagreeably: making him doubt if it were quite right to sit there, silently hearing a great nation narrowed to such little bounds. Remembering, however, that in the Parliamentary debates, whether on the life of that nation's body or the life of its soul, the question was always all about and between John Barnacle, Augustus Stiltstalking, William Barnacle, and Tudor Stiltstalking, Tom, Dick, or Harry Barnacle or Stiltstalking, and nobody else, he said nothing on the part of mob, bethinking himself that mob was used to it.

Mr. Henry Gowan seemed to have a malicious pleasure in playing off the three talkers against each other, and in seeing Clennam startled by what they said. Having as supreme a contempt for the class that had thrown him off as for the class that had not taken him on, he had no personal disquiet in any thing that passed. His healthy state of mind appeared even to derive a gratification from Clennam's position of embarrassment and isolation among the good company, and if Clennam had been in that condition with which Nobody was incessantly contending, he would have suspected it, and would have struggled with the suspicion as a meanness, even while he sat at the table.

In the course of a couple of hours the noble Refrigerator, at no time less than a hundred years behind the period, got about five centuries in arrear, and delivered solemn political oracles appropriate to that epoch. He finished by freezing a cup of tea for his own drinking, and retiring at his lowest temperature.

Then Mrs. Gowan, who had been accustomed in her days of state to retain a vacant arm-chair

beside her to which to summon her devoted slaves, one by one, for short audiences as marks of her especial favor, invited Clennam with a turn of her fan to approach the presence. He obeyed, and took the tripod recently vacated by Lord Lancaster Stiltstalking.

"Mr. Clennam," said Mrs. Gowan, "apart from the happiness I have in becoming known to you, though in this odiously inconvenient place—a mere barrack—there is a subject on which I am dying to speak to you. It is the subject in connection with which my son first had, I believe, the pleasure of cultivating your acquaintance."

Clennam inclined his head, as a generally suitable reply to what he did not yet quite understand.

"First," said Mrs. Gowan, "now is she really pretty?"

In Nobody's difficulties, he would have found it very difficult to answer; very difficult indeed to smile, and say "Who?"

"Oh! You know!" she returned. "This flame of Henry's. This unfortunate fancy. There! If it is a point of honor that I should originate the name—Miss Mickles—Miggles."

"Miss Meagles," said Clennam, "is very beautiful."

"Men are so often mistaken on those points," returned Mrs. Gowan, shaking her head, "that I candidly confess to you I feel any thing but sure of it, even now, though it is something to have Henry corroborated with so much gravity and emphasis. He picked the people up at Rome, I think?"

The phrase would have given Nobody mortal offense. Clennam replied, "Excuse me, I doubt if I understand your expression."

"Picked the people up," said Mrs. Gowan, tapping the sticks of her closed fan (a large green one, which she used as a hand-screen) upon her little table. "Came upon them. Found them out. Stumbled against them."

"The people?"

"Yes. The Miggles people."

"I really can not say," said Clennam, "where my friend Mr. Meagles first presented Mr. Henry Gowan to his daughter."

"I am pretty sure he picked her up at Rome; but never mind where—some where. Now (this is entirely between ourselves) *is* she very plebeian?"

"Really, ma'am," returned Clennam, "I am so undoubtedly plebeian myself, that I do not feel qualified to judge."

"Very neat!" said Mrs. Gowan, coolly unfurling her screen. "Very happy! From which I infer that you secretly think her manner equal to her looks?"

Clennam, after a moment's stiffness, bowed.

"That's comforting, and I hope you may be right. Did Henry tell me you had traveled with them?"

"I traveled with my friend Mr. Meagles, and his wife and daughter, during some months." (Nobody's heart would have been wrung by the remembrance.)

"Really comforting, because you must have had a large experience of them. You see, Mr. Clennam, this thing has been going on for a long time, and I find no improvement in it. Therefore to have the opportunity of speaking to one so well informed about it as yourself, is an immense relief to me. Quite a boon. Quite a blessing, I am sure."

"Pardon me," returned Clennam, "but I am not in Mr. Henry Gowan's confidence. I am far from being so well informed as you suppose me to be. Your mistake makes my position a very delicate one. No word on this topic has ever passed between Mr. Henry Gowan and myself."

"Mrs. Gowan glanced at the other end of the room, where her son was playing écarté on a sofa, with the old lady who was for a charge of cavalry.

"Not in his confidence? No," said Mrs. Gowan. "No word has passed between you? No. That I can imagine. But there are unexpressed confidences, Mr. Clennam, and as you have been together intimately among these people, I can not doubt that a confidence of that sort exists in the present case. Perhaps you have heard that I have suffered the keenest distress of mind from Henry's having taken to a pursuit, which—well!" shrugging her shoulders, "a very respectable pursuit, I dare say, and some artists are, as artists, quite superior persons; still, we never yet in our family have gone beyond an Amateur, and it is a pardonable weakness to feel a little—"

As Mrs. Gowan broke off to heave a sigh, Clennam, however resolute to be magnanimous, could not keep down the thought that there was mighty little danger of the family's ever going beyond an Amateur even as it was.

"Henry," the mother resumed, "is self-willed and resolute, and as these people naturally strain every nerve to catch him, I can entertain very little hope, Mr. Clennam, that the thing will be broken off. I apprehend the girl's fortune will be very small; Henry might have done much better; there is scarcely any thing to compensate for the connection; still he acts for himself, and if I find no improvement within a short time, I see no other course than to resign myself, and make the best of these people. I am infinitely obliged to you for what you have told me."

As she shrugged her shoulders, Clennam stiffly bowed again. With an uneasy flush upon his face, and hesitation in his manner, he then said, in a still lower tone than he had adopted yet:

"Mrs. Gowan, I scarcely know how to acquit myself of what I feel to be a duty, and yet I must ask you for your kind consideration in attempting to discharge it. A misconception on your part, a very great misconception, if I may venture to call it so, seems to require setting right. You have supposed Mr. Meagles and his family to strain every nerve; I think you said—"

"Every nerve," repeated Mrs. Gowan, looking at him in calm obstinacy, with her green fan between her face and the fire.

"To catch Mr. Henry Gowan?"

The lady placidly assented.

"Now that is so far," said Arthur, "from being the case, "that I know Mr. Meagles to be unhappy in this matter, and to have interposed all reasonable obstacles, with the hope of putting an end to it."

Mrs. Gowan shut up her great green fan, tapped him on the arm with it, and tapped her smiling lips. "Why, of course," said she. "Just what I mean."

Arthur watched her face for some explanation of what she did mean.

"Are you really serious, Mr. Clennam? Don't you see?"

Arthur did not see, and said so.

"Why, don't I know my son, and don't I know that this is exactly the way to hold him?" said Mrs. Gowan, contemptuously; "and do not these Miggles people know it, at least as well as I? Oh, shrewd people, Mr. Clennam: evidently people of business! I believe Miggles belonged to a Bank. It ought to have been a very profitable Bank if he had much to do with its management. This is very well done, indeed."

"I beg and entreat you, ma'am—" Arthur interposed.

"Oh, Mr. Clennam, can you really be so credulous!"

It made such a painful impression upon him to hear her talking in this haughty tone, and to see her patting her contemptuous lips with her fan, that he said, very earnestly, "Believe me, ma'am, this is unjust, a perfectly groundless suspicion."

"Suspicion?" repeated Mrs. Gowan. "Not suspicion, Mr. Clennam, certainty. It is very knowingly done indeed, and seems to have taken *you* in completely." She laughed, and again sat tapping her lips with her fan, and tossing her head, as if she added, "Don't tell me. I know that such people will do any thing for the honor of such an alliance."

At this opportune moment the cards were thrown up, and Mr. Henry Gowan came across the room, saying, "Mother, if you can spare Mr. Clennam for this time, we have a long way to go, and it's getting late." Mr. Clennam thereupon rose, as he had no choice but to do, and Mrs. Gowan showed him, to the last, the same look and the same tapped contemptuous lips.

"You have had a portentously long audience of my mother," said Gowan, as the door closed upon them. "I fervently hope she has not bored you?"

"Not at all," said Clennam.

They had a little open phaeton for the journey, and were soon in it on the road home. Gowan, driving, lighted a cigar; Clennam declined one. Do what he would, he fell into such a mood of abstraction, that Gowan said again, "I am very much afraid my mother has bored you?" To which he roused himself to answer, "Not at all," and soon relapsed again.

In that state of mind which rendered Nobody uneasy, his thoughtfulness would have turned principally on the man at his side. He would have thought of the morning when he first saw him rooting out the stones with his heel, and would have asked himself, "Does he jerk me out of the path in the same careless, cruel way?" He would have thought, had this introduction to his mother been brought about by him because he knew what she would say, and that he could thus place his position before a rival and loftily warn him off, without himself reposing a word of confidence in him? He would have thought, even if there were no such design as that, had he brought him there to play with his repressed emotions, and torment him? The current of these meditations would have been stayed sometimes by a rush of shame, bearing a remonstrance to himself from his own open nature, representing that to shelter such suspicions, even for the passing moment, was not to hold the generous and unenvious course he had resolved to keep. At those times the striving within him would have been hardest, and looking up and catching Gowan's eyes, he would have started as if he had done him an injury.

Then, looking at the dark road and its uncertain objects, he would have gradually trailed off again into thinking, "Where are we driving, he and I, I wonder, on the darker road of life? How will it be with us, and with her, in the obscure distance?" Thinking of her, he would have been troubled anew with a reproachful misgiving that it was not even loyal to her to dislike him, and that in being so easily prejudiced against him he was more unworthy of her than at first.

"You are evidently out of spirits," said Gowan; "I am very much afraid my mother must have bored you dreadfully."

"Believe me, not at all," said Clennam. "It's nothing—nothing!"

CHAPTER XXVII.—FIVE-AND-TWENTY.

A FREQUENTLY recurring doubt whether Mr. Pancks's desire to collect information relative to the Dorrit family could have any possible bearing on the misgivings he had imparted to his mother on his return from his long exile caused Arthur Clennam much uneasiness at this period. What Mr. Pancks already knew about the Dorrit family, what more he really wanted to find out, and why he should trouble his busy head about them at all, were questions that often perplexed him. Mr. Pancks was not a man to waste his time and trouble in researches prompted by idle curiosity. That he had a specific object Clennam could not doubt. And whether the attainment of that object by Mr. Pancks's industry might bring to light, in some untimely way, secret reasons which had induced his mother to take Little Dorrit by the hand, was a serious speculation.

Not that he ever wavered, either in his desire or his determination to repair the wrong that had been done in his father's time, should a wrong come to light. The shadow of a supposed act of unrepaired injustice, which had hung over him since his father's death, was so vague and formless that it might be the result of a reality widely different from his idea of it. But, if his apprehensions should prove to be well founded, he was ready at any moment to lay down all he had, and begin the world anew. As the fierce dark teaching of his childhood had never sunk into his heart, so the first word in his code of morals was the opposite of the first word in his mother's. He began, in practical humility, with Earth instead of scaling Heaven. Duty on earth, restitution on earth, action on earth: these first. Strait was the gate and narrow was the way; far straiter and narrower than the broad high road paved with words and vain repetitions, motes from other men's eyes and liberal delivery of others to the judgment—all cheap materials, costing absolutely nothing.

No. It was not a selfish fear or hesitation that rendered him uneasy, but a mistrust lest Pancks might not observe his part of the understanding between them, and making any discovery might take some course upon it without imparting it to him. On the other hand, when he recalled his conversation with Pancks, and the little reason he had to suppose that there was any likelihood of that strange personage being on that track at all, there were times when he wondered that he made so much of it. Laboring in this sea, as all barks labor in cross seas, he tossed about, and came to no haven.

The removal of Little Dorrit herself from their customary association, did not mend the matter. She was so much out, and so much in her own room, that he began to miss her and to find a blank in her place. He had written to her to inquire if she were better, and she had written back, very gratefully and earnestly, telling him not to be uneasy on her behalf, for she was quite well; but he had not seen her for what, in their intercourse, was a long time.

He returned home one evening from an interview with her father, who had mentioned that she was out visiting—which was what he always said, when she was hard at work to buy his supper—and found Mr. Meagles in an excited state walking up and down his room. On his opening the door, Mr. Meagles stopped, faced round, and said,

"Clennam!—Tattycoram!"

"What's the matter?"

"Lost!"

"Why, bless my heart alive!" cried Clennam, in amazement. "What do you mean?"

"Wouldn't count five-and-twenty, Sir; couldn't be got to do it; stopped at eight, and took herself off."

"Left your house?"

"Never to come back," said Mr. Meagles, shaking his head. "You don't know that girl's passionate and proud character. A team of horses couldn't draw her back now; the bolts and bars of the old Bastille couldn't keep her."

"How did it happen? Pray sit down and tell me."

"As to how it happened, it's not so easy to relate, because you must have the unfortunate temperament of the poor impetuous girl herself before you can fully understand it. But it came about in this way. Pet and Mother and I have been having a good deal of talk together, of late. I'll not disguise from you, Clennam, that those conversations have not been of as bright a kind as I could wish; they have referred to our going away again. In proposing to do which, I have had, in fact, an object."

Nobody's heart beat quickly.

"An object," said Mr. Meagles, after a moment's pause, "that I will not disguise from you either, Clennam. There's an inclination on the part of my dear child which I am sorry for. Perhaps you guess the person. Henry Gowan."

"I was not unprepared to hear it."

"Well!" said Mr. Meagles, with a heavy sigh, "I wish to God you had never had to hear it. However, so it is. Mother and I have done all we could to get the better of it, Clennam. We have tried tender advice, we have tried time, we have tried absence. As yet, of no use. Our late conversations have been upon the subject of going away for another year at least, in order that there might be an entire separation and breaking off for that term. Upon that question, Pet has been unhappy, and therefore Mother and I have been unhappy."

Clennam said that he could easily believe it.

"Well!" continued Mr. Meagles, in an apologetic way, "I admit as a practical man, and I am sure Mother would admit as a practical woman, that we do, in families, magnify our troubles and make mountains of our mole-hills, in a way that is calculated to be rather trying to people who look on—to mere outsiders, you know, Clennam. Still, Pet's happiness or unhappiness is quite a life or death question with us, and we may be excused, I hope, for making much of it. At all events, it might have been borne by Tattycoram. Now, don't you think so?"

"I do indeed think so," returned Clennam, in most emphatic recognition of this very moderate expectation.

"No, Sir," said Mr. Meagles, shaking his head ruefully. "She couldn't stand it. The chafing and firing of that girl, the wearing and tearing of that girl within her own breast, has been such that I have softly said to her again and again in passing her, 'Five-and-twenty, Tattycoram, five-and-twenty!' I heartily wish she could have gone on counting five-and-twenty day and night, and then it wouldn't have happened."

Mr. Meagles, with a despondent countenance in which the goodness of his heart was even more expressed than in his times of cheerfulness and

gayety, stroked his face down from his forehead to his chin, and shook his head again.

"I said to Mother (not that it was necessary, for she would have thought it all for herself), we are practical people, my dear, and we know her story; we see in this unhappy girl some reflection of what was raging in her mother's heart before ever such a creature as this poor thing was in the world; we'll gloss her temper over, Mother; we won't notice it at present, my dear; we'll take advantage of some better disposition in her another time. So we said nothing. But, do what we would, it seems as if it was to be; she broke out violently one night."

"How, and why?"

"If you ask me why," said Mr. Meagles, a little disturbed by the question, for he was far more intent on softening her case than the family's, "I can only refer you to what I have just repeated as having been pretty near my words to Mother. As to How, we had said good-night to Pet in her presence (very affectionately, I must allow), and she had attended Pet up stairs —you remember she was her maid. Perhaps Pet, having been out of sorts, may have been a little more inconsiderate than usual in requiring services of her; but I don't know that I have any right to say so; she was always thoughtful and gentle."

"The gentlest mistress in the world."

"Thank you, Clennam," said Mr. Meagles, shaking him by the hand, "you have often seen them together. Well! We presently heard this unfortunate Tattycoram loud and angry, and before we could ask what was the matter, Pet came back in a tremble, saying she was frightened of her. Close after her came Tattycoram, in a flaming rage. 'I hate you all three,' says she, stamping her foot at us. 'I am bursting with hate of the whole house.'"

"Upon which you—?"

"I?" said Mr. Meagles, with a plain good faith that might have commanded the belief of Mrs. Gowan herself. "I said, Count five-and-twenty, Tattycoram."

Mr. Meagles again stroked his face and shook his head with an air of profound regret.

"She was so used to do it, Clennam, that even then, such a picture of passion as you never saw, she stopped short, looked me full in the face, and counted (as I made out) to eight. But she couldn't control herself to go any farther. There she broke down, poor thing! and gave the other seventeen to the four winds. Then it all burst out. She detested us, she was miserable with us, she couldn't bear it, she wouldn't bear it, she was determined to go away. She was younger than her young mistress, and would she remain to see *her* always held up as the only creature who was young and interesting, and to be cherished and loved? No. She wouldn't, she wouldn't, she wouldn't! What did we think she, Tattycoram, might have been if she had been caressed and cared for in her childhood like her young mistress? As good as her? Ah! Perhaps fifty times as good. When we pretended to be so fond of one another, we exulted over her; that was what we did; we exulted over her and shamed her. And all in the house did the same. They talked about their fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters; they liked to drag them up before her face. There was Mrs. Tickit, only yesterday, when her little grandchild was with her, had been amused by the child's trying to call her (Tattycoram) by the wretched name we gave her; and had laughed at the name. Why, who didn't, and who were we that we should have a right to name her like a dog or a cat? But she didn't care. She would take no more benefits from us; she would fling us her name back again, and she would go. She would leave us that minute, nobody should stop her, and we should never hear of her again."

Mr. Meagles had recited all this with such a vivid remembrance of his original, that he was almost as flushed and hot by this time as he described her to have been.

"Ah, well!" he said, wiping his face. "It was of no use trying reason then with that vehement panting creature (Heaven knows what her mother's story must have been), so I quietly told her that she should not go at that late hour of night, and I gave her my hand and took her to her room, and locked the house doors. But she was gone this morning."

"And you know no more of her?"

"No more," returned Mr. Meagles. "I have been hunting about all day. She must have gone very early and very silently. I have found no trace of her down about us."

"Stay! You want," said Clennam, after a moment's reflection, "to see her? I assume that?"

"Yes, assuredly; I want to give her another chance; Mother and Pet want to give her another chance. Come! You yourself," said Mr. Meagles, persuasively, as if the provocation to be angry were not his own at all, "want to give the poor passionate girl another chance, I know, Clennam."

"It would be strange and hard indeed if I did not," said Clennam, "when you are all so forgiving. What I was going to ask you was, have you thought of that Miss Wade?"

"I have. I did not think of her until I had pervaded the whole of our neighborhood, and I don't know that I should have done so then, but for finding Mother and Pet, when I went home, full of the idea that Tattycoram must have gone to her. Then, of course, I recalled what she said that day at dinner when you were first with us."

"Have you any idea where Miss Wade is to be found?"

"To tell you the truth," returned Mr. Meagles, "it's because I have an addled jumble of a notion on that subject that you have found me waiting here. There is one of those odd impressions in my house which do mysteriously get into houses sometimes, which nobody seems

to have picked up in a distinct form from any body, and yet which every body seems to have got hold of loosely from some body and let go again, that she lives, or was living, thereabouts." Mr. Meagles handed him a slip of paper, on which was written the name of one of the dull by-streets in the Grosvenor region, near Park Lane.

"Here is no number," said Arthur, looking over it.

"No number, my dear Clennam?" returned his friend. "No any thing! The very name of the street may have been floating in the air, for, as I tell you, none of my people can say where they got it from. However, it's worth an inquiry; and as I would rather make it in company than alone, and as you too were a fellow-traveler of that immovable woman's, I thought perhaps—" Clennam finished the sentence for him by taking up his hat again, and saying he was ready.

It was now summer-time; a gray, hot, dusty evening. They rode to the top of Oxford Street, and, there alighting, dived in among the great streets of melancholy stateliness, and the little streets that try to be as stately and succeed in being more melancholy, of which there is a labyrinth near Park Lane. Wildernesses of corner-houses, with barbarous old porticoes and appurtenances, horrors that came into existence under some wrong-headed person in some wrong-headed time, still demanding the blind admiration of all ensuing generations and determined to do so until they tumbled down, frowned upon the twilight. Parasite little tenements with the cramp in their whole frame, from the dwarf hall-door on the giant model of His Grace's in the Square, to the squeezed window of the boudoir commanding the dunghills in the Mews, made the evening doleful. Rickety dwellings of undoubted fashion but of a capacity to hold nothing comfortably, except a dismal smell, looked like the last result of the great mansions' breeding in-and-in; and, where their little supplementary bows and balconies were supported on thin iron columns, seemed to be scrofulously resting upon crutches. Here and there a Hatchment with the whole science of Heraldry in it, loomed down upon the street, like an Archbishop discoursing on Vanity. The shops, few in number, made no show; for popular opinion was as nothing to them. The pastry-cook knew who was on his books, and in that knowledge could be calm, with a few glass cylinders of dowager peppermint-drops in his window, and half-a-dozen ancient specimens of currant jelly. A few oranges formed the greengrocer's whole concession to the vulgar mind. A single basket made of moss, once containing plovers' eggs, held all that the poulterer had to say to the rabble. Every body in those streets seemed (which is always the case at that hour and season) to be gone out to dinner, and nobody seemed to be giving the dinners they had gone to. On the door-steps there were lounging, footmen with bright parti-colored plumage and white polls, like an extinct race of monstrous birds; and butlers, solitary men of recluse demeanor, each of whom appeared distrustful of all other butlers. The roll of carriages in the Park was done for the day, the street lamps were lighting, and wicked little grooms in the tightest fitting garments, with twists in their legs answering to the twists in their minds, hung about in pairs, chewing straw and exchanging fraudulent secrets. The spotted dogs who went out with the carriages, and who were so associated with splendid equipages, that it looked like a condescension in those animals to come out without them, accompanied helpers to and fro on messages. Here and there was a retiring public-house which did not require to be supported on the shoulders of the people, and where gentlemen out of livery were not much wanted.

This last discovery was made by the two friends in pursuing their inquiries. Nothing was there or any where known of such a person as Miss Wade, in connection with the street they sought. It was one of the parasite streets; long, regular, narrow, dull, and gloomy; like a brick and mortar funeral. They inquired at several little area gates, where a dejected youth stood spiking his chin on the summit of a precipitous little shoot of wooden steps, but could gain no information. They walked up the street on one side of the way, and down it on the other, what time two vociferous news-sellers, announcing an extraordinary event that had never happened and never would happen, pitched their hoarse voices into the secret chambers; but nothing came of it. At length they stood at the corner from which they had begun, and it had fallen quite dark, and they were no wiser.

It happened that in the street they had several times passed a dingy house, apparently empty, with bills in the windows, announcing that it was to let. The bills, as a variety in the funeral procession, almost amounted to a decoration. Perhaps because they kept the house separate in his mind, or perhaps because Mr. Meagles and himself had twice agreed in passing, "It is clear she don't live there," Clennam now proposed that they should go back and try that house before finally going away. Mr. Meagles agreed, and back they went.

They knocked once, and they rang once, without any response. "Empty," said Mr. Meagles, listening. "Once more," said Clennam, and knocked again. After that knock they heard a movement below, and somebody shuffling up toward the door.

The confined entrance was so dark that it was impossible to make out distinctly what kind of person opened the door; but it appeared to be an old woman. "Excuse our troubling you," said Clennam. "Pray can you tell us where Miss Wade lives?"

The voice in the darkness unexpectedly replied, "Lives here."

"Is she at home?"

No answer coming, Mr. Meagles asked again. "Pray, is she at home?"

After another delay, "I suppose she is," said the voice abruptly; "you had better come in, and I'll ask."

They were summarily shut into the close black house, and the figure rustling away, and speaking from a higher level, said, "Come up, if you please; you can't tumble over any thing." They groped their way up stairs toward a faint light, which proved to be the light of the street shining through a window, and the figure left them shut up in an airless room.

"This is odd, Clennam," said Mr. Meagles, softly.

"Odd enough," assented Clennam, in the same tone, "but we have succeeded; that's the main point. Here's a light coming!"

The light was a lamp, and the bearer was an old woman: very dirty, very wrinkled and dry. "She's at home," she said (and the voice was the same that had spoken before); "she'll come directly." Having set the lamp down on the table, the old woman dusted her hands on her apron, which she might have done forever without cleaning them, looked at the visitors with a dim pair of eyes, and went out.

The lady whom they had come to see, if she were the present occupant of the house, appeared to have taken up her quarters there, as she might have established herself in an Eastern caravanserai. A small square of carpet in the middle of the room, a few articles of furniture that evidently did not belong to the room, and a disorder of trunks and traveling articles, formed the whole of her surroundings. Under some former regular inhabitant the stifling little apartment had broken out into a pier-glass and a gilt table; but the gilding was as faded as last year's flowers, and the glass was so clouded that it seemed to hold in magic preservation all the fogs and bad weather it had ever reflected. The visitors had had a minute or two to look about them, when the door opened and Miss Wade came in.

She was exactly the same as when they had parted six hundred miles away. Just as handsome, just as scornful, just as repressed. She manifested no surprise at seeing them, nor any other emotion. She requested them to be seated, and declining to take a seat herself, at once anticipated any introduction of their business.

"I apprehend," she said, "that I know the cause of your favoring me with this visit. We may come to it at once."

"The cause then, ma'am," said Mr. Meagles, "is Tattycoram."

"So I supposed."

"Miss Wade," said Mr. Meagles, "will you be so kind as to say whether you know any thing of her?"

"Surely. I know she is here with me."

"Then, ma'am," said Mr. Meagles, "allow me to make known to you that I shall be happy to have her back, and that my wife and daughter will be happy to have her back. She has been with us a long time, we don't forget her claims upon us, and I hope we know how to make allowances."

"You hope you know how to make allowances?" she returned, in a level, measured voice. "For what?"

"I think my friend would say, Miss Wade." Arthur Clennam interposed, seeing Mr. Meagles rather at a loss, "for the passionate sense that sometimes comes upon the poor girl, of being at a disadvantage. Which occasionally gets the better of better remembrances."

The lady broke into a smile, as she turned her eyes upon him. "Indeed?" was all she answered.

She stood by the table so perfectly composed and still after this acknowledgment of his remark, that Mr. Meagles stared at her under a sort of fascination, and could not even look to Clennam to make another move. After waiting, awkwardly enough, for some moments, Arthur said:

"Perhaps it would be well if Mr. Meagles could see her, Miss Wade."

"That is easily done," said she. "Come here, child." She had opened a door while saying this, and now led the girl in by the hand. It was very curious to see them standing together: the girl with her disengaged fingers plaiting the bosom of her dress, half irresolutely, half passionately: Miss Wade with her composed face attentively regarding her, and suggesting to an observer with extraordinary force, in her composure itself (as a vail will suggest the form it covers), the unquenchable passion of her own nature.

"See here," she said, in the same level way as before. "Here is your patron, your master. He is willing to take you back, my dear, if you are sensible of the favor and choose to go. You can be, again, a foil to his pretty daughter, a slave to her pleasant willfulness, and a toy in the house showing the goodness of the family. You can have your droll name again, playfully pointing you out and setting you apart, as it is right that you should be pointed out and set apart. (Your birth, you know; you must not forget your birth.) You can again be shown to this gentleman's daughter, Harriet, and kept before her, as a living reminder of her own superiority and her gracious condescension. You can recover all these advantages and many more of the same kind which I dare say start up in your memory while I speak, and which you lose in taking refuge with me—you can recover them all by telling these gentlemen how humbled and penitent you are, and by going back with them to be forgiven. What do you say, Harriet? Will you go?"

The girl, who, under the influence of these words, had gradually risen in anger and heightened in color, answered, raising her lustrous black eyes for the moment, and clenching her

hand upon the folds it had been puckering up, "I'd die sooner!"

Miss Wade, still standing at her side holding her hand, looked quietly round and said, with a smile, "Gentlemen! What do you do upon that?"

Poor Mr. Meagles's inexpressible consternation in hearing his motives and actions so perverted, had prevented him from interposing any word until now; but now he regained the power of speech.

"Tattycoram," said he, "for I'll call you by that name still, my good girl, conscious that I meant nothing but kindness when I gave it to you, and conscious that you know it—"

"I don't!" said she, looking up again, and almost rending herself with the same busy hand.

"No, not now, perhaps," said Mr. Meagles, "not with that lady's eyes so intent upon you, Tattycoram," she glanced at them for a moment, "and that power over you which we see she exercises; not now, perhaps, but at another time. Tattycoram, I'll not ask that lady whether she believes what she has said, even in the anger and ill blood in which I and my friend here equally know she has spoken, though she subdues herself with a determination that any one who has once seen her is not likely to forget. I'll not ask you, with your remembrance of my house and all belonging to it, whether you believe it. I'll only say that you have no profession to make to me or mine, and no forgiveness to entreat, and that all in the world that I ask you to do, is, to count five-and-twenty, Tattycoram."

She looked at him for an instant, and then said, frowningly, "I won't. Miss Wade, take me away, please."

The contention that raged within her had no softening in it now; it was wholly between passionate defiance and stubborn defiance. Her rich color, her quick blood, her rapid breath, were all settling themselves against the opportunity of retracing her steps. "I won't. I won't. I won't!" she repeated, in a low, thick voice. "I'd be torn to pieces first. I'd tear myself to pieces first!"

Miss Wade, who had released her hold, laid her hand protectingly on the girl's neck for a moment, and then said, looking round with her former smile, and speaking exactly in her former tone, "Gentlemen! What do you do upon that?"

"Oh, Tattycoram, Tattycoram!" cried Mr. Meagles, adjuring her besides with an earnest hand. "Hear that lady's voice, look at that lady's face, consider what is in that lady's heart, and think what a future lies before you. My child, whatever you may think, that lady's influence over you—astonishing to us, and I should hardly go too far in saying terrible to us, to see—is founded in passion fiercer than yours, and temper more violent than yours. What can you two be together? What can come of it?"

"I am alone here, gentlemen," observed Miss Wade, with no change of voice or manner. "Say any thing you will."

"Politeness must yield to this misguided girl, ma'am," said Mr. Meagles, "at her present pass, though I hope not altogether to dismiss it, even with the injury you do her so strongly before me. Excuse me for reminding you in her hearing—I must say it—that you were a mystery to all of us, and had nothing in common with any of us, when she unfortunately fell in your way. I don't know what you are, but you don't hide, can't hide, what a dark spirit you have within you. If it should happen that you are a woman who, from whatever cause, has a perverted delight in making a sister-woman as wretched as she is (I am old enough to have heard of such), I warn her against you, and I warn you against yourself."

"Gentlemen!" said Miss Wade, calmly. "When you have concluded—Mr. Clennam, perhaps you will induce your friend—"

"Not without another effort," said Mr. Meagles, stoutly. "Tattycoram, my poor dear girl, count five-and-twenty."

"Do not reject the hope, the certainty, this kind man offers you," said Clennam, in a low, emphatic voice. "Turn to the friends you have not forgotten. Think once more!"

"I won't! Miss Wade," said the girl, with her bosom swelling high, and speaking with her hand held to her throat, "take me away!"

"Tattycoram," said Mr. Meagles. "Once more yet! The only thing I ask of you in the world, my child! Count five-and-twenty!"

She put her hands tightly over her ears, confusedly tumbling down her bright black hair in the vehemence of the action, and turned her face resolutely to the wall. Miss Wade, who had watched her under this final appeal with that strange attentive smile, and that repressing hand upon her own bosom with which she had watched her in a struggle at Marseilles, then put her arm about her waist as if she took possession of her for evermore.

And there was a visible triumph in her face when she turned it to dismiss the visitors.

"As it is the last time I shall have this honor," she said, "and as you have spoken of not knowing what I am, and also of the foundation of my influence here, you may now know that it is founded in a common cause. What your broken plaything is as to birth, I am. She has no name, I have no name. Her wrong is my wrong. I have nothing more to say to you."

This was addressed to Mr. Meagles, who sorrowfully went out. As Clennam followed, she said to him, with the same external composure and in the same level voice, but with a smile that is only seen on cruel faces: a very faint smile, lifting the nostril, scarcely touching the lips, and not breaking away gradually, but instantly dismissed when done with:

"I hope the wife of your dear friend, Mr. Gowan, may be happy in the contrast of her ex-

traction to this girl's and mine, and in the high good fortune that awaits her."

CHAP. XXVIII.—NOBODY'S DISAPPEARANCE.

Not resting satisfied with the endeavors he had made to recover his lost charge, Mr. Meagles addressed a letter of remonstrance, breathing nothing but good-will, not only to her, but to Miss Wade too. No answer coming to these epistles, or to another written to the stubborn girl by the hand of her late young mistress, which might have melted her, if any thing could (all three letters were returned weeks afterward, as having been refused at the house-door), he deputed Mrs. Meagles to make the experiment of a personal interview. That worthy lady being unable to obtain one, and being steadfastly denied admission, Mr. Meagles besought Arthur to essay once more what he could do. All that came of his compliance was, his discovery that the empty house was left in charge of the old woman, that Miss Wade was gone, that the waifs and strays of furniture were gone, and that the old woman would accept any number of half-crowns and thank the donor kindly, but had no information whatever to exchange for those coins, beyond offering for perusal a memorandum relative to fixtures, which the house-agent's young man had left in the hall.

Unwilling, even under this discomfiture, to resign the ingrate, and leave her hopeless in case of her better dispositions obtaining the mastery over the darker side of her character, Mr. Meagles, for six successive days, published a discreetly covert advertisement in the morning papers, to the effect that if a certain young person who had lately left home without reflection, would at any time apply at his address at Twickenham, every thing would be as it had been before, and no reproaches need be apprehended. The unexpected consequences of this notification, suggested to Mr. Meagles for the first time that some hundreds of young persons must be leaving their homes without reflection every day; for shoals of wrong young people came down to Twickenham, who, not finding themselves received with enthusiasm, generally demanded compensation by way of damages, in addition to coach-hire there and back. Nor were these the only uninvited clients whom the advertisement produced. The swarm of begging-letter writers who would seem to be always watching eagerly for any hook, however small, to hang a letter upon, wrote to say that having seen the advertisement, they were induced to apply with confidence for various sums, ranging from ten shillings to fifty pounds; not because they knew any thing about the young person, but because they felt that to part with those donations would greatly relieve the advertiser's mind. Several projectors, likewise, availed themselves of the opportunity to correspond with Mr. Meagles; as, for example, to apprise him that their attention having been called to the advertisement by a friend, they begged to state that if they should ever hear any thing of the young person, they would not fail to make it known to him immediately, and that in the mean time if he would oblige them with the funds necessary for bringing to perfection a certain entirely novel description of Pump, the happiest results would ensue to mankind.

Mr. Meagles and his family, under these combined discouragements, had begun reluctantly to give up Tattycoram as irrecoverable, when the new and active firm of Doyce and Clennam, in their private capacities, went down on a Saturday to stay at the cottage until Monday. The senior partner took the coach, and the junior partner took his walking-stick.

A tranquil summer sunset shone upon him as he approached the end of his walk, and passed through the meadows by the river-side. He had that sense of peace and of being lightened of a weight of care, which country quiet awakens in the breasts of dwellers in towns. Every thing within his view was lovely and placid. The rich foliage of the trees, the luxuriant grass diversified with wild flowers, the little green islands in the river, the beds of rushes, the water-lilies floating on the surface of the stream, the distant voices in boats borne musically toward him on the ripple of the water and the evening air, were all expressive of rest. In the occasional leap of a fish, or dip of an oar, or twittering of a bird not yet at roost, or distant barking of a dog, or lowing of a cow—in all such sounds there was the prevailing breath of rest, which seemed to encompass him in every scent that sweetened the fragrant air. The long lines of red and gold in the sky, and the glorious track of the descending sun, were all divinely calm. Upon the purple tree-tops far away, and on the green height near at hand, up which the shades were slowly creeping, there was an equal hush. Between the real landscape and its shadow in the water, there was no division, both were so untroubled and clear, and, while so fraught with solemn mystery of life and death, so hopefully reassuring to the gazer's soothed heart, because so tenderly and mercifully beautiful.

Clennam had stopped, not for the first time by many times, to look about him and suffer what he saw to sink into his soul, as the shadows, looked at, seemed to sink deeper and deeper into the water. He was slowly resuming his way, when he saw a figure in the path before him which he had, perhaps, already associated with the evening and its impressions.

Minnie was there, alone. She had some roses in her hand, and seemed to have stood still on seeing him, waiting for him. Her face was toward him, and she appeared to have been coming from the opposite direction. There was a flutter in her manner which Clennam had never seen in it before, and as he came near her it entered his mind all at once that she was there of a set purpose to speak to him.

She gave him her hand, and said, "You wonder to see me here by myself? But the evening is so lovely, I have strolled further than I meant at first. I thought it likely I might meet you, and that made me more confident. You always come this way, do you not?"

As Clennam said that it was his favorite way, he felt her hand falter on his arm, and saw the roses shake.

"Will you let me give you one, Mr. Clennam? I gathered them as I came out of the garden. Indeed, I almost gathered them for you, thinking it so likely I might meet you. Mr. Doyce arrived more than an hour ago, and told us you were walking down."

His own hand shook as he accepted a rose or two from hers and thanked her. They were now by an avenue of trees. Whether they turned into it on his movement or on hers matters little. He never knew how that was.

"It is very grave here," said Clennam, "but very pleasant at this hour. Passing along this deep shade, and out at that arch of light at the other end, we come upon the ferry and the cottage by the best approach, I think."

In her simple garden-hat and her light summer dress, with her rich brown hair naturally clustering about her, and her wonderful eyes raised to his for a moment with a look in which regard for him and trustfulness in him were strikingly blended with a kind of timid sorrow for him, she was so beautiful that it was well for his peace—or ill for his peace, he did not quite know which—that he had made that vigorous resolution he had so often thought about.

She broke a momentary silence by inquiring if he knew that papa had been thinking of another tour abroad? He said he had heard it mentioned. She broke another momentary silence by adding, with some hesitation, that papa had abandoned the idea.

At this, he thought directly, "They are to be married."

"Mr. Clennam," she said, hesitating more timidly yet, and speaking so low that he bent his head to hear her. "I should very much like to give you my confidence if you would not mind having the goodness to receive it. I should have very much liked to have given it to you long ago, because—I felt that you were becoming so much our friend."

"How can I be otherwise than proud of it at any time! Pray give it to me. Pray trust me."

"I could never have been afraid of trusting you," she returned, raising her eyes frankly to his face. "I think I would have done so some time ago, if I had known how. But I scarcely know how, even now."

"Mr. Gowan," said Arthur Clennam, upon that, "has reason to be very happy. God bless his wife and him!"

She wept, as she tried to thank him. He reassured her, took her hand as it lay with the trembling roses in it on his arm, took the remaining roses from it and put it to his lips. At that time, it seemed to him, he first finally resigned the dying hope that had flickered in nobody's heart, so much to its pain and trouble; and from that time he became in his own eyes, as to any similar hope or prospect, a very much older man who had done with that part of life.

He put the roses in his breast and they walked on for a little while, slowly and silently, under the umbrageous trees. Then he asked her, in a voice of cheerful kindness, was there any thing else that she would say to him as her friend and her father's friend, many years older than herself; was there any trust she would repose in him, any service she would ask of him, any little aid to her happiness that she could give him the lasting gratification of believing it was in his power to render?

She was going to answer, when she was so touched by some little hidden sorrow or sympathy—what could it have been?—that she said, bursting into tears again: "Oh, Mr. Clennam! Good, generous Mr. Clennam! pray tell me I am not to blame!"

"To blame?" said Clennam. "My dearest girl! To blame? No!"

After clasping both her hands upon his arm, and looking confidentially up into his face, with some hurried words to the effect that she thanked him from her heart (as indeed she did, if it be the source of earnestness), she gradually composed herself, with now and then a word of encouragement from him, as they walked on slowly and almost silently under the darkening trees.

"And now, Minnie Gowan," at length said Clennam, smiling; "will you ask me nothing?"

"Oh! I have very much to ask of you."

"That's well! I hoped so; I am not disappointed."

"You know how I am loved at home, and how I love home. You can hardly think it perhaps, dear Mr. Clennam," she spoke with great agitation, "seeing me going from it of my own free-will and choice, but I do so dearly love it!"

"I am sure of that," said Clennam. "Can you suppose I doubt it!"

"No, no. But it is strange even to me that loving it so much and being so much beloved in it, I can bear to cast it away. It seems so neglectful of it, so unthankful."

"My dear girl," said Clennam, "it is in the natural progress and change of time. All homes are left so."

"Yes, I know; but all homes are not left with such a blank in them as there will be in mine when I am gone. Not that there is any scarcity of far better and more endearing and more accomplished girls than I am; not that I am much; but that they have made so much of me!"

Pet's affectionate heart was overcharged, and she sobbed while she pictured what would happen.

"I know what a change papa will feel at first, and I know that at first I can not be to him any thing like what I have been these many years.

And it is then, Mr. Clennam, then more than at any time, that I beg and entreat you to remember him, and sometimes to keep him company when you can spare a little while; and to tell him that you know I was fonder of him when I left him than I ever was in all my life. For there is nobody—he told me so himself when he talked to me this very day—there is nobody he likes so well as you, or trusts so much."

A clew to what had passed between the father and daughter dropped like a heavy stone into the well of Clennam's heart, and splashed the water to his eyes. He said, cheerily, but not quite so cheerily as he tried to say, that it should be done: that he gave her his faithful promise.

"If I do not speak of mamma," said Pet, more moved by, and more pretty in, her innocent grief than Clennam could trust himself even now to consider; for which reason he counted the trees between them and the fading light as they slowly diminished in number; "it is because mamma will understand me better in this action, and will feel my loss in a different way, and will look forward in a different manner. But you know what a dear, devoted mother she is, and you will remember her, too; will you not?"

Let Minnie trust him, Clennam said, let Minnie trust him to do all she wished.

"And, dear Mr. Clennam," said Minnie, "because papa and one whom I need not name, do not fully appreciate and understand one another yet, as they will by-and-by; and because it will be the duty, and the pride, and pleasure of my new life to draw them to a better knowledge of one another, and to be a happiness to one another, and to be proud of one another, and to love one another, both loving me so dearly; oh, as you are a generous, true man! when I am first separated from home (I am going a long distance away) try to reconcile papa to him a little more, and use your great influence to keep him before papa's mind, free from prejudice and in his real form. Will you do this for me, as you are a noble-hearted friend?"

Poor Pet! Self-deceived, mistaken child! When were such changes ever made in men's natural relations to one another: when was such reconcilement of ingrain differences ever effected! It has been tried many times by other daughters, Minnie; it has never succeeded; nothing has ever come of it but failure.

So Clennam thought. So he did not say; it was too late. He bound himself to do all she asked, and she knew full well that he would do it.

They were now at the last tree in the avenue. She stopped, and withdrew her arm. Speaking to him with her eyes lifted up to his, and with the hand that had lately rested on his sleeve, tremblingly touching one of the roses in his breast as an additional appeal to him, she said:

"Dear Mr. Clennam, in my happiness—for I am happy, though you have seen me crying—I can not bear to leave any cloud between us. If you have any thing to forgive me (not any thing that I have willfully done, but any trouble I may have caused you without meaning it, or having it in my power to help it), forgive me to-night out of your noble heart!"

He stooped to meet the guileless face that met his without shrinking. He kissed it, and answered, Heaven knew that he had nothing to forgive. As he stooped to meet the innocent face once again, she whispered "Good by!" and he repeated it. It was taking leave of all his old hopes—all nobody's old restless doubts. They came out of the avenue next moment, arm-in-arm as they had entered it, and the trees seemed to close up behind them in the darkness, like their own perspective of the past.

The voices of Mr. and Mrs. Meagles, and Doyce, were audible directly, speaking near the garden gate. Hearing Pet's name among them, Clennam called out "She is here with me." There was some little wondering and laughing until they came up; but as soon as they had all come together it ceased, and Pet glided away.

Mr. Meagles, Doyce, and Clennam, without speaking, walked up and down on the brink of the river, in the light of the rising moon, for a few minutes; and then Doyce lingered behind and went into the house. Mr. Meagles and Clennam walked up and down together for a few minutes more without speaking, until at length the former broke silence.

"Arthur," said he, using that familiar address for the first time in their communication, "do you remember my telling you, as we walked up and down one fiery morning, looking over the harbor at Marseilles, that Pet's baby sister who was dead seemed to Mother and me to have grown as she had grown, and changed as she had changed?"

"Very well."

"You remember my saying that our thoughts had never been able to separate those twin sisters, and that in our fancy whatever Pet was, the other was?"

"Yes, very well."

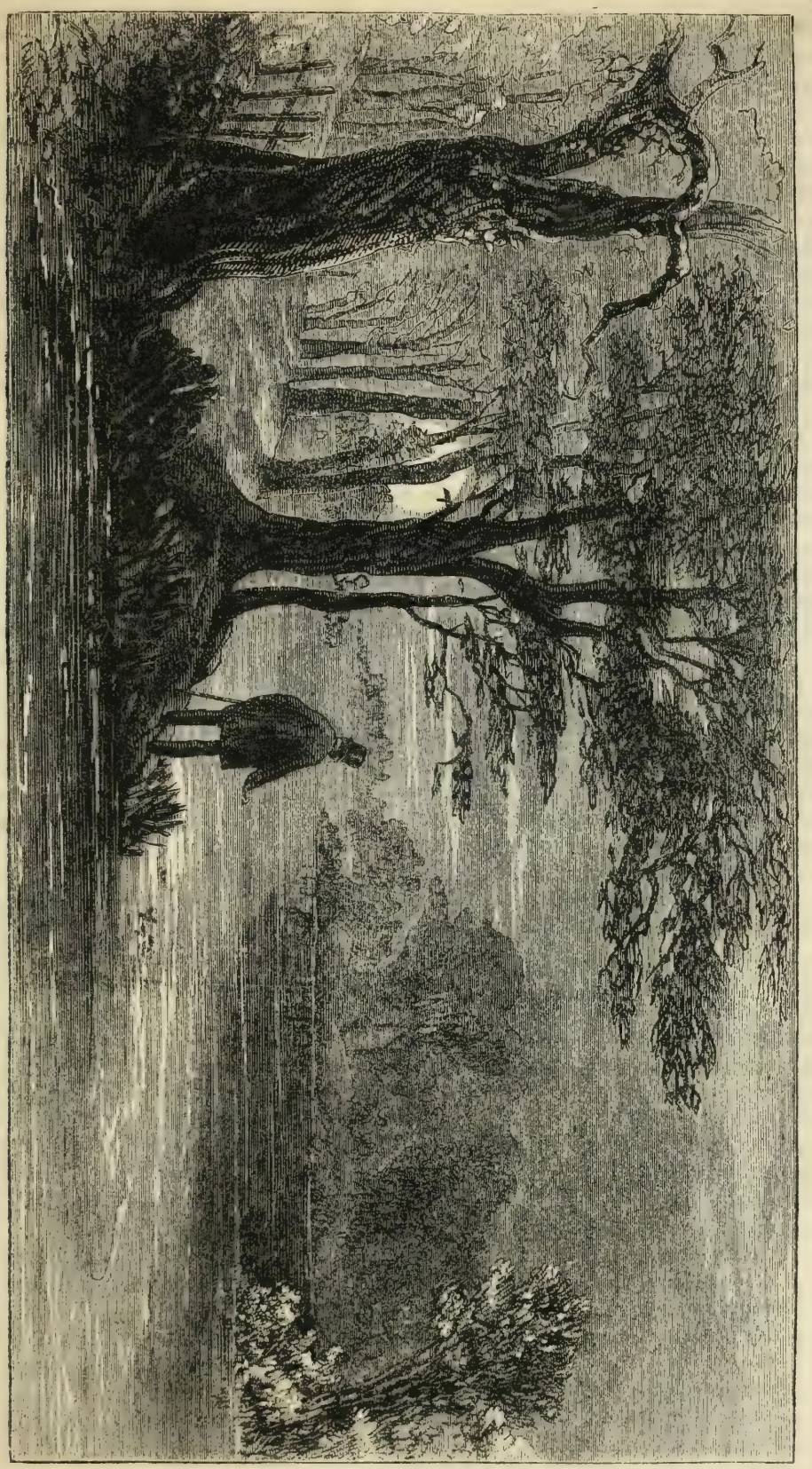
"Arthur," said Mr. Meagles, much subdued, "I carry that fancy further to-night. I feel to-night, my dear Arthur, as if you had loved my dead child very tenderly, and had lost her when she was like what Pet is now."

"Thank you," murmured Clennam, "thank you!" And pressed his hand.

"Will you come in?" said Mr. Meagles, presently.

"In a little while."

Mr. Meagles fell away, and he was left alone. When he had walked on the river's brink in the peaceful moonlight for some half-an-hour, he put his hand in his breast and tenderly took out the handful of roses. Perhaps he put them to his heart, perhaps he put them to his lips, but certainly he bent down on the shore, and gently launched them on the flowing river.



FLOATING AWAY.

Pale and unreal in the moonlight, the river floated them away.

The lights were bright within doors when he entered, and the faces on which they shone, his own face not excepted, were soon quietly cheerful. They talked of many subjects (his partner never had such a ready store to draw upon for the beguiling of the time), and so to bed, and to sleep. While the flowers, pale and unreal in the moonlight, floated away upon the river, and thus do greater things that once were in our breasts and near our hearts, flow from us to the eternal seas.

CHAPTER XXIX.—MRS. FLINTWINCH GOES ON DREAMING.

The house in the city preserved its heavy dullness through all these transactions, and the invalid within it turned the same unvarying round of life. Morning, noon, and

night, morning, noon, and night, each recurring with its accompanying monotony, always the same reluctant return of the same sequences of machinery, like a dragging piece of clockwork.

The wheeled chair had its associated remembrances and reveries, one may suppose, as every place that is made the station of a human being has. Pictures of demolished streets, and altered houses, as they formerly were when the occupant of the chair was familiar with them; images of the people as they too used to be, with little or no allowance made for the lapse of time since they were seen; of these, there must have been many in the long routine of gloomy days. To stop the clock of busy existence at the hour when we were personally sequestered from it; to suppose mankind stricken motionless when we were brought to a stand still; to be unable to measure the changes beyond our view by any larger standard than the shrunken one of our own uniform and contracted existence, is the infirmity of many invalids, and the mental unhealthiness of almost all recluses.

What scenes and actors the stern woman most reviewed as she sat from season to season in her one dark room, none knew but herself. Mr. Flintwinch, with his wry presence, brought to bear upon her daily, like some eccentric mechanical force, would perhaps have screwed it out of her if there had been less resistance in her; but she was too strong for him. So far as Mistress Affery was concerned, to regard her liege lord and her disabled mistress with a face of blank wonder, to go about the house after dark with her apron over her head, always to listen for the strange noises and sometimes to hear them, and never to emerge from her ghostly, dreamy, sleep-waking state, was occupation enough for her.

There was a fair stroke of business doing, as Mistress Affery made out, for her husband had abundant occupation in his little office, and saw more people than had been used to come there for some years. This might easily be, the house having been long deserted, but he did receive letters, and comers, and keep books, and correspond. Moreover, he went about to other counting-houses, and to wharves, and docks, and to the Custom-house, and to Garraway's Coffee-house, and the Jerusalem Coffee-house, and on 'Change, so that he was much in and out. He began, too, sometimes of an evening, when Mrs. Clennam expressed no particular wish for his society, to resort to a tavern in the neighborhood to look at the shipping news and closing prices in the evening paper, and even to exchange small socialities with mercantile sea captains who frequented that establishment. At some period of every day he and Mrs. Clennam held a council on matters of business; and it appeared to Affery, who was always groping about, listening, and watching, that the two clever ones were making money.

The state of mind into which Mr. Flintwinch's dazed lady had fallen, had now begun to be so expressed in all her looks and actions, that she was held in very low account by the two clever ones, as a person, never of strong intellect, who was becoming foolish. Perhaps because her appearance was not of a commercial cast, or, perhaps, because it seemed to him that his having taken her to wife might expose his judgment to doubt in the minds of customers, Mr. Flintwinch laid his commands upon her that she should hold her peace on the subject of their conjugal relations, and should no longer call him Jeremiah out of the domestic trio. Her frequent forgetfulness of this admonition intensified her startled manner, since Mr. Flintwinch's habit of avenging himself on her remissness by making springs after her on the staircase, and shaking her, occasioned her to be always nervously uncertain when she might be thus waylaid next.

Little Dorrit had finished a long day's work in Mrs. Clennam's room, and was neatly gathering up her shreds and odds and ends before going home. Mr. Pancks, whom Affery had just shown in, was addressing an inquiry to Mrs. Clennam on the subject of her health, coupled with the remark that, "happening to find himself in that direction," he had looked in to inquire, on behalf of his proprietor, how she found herself. Mrs. Clennam, with a deep contraction of her brows, was looking at him.

"Mr. Casby knows," said she, "that I am not subject to changes. The change that I await here is the great change."

"Indeed, ma'am?" returned Mr. Pancks, with a wandering eye toward the figure of the little seamstress on her knee picking threads and frayings of her work from the carpet. "You look nicely, ma'am."

"I bear what I have to bear," she answered. "Do you what you have to do."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Mr. Pancks; "such is my endeavor."

"You are very often in this direction, are you not?" asked Mrs. Clennam.

"Why yes, ma'am," said Pancks, "rather so lately; I have lately been round this way a good deal, owing to one thing and another."

"Beg Mr. Casby and his daughter not to trouble themselves, by deputy, about me. When they wish to see me, they know I am here to see them. They have no need to trouble themselves to send. You have no need to trouble yourself to come."

"Not the least trouble, ma'am," said Mr. Pancks. "You really are looking uncommonly nicely, ma'am."

"Thank you. Good-evening."

The dismissal and its accompanying finger pointed straight at the door was so curt and direct that Mr. Pancks did not see his way to prolong his visit. He stirred up his hair with his sprightliest expression, glanced at the little figure again, said "Good-evening, ma'am; don't

come down, Mrs. Affery; I know the road to the door," and steamed out. Mrs. Clennam, her chin resting on her hand, followed him with attentive and darkly-distrustful eyes, and Affery stood looking at her as if she were spell-bound.

Slowly and thoughtfully Mrs. Clennam's eyes turned from the door by which Pancks had gone out to Little Dorrit, rising from the carpet. With her chin drooping more heavily on her hand and her eyes vigilant and lowering, the sick woman sat looking at her until she attracted her attention. Little Dorrit colored under such a gaze, and looked down. Mrs. Clennam still sat intent.

"Little Dorrit," she said, when she at last broke silence, "what do you know of that man?"

"I don't know any thing of him, ma'am, except that I have seen him about, and that he has spoken to me."

"What has he said to you?"

"I don't understand what he has said, he so strange. But nothing rough or disagreeable."

"Why does he come here to see you?"

"I don't know, ma'am," said Little Dorrit, with perfect frankness.

"You know that he does come here to see you?"

"I have fancied so," said Little Dorrit. "But why he should come here or any where, for that, ma'am, I can't think."

Mrs. Clennam cast her eyes toward the ground, and with her strong, set face as intent upon a subject in her mind as it had lately been upon the form that seemed to pass out of her view, sat absorbed. Some minutes elapsed before she came out of this thoughtfulness and resumed her hard composure.

Little Dorrit in the mean while had been waiting to go, but afraid to disturb her by moving. She now ventured to leave the spot where she had been standing since she had risen, and to pass gently round by the wheeled chair. She stopped at its side to say "Good-night, ma'am."

Mrs. Clennam put out her hand, and laid it on her arm. Little Dorrit, confused under the touch, stood faltering. Perhaps some momentary recollection of the story of the Princess may have been in her mind.

"Tell me, Little Dorrit," said Mrs. Clennam. "Have you many friends now?"

"Very few, ma'am. Besides you, only Miss Flora and—one more."

"Meaning," said Mrs. Clennam, with her unbent finger again pointing to the door, "that man?"

"Oh no, ma'am!"

"Some friend of his, perhaps?"

"No, ma'am." Little Dorrit earnestly shook her head. "Oh no! No one at all like him or belonging to him."

"Well!" said Mrs. Clennam, almost smiling. "It is no affair of mine. I ask, because I take an interest in you, and because I believe I was your friend when you had no other who could serve you? Is that so?"

"Yes, ma'am; indeed, indeed it is. I have been here many a time when, but for you and the work you gave me, we should have wanted every thing."

"We," repeated Mrs. Clennam, slowly turning over the watch, once her dead husband's, which always lay upon her table. "Are there many of you?"

"Only father and I, now. I mean, only father and I to keep regularly out of what we get."

"Have you undergone many privations? You and your father, and who else there may be of you?" asked Mrs. Clennam, speaking deliberately, and deliberately turning the watch over and over.

"Sometimes it has been rather hard to live," said Little Dorrit, in her soft voice, and timid, uncomplaining way; "but I think not harder—as to that—than many people find it."

"That's well said!" Mrs. Clennam quickly returned. "That's the truth! You are a good, thoughtful girl. You are a grateful girl too, or I much mistake you."

It is only natural to be that.

"There is no merit in being that," said Little Dorrit, with tears of earnestness in her eyes. "I am indeed."

Mrs. Clennam, with a gentleness of which the dreaming Affery had never dreamed her to be capable, drew down the face of her little seamstress to her, and kissed her on the forehead.

"Now go, Little Dorrit," said she, "or you will be late, poor child!"

In all the dreams Mistress Affery had been piling up since she first became devoted to that pursuit, she had dreamed nothing more astonishing than this. Her head ached with the idea that she would find the other clever one kissing Little Dorrit next, and then the two clever ones embracing each other and dissolving into tears of tenderness for all mankind, as she attended the light footsteps down the stairs, that the house-door might be safely shut.

On opening it to let Little Dorrit out, she found Mr. Pancks, instead of having gone his way, as in any less wonderful place and among less wonderful phenomena he might have been reasonably expected to do, fluttering up and down the court outside the house. The moment he saw Little Dorrit, he passed her briskly, said with his finger to his nose (as Mistress Affery distinctly heard), "Pancks the gipsy, fortune-telling," and went away. "Lord save us, here's a gipsy and a fortune-teller in it now!" cried Mistress Affery. "What next!"

She stood at the open door, staggering herself with this enigma, on a rainy, thundery evening. The clouds were flying fast, the wind was coming up in gusts, banging some neighboring shutters that had broken loose, twirling the rusty chimney-cowls and weathercocks, and rushing round and round a confined adjacent churchyard, as if it had a mind to blow the dead citi-



FIVE-AND-TWENTY.

zens out of their graves. The low thunder, muttering in all quarters of the sky at once, seemed to threaten vengeance for this attempted desecration, and to mutter, "Let them rest!"

Mistress Affery, whose fear of thunder and lightning was only to be equaled by her dread of the haunted house with a premature and preternatural darkness in it, stood undecided whether to go in or not, until the question was settled for her by the door suddenly blowing upon her in a violent gust of wind and shutting her out. "What's to be done now, what's to be done now!" cried Mistress Affery, wringing her hands in this last uneasy dream of all, "when she's all alone by herself inside, and can no more come down to open it than the churchyard dead themselves!"

In this dilemma, Mistress Affery, with her apron as a hood to keep the rain off, ran crying up and down the solitary paved inclosure several times. Why she should then stoop down and look in at the keyhole of the door, as if an eye would open it, it would be difficult to say; but it is none the less what most people would have done in the same situation, and it is what she did.

From this posture she started up suddenly, with a half scream, feeling something cold upon her shoulder. It was the touch of a hand; of a man's hand.

The man was dressed like a traveler, in a foraging cap with fur about it, and a heap of cloak. He looked like a foreigner. He had a quantity of hair and mustache—jet black, except at the shaggy ends, where it had a tinge of red—and a high hook nose. He laughed at Mistress Affery's start and cry; and, as he laughed, his mustache went up under his nose, and his nose came down over his mustache.

"What's the matter?" he asked, in plain English. "What are you frightened at?"

"At you," panted Affery.

"Me, madam?"

"And the dismal evening, and—and everything," said Affery. "And here! The wind has been and blown the door to, and I can't get in."

"Ha!" said the gentleman, who took that very coolly. "Indeed! Do you know such a name as Clennam about here?"

"Lord bless us, I should think I did, I should think I did!" cried Affery, exasperated into a new wringing of hands by the inquiry.

"Where about here?"

"Where!" cried Affery, goaded into another inspection of the key-hole. "Why, where but here in this house? And she's all alone in her room, and lost the use of her limbs and can't stir to help herself or me, and the t'other clever one's out, and Lord forgive me!" cried Affery, driven into a frantic dance by these accumu-

lated considerations, "if I ain't a-going headlong out of my mind!"

Taking a warmer view of the matter now that it concerned himself, the gentleman stepped back to glance at the house, and his eyes soon rested on the long narrow window of the little room near the hall-door.

"Where may the lady be who has lost the use of her limbs, madam?" he inquired, with that peculiar smile which Mistress Affery could not choose but keep her eyes upon.

"Up there!" said Affery. "Them two windows."

"Ha! I am of a fair size, but could not have the power of presenting myself in that room without a ladder. Now, madam, frankly—frankness is a part of my character—shall I open the door for you?"

"Yes, bless you, Sir, for a dear creetur, and do it at once," cried Affery, "for she may be a-calling to me at this very present minute, or may be setting herself a-fire and burning herself to death, or there's no knowing what may be happening to her, and me a-going out of my mind at thinking of it!"

"Stay, my good madam!" He restrained her impatience with a smooth white hand. "Business-hours, I apprehend, are over for the day?"

"Yes, yes, yes," cried Affery. "Long ago."

"Let me make, then, a fair proposal. Fairness is a part of my character. I am just landed from the packet-boat, as you may see." He showed her that his cloak was very wet, and that his boots were saturated with water; she had previously observed that he was disheveled and sallow as if from a rough voyage, and so chilled that he could not keep his teeth from chattering: "I am just landed from the packet-boat, madam, and have been delayed by the weather; the infernal weather! In consequence of this, madam, some necessary business that I should otherwise have transacted here within the regular hours (necessary business because money-business) still remains to be done. Now if you will fetch any authorized neighboring somebody to do it, in return for my opening the door, I'll open the door. If this arrangement should be objectionable, I'll—" and with the same smile he made a significant feint of backing away.

Mistress Affery, heartily glad to effect the proposed compromise, gave in her willing adhesion to it. The gentleman at once entreated her to do him the favor of holding his cloak, took a short run at the narrow window, made a leap at the sill, clung his way up the bricks, and in a moment had his hand at the sash, raising it. His eyes looked so very sinister as he put his leg into the room and glanced round at Mistress Affery, that she thought, with a sudden coldness, if he were to go straight up stairs to murder the invalid, what could she do to prevent him?"

Happily he had no such purpose; for he reappeared, in a moment, at the house-door. "Now, my dear madam, if you'll have the goodness—what the devil's that?"

The strangest of sounds. Evidently close at hand from the peculiar shock it communicated to the air, yet subdued as if it were far off. A tremble, a rumble, and a fall of some light dry matter.

"What the devil is it?"

"I don't know what it is, but I've heard the like of it over and over again," said Affery, who had caught his arm.

He could hardly be a very brave man, even she thought in her dreamy start and fright, for his trembling lips had turned colorless. After listening a few moments he made light of it.

"Bah! Nothing! Now, my dear madam, I think you spoke of some clever personage. Will you be so kind as to confront me with that genius?" He held the door in his hand, as though he were quite ready to shut her out again if she failed.

"Don't you say any thing about the door and me, then," whispered Affery.

"Not a word."

"And don't you stir from here, or speak if she calls, while I run round the corner."

"Madam, I am a statue."

Affery had so vivid a fear of his going stealthily up stairs the moment her back was turned that, after hurrying out of sight, she returned to the gateway to peep at him. Seeing him still on the threshold, more out of the house than in it, as if he had no love for darkness, and no desire to probe its mysteries, she flew into the next street, and sent a message into the tavern to Mr. Flintwinch, who came out directly. The two returning together, the lady in advance, and Mr. Flintwinch coming up briskly behind, animated with the hope of shaking her before she could get housed—saw the gentleman standing in the same place in the dark, and heard the strong voice of Mrs. Clennam calling from her room, "Who is it? what is it? why does no one answer? who is that?"

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

THE Presidential campaign is fairly opened, all parties having made their nominations, and announced the principles upon which the canvass is to be conducted. We have already given the results of the American and Democratic Conventions. The Convention of the Republican Party assembled at Philadelphia, June 17, in accordance with the call of the Pittsburg meeting of February, addressed to "the people of the United States, without regard to past political difference or divisions, who are opposed to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise; to the policy of the present Administration; to the extension of slavery into

free territory; and in favor of the admission of Kansas as a Free State." Hon. Henry S. Lane, of Indiana, was chosen Chairman. A series of resolutions was adopted, as constituting the platform of the party. These are, in substance, as follows: 1. Declares that the Constitution, the rights of the States, and the Union must be preserved. 2. Denies the Constitutional power of Congress, of a Territorial Legislature, or of individuals to give legal assistance to slavery in any Territory of the United States. 3. Affirms that Congress has sovereign power over the Territories, and that it ought to exercise this power to prohibit polygamy and slavery. 4. Declares that the rights of the people of Kansas have been violated, in various ways, which are specified at length; and that this has been done by the sanction and procurement of the present Administration. 5. Urges the admission into the Union of Kansas, with its present Free State Constitution. 6. Denounces the principles in respect to foreign policy embodied in the Ostend Circular. 7. Advocates the construction, by the Federal Government, of a railway to the Pacific, and as an auxiliary thereto, of an emigrant route. 8. Favors appropriations by Congress for the improvement of rivers and harbors. 9. Invites the co-operation of men of all parties, however differing in other respects; and repudiates all legislation impairing the security of liberty of conscience, and equality of rights among citizens. An informal ballot being had for candidates for President and Vice President—the names of Messrs. Seward and Chase having been withdrawn—the result was, for

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Upon a formal ballot being ordered, Mr. Frémont received all the votes, with the exception of 38, and his nomination was then made unanimous. For Vice President, Hon. William L. Dayton, of New Jersey, was nominated upon the first formal ballot.——A Convention of that portion of the American party opposed to the action of the Convention held at Philadelphia, and to the nomination of Mr. Fillmore, assembled at New York, June 12. Hon. Robert Conrad, of Philadelphia, was appointed Chairman. A resolution was adopted that the Convention should, by ballot, declare its preference for candidates for President and Vice President, and that a committee should be appointed to confer with the Republican Convention about to be held at Philadelphia. A portion of the delegates hereupon withdrew, and organized a separate meeting. The Convention proceeded to ballot for candidates for President and Vice President; Hon. N. P. Banks, of Massachusetts, on the tenth ballot, and Hon. William F. Johnston, of Pennsylvania, on the first ballot, received a majority of the votes, and were thereupon declared to be the unanimous preference of the Convention, and their names were presented, as such, to the Republican Convention then in session. That body having, in the meantime, made its choice, the American Convention proceeded to make its definitive nomination, which resulted in favor of Mr. Frémont for President, and Mr. Johnston for Vice President.

The various candidates for the Presidency have published letters accepting the nominations, and defining their positions with more or less minuteness.—Mr. Fillmore, at the time of his nomination, was traveling in Europe, and his letter of acceptance was written in Paris on the 21st of May. He says that at the close of his administration, in 1853, he considered his public life as closed, and he had since taken no active part in politics; but having received the nomination, he accepted it, without waiting to inquire of its prospects of success or defeat, yielding to the wishes of those who desired that the government should be restored to its early purity, and that an end should be put to sectional agitation. Should he be elected, his past conduct would be the exponent of his future course, which would be directed with a scrupulous regard to maintaining the rights of every section of the Union. He fully acceded to the principles laid down by the Convention which nominated him, and regarded the American party as the only one having power to silence sectional agitation and restore harmony to the country. On the 21st of June Mr. Fillmore arrived at New York, and after an honorable reception from the authorities and citizens, he proceeded to his home in Buffalo. Public meetings were held at various intermediate places, at which he spoke in elucidation of his opinions and principles. "We see," said he, at Albany, "a political party presenting candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency, selected, for the first time, from the Free States alone, with the avowed purpose of electing those candidates by suffrages from one part of the Union only, to rule over the whole United States. Can it be possible that those who have engaged in such a measure have seriously reflected upon the consequences that must follow in case of success? Can they have the madness or folly to believe that our Southern brethren would submit to be governed by such a Chief Magistrate? Suppose that the South, having a majority of the electoral votes, should declare that they would have only slaveholders for President and Vice President, and should elect such by their exclusive suffrages to rule over us, would we submit to it? And are our Southern brethren less sensitive on this subject, or less jealous of their rights than ourselves? Those who think so are mistaken. And therefore if this sectional party succeeds, it leads inevitably to dissolution of this beautiful fabric reared by our forefathers, cemented by their blood, and bequeathed to us as a priceless inheritance."——Mr. Buchanan, in accepting the nomination, cordially adopts the resolutions constituting the Democratic platform. "To this platform," he says, "I intend to confine myself throughout the canvass, believing that I have no right, as the candidate of the Democratic party, by answering interrogatories, to present new and different issues before the people." No party, he says, "founded on religious or political intolerance toward one class of American citizens, whether born in our own or a foreign land, can long continue to exist in this country." The Kansas-Nebraska Act, he says, gives the force of law to the elementary principle of self-government, in relation to slavery in the Territories, by leaving the people free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way. Any other principle, in relation to the Territories, would be vain and illusory, because, after a Territory had become a State, and entered the Union, there would be no constitutional power to prevent it from either establishing or abolishing slavery according to its sovereign will and pleasure. The agitation of the subject of slavery, Mr. Buchanan says, has produced great evil and no good, and he pledges himself, in the case of his election, that "all the power and influence constitutionally possessed by the Executive shall be exerted, in a firm but conciliatory spirit,

during the single term that he shall remain in office, to restore the same harmony among the sister States which prevailed before this apple of discord, in the form of slavery agitation, had been cast into their midst." In reference to foreign policy, Mr. Buchanan says that no human foreknowledge can prescribe positive rules in advance for all the exigencies that may arise; but he shall never depart from the principle that our foreign policy should be based upon the rule of doing justice to all nations, and requiring justice from them in return: he shall therefore use his best exertions to cultivate peace and friendship with all nations; but shall never forget that in case necessity should arise, our national honor must be preserved at all hazards and at any sacrifice.

The Kansas Investigation Committee, appointed by the House of Representatives, has presented a long and elaborate report, giving a history of the events that have taken place in the Territory since its organization, and attributing all the disorders that have there occurred to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. Before any elections had been held in Kansas, says the Report, a secret society was formed in Missouri, having for its object the extension of slavery into Kansas and the other Territories, not only by aiding and inducing actual emigrants to go from the Slave States, but by sending men merely to vote at the elections; and every election held in the Territory has been controlled by citizens of Missouri, who not only voted illegally, but prevented actual settlers from voting. Thus, at the election for delegate to Congress, held November 29, 1854, the number of votes cast was 2843, of which 1729 were illegal. Of the whole number of votes, 2268 were given for Mr. Whitfield, who at this time received a majority of the legal votes for delegate for that term. In February, 1855, a census was taken by the order of the Governor, and an election for members of the Legislature was appointed to be held on the 30th of March. By an organized movement, companies of men were sent into every district, with but a single exception, and so distributed as entirely to control the election. The census showed that the number of persons in the Territory entitled to vote was 2905; yet the whole number of votes given was 6320, and a large proportion of the legal electors were deterred from voting. Of the 2905 whose names are found in the census, only 831 appear on the poll-books. From a comparison of the census with the poll lists, and from other evidence, the Committee report that only 1310 legal votes were cast, out of the whole 6320. The Pro-Slavery candidates received 5427, and the Free-State candidates 791 votes, the remainder being scattering. The result was that every Member of the Council, and every Representative but one, declared elected, belonged to the Pro-Slavery party. If the election had been confined to actual settlers, undeterred by the presence of non-residents, the Committee report that the evidence before them indicates that a majority of the Legislature would have been in favor of making Kansas a Free State. The Report proceeds to discuss the action of Governor Reeder in granting and refusing certificates to the delegates declared elected; the nature of the laws passed by this Territorial Legislature; and then treats of the various elections since held in the Territory, including that of October 1, 1855, under which Mr. Whitfield now claims his seat as delegate in Congress; that of March 30, 1855, under which the seat was contested by Mr. Reeder; that of December 15, 1855, by which the State Constitution was adopted; and that of January 15, 1856, for officers under the State Constitution. It concludes with a summary of the conclusions which the majority of the Committee consider established by the testimony: 1. That every election held under the Territorial laws has been carried by organized invasions from Missouri. 2. That the Territorial Legislature was illegally constituted, and its acts are therefore void. 3. That these alleged laws have been generally used for wrongful purposes. 4. That the election under which Mr. Whitfield holds his seat was not valid. 5. That the election under which Mr. Reeder contests the seat was likewise invalid. 6. That Mr. Reeder received a greater number of legal votes than Mr. Whitfield. 7. That a new and fair election can not be held in the Territory without a new census, a stringent election-law, the selection of impartial judges, and the protection of United States troops. 8. That the various elections held preliminary to the formation of a State Government have been as regular as the condition of the Territory would allow; and that the Constitution formed in consequence of these elections embodies the will of the majority of the people. This Report is signed by Messrs. Howard and Sherman, a majority of the Committee; but it is understood that Mr. Oliver, the other Member, will present a counter-report.

The Committee on the Territories, in the House of Representatives, reported a bill for the immediate admission of Kansas as a State, with the Topeka Constitution. It was rejected, June 30, by a majority of one—106 Nays, 105 Yeas. The next day a reconsideration of this vote was moved by Mr. Barclay, of Pennsylvania; the motion prevailed by a majority of two; and on the 3d of July the bill was passed by a majority of two—99 Yeas, 97 Nays.—In the Senate several propositions in reference to the affairs of Kansas have been submitted, all of which were referred to the Committee on Territories, who reported a bill, through their chairman, Mr. Douglass. This bill, as reported, provides that a Commission of five persons shall be appointed by the President, with the advice and consent of the Senate, who shall make an enumeration of all the legal voters actually resident in Kansas on the 4th day of July. They are then to divide the Territory into election districts. Copies of the census, specifying the name of each voter, are to be sent to each county, which shall remain open for inspection and correction until the 20th day of October. The lists as corrected are then to be printed, and copies to be sent to each election district; no person to be allowed to vote whose name is not contained in these lists. All white citizens of the age of 21 years (including foreigners who have declared their intentions of becoming citizens) to be eligible to vote in the county where they had resided for three months. An election of delegates to be held on the first Monday of November; the delegates then chosen to meet on the first Monday of December, to form a Constitution and State Government, if they deem it expedient so to do. The bill provides that the Government so framed shall be republican in form, and that no laws shall be passed infringing the rights secured by the Constitution of the United States. It also contains provisions for punishing illegal voting, and interference with the freedom

of the election. Mr. Collamer presented a Minority Report, opposing the bill, mainly on the ground that a large portion of the actual citizens in favor of making Kansas a Free State had been forcibly driven from the Territory during the late disturbances, and as they would not be actual residents on the 4th of July, they would be deprived of the privilege of voting; violence would thus be encouraged by being rewarded with success. In the course of the discussion which ensued various amendments were made to the bill, as reported by the Committee. The most important of these were: that of Mr. Adams, of Mississippi, excluding foreigners who had filed their intentions of becoming citizens from the lists of voters (adopted, 22 to 16); that of Mr. Geyer, of Missouri, that no law shall be valid which shall require a test oath, or an oath to support any act of Congress, or any Legislative act, as a qualification for the exercise of any profession, or for the right to vote or act as juror, or which shall restrain or prohibit free discussion on any law or subject of legislation proposed within the Territory (adopted, 40 to 3); and that of Mr. Douglass, providing that actual residents of the Territory, at any period since its organization, who may have left in consequence of the late disturbances, who shall return prior to the first day of October, with a view of permanently residing in the Territory, shall, if otherwise qualified, be entitled to vote (adopted unanimously). The bill, as amended, was passed in the Senate by the vote of 33 to 12, and was sent to the House for concurrence.

In *California* very serious disturbances have taken place. The immediate occasion was the murder of Mr. James King, the Editor of the San Francisco *Evening Bulletin*, by James P. Casey, Editor of the *Sunday Times*. Casey, who had been an inmate of the State Prison of Sing Sing, New York, became somewhat prominent as a politician on his arrival in California. Mr. King, in his paper, referred to this, and charged Casey with having fraudulently procured his election to office. On the 14th of May Casey shot Mr. King in the street; an intense excitement was at once aroused, which resulted in the organization of a Vigilance Committee, on the model of that of 1851. Thousands of the leading citizens armed and enrolled themselves on this committee. In two or three days the organization was complete, when they proceeded to the prison where Casey was confined, and compelled the officers to surrender him, together with Charles Cora, a notorious gambler and murderer, who had escaped punishment owing to the disagreement of the jury by whom he had been tried. Mr. King died on the 18th, and his funeral took place on the 22d. It was the most imposing ceremony ever held in the State. In the meanwhile, Casey and Cora had been tried by the Vigilance Committee, found guilty, and sentenced to be hung. The sentence was carried into effect in the open street, in front of the rooms of the Vigilance Committee, while the funeral of Mr. King was being celebrated. The Committee now determined to deal with the desperadoes and bullies who infested the city, and had acquired a controlling influence in the elections. Some were warned to leave, others were arrested and confined for trial. Among these was a notorious ruffian, known in New York as "Yankee Sullivan," a native of Ireland, his real name being Francis Murray. He had been transported for crime committed in Great Britain, been sentenced to the State Prison in New York, and escaped a like punishment in Massachusetts by forfeiting his bail. In California he became a judge of elections, and was charged with frauds in that capacity. He committed suicide while in confinement, leaving behind a confession implicating a number of persons as his accomplices. The opponents of the Committee held a mass meeting on the 2d of June, but the sentiment of the community appeared to be adverse to them. The Governor has issued a proclamation calling out the militia, and at the latest dates there was imminent danger of an armed collision between the authorities and the adherents of the Vigilance Committee.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

In *Mexico* the draft of a constitution has been reported to Congress. The decree preventing the return of the Jesuits has been annulled.—Apprehensions exist of a war with Spain, who has made demands for the payment of an indemnity for injuries inflicted upon Spanish subjects, and sent a fleet to Vera Cruz to enforce the demand.——The losses of the *Costa Ricans*, in their invasion of Nicaragua, have been even greater than was reported. The action of the remaining States of Central America is still undecided. General Walker seems likely to hold his ground, though greatly embarrassed by want of money and provisions, and by sickness in his army.

EUROPE.

In *England* the intelligence of the dismissal of Mr. Crampton and the recognition of the Walker Government excited much alarm, and the action of the British Government was awaited with great anxiety. After some days' deliberation it was formally announced by the Ministers that it had been determined not to dismiss Mr. Dallas, and that Government was ready to open negotiations in respect to the Central American question.—The conclusion of peace was celebrated with much display on the 29th of May, the Queen's birth-day. We give in another place an account of the fireworks and illuminations in the metropolis.—The public mind has been much interested in the trial, conviction, and execution of Palmer, the poisoner. The trial was concluded on the 27th of May, having occupied twelve days; and the execution took place on the 13th of June.

The southern and central portions of *France* have been desolated by fearful inundations. The valleys of the Loire, the Rhone, and their tributaries were overflowed. At Lyons the damage was prodigious. The lower part of the town was flooded. In some places the waters reached the fourth stories of the houses. In spite of every effort, the loss of lives was great, and the destruction of property almost incalculable. Scores of thousands of people have been made homeless. The Emperor set off at once for the scene of devastation, giving orders, and personally relieving the sufferers. He spent ten days in the inundated regions, and was every where received with the most unbounded applause. Subscriptions to a large amount have been made in every quarter to relieve the sufferers.—The baptism of the Imperial Infant was celebrated in the church of Nôtre Dame, with the utmost pomp, on the 14th of June. The ceremony was performed by Cardinal Patrizzi, who had been dispatched by the Pope for that special purpose.

Literary Notices.

The Physiology of the Senses, by A. B. Johnson. (Derby and Jackson.) The purport of this volume is by no means indicated in its modest title. It contains no anatomical exposition of the organs of sensation, presents no conclusions founded on the results of the scalpel or the dissecting-table, but sets forth an acute analysis of the various kinds of knowledge obtained by observation of the material world. Hence it is to be regarded as a contribution to metaphysical rather than to physical science. Not that it deals in theories and conjectures, which have so long been the opprobrium of that branch of learning that they have come to be considered by many as its essential characteristic. On the contrary, few scientific treatises are marked by a more sturdy adherence to facts. The author is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the inductive system, and never forgets that the secrets of Nature are to be detected only by a vigilant watching of her operations. But the facts which he places in the crucible of his sharp analysis are the facts of consciousness, not of the external world, and although originally derived from the senses, are studied after they have gained a lodgment in the mind. The problem with which he grapples is, in truth, only a portion of the great problem of all metaphysics—to determine the boundaries, validity, and contents of human knowledge by referring it to its original sources in the organization of our nature. For the solution of this problem Mr. Johnson has the advantage of being a thinker rather than a scholar. His work shows little erudition, but great reflection. In the process of investigation he has consulted no previous writer, but has relied entirely on his own observation. He was prompted to his task by the necessities of his intellect, and his volume, accordingly, betrays the mental freedom and loyalty which, in their combination, are far more attractive to the lover of truth than any pretensions to rhetorical skill. Both in form and matter it boldly deviates from conventional usage, never aiming at popular effect, and challenging no interest in the reader, except his interest in the questions to which it is devoted.

The leading theorems of the volume are marked by great simplicity. Their importance is not always obvious until their consequences are developed in the stringent applications suggested by the author. Thus his elimination from the notices of each of the senses of what belongs to the domain of the other, at first view, seems to furnish but a series of truisms, until we discover that it is an integral part of a process that is equally essential to the clearness, certainty, and discrimination of thought in general. But the habit, which the perusal of this work tends to establish, of questioning the different sources of knowledge, and allowing no legitimacy to one within the sphere of another, is an invaluable aid in the pursuit of truth. Mr. Johnson, indeed, only opens the subject—he does not exhaust it—for his analysis of the functions of the respective senses might well be applied to all the intellectual and emotional faculties with which our nature is endowed. Thus, while the apparently insignificant propositions, that "seeing can inform us of nothing but sights," "hearing can inform us of nothing but sounds," and the like, lead to results of unexpected comprehensiveness, it might be shown, with equal benefit in the sphere of the intellect, that "imagination can furnish nothing but images," "the logical faculty nothing but deductions," and are powerless beyond their own limits; or in the sphere of the emotions, that "benevolence can teach us only what is kind," "justice can teach us only what is equitable," and invading each other's bounds produces only confusion. Mr. Johnson has a singularly distinct perception of the special function of each sense; and his analysis, in that relation, applied to the whole domain of the intellect and the emotions, would produce conclusions of no small value in psychological science.

Lectures read to the Seniors in Harvard College, by Edward T. Channing. (Ticknor and Fields.) Professor Channing honorably represents a bygone phase of Massachusetts scholarship. He was born just ten years before the commencement of the present century, and soon after its first decade assumed an active part in our youthful literature. In 1814 he aided in the establishment of a club of young men, under whose auspices the *North American Review*, the earliest periodical which has gained a permanent foothold in this country, had its origin. The first intention of the movers in this undertaking was to found a bi-monthly magazine, devoted to criticism, poetry, political discussion, and general literature. Several of the most accomplished scholars in Boston and the vicinity were enlisted in the plan. At the head of the enterprise was Mr. Willard Phillips, at that time a recent graduate of Cambridge, a tutor in the University, and a scholar whose keen intellectual tastes gave promise of the distinction which he has since attained in the most exacting of the liberal professions. Among his coadjutors were several persons whose names have been conspicuous both in literature and in public life, including President Kirkland, George Cabot, James Lloyd, Josiah Quincy, Richard H. Dana, and George Ticknor, besides the author of these Lectures. The project of the magazine was ultimately merged in the arrangements for a periodical of a wider scope, pursuant to which the first number of the *North American Review* was issued in May 1815, under the editorial superintendence of Mr. William Tudor. Two years after, the *Review* passed into the hands of a club, composed of the members of the original club and a few others, among whom were Jared Sparks, John Gallison, William Powell Mason, and Nathan Hale. After being edited for a year by Mr. Sparks, the *Review* was intrusted to the charge of Mr. Channing, who devoted himself to its interests with ardor and success. He was assisted in his duties by his cousin, Mr. Richard H. Dana, both being under the age of thirty, but already distinguished for their comprehensive knowledge of English literature, and their critical severity of taste. The *North American Review*, at this early stage of its existence, acquired a reputation for sound and elegant scholarship, a genial enthusiasm for good letters, and a profound appreciation of the great masters of a past age, which has never been surpassed in the numerous editorial changes that mark its subsequent history. Mr. Channing contributed several papers of a high order of criticism, showing the maturity of judgment, refinement of taste, and vigor of expression which were eminently characteristic of his mind, and which were soon to find a most appropriate and congenial field for their exercise. This was the Professorship of

Rhetoric and Oratory in Harvard College, to which office he was appointed in the autumn of 1819. He was then just twenty-eight years of age. He continued to discharge the active duties of the Professorship for thirty-two years, when, according to a long-cherished determination, he resigned the position upon reaching his sixtieth year. His influence in this office was no less benign in its character than it was extensive in its bearings. The students who shared the benefit of his instructions are now scattered by thousands in all parts of our land. Not one of them but will acknowledge the kindly impulse that was given to his literary aspirations both by the example and the precepts of the frank-hearted professor. "He was their adviser and guide in their reading—that which develops the minds, and so much forms the tastes and influences the opinions of the young. Not merely by his course of lectures and by private interviews, but also in the voluntary reading-classes that met at his study, he drew them from the fascinations of the superficial, brilliant favorites of the day, to the writers of deep thought, elevated sentiments, and pure style. During the term of his professorship he outlived many fashions of opinion and taste in literature and elocution. For thirty years and more he stood a breakwater against the tides and currents of false and misleading fashions; and under that lee, in calmer airs, and in smoother but not less deep water, the student was protected in his feebler and less skillful early efforts. Many will recall the quiet, keen, epigrammatic satire, that he used so sparingly and so well, with which he gave a death-wound to the popularity of some ill-deserving favorite in oratory or poetry."

The present volume consists of a portion of the lectures which, in the course of his official duties, Professor Channing was in the habit of reading to the successive classes in the University. In the selection of topics for discussion they do not widely deviate from the beaten track, but in the mode of treatment they exhibit the originality, independence, and peculiar tastes of the author. Blended with the usual course of remark on the principles of composition and delivery, we find many admirable views on collateral subjects—such as the influence and authority of literary tribunals, the most judicious habits of reading, the preparation of the writer for his work, and the foundation and character of literary fame. The thoughts come fresh from the author's mind, and make a no less deep impression by their transparent sincerity and earnestness, than by their singular union of exquisite taste with acute common sense. With rare modesty of statement, they present the conclusions of a sagacious literary judgment, and clothed in characteristic propriety of costume, they furnish a fitting memorial of a sturdy pioneer of American literature. A brief memoir of Professor Channing, by Richard H. Dana, Jun., executed with ability and taste, forms an appropriate introduction to the volume.

Six Months in Kansas, by a LADY. (J. P. Jewett and Co.) The author of this little work is a lady of cultivation and talent, who early last autumn was induced to join a party of New England emigrants in search of the promised land. They found any thing but milk and honey in Kansas. Her experience was of the saddest character. Besides the usual privations incident to a new country, she was soon called to encounter trials of peculiar aggravation. First, the confusion of domestic arrangements, then disease, and, finally the horrors of civil war, filled her cup of bitterness to overflowing. Upon the return of spring she was glad to leave the prospects of the prairie for the bleak hills of New England. The value of her book consists in its being a simple and unpretending record of facts. In the form of letters to her mother at home, she draws a faithful picture of the daily perilous life of the emigrant in Kansas, giving a singularly artless but impressive illustration of womanly courage and fortitude amidst dangers that might well appall the stoutest heart. Her narrative possesses a profound interest, and inspires equal respect for the character of the writer and sympathy with her cruel forest experiences.

Western Africa: Its History, Condition, and Prospects, by Rev. J. LEIGHTON WILSON. (Harper and Brothers.) The curious details concerning the manners and customs of "Negroland" given in the last number of our Magazine were derived from this unique volume. With such a taste of its quality our readers are prepared to judge for themselves of its merits. Mr. Wilson certainly enjoyed rare opportunities for obtaining materials for its composition, and the result is a work of equal interest to the ethnological student and the general reader. No previous traveler has so fully laid open that portion of interior Africa which was subjected to his observation, nor can such accurate and graphic notices of the social and domestic life of the negro tribes be obtained from any other source with which we are acquainted.

Peter Gott, the Cape Ann Fisherman, by G. REYNOLDS, M. D. (J. P. Jewett and Co.) Redolent of the salt breezes of Massachusetts Bay, this piscatory narrative derives its materials from the hard realities of a fisherman's life rather than from the inventions of fancy. Whether Peter Gott stands for a veritable maritime hero of Cape Ann, or is only endowed with a romantic existence to serve as the representative of his class, is a matter of little consequence; but the modest history of his career presents a genuine picture of a special phase of life and character, the prototypes of which are thickly scattered on certain portions of the New England shore. As exhibited in this volume, Peter is a specimen of the adventurous, robust, large-handed, and large-hearted fishermen, who ply their exciting trade on our northeasterly coast, enduring fearful dangers, extraordinary hazards, and inevitable hardships, for the sake of moderate gains. His experience embodies that of many ancient mariners who have grown old, without growing rich. A competence, however, rewards Peter for a life of patient industry, and in the possession of public esteem and private happiness, he leaves the world, at an advanced age, with no reason to grumble at fisherman's luck. His adventures are described in a style of unpretending simplicity, in perfect keeping with the character of the theme, and more forcible than any attempt at rhetorical embellishment.

A new edition of the *History of the American Bible Society*, by the Rev. Dr. STRICKLAND, is published by Harper and Brothers. It contains a complete account of the operations of the Society, in a consecutive form, from its original establishment in 1816 to the close of the past year. During that period the Society has aided in the distribution of the Scriptures in one hundred and thirty-eight different languages or dialects, including no

less than one hundred and sixty versions. The efforts of the Board of Managers to introduce the Bible into foreign countries form a curious chapter in its history, and furnish the writer with a theme which he has treated in an able and interesting manner.

Clara; or, Slave Life in Europe, is a translation from Haklander, a German writer, who is introduced by a highly encomiastic preface from the pen of Sir Archibald Alison. Without attaching too great importance to the critical oracles of the learned historian, who regards Haklander as the rival of Dickens "in graphic description of character and occasional pathetic power," we may pronounce this story to be a vivid exhibition of the social state of numerous classes in Europe, illustrated by frequent touches of genuine dramatic effect. The chief representative of European slave life is Clara, a popular ballet dancer, whose dependence on public caprice is intended to shadow forth the subjection of the artist to inferior minds in the present state of civilization, and to suggest the need of more powerful guarantees for mental freedom. Naïve description and lively dialogue are happily combined in the execution of the work. (Harper and Brothers).

The selections, entitled *Wit and Wisdom of the Rev. Sydney Smith*, by EVERT A. DUYCKINCK, present an agreeable taste of the Attic salt, English sense, and French vivacity of the incomparable ecclesiastical humorist. In his happiest productions Sydney always improves upon acquaintance. The real depth of his reflections is often concealed by the gay sparkle of persiflage which plays upon the surface. But the more he is read the deeper will be the impression of his eminent sagacity, his acute practical wisdom, and his knowledge of human nature, as well as of his kindly humor and generous heart. Mr. Duyckinck has executed his task under the influence of admiration for his subject, and a familiar acquaintance with his many-sided writings. The selections are made with scholar-like tact, and the memoir prefixed to the volume comprehends the well-known incidents in the life of the brilliant Sydney in a graceful and pleasing narrative. (J. S. Redfield.)

John Halifax (published by Harper and Brothers) is the latest production of the author of "Olive," an English novel-writer, who knows how to find the way to the heart by apparently slight and simple combinations. The hero of the story has risen from the lowest dregs of society to fortune and position by the force of innate integrity of character and determined energy of will. He is often placed in somewhat improbable situations, but his conduct never fails to be marked by natural courage, strong mother-wit, and a triumphant sense of honor and propriety. The brave affectionateness of Ursula, her sweet conjugal devotion, and her unfailing womanly dignity in every change of scene, admirably blend with the robust virtues of John Halifax, and create a perpetual interest in their fortunes. Few passages in recent fiction are more touching than the closing chapter of this novel, which completes a domestic history, marked throughout by simple pathos.

Rachel and the New World, translated from the French of LEON BEAUVALLET, is a farcical description of the author's experience of American life while traveling in this country as a member of Raphael Felix's dramatic troupe. It is brimful of caricature, astounding exaggeration, and rattle-headed vivacity. In the estimation of the gay tragedian, Paris is Paradise—no other place is fit to live in—the United States is overrun by barbarians and buffaloes—and New York, with its sad, dismal ways, is gloomy enough to break the heart of a European. The infinite conceit of the author, and his occasional flashes of true humor, make his book sufficiently amusing, and no one but will smile at his merriment at the expense of the "New World." (Dix, Edwards, and Co.)

CHARLES LEVER'S *Martins of Cro' Martin* is one of his characteristic Irish stories founded on the political struggles of 1829. (Harper and Brothers.)

The Earnest Man is the title of a new biography of the late Rev. ADONIRAM JUDSON, by Mrs. H. C. CONANT, presenting the life and labors of that missionary hero in a compact volume, adapted to the wants of the generality of readers. Though containing few new facts in addition to those embodied in the voluminous work of President Wayland, its arrangement and prevailing tone bear the impress of the author's excellent taste, and render it an admirable piece of biographical composition. (Phillips, Sampson, and Co.)

An original novel, entitled *Helen Lincoln*, by Miss CARRIE CAPRON (published by Harper and Brothers), presents an unpretending delineation of character in a natural style, without seeking for effect in improbable incidents, or melodramatic exaggeration. Its truthfulness of feeling and pure moral tone will recommend it to intelligent readers.

A New Chapter in the Early Life of Washington, by JOHN PICKELL, describes the connection of Washington with the Potomac Company, which was formed soon after the Revolution for the purpose of opening an internal communication between the waters of the Atlantic and the Ohio River. The author, who was one of the Board of Directors of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company for several years, obtained access in his official capacity to a mass of documents on the subject, which he has here reduced to an interesting historical narrative, illustrated by a copious selection from the private correspondence of Washington. The volume presents ample testimony to the practical energy of the great American chief, and to his ardent zeal in the work of internal improvement. (D. Appleton and Co.)

The Tongue of Fire, by WILLIAM ARTHUR, aims to exhibit the true power of Christianity, by reference to the effects of the effusion of the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost. Contrasting the Christian life and ministry of the present day with those of the primitive believers, it sets forth a variety of practical lessons for the warning and instruction of the Church. The work is marked by fervor of spirit, urgency of appeal, and vigorous eloquence of expression. (Harper and Brothers.)

The second volume of Mr. Senator BENTON'S *Thirty Years' View* is issued by Appleton and Co., bringing that elaborate work to a close. It extends from the accession of Mr. Van Buren to the Presidency to the first year of Mr. Fillmore's administration. As an index to the great political measures of that period, the work is invaluable to the historical reader as well as to the statesman, while the nervous comments of the author on the course of legislation, without professing to exhibit a philosophic impartiality, shed a brilliant light on the management of parties and the secret springs of Congressional action.

Editor's Table.

NATIONS, like individuals, acquire rights and incur obligations by the mere effect of their birth. Their existence endows them with a *prima facie* right to exist unmolested by their neighbors, to exercise dominion over their own territory, to regulate the terms on which their component citizens shall live together, to enjoy the undivided use of the earth, air, water within their boundaries, to be tenants in common with the rest of the world of the open seas; and they can not be deprived of these rights, gratuitously, without injustice. In return, they owe to the world—as the citizen to the community—a duty of rectitude, usefulness, and progress. This duty is the condition of their rights; neglect of the one involves a corresponding forfeiture of the other. The forfeiture can not always be enforced, for want of competent tribunals before which offending nations can be arraigned; but the penalty will not have been the less incurred though the culprit escape its infliction. No doctrine flows more clearly from natural principles than that which declares that a nation which willfully neglects the duty of usefulness and progress forfeits its claims to safety, dominion, and existence.

Purely abstract as it seems, this doctrine is receiving a practical recognition in many parts of the world at the present day. It is being enforced by British power in Hindostan. It spreads a shield over violations of municipal law in Central America. Its operation on the Eastern coast of Asia is distinctly foreshadowed. This has therefore seemed a fitting opportunity to inquire how the United States have discharged their duty of usefulness and progress; to balance their account current with the world, and to determine whether, on their eightieth birthday, they figure as debtors or creditors of mankind at large. The inquiry might be indefinitely extended were its whole scope embraced. It is believed that some service has been rendered to humanity by the American solution of the democratic experiment. In a moral and religious point of view the United States may lay claim to something. Nor could it be safely said that the Republic has lived eighty years in vain for abstract science and letters. But, however curious and profitable it would be to cast up these several accounts in the world's ledger, it is only proposed in this place to inquire (and that very briefly) into one branch of material progress; to ask, what have the United States done for the betterment of man's physical condition? what new discoveries and inventions have they added to the world's stock since they became a nation?

It must have seemed of good omen to superstitious minds, eighty years ago, that the independence of the American colonies and their erection into a sovereign state were so nearly simultaneous with the invention by Americans of the lightning-rod and the steamboat. It was during intervals of relaxation from political duties that Franklin devised the former; poor Fitch thought out the latter while busied in repairing old continental muskets. Two more truly great inventions it would be difficult to specify. The lightning-rod has traveled round the world, and has saved more lives and property than we who take it as a matter of course could venture to estimate. Nor has the primitive rod been materially improved, though it has furnished a basis for so many patents. François Arago, dying, left it as his settled opinion that Franklin's rod was the best that has been made; and that, whatever builders have ignorantly asserted, it is a complete shield against lightning, if properly constructed. And it is but one of Franklin's noble legacies. His electrical experiments were the parent of all subsequent discoveries and inventions connected with electricity. To him the world owes the knowledge which led to the telegraph, the electroplate, the electrotype. Every fresh adaptation of electricity is a stone added to his monument. When the lightning is taught to illumine our streets, and to propel carriages, science will still bear witness that these wonderful works are only improvements of his bequest. Electricity is Franklin's.

Dispute has needlessly arisen about the invention of the steamboat. If there were either sense or fruit in tracing undeveloped ideas to their origin, we might detect the germ of the steamboat in Egyptian conceptions three thousand years old. We had better stick to facts and tangible objects. They suffice for history, and also for the fame of all the rival claimants. Watt's invention of the first truly practical steam-engine does not detract from the merit of Papin's discovery of the condenser, or his application of the piston-rod; nor is their merit less because Fitch, Rumsey, and Fulton first utilized their labors in the construction of steamboats. Fitch and Rumsey were contemporaries and rivals. In 1788, Rumsey's boat was propelled by steam against the current of the Potomac at the rate of five miles an hour; about the same time Fitch's boat made eight miles an hour on the Delaware. Fitch obtained patents from New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, etc.; Rumsey obtained a patent in Virginia, another in England, and a certificate from General Washington. They quarreled, wrote pamphlets against each other, came to open battle before the Pennsylvania Legislature. Nothing came either of their dispute or their invention but sorrow for both. "I confess," says Fitch, "that the thought of a steamboat, which first struck me by accident about the middle of April, 1785, hath hitherto been very unfortunate to me: the perplexities and embarrassments through which it has caused me to wade far exceed any thing that the common course of life ever presented to my view." Both inventions were allowed to fall to the ground: the inventors died, wretchedly—Rumsey in England, having narrowly escaped a prison for debt; Fitch in Kentucky, in poverty, praying with his last breath that they would lay him by the side of the Ohio, where "the music of the steam-engine might soothe his spirit."

Nineteen years after their successful experiments the *Clermont* was launched at New York. Fulton possessed the remarkable advantages of European experience, a European reputation, and British machinery. He had powerful and wealthy connections. Chancellor Livingston was his partner; the State his munificent patron; foreign governments his friends. A very different sort of man, obviously, from poor John Fitch and James Rumsey: he could afford to launch bitter contempt at the unbelieving crowd which witnessed his experi-

ment. The *Clermont*—the first successful steamboat in the world—was launched in 1807. During the four following years several other steamboats were built in the United States on her model, including the first steam ferry-boats on the Hudson. At last, in 1812, the first European steamboat, the *Comet*, was launched on the Clyde, in Scotland.

It was with these two contributions to the fund of human progress—the one already perfect, the other in embryo—that the United States began life. Congress was authorized by the Constitution to "promote the progress of science and useful arts by securing, for limited times, to authors and inventors, the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries;" this provision was carried into effect by the first Patent Law passed in 1790, sixty-six years ago. In the interval between this act and the declaration of independence, there had grown up in America a race of men whose necessities sharpened their wits, and whose experience had trained them to boldness and self-reliance. At the time Independence was declared, Eli Whitney was eleven years of age, Jacob Perkins ten, Amos Whittemore seventeen, Oliver Evans twenty-one, David Wilkinson rather older: all looked forward to earning their bread by manual labor. When the Patent Law was passed two of these were ready to avail themselves of its provisions.

Jacob Perkins is best known by his inventions of steam artillery; but his real fame rests on his nail machine. The credit of having been the first to make cut nails has been claimed, perhaps justly, for David Wilkinson, of Rhode Island; but the manufacture of American nails did not really begin till Perkins, then a mechanic in the Massachusetts mint, invented his machine, by which nails were cut and headed by one operation. Perkins, like most inventors, ruined, disheartened, persecuted by creditors, took to other pursuits; but the invention remained, and is still the basis of our nail machines to-day. Two years after its success in America, the first nail machine was erected in England at Wimborne, in Staffordshire.

Very similar were the fortunes of Oliver Evans, the Delaware miller. His valuable inventions—the elevator, the conveyer, the hopper-boy, the drill, and the descender—were put in successful operation at his brother's mills in 1783; but, as usual, the Brandywine millers would not believe the evidence of their senses, and would not see that machinery which effected a saving in labor of 50 per cent., with an increased yield of 14 per cent., were worth adoption. Evans lived, however, to see their merit acknowledged even by his most inveterate antagonist, who saved some $30,000 a year by introducing them into his mills; but meanwhile the inventor had turned his thoughts into another channel. He was seized—the shallow man—with the "steam mania," and had the inconceivable folly to declare that he could, with the power of steam, drive not only mills, but vessels and carriages. A man so flighty, in the year of grace 1800, was to be scoffed and derided, or at best pitied, while he laboriously contrived a machine which, being amphibious, was a steamboat in the water and a locomotive on land. He christened it the *Oructer Amphibolis*. It ran up Market Street, at Philadelphia, by the power of steam, then round to the water, to which it took naturally, and swam up the Delaware sixteen miles. Very soon afterward machines as wonderful were made by Trevithick, Vivian, Stephenson, Griffith, Gordon, and Gurney, in England; and in twenty-six years the *Oructor* became a practical success at Manchester.

Whitney's great invention—the cotton gin—was perfected in 1793, when the inventor was a student at law at Savannah. Many years ago, the net gain to the Southern States from this invention was estimated at one hundred millions of dollars. In 1784 eight bags of American cotton were sent to Liverpool; they were there seized by the custom-house officers, who were satisfied that some fraud was being attempted, as no cotton grew in America. Without the gin, indeed, it could not be raised profitably; and the southern land which was unsuitable for rice was lost. This single invention has given to the United States the staple which may be said, in round terms, to constitute one half their export; it feeds the poor of England, and clothes the world. Ingenuity has exhausted itself in improvements on Whitney's gin; but the glory of the inventor is undiminished. It did not give him bread; but if it stood alone, it would go far to acquit his country's debt of usefulness to the world.

Only second to Whitney stands Amos Whittemore, who, in 1797, invented the cotton-and-wool card-machine—a contrivance so wonderful that it has been compared to the human frame; so useful, that it may be said to have recreated the cotton and wool manufactures. Whittemore forms a bright exception to the common rule of inventors. He saw his invention succeed; he was rewarded for it; he never saw it superseded, nor would he had he lived till now. In the contemplation of its use in every manufacturing country, and in the congenial employment afforded by the construction of an ingenious orrery, Mr. Whittemore could afford to see his English patent violated, and his rights usurped in France.

Justice requires that to these names should be added that of Thomas Blanchard, the inventor of the lathe for turning irregular forms. The idea of this beautiful and simple machine, which has received so infinite an application in our day, first occurred to Blanchard, it is said, as he was driving through a country town in New England. In the excitement of the moment he shouted, and sprang from his seat; attracting such attention that passers-by were half inclined to secure the person of so obvious a lunatic. Perhaps no American invention has challenged more admiration or provoked more piracy than this.

Of the early American inventions, the bulk were farming implements. Independence found American mechanics barely competent to build a carriage or make a good plow. The United States were dependent on England, itself deplorably backward. Necessity made half the young farmers inventors. Year by year new plows made their appearance, new rakes, planters, cultivators, cutters, threshers. To describe intelligibly, or even to enumerate, the more prominent American agricultural inventions would be impossible in these limits. An idea of the inventive movement may be formed from the fact that, during the first sixty years of the Patent Office, nearly 2500 different farming instruments were patented. No less than 400 different plows have been secured by letters-patent; and vast numbers of reapers, mowers, harvesting machines, grain hullers, farming mills,

smut machines, winnowing machines, churns, etc. So far as comparisons have been instituted, these tools have proved superior to the corresponding implements in use abroad; American reapers, for instance, are famous every where. And it may be safely added, that nowhere is farm labor so economized, or farming implements so cheap, as in the United States.

Household furniture likewise called forth inventive skill at the inception of our national history. Before the Revolution, cabinet-makers in London furnished houses in Boston and New York. Stoves were among the earliest useful American inventions; they have continued to hold a prominent place in the Patent Reports; many American models combine economy in fuel with calorific power in a degree unequaled abroad. The value of labor suggested washing machines: convenience required durable and cheap bedsteads, and chairs. It has been doubted whether the models of these articles now in use can be improved. In the higher descriptions of furniture this country has not excelled. Its sphere in every department has been the useful, not the ornamental. Hence, though luxury has latterly created a demand for costly furniture, it has been supplied at a sacrifice of taste as conspicuous, in comparison with foreign art, as our successes in humbler departments of the craft.

America was nobly wooded eighty years ago. To bring lumber to market, to adapt it for the carpenter's workshop, required many inventions. They have come at call; and are unrivaled. Between the stout woodsman of olden time with ax on shoulder, and the vast lumber dépôts of our day with their steam-mills, their elaborate saws, their slides, their docks, their slitting, blocking, chiming, dressing machinery—sometimes costing half a million of dollars for a single establishment—what a step! Nor is there less progress in carpenters' tools. Eighty years ago every thing depended on manual strength and skill; now the man is a mere accessory of the machine. We saw, we slit, we chop, we plane, we groove, we tenon, we bore, we mortise, we veneer by machinery. The planing machine alone has become an institution, and has given birth to political parties.

As the climate required the invention of stoves, and our fertile land called for farming tools, and our woods demanded saw-mills and planing machines, so the great extent of our country exacted swift conveyances by land and by water. Fulton's mantle fell upon worthy shoulders. The Collins steamer *Adriatic* is believed to be peerless among ocean steam-ships; and most certainly the world may be searched in vain for rivals in speed, elegance, and comfort, to the Hudson, Sound, and Lake steamers. Foreigners have candidly admitted our pre-eminence; consoling themselves with the reflection that, if builders here have outshone the world in skill, legislatures abroad have secured safety. Nor are American triumphs confined to steam vessels; American packets enjoy the lion's share of the ocean traffic. An honorable rivalry exists between American clippers and those of Aberdeen and another British port; but it is believed that the late performances of the former have been as unique as those of the yachts which so recently startled Europe. For navigation the United States have done something. Before they were emancipated from the colonial yoke, the reflection of the sun's rays in a pail of water inspired the poor glazier, Thomas Godfrey, of Philadelphia, with the idea of the quadrant; and though the Royal Society allowed their Vice-President to share an honor to which he had no claim, they recognized Godfrey's invention by presenting him with £200 worth of furniture. It is to him, and him alone, that navigation owes the sextant which bears the name of Hadley. An American steamer first crossed the Atlantic in 1819; Americans discovered and mapped the Gulf Stream; the American Maury has saved millions upon millions to commerce by his discoveries of ocean currents. On land, the United States own the superiority of some foreign railways in point of solidity, safety, and management; but ours cost less, consequently abound more, and traveling is cheaper. Our railway wheels, springs, and brakes may compare with any. In their day American stages were the admiration of travelers; and even French ingenuity has produced nothing so light and elegant as our wagons.

For a peaceful nation like the United States, their destructive inventions have been uncommonly numerous and successful. Fulton spent most of his life in trying to blow up ships; Bushnell is remembered by like experiments; and Perkins deserted his nail machine for a steam-gun. It is in evidence that the identical Minié ball, under the name of the conical ball, was in use at Utica and elsewhere in the North a quarter of a century ago. Much of the present science of gunnery is built upon the discoveries of Major Mordecai of the United States army. At Sebastopol both Russian and allied officers preferred the Colt's revolver to any other holster or belt weapon: the body-guard of the Emperor of China are said to have made the same sensible choice. Wherever men or beasts are to be shot, the American rifles—Sharpe's, Perry's, Wesson's, and others—are household words. Warner's rifling machines and bayonet machines are only second to Blanchard's more comprehensive invention. Nor have Dahlgreen's improvements in the form of cannon, and the modern plan of welding the metal in coils, been less useful to the science of artillery.

In hardware, and fibrous and textile fabrics, the United States were long distanced by foreign countries, and still contend against dear labor; yet England can not compete with this country in axes, spikes, or screws. American horse-shoes are remarkably cheap and good. Thanks to the American power-loom, domestic hosiery can be supplied better and cheaper than the foreign article. Of shirting, and one or two other varieties of this class of goods—as well as the cheaper kinds of shoes and boots—as much may be said; though much yet remains to be done before we can challenge Europe. The superiority of the India rubber goods made under American patents is practically acknowledged every where.

A variety of ingenious machines illustrate the mechanical bent of the American mind. Fire-engines are an example; our misfortunes have compelled us to excel the world in these machines, and they are certainly unequaled. Another invention—which is disputed, though apparently without good reason—is the sewing machine, of which many varieties have been patented at Washington. This is surely one of the most important inventions of the day; its social consequences will be infinite in the European cities, and it must effect a great saving in clothes throughout the world.

New England clocks keep time all over Europe; skill and cheapness can no farther go. Nor should we forget the locks which have eclipsed the light of Bramah, and brought into note the honest Saxon name of Hobbs. American printing-presses also deserve mention: Europe can print as well, but it is doubtful whether any European press can throw off as many impressions in the hour as some of Hoe's. The world has produced no press, for fine book printing, equal to that invented by Adams, of Boston; and New York is entitled to the credit of originating the type-casting machine, now extensively used in Europe as well as in this country.

Our architectural triumphs are to come. We build for a day; our rivals for all time. But in one class of constructions—bridges—we can afford to challenge the world. In lightness, elegance, and strength, some American bridges are unsurpassed; and more than one of the finest bridges in Europe were designed by an American.

We have reserved for the close of this very hurried sketch three of the most notable gifts of the United States to the world. They are the electric telegraph, the art of photography, including the daguerreotype, and the discovery of the properties of sulphuric ether when inhaled. As was to be expected from their importance, all these have been claimed by foreigners; but it will not take long to vindicate the rights of the real inventors.

To begin with the last. It was in 1846 that Drs. Jackson and Morton discovered that sulphuric ether, when inhaled, produced insensibility to pain. Science was aware, long before, that the inhalation of ether caused stupefaction; but these two gentlemen were the first to notice and proclaim the application of the property to surgical operations. They secured the discovery by a patent dated 1846. In the following year a British newspaper announced that Dr. Simpson, of Edinburgh, had made the discovery over again, with the *variante* that he used chloroform instead of ether. European physicians use the former; the latter is preferred here. Giving Dr. Simpson all due credit for his development of the subject, the honor of the main discovery can not be taken away from those who first made public the new application of the peculiar property of this class of chemical substances, unless it be admitted that the year 1847 preceded 1846. Of the importance of the discovery it were superfluous to speak; the ancients would have deified men who made an amputation a pleasing dream.

Photography is as clearly American. Daguerre never succeeded in copying landscapes or taking likenesses; when the French Government purchased his process, it was only adapted to statuary and architecture. The first successful daguerreotype portraits were made in the New York University, in 1840, by Dr. Draper, who overcame the optical difficulty which had defeated all the previous attempts. When the news of the discovery reached Europe, it was ascribed to the peculiar brilliancy of the American sun; but this theory was hard to reconcile with the success which attended the American artists who soon prosecuted the business in London and Paris. In this art, too, America has kept the lead; American daguerreotypes and ambrotypes are the most beautiful in the world: and, while the invention has afforded employment to thousands, it may be safely said that it has given to art the greatest stimulus it has received in modern times.

It is well known that, for many years previous to 1837, the scientific principles on which the electric telegraph is based were known in Europe and in this country. Oersted, of Copenhagen, Ampère, of Paris, Barlow, of Woolwich, Steinheil, of Munich, Lenz, of St. Petersburg, Henry, of Washington, had repeatedly verified them. The difficulty which hindered the construction of a telegraph lay in the absorption of electricity by the air acting as a conductor on a long wire. This difficulty was only apparent; mathematical inquiry dissolved it by proving that, after a certain point, the loss of electricity became imperceptible; but this fact was unknown before 1837. In that year four persons are said to have become aware of it: Dr. Steinheil, Professor Wheatstone, Mr. Davy, and Professor Morse. If any stress could be laid on private communications to individuals, Professor Morse's claim might date from 1832, when it is proved that he thought out a telegraph, and would probably have constructed it had he had the means. But it is obvious that we can only look to public and authentic documents for evidence of priority. No published account of Professor Wheatstone's telegraph appeared before 1839; his patent was sealed on 21st January, 1840, and the specification was filed on 21st July of the same year. Edward Davy's patent was sealed on 4th July, 1838, and the specification filed 4th January, 1839; no authentic account of his invention having appeared in public before. Dr. Steinheil first made known his invention by a communication to the Academy of Sciences at Paris bearing date 19th July, 1838. Professor Morse filed his caveat at Washington on 6th October, 1837, and his specification, with an application for a patent, on 7th April, 1838. Professor Morse's invention was, therefore, nine months prior to those of Steinheil and Davy, and some fifteen or more before that of Wheatstone. It was so recognized by the Supreme Court of the United States and the courts in France. It differed in kind from the foreign inventions, and telegraph men are not agreed on the relative merits of the two sorts of instruments; but even those who deny Morse's claim to the invention of the telegraph as a means of communicating intelligence, acknowledge that he invented the first practically useful electro-magnetic marking telegraph. The credit of House, the inventor of the printing telegraph, and of others who have effected improvements in the process generally, has never been disputed.

To sum up, therefore, the United States, during the last eighty years, have endowed the world with the lightning-rod, the steamboat, the photograph, the electric telegraph, the discovery of the use of inhaled ether, the sewing machine; the best and cheapest farm implements, the best carpenters' tools, the best locks, fire-engines, nails, spikes, screws, and axes; the best fire-arms, the cheapest clocks, the fastest steamers and sailing vessels, the cheapest railroads, the lightest wagons, and many of the most useful labor-saving machines in almost every department of industry. If any nation, during the same eighty years, has done more, or as much, the fact is not generally known.

Since the passage of the first Patent Law, sixty-six years ago, about 25,000 patents have been issued to American citizens; and the annual applications for patents are rapidly increasing, though many fields of invention seem overstocked. Of the glorious catalogue the lion's share belongs to

the patient industry of New England. If it were fair to measure inventive genius by the proportion borne by inventions to population, Maine would hold the first rank among the States. Accident would award the second place to the District of Columbia; and other States would follow thus: Connecticut, Massachusetts, New York, Rhode Island, Maryland, New Hampshire, Vermont, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Missouri, Virginia, Ohio—the others being far behind. But such a comparison can only amuse; it can not instruct. There is enough for the credit of all.

Editor's Easy Chair.

EVERY body is out of town.

Therefore there are no passengers in the streets, no carriages. Grass grows among the pavements; the idle sow sleeps in the hot sun stretched in the middle of Broadway. Dust and cobwebs collect about the shop-doors and windows. No milkman shouts sonorous in the early dawn; no apple-women cower over withered apples, themselves more withered; no children run laughing and playing along the solitary streets. Bats wheel about the Park fountain; owls perch upon Delmonico's and Stewart's; green snakes are coiled around the street-lamps, and hiss in the porch of the New York Hotel, in the smoking-room of the St. Nicholas. Should you come, you would hear your footfall echoed from Grace Church to Trinity. As you paused where once Thompson dispensed ices, you would hear the plash of water at the neglected docks where hulks lie rotting.

Every body is out of town.

Think what an exodus! Think of the homes of seven hundred thousand deserted! Think of Tyre and Sidon; of Pompeii and Palmyra.

Every body is out of town! Where has every body gone?

The conventions are over, the nominations made; every body is settling seriously to the work of the campaign, and therefore every body is no longer at Philadelphia or Cincinnati. Why should every body go away? When is every body coming back? Why don't every body stay away? Who cares for every body? What difference does it make whether every body is in town or out of town? Who is every body?

Such were our natural reflections as Snip, with dreadful yawning, told us the startling news. It is an old story, and a silly story. Look out of your window, and see how much truth there is in Snip's story. Step out of your door, and, bumping against seven hundred thousand people, *feel* how much truth there is in his wild statement. If every body is out of town, tell every body that the town doesn't know it; that the loss is not serious enough to be appreciated or perceived. There was never such city confusion as now; such tearing down, and running up, and rushing round; such a dusty roar and rattle; such swarms in Broadway and the Bowery; upon the steamers and cars, and out upon the islands in the environs. Every body is here; every body has come to New York; the hotels are crowded, so is Niblo's, so are the ice-cream shops; there are even people upon the Battery, that *terra incognita* at the south pole of Broadway. The city has a plethora of population, and Snip coolly says, "every body is out of town."

This Easy Chair would like to wedge Snip in between two broad-clothed sides of Western humanity in Niblo's parquette at ten P.M., with the thermometer in a state of liquefaction; and then hear him say that every body is out of town. Whew! there's nothing but body in town. The very air is fat. The breeze has avoirdupois measurement. Ten men like the one we saw sitting panting upon the shady side of the United States Hotel, in that retired and airy situation behind the Fulton Market, would overstock Babylon itself with body in such weather. That man stays in the city to give the lie to every Snip who talks of every body being out of town.

What does the foolish boy mean by saying that every body is out of town?

Well, go to Saratoga and see. Go to Newport, the White Mountains, Niagara, the Catskills, Sharon, Long Branch, and see. Go into all the little hot farm-houses in little hot valleys, where the sun blazes all day and the mosquitoes buzz and sing all night, and be answered.

Poor people! what have they done? Why should they be driven from these high streets in which lofty buildings shut out the sun? Why are they banished from these houses with spacious rooms into which no sun penetrates, upon whose floors are cool mattings, upon which stand chairs and sofas draped in suggestive drillings? Here Croton flows with the affluence of Liebfraumilch from the crushed grapes of Rhine vineyards; here rare birds sing in cages; green trees wave before the windows; the ice-man calls aloud his refreshing merchandise; and for the table spread with a clean white cloth in the dim, lofty, and cool dining-room, around which stand statues marbly calm, inspiring peace and tranquil thought, the hot country has sent its fairest vegetables, and fruits, and flowers. Coolness and calm are the city's dower in the dog-days. What has "every body" done that every body should be deprived of these delights?

In the evening "every body" is dancing into a white heat at the gay resorts, or going to a straw bed at nine o'clock, to fight with the mosquitoes and toss into a fever, in the little hot cottages in the little hot valleys. But the city sallies forth clad in sweet linen and in light shoes—for there is no dew, no mud, no draggling in wet grass and slipping on marshy ground here; and by the light of faithful, day-emulating gas—for there is no darkness, no pitching into trees, and tumbling over stumps, and stubbing against stones here—the city seats itself in a bower like those which Mohammed designed for houris in paradise, and there it touches the pastoral stop of the cobbler, or tastes the sweetest country flavor in odorous mint. Close at hand gushes the sparkling stream of soda, like the bright rivers Abana and Pharpar; the fumes of Mocha inspire the air; the cheerful pop of the beer-bottle plays through the whole like the footbeat of happy hours passing over; and that mildest of muddlers, lager, pours its slow, clouded current by. No mosquitoes; no hot dancing; no sharp draughts; no mud; no draggling dew; but lager and luxury, cobblers and calm.

Yet it seems there are people to be found who deliberately prefer the sea air, or the mountain air, or the country air; simple living and enjoyment; early hours and rolling on the hay; riding, driving, rowing, sailing, swimming, walking; the song of birds, the sight of trees, the plash of water.

and the great arch of stars and clouds, to all municipal delights.

We wish them one wish—we wish they may get them!

The other morning Mr. Bubb came in, and said that it would gratify him very much to have the name of this Easy Chair to a little note which he had in his pocket.

"An indorsement, Mr. Bubb?"

"Yes, an indorsement, but not of the usual kind—only indirectly a financial indorsement," said the eloquent Bubb.

Now, for the last two years we have withdrawn from indorsing the paper of our friends; for we might be called upon to pay up, and the state of our health admonishes us that we ought not to subject ourselves to such excitements. We prefer to preach the duty of friendship and self-sacrifice, and to let our friends' paper take care of itself. We desire peace and good-will among men, and especially for ourselves. Of course we shall always be very glad to have our friends indorse our paper; but that is a very different thing. We have duties, as an Easy Chair, that we can not forget, and have no right to forget. Among others, there is the duty of keeping on our own legs. Above all things, let us not be rash; let us be calm and considerate; and if, while we are calm and considerate, the very spectacles are stolen from our noses, and our legs from under us, shall we not have the satisfaction of having been calm and considerate?

It was, therefore, with great pleasure that we heard Mr. Bubb say that he had no wish to have our name upon a note of a promissory character. That difficult point once settled, we could be beautifully bland, and begged to know what might be the charming character of the droll little note of which he spoke.

Mr. Bubb said that his services as a lecturer had been quite generally acknowledged; he believed he was not wrong in ranking himself with some of the most eminent lecturers in this country; and that certain of his admirers had united to beg him to deliver a lecture upon something, at some place, at some time to be chosen by himself. Saying this, he drew from his pocket-book a paper which he read:

"Bat Bubb, Esq.—Deeply impressed with the value of the truths you embody, in classic and poetic language, in your lectures, and anxious to secure a sound system of morals, useful instruction, and conservative sentiments in the community and rising generation; persuaded that your views are very profound views, and regarding you as no less a shining Christian than a polished gentleman, and an accomplished scholar, we, the undersigned, your friends and fellow-citizens, would be most happy to hear from you, at such time and place as may suit your convenience, your views of the structure and probable number of the slipper of Empedocles, vomited by Etna shortly subsequent to the decease of that late lamented philosopher.

"Trusting to receive a favorable reply at the earliest moment of your valuable leisure, we are, with great respect, your friends, fellow-citizens, and humble servants,

"Solomon Gunnybags, and seventy others."

"My dear Bubb," we replied, with enthusiasm, "it is a privilege to sign a paper to which the estimable Gunnybags has put his valuable name. The Easy Chair congratulates you heartily upon this deserved tribute, but none the less flattering to the solidity of your views, your character as a Christian, and your accomplishments as a scholar. In the words of the modern Romans, dear Bubb, 'Viva! viva!'"

We signed, of course. The subject seemed to us so opportune. While the statesmen are corresponding about Central America—while the politicians are making such an unhealthy hubbub about a hundred things—while clergymen and professors make such very singular speeches—while Conventions are meeting and wrangling, and the whole country seems agog with political perplexities, it seemed to this Easy Chair especially proper that the public should hear some safe, sound, tranquil, and conservative views upon the number of Empedocles's slipper. We suggested to Bubb that he could not too cautiously confine himself to his subject. The exciting points of the question ought to be skillfully slipped over. It would never do, for instance, to treat of the probable material of the shoe. What has the material to do with the number? And how is the public mind to be kept in a due state of calm if an orator should be allowed such latitude of discussion?

Is fever a desirable thing, we should like to know? Is coal good for a burning house, let us dispassionately inquire? Do you throw water on a drowning dog? Here is party fury raised to the highest pitch; here are mass meetings every where held, like seething caldrons of public sentiment; and who, let us ask, is the patriot—he who foments and kindles and cherishes this fury, or he who conducts a calm and dispassionate inquiry into the subject of Empedocles's slippers? he who, with impious hand, would fain put the torch to the pillows of his country's conscience, or he who, superior to partisan issues, and with his clear eye fixed upon Etna, details, in polished periods of an antique flavor, and without the slightest taint of contemporary politics, the exact shape, character, and number of those classic shoes?

This is Bubb's peculiar excellence, and this is what we call statesmanship, patriotism, humanity. For this lofty end are colleges built and public affairs instituted. For this are situations of honor and responsibility established. For this is manhood, valor, and nobility of soul given to the human being. If colleges were only schools of small, sectional, political warfare—schools antiquated in spirit, timorous in action, wavering in purpose, hot-beds for the forcing of Greek roots and a full development of Hebrew particles; if they were only nurseries of coward conservatism, or theatres of hair-splitting ethical debate; if the college turned out men who had merely studied Roman history profoundly, and who were sublimely ignorant of the history which they and their contemporaries were making, how could we point to our polished, elegant, and classical Bubb as the proper type of the college-made man?

If public affairs were only arenas for the disputes of individuals—stations in which politicians managed public interests for their private advancement, using great questions as stepping-stones to mount to their own preferment; if such a career were a capital which enabled men in the public eye to throw the weight of their prestige and influence upon the mean and ignoble side, whenever, as is too generally the case, meanness and ignobleness were the bladders upon which the timid can float into some kind of harbor, and emerge, filthy certainly, but soiled only with respectable slime; if, in a word, public affairs were only the lever of private

ambition, how could we point to our calm, experienced, reserved, and conciliating Bubb, whose life has been consecrated to his country, and who has always preferred the general good to his private success, and has always heroically defended the generous and humane side, as the typical self-seeking politician and publicist?

If manhood, valor, and nobility of soul were meant to be subsidiary to cold selfishness and a paralyzing moral and political cowardice, how could we point to our distinguished fellow-citizen, Bat Bubb, as a hero or a man?

These were the questions this Easy Chair naturally debated as Mr. Bubb stood before us, with his little note of invitation.

We signed it, as we said, of course. If we have a failing it is love of country, and we love her too well not to wish all her children to benefit by the experienced wisdom of Bubb.

"What reply shall you make to this invitation, dear Bubb?" we inquired, with interest.

"Ah!" said he, "it is perfectly appropriate. In fact, I wrote the invitation to fit the reply."

"How!" demanded we. "*You* wrote the invitation?"

Bubb smiled that benevolent smile with which he rises to address charitable meetings, when he is going to appeal to other people to put their hands into their pockets.

"It is droll," he replied, "that you do not understand these matters. It is strange how an Easy Chair can be placed in Franklin Square, that busy and interesting centre of this great metropolis, nay, much more," continued Bubb, the orator, "almost in the very shadow of Brooklyn, and yet be so innocently ignorant, so unconscious of what is going on in the world. I have always thought," said Bubb, "that worldly wisdom was especially to be found in Franklin Square. I have always held this retreat as a reserve when my own wisdom gave out. The little benign ways in which affairs should be conducted—the value of speech, the value of silence—how most adroitly to seize the when, the where, and the how, those cardinal points of life, I expected to learn in Franklin Square; and to find the very Easy Chair ignorant is indeed surprising, and shakes my faith in the resources of what are called practicable people, for I had supposed if any Chair could be called practicable it was this.

"Perhaps you are not aware that there is a very general interest in Empedocles's slippers just now, Mr. Easy Chair, and that there is a very loud call as to the means of finding them, stepping into them, and walking away from some disagreeable things in which we now chance to be floundering. And it is by reason of this interest that there is a universal curiosity as to the size of those slippers, in order that we may determine whether they will fit our feet, so that we can conveniently use them and walk away, or whether feet have swollen or shrunken since the days of that great man.

"Here you pretend to be an Easy Chair, actually placed in the middle of Franklin Square, and know nothing of all this! You thought our own shoes were good enough? You did not know that the old slippers were worn out? You preferred to keep your feet in your own slippers, and toast the whole concern at a comfortable fire? You were contented with the size and shape of your own shoes, and the direction in which they carried you, and the progress they made? Belated being! you thought all this, and were deaf and blind to Etna, and at this very moment, when Solomon Gunnybags, and seventy other most distinguished and respectable citizens, desire to hear my views, you are fixedly indifferent to Empedocles's slippers."

Now Bubb had gone off on the wrong track entirely, and we restored him, as hot and puffy as a locomotive, to his proper course, by saying that we had already manifested our interest in the subject, but were curious to know about the invitation being written by himself to himself.

"Ah, yes!" said Bubb, "surely. To resume: I was treating of the singular ignorance of little strokes of worldly policy which I find in Franklin Square. In brief, I pity you; but I will enlighten you.

"From time to time you may have seen in the newspapers, inserted always as an advertisement, a letter signed by Solomon Gunnybags, chairman, and a long list of very telling names, political, financial, scientific, religious, literary, or artistic, inviting the Rev. Belshazzar Brimvittles, D.D., to deliver a course of lectures, or a lecture, upon the subject which the signers know (according to their letter) to be the one which has most occupied the studies of Dr. Brimvittles. In a brief and humble note of acknowledgment the Doctor blushes, bows, and accepts. Some mild missionary of sixty, off duty, reading the *Daily Evening Grandmother* to his wife, gazes steadfastly through his leather spectacles, and says, 'My dear, I observe that Mr. Gunnybags, and others of our very first men, have invited the Rev. Dr. Brimvittles to repeat his discourse upon the comparative moral influence of bull-frogs singing in a marsh, and tree-toads singing in a tree! I am glad to see it,' says the missionary; 'it will do good. The public wants sound conservative views upon that subject. I have even known young people to confound the bull-frog with the tree-toad!'

"'He has such a flow of language,' says Mrs. Missionary.

"'Who, my dear? the frog?'

"'No, my dear, Brimvittles.'

"'Ah!"

"'Yes, certainly!'

"This is the way the letter works in private life. But the truth is, although a Franklin Square Easy Chair and the mild missionary have no idea of it, the truth is, that the little letter was prepared by Brimvittles himself, and was a very admirable conception of the Doctor's. For you will admit, that in a city of the extent and distractions of our metropolis, the worthiest of men may be overlooked, and the claims of the most deserving forgotten. Now I ask you, should a deserving man forget himself because a thoughtless world forgets him? Should the true shade of moral distinction between the frog and the tree-toad be lost to the world because a dull world refuses to ask for it? Not at all, says Reason. Not at all, says Common Sense. Not at all, says Belshazzar Brimvittles, D.D., and the good Doctor prepares a note recognizing in himself what the whole world recognizes in him; his learning, his moral weight in the community, his many other admirable characteristics, and winds up by asking himself to deliver a lecture, etc., etc. He brings it to you, or his nephew brings it to you, and you sign. Then I sign, and Gunnybags, and the rest. And while we are getting this ready to be handed to the Doctor, he is preparing his brief, humble, and touching

reply. It saves us all trouble. The Doctor has a chance of complimenting himself, and of delivering his lecture. We have an opportunity of patronizing deserving merit, of getting our names into the papers, and of discharging our duty to Dr. Brimvittles's lecture. For having signed the invitation, we are supposed, of course, to be there to hear it, whether circumstances permit us to attend or not. You see if Dr. B. waited until some one bethought himself to invite him to lecture, he might wait a long time; but this arrangement satisfies all parties. To be sure it does not always work well. Sometimes nobody comes, including the gentlemen who have declared in print that so many besides themselves must be anxious to hear the admirable sentiments, the moral axioms, and the flow of words of so eloquent a divine."

At this point we interrupted Bubb, to say that it must be pleasant to him to lecture under such circumstances.

"Ah!" said he, gravely, "you do not quite understand. My case is very different. To tell the truth, and between you and me, who cares about the comparative moral merits of the bull-frogs and the tree-toads singing? The comparative merits of tin pans and tin kettles! The whole thing to my mind is trivial—I mean to my private mind—for to my public mind it appeared that many people might really care to hear about it, so I signed the letter to secure that privilege to my fellow-citizens.

"I think the whole thing, I say, trivial. But the case is very different, you will grant, with the slippers of Empedocles. That opens up the whole shoe question. The interests of sole-leather and top-leather are concerned. Think how pregnant with lessons it is for the present crisis. The entire volcano is under discussion. My dear Easy Chair, what is a bull-frog to Empedocles? What is a tree-toad to Etna?"

There was certainly force in this reasoning. Bubb is certainly a very able man.

"I have, therefore," said he, "just sketched the draft of a reply to the invitation which you and other gentlemen so kindly intend to present to me, and with your permission I will read it to you:

"'GENTLEMEN—I have received your most unexpected and flattering invitation to pronounce my views of the probable number and structure of the philosophic slipper, which a remorseful volcano restored to human investigation. I am overwhelmed, Gentlemen, by the undeserved tribute you pay to my moral and mental excellence; but I yield to your superior discernment, and accept, with humble gratitude, your too complimentary remarks. I am too conscious of my inability to interest the public not to desire to hasten to return into the retirement from which your letter summons me; but at this crisis what man has a right to consult his private inclinations? In a time of such commotion what man has a right to conceal his views of so great a question? What security have we for the perpetuity of our institutions if the humblest individual conceals his opinion as to whether the slipper was probably 8¼ or 9? For myself, Gentlemen, I can not hesitate. I am confident that every friend of sound morals, of good government, of general prosperity, and of an advancing and triumphant civilization, will hasten to rally around the good old Etna, from whose interior the slipper sprang, and conspire to save that glorious shoe from the torch of the incendiary and the knife of the fanatic.

"'I am, Gentlemen, humbly and gratefully, your obedient servant, BAT BUBB.'

"I think that will do the business," said Mr. Bubb.

We think it will. It will presently appear in the newspapers, and the great discourse of Bubb will be duly delivered. Happy man! he will have the satisfaction of knowing that in a dark and dangerous time, when the fires of party difference flamed to heaven—when old bonds were loosened—when the times called for the virtues that are reverend in history, and make the fame of heroes—when the destinies of his country, of the future, and, perhaps, of the race, were trembling in the scale—when one good hearty word was like a broadside for the right; and a timid position, and hesitating speech, and ducking generalities, and windy, rhetorical avoidance of the real question, were thrusts, as with a sly Malay crease, at the heart of the noblest cause—in this sad and solemn crisis the polished and scholarly Bubb will have the secret satisfaction of knowing that he did not shrink from taking ground about Etna, and stating, in the strongest, most comprehensive, most careful, and calmest manner, his views of the shape and probable number of Empedocles's slipper.

As a free and independent Easy Chair, we stopped, in one of the hottest noons of the early summer, to refresh our patriotism in a Convention. The gentle reader, who is also our friend, may never have found his patriotism in want of such refreshment: he needs only to read the daily papers to watch the progress of our glorious experiment, and be ready for any political emergency that may arise.

For we speak of a political Convention. The religious and moral anniversaries die out in May, and once in four years the political Presidential Conventions set in with great vigor before dog-days. The one which it was our good fortune to attend might, however, have easily suggested to a susceptible man that Sirius had risen and was raging, so dog-day was the eloquence which was lavished by the excited speakers.

The room itself was spacious, and rather dim. The air was warm, but not unpleasant. There was a large collection of chairs within a railing, beyond which no person who was not a member was allowed to pass. A grave gentleman, of large person and in a constant perspiration, presided over this bar in the capacity of sergeant-at-arms. He guarded the entrance by sitting upon one side, and "cocking up" his feet upon the other. In moments of fatigue and forgetfulness he might, we feared, have suffered some member to enter the charmed circle under the arch formed by his legs, but we happily saw no such instance of culpable oblivion.

Within the bar sat a group of gentlemen, occupying about half the chairs with their proper persons, and about half of the rest with their legs and arms. They were clad in dark coats and light coats. There were many white, yellow, and brown garments, but the national black broadcloth and satin prevailed. At the end of the hall sat the dignitaries. They also wore appropriate clothing. It was warm, and they refreshed themselves in white jackets and other comely costume, and leaned on their elbows, and lay back and sprawled, and, during the prolonged passages of eloquence, grew drowsy, nodded, and then suddenly jerked their eyes open again, and looked very wise and attentive, until another patriot commenced his see-saw movement of the right arm, when they succumbed again, again drowsed, nodded, and were again frightened by it into a sudden jerk of the eyes and close attention.

In the rear of the hall, behind the bar, there was an idle, yawning, smoking, sleeping, collection of persons, mostly with their hats on, cigars in their mouths, and their legs up somewhere. They looked listlessly over the bar at the Convention, and feebly grunted when any thing sharp or funny was said. They were rocked to sleep upon their country's breast, and apparently were contented and happy. In a gallery above sat others of the same kind, whose appearance was no compliment to the profound interests of the objects of the Convention, nor to the awakening power of the orators who buzzed through the warm morning hours.

The force of the speakers seemed to be chiefly concentrated in their right arms and hands. Those members performed much more than their fair average share of work. The arm was raised at the beginning of each sentence, and swang up and down rapidly until the end, when it descended with conclusive emphasis into the left hand or upon the back of a neighboring chair. Each orator, however much he differed from all the others who had spoken, announced that he went in for the honor and integrity of his country; for the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and the Union: he believed in the rights of all, and wanted every body to have his rights; he thought that the Fathers were great men, and their work a great work; that their children, too, were great, as also the country in which they lived. Each one was sure that his fellow-members of the Convention would see the wisdom, justice, propriety, and self-respect of the course he proposed, and lend all his powers and prayers to the good of the common country. Each one protested that he was actuated by the purest motives, and that he had no words for those who were using temporary political excitements to secure their own elevation. Each one promised that peace and prosperity should be restored, all jarring factions healed, all difference removed, all danger avoided, and the path of the millennium smoothed, if only his measures and men were adopted by the Convention. Each one said that he saw the vigilance of his friends and co-workers (and his eye fell upon the sleepers—men with their heads back, and their mouths open, and their foreheads moist); he knew that his countrymen were wide awake, keeping watch and ward, and ready to do and die for the happiness of their country. At this point one of the outsiders usually rolled off the bench upon the floor, and continued his nap there, while the orator swung his unhappy arm, until he and his hand came down together.

There was plenty of applause. Whenever a popular name was mentioned there was a clapping of hands and scraping of feet. Whenever the happiness of the country was apostrophized there was a repetition of the same noises, while the honorable delegates yawned as if they would come apart, and spat in ingenious and picturesque styles, often expressing a cordial assent by a sudden "squirt"—if the phrase may be allowed in connection with political speaking and conventions—or by a more languid expulsion, manifesting an imperfect sympathy.

It was a drowsy, sing-song, white-coated, tobacco-flavored, perspiring, and patriotic spectacle. As we came down the stairs, and left an eloquent orator upon his legs, who was declaring that, for his part, he went in for the greatest good of his country — which venerable remark has become classical, and is fairly entitled to the privileges of superannuation with, "Whatever is, is right," and "Hamlet, with Hamlet omitted" — we naturally concluded that nothing could more effectively illustrate "the working of our glorious institutions" than the sights we had just seen. The Government seems to proceed by its own momentum. If it proceeds wrong, it may shake the country to pieces; but the easy Yankee will then quietly go into a convention to form a new one. His attitude is that of a man who feels that nothing can really shake the foundations of the freedom upon which our empire was planted. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty; but the member of the convention seems to think that common schools, general intelligence, industry, and a cool moral sense, even if not united to an abstinence from the use of tobacco, will probably purchase liberty quite as well.

To a European the spectacle of the Convention would have been distasteful and ludicrous. He would have asked, "What do you hope of such a people as this?"

We should have replied, had we met the displeased European upon the stairs: "We hope a future true to the past. We hope a victory equal to the interests at stake. We hope an action which will save and not ruin the experiment we are trying, the experiment of founding a great nation, which shall secure to every man 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.'"

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE British people are full of talk about us, and the talk is no way flattering. What it may be when this comes to the eye of our readers Heaven only can tell; but the tone of what we chronicle in those latter days of June is not such as we can treasure to our hearts.

It is natural enough that the expulsion of Mr. Crampton should create a little tremor of indignation even in the humble circles, which are most remote from the whirl of Westminster and of Downing Street. It matters very little what expressions of good feeling we may send after the degraded representative, the big fact is after all this —the British people have said virtually, through their Government, Mr. Crampton is a man we think worthy of representing our national dignity among you, and of conducting, honorably and safely, all business which may lie between us; and we have said, We think no such thing; but, on the contrary, count him so bad and untractable a man that we beg to send him back to you.

And he goes—very likely foaming with discontent, and eager to stir up British courage into some resent of his degradation. Suppose we put the matter to ourselves; suppose that, after certain long and fruitless diplomatic talk about outstanding international questions, the parties upon the other side had sent us home our American representative, saying that the man we thought so much of, they thought very poorly of—so poorly, indeed, that they could have nothing more to say or do with him.

Would not quiet Jonathan Brown, of Athens, County of Washington, in the interior, good American and Fourth of July man, go off in a blaze of truculence, and abuse poor England in an outrageous manner? and would not the aggrieved representative see his name in the corner of some country papers as a proper candidate for the Presidency?

Is any people on the face of the earth keener to

feel a slight than this same American people? And have we no reason to believe that the Anglo-Saxon motherland possesses somewhat of the same sensitiveness, and should just now think of us unpleasantly?

Where a difference grows great, there grows also a doubt of honesty; and England, feeling this, says—in the *Times*—very hard things about us: and country readers accept the utterance, and over their sherries, brown and pale, by Tweed banks and on the Wye, talk as hardly as the *Times*. And it must be furthermore remembered that ninety-nine Englishmen out of one hundred accept, freely and undoubtingly, all the statements of the *Times* newspaper, and have about the same notions of the American newspaper representation of the points at issue as we may have of what the Panama stevedores and baggage-carriers may say in their cabins about the late massacre of American passengers.

Is there any thing unnatural, then, in the fact that the British country gentlemen, nowadays, look askance upon the traveling citizens of the Great Republic? Is it strange that, accepting as they do the *dicta* of the leading journal in good faith, they should regard us generally as a population of fire-eaters, whetting our appetites in the Senate chamber and in Kansas for a more considerable blood-letting on the ocean, and along our shore-towns?

Let us view the matter good-humoredly, then, reckoning the puff of British indignation only a necessary exhibit of the pride and hurt sensibility of a motherland whose matronly quietude we have shocked by our audacity.

Meantime we console ourselves with the reflection that we have no country house on the south shore of Staten Island, or at Rockaway, or at such other exposed places as would be within range of an enemy's guns. We enjoy the reflection that our little kitchen garden (one hundred feet by twelve and a half) is utterly beyond the reach of any hostile demonstration (save the cucumber bugs), and can discourse very coolly about the apprehensions of war.

Before the journals had come to us filled with the Transatlantic troubles there were details, full and minute, of the last hours and execution of the poisoner Palmer, whose story we related in these pages two months ago. We recur to the matter now only to call attention to that regular and swift march of British justice which strikes down the offender however great or influential he may be, and which does not spend itself in the sickly vapors of a false philanthropy, nor is arrested from its course by either golden or political bribes.

We believe that the wretches Cora and Casey, in our far western city, have received only their deserts; but if they had come to the scaffold at the bidding of some legally appointed judge, and heard their doom announced in such severe and religious terms as came from the lips of Lord Campbell on the English bench, we should have had larger hopes for our Pacific city, and greater pride in our institutions.

It appears that the man Palmer died with the secret in his own bosom of the growth and practice of his crimes—giving room to certain doubters to make a martyrdom of his sacrifice, and to thousands of others the charm of a great mystery. Even now curious ones are making the Rugely tour, to see the house where the surgeon lived, and to talk with the townsfolk who looked with awe upon the great turfster. He is gone now, with the odium of a nation resting on his memory, and *his* death and his grave will make a warning that will reach over the civilized world.

While the crowds were gathering in Stafford to see the execution of Palmer, the London people were still talking of the magic fêtes which had attended the declaration of peace. Thousands of country people had come up to the city to see the splendid fires which lighted Hyde Park and Primrose Hill, and to hear the harmless guns that revived again the memory of Alma and of Balaklava.

A personal observer, in the neighborhood of the Green Park, gives this enthusiastic account of the display:

"The scene was much enlivened by the appearance of the mansions on the east and north of the park. In most of these parties had been given for the occasion, and the brilliantly-lighted rooms, one after another, each one displaying the varied internal magnificence of an aristocratic saloon, presented a beautiful and peculiar appearance. In many of them the balustrades were lined with spectators, those of the lower rooms with guests in full dress, and in the upper departments with the domestics and their friends, altogether exhibiting a spectacle which could not easily be matched any where else. Many of the houses were brilliantly illuminated. Bridgewater House, in particular, presented four long series of lamps arranged on pillars, with devices above, making one of the most tasteful illuminations in the metropolis.

"A few minutes before the commencement of the fire-works the Queen, Prince Albert, the members of the Royal family, Prince William of Prussia, and other persons of rank, took their seats in a pavilion erected on the north end of Buckingham Palace, facing the park. Her Majesty was received with loud demonstrations of loyalty and enthusiasm. The Royal party had an admirable view of the fire-works, and seemed to participate in the admiration which they excited.

"Punctually at the appointed hour the entertainments began with a series of illuminations and a discharge of maroons. The fires were white, red, green, and yellow, and the effect was something like that which would be produced by a chemical manufactory in flames. For upward of an hour and a half the air above the park and for some distance around was luminous with the blaze of suns, stars, comets, and streamers—the flight of rockets, shells, and Roman candles—the descent of meteors, parachutes, and showers of pearl, silver, and golden rain. Shining serpents and fire-flies chased each other through a sea of light, resting on a bed of upturned faces, and ingenious contrivances with hard technical names flamed against and athwart the sky in every variety of movement. The eye was dazzled with the intensity of the light, the brilliancy of the colors, and the complication of lines and curves described by the flying rockets; while the ear in turn was assailed by the whizzing of wheels and revolving stars, the bursting of shells, and the discharge of mines and batteries. The programme was a rather long one, consisting of no fewer than twenty-four "divisions," and was not exhausted till eleven o'clock. It comprised almost every thing that is either new, curious, or beautiful in pyrotechny. Some of the fixed pieces

were remarkably elegant. The stars, hoops, and crosses elicited the most enthusiastic expressions of delight; and, indeed, nothing could have been finer. Those rockets which, exploding in the air, threw out clusters of colored stars, were also much admired; while loud cheering arose from all sides when a number of shells, discharged together, burst far above the heads of the spectators, changing into graceful and glittering forms which charmed the eye and filled the air with light. Cascades, fountains, and trees were represented with wonderful exactness; and perhaps one of the most beautiful features of the display was the formation in the air of sheaves of yellow corn. But the great triumph of the night was that which concluded the exhibition. It consisted of five fixed pieces, all of the most ingenious and elaborate construction, with the words 'God Save the Queen' illuminated in the centre. At the same time there was a grand discharge of Roman candles, batteries of pearl streamers, tourbillons, and rockets in red, green, blue, and yellow. The effect was magnificent, almost magical; and when, in addition to the above, no fewer than ten thousand rockets were shot into the air, the scene was such as can be witnessed only once in a lifetime.

"As a pyrotechnic display, then, nothing could have been more successful on the whole than the exhibition in the Green Park, although a sense of fatigue began to be very generally manifested long before it was concluded—a circumstance not to be wondered at when it is recollected that the time occupied was from half-past nine until eleven o'clock; during the whole of which period the ear was deafened by the constant detonations and reverberations, and the eye pained by the dazzling intensity and magnificence of the blaze of artificial light which filled the heavens and illumined the sea of upturned faces."

All this, though very much for England, would have scarcely been worthy of mention among the gayer allies of Paris. The English conceive of a fête as a great waste and consumption of money, and they measure its splendor by the amount of consumption. The French forget the cost, and are mindful only of the arrangement.

John Bull proposes to his family to have a public rejoicing, and says in his pride (slapping his breeches pocket), "It shall cost ten thousand pounds!"

And the family say, "That will be splendid!"

The French measure such a matter purely by an artistic standard, and, with empty stomachs and begging children, will cry bravo! at a tombola which consumes a million to light their haggardness.

But, just now, in place of a French fête, we have to note the occurrence of a French flood. And to form any adequate conception of what the great flood of Lyons has been, we must glance at the position of the city. The River Rhone comes down from Switzerland, through Lake Geneva, rushes out under the bridges of the Swiss city, as blue as a summer sky, roars through narrows of mountains, receives the turbid waters coming from the valleys of Savoy (among them the glacier streams of Chamouny), and by a tortuous course follows the valleys until they stretch into the great meadows which lie around Lyons. The Saone comes into the same meadows from the eastward, and is fed by the mountain streams of Burgundy. It joins the Rhone below Lyons, and loses its name. Through all these meadows about the confluence of the rivers are country hamlets and pleasure-gardens, and very much of the city itself is but a paved meadow of houses. All these were washed through and through by the floods of early June; country houses of timber went floating away toward the Mediterranean. The stone houses were sapped and fell. Gardens were uprooted, and blossoming trees came tossing through the streets of Lyons. People came up by boat-loads half-dressed and with crying children, and were beached upon the town squares. There was no gas-light at night, since the manufactories were standing on low ground, and were deluged in the morning. The only light in the streets came from the candles burning in the windows of the houses, and the sparkling of the strange flood dashing upon the walls. Children floated one way and parents another; and the poor silk-weavers who lived in the low ground saw their looms and all the little property they owned borne off by the flood. The tocsin sounded through the early hours of the night from the belfries of the low villages, until the height of the waters drove away the bell-ringers.

When the morning broke, men were to be seen far off on the flood, whirling down on rafts, or on the roofs of fallen houses; and many were perched in trees, waving signals of distress from the branches, which swayed fearfully with the rush of water.

The Emperor, with that quick sagacity which has always marked his action (and perhaps with sterling humanity too), left his capital for the scene of the disaster, and before the waters had gone down, rode breast-deep through the submerged streets, giving kind words and money to the sufferers.

It may be only a fancy of our own, but we can not forbear the belief that the kind heart of Eugenie, and her pleading voice, prompted this zeal of the Emperor, and fed the hand which lavished moneys upon the unfortunate. However this may be, it is certain that Napoleon has reaped a harvest of popularity upon the Rhone which no glories of the Malakoff could have won for him.

Another Paris mention belongs of right to the agricultural display in the Crystal Palace. It is probable that never before were such numbers and variety of domestic animals assembled under one roof. There was not only the usual silkiness of the Short-horns, the lithe Devons, the deer-like Alderneys, and the heavy-spotted Norman cattle, but the Swiss herdsmen had brought up their dun cows from the meadows of Neufchatel, and waited upon their wants in their national costume. The Hungarian cattle-drivers sported their loose white pantalon and long mustache beside their wild-looking oxen, and the broad-horned cattle of Lombard Italy were attended by Italian peasants with steeple-crowned hats. We do not learn that America was in any way represented, save by a few agricultural implements.

Will our native American breed of cattle ever be brought, by judicious feeding and care, to a beauty or a worth that will command distinction?

We throw out the question to those zealous agriculturists who spend fortunes upon their importations of herd-book animals, but not one farthing, so far as we know, upon the development of the finer points which belong to our native stock.

From cattle we turn to books:

"The number of subscribers to the "Cours Familier de Littérature" of M. de Lamartine increases considerably, but not, it appears, in a sufficient degree to relieve his difficulties very effectually. The cause of these difficulties, which, from the well-known fact that M. de Lamartine inherited large possessions in landed property, had money with his wife, and has made unusually large sums by his indefatigable labors, it seemed almost impossible to account for, may, we are assured on good authority, be chiefly explained from two circumstances. The property in question, which consisted in vines—M. de Lamartine being one of the largest vine-growers in France—was, at the time of his entering upon it, charged with debts of upward of £40,000. Since 1848 the grape disease has nearly neutralized the products, while at the same time, during a period of extreme scarcity, the same necessity existed as before for paying and supporting some four or five hundred families employed in the vineyards. Thus explained, the distress—for it is nothing less—of the poet appeals to general sympathy more eloquently, as we think, than any personal address to the public; and it is earnestly to be hoped that the work on which M. de Lamartine is engaged—a work so replete with the most valuable information, conveyed in the most interesting and popular form that it constitutes a sort of royal road to the acquisition of ancient and modern literature—may be made to fulfill its aim, and save its illustrious author from the ruin which becomes daily more impending."

"The death of the historian, Augustin Thierry, has been an event of universal interest and regret. Like Milton, Thierry paid the penalty of his indefatigable studies by the loss of sight, and for many years he had been entirely crippled. In this state he encountered Mademoiselle de Quérangal, a young lady of a Breton family, herself a woman of remarkable talents and acquirements, who was so touched by the position of the illustrious sufferer as to determine to devote her life to him. They married; and up to the period of his death her noble devotion was the support and consolation of his existence. Thierry's "Récit des Temps Mérovingiens;" his "Dix Ans d'Etudes Historiques;" his "Histoire de la Conquête de l'Angleterre par les Normands," and his "Lettres sur l'Histoire de France," entitle him to one of the first places among modern historians."

We do not know how we can interest our lady-readers more (though it take up a large share of our gossip) than by adding here a somewhat lengthy resumé of the writings of a Paris *feuilletoniste* upon the subject of "Face decoration for ladies."

We hazard the risk of seeing our daughters bedizened in new styles by this very plain elucidation of the arts of coquetry in color:

"The face-menders, or *repiqueses* (as he calls them), are divided into two large classes or schools; the fanciful and the sensible, rationalists and idealists.

"The idealist is she who considers it slow and humdrum to have a face like her mother, or her grandmother's, or any other of her predecessors; nature's productions are commonplace and mawkish, pappy and finnikin; *her* style is broad and telling; she aims at color and effect.

"The rationalist has a less lofty flight of imagination. She strives after the true and natural. In youth her style is correct and simple; she copies from acknowledged models, or from her own portrait, if it be tolerably like and flattering. In advanced years she is content to patch up and retouch where any part has faded—to fill up cracks, and restore the glazing where it has disappeared. Hers is simply a work of restoration. To give an example—the classical face-painter is generally fond of rubbing in softly a light blue tinge under the eyes; the effect is to give an air of languor, as though ardent and impassioned thoughts had left their unmistakable traces on the visage of the too sensative creature.

"The idealist, on the other hand, boldly spreads beneath her eyes a broad flat tint, hard and dark, charcoally, and altogether improbable. The effect is to give that sort of expression which can only be described as *peculiar*. Again, the follower of the rational school gives herself arched, slender, brilliant eyebrows, care being taken to place them at a good height from the lids—eyebrows *à l'Impératrice* they are called under the present dynasty.

"The idealist makes hers of a dull color—thick, and turned up with a peremptory twist like the mustache of a Zouave. The object thus secured is a wild, startling, ruffianly grace, that demands your admiration as a footpad does your purse. To the idealist is due the black line which is sometimes seen immediately under the eyelash, on the very edge of the lid, which is to give additional lustre to the glance; and likewise the prolongation of the said black line beyond the corner of the eye, supposed to increase the apparent size of the orbit.

"To sum up—while the rationalist strives at a servile imitation of nature, constituting a sort of Dutch school characterized by simplicity and native grace, the idealist, less 'of the earth, earthy,' rushes into the unexpected and startling; the original local tint, for which she hath small regard, may sometimes be taken by her as a sort of starting-point; but it is the first step in a scale of coloring which mounts up into the maddest play of tints, and exceeds the wildest dreams even of the modern romantic ballad writer.

"The thoroughgoing idealist does not, as may be imagined, rise to the fullness of her poetic frenzy at one flight. Her first essays are more timid and tentative, but gradually, as one bold effect is ventured upon, then another—like the tiger that has lapped blood—she is lashed to a furious thirst, and finally becomes desperate, swaying fearfully on the thin boundary that divides insanity from genius.

"The origin of the moderate or rationalist school is beyond the memory of man. From all time women have used cosmetics; the angel Azaliel first taught them to paint their faces. But the rise of the school of idealists is of more recent date; it is, in fact, entirely modern, although many of its practices have been separately in use among various nations from an early period; for instance, among the American Indians, who paint their cheeks and forehead blue; the Greenlanders, who streak their faces with white and yellow; the women of the Deccan, who cut out flowers upon their own skins, and paint them various tints, etc., etc. From each of these the idealist borrows a little—a hint here, a notion there—but the complete system, as a whole, is entirely modern, and of the present day. Another characteristic difference between the two sects, and one which is extremely significative as respects the basis on which each proceeds, is this: the rationalist, when she has oc-

casion to purchase the materials with which she manufactures her deceptive charms, drives stealthily in a hack carriage under cover of dusk to the shop of the fashionable dealer in the raw material of beauty, vailed and muffled up in sombre garments, as though she were stealing to some guilty rendezvous. Not so the follower of the fantastic and ideal school—boldly and openly her equipage in the full glare of day draws up before the door as though she were about to buy dresses at a linen-draper's. In point of fact, the one practices the art as a piece of hypocrisy and a fraud, and the other as a part and parcel of her personal adornments—the necessary complement of her toilet. This latter was exactly the view in which rouge came to be held in the olden time—in the age of hoops, high-heeled shoes, and patches. It formed part of the complete toilet of a lady of fashion—it was one of the items of full dress—to be without it was to be *en negligé*. Unmarried girls were forbidden its use—to wear rouge and diamonds was among the privileges acquired by marriage.

"Pass we now to the practical part of our author's treatise, the arcana of recipes and processes, the chemistry of artificial charms. The fundamental colors, red, black, and white, are of ancient usage; they were what is called pearl-white, rouge or carmine, and talc, and lamp or smoke black. But these substances have been found to present many objectionable peculiarities—the pearl-white cracks and foliates, giving the face a surface like veined marble; the rouge, whatever price may be given for it—and as much as five pounds for a little pot is sometimes paid—is not a fast color, runs, and forms a coating of visible thickness; moreover, it has the disadvantage of coloring not only the cheek but the down upon it, so that by a glancing light a scrutinizing eye detects the blushing artifice; as for lampblack, it lacks consistency, and smudges too easily. In place of carmine, what was called *vinaigre de rouge* was invented—a liquid which dyes the epidermis, so that, when it has been laid on, a wet rag lightly passed over the down washes all color away from it without affecting that on the cheek. This, however, is now classed among the coarser and more ancient processes; and though, together with them, it is still used by a large number, the more refined compilers of complexions adopt the following methods: Those who are merely too pale, and have no other fault to find with themselves than that they have a dull, lustreless look—those lucky enough, in short, to require only a touch of rouge, have an easy and short task of it. They have recourse neither to the rouge paste nor the rouge vinegar, but to the most enchanting tint of delicate rose—so conceivable a tint rarely equaled by Nature's purest and freshest hues, and which is derived from a composition called *rose de Chine*. It is a curious kind of preparation, laid upon paper, and forming a kind of pocket-book. The surface of the paper has a shiny emerald-green and gold tinge. You moisten the tip of your finger, rub it, and a rose-red color comes off upon the finger, the which is immediately applied to the cheek, which it lights up with a pretty delicate rosy hue, strongly recommendable to the less robust. This process is far preferable to laying slices of raw veal on either cheek, as is known to be nightly practiced by interesting females fluctuating about maturity.

"As regards white, its use is not so simple, as it necessitates a preparatory process, analogous to that which painters called priming. The best white being in powder, the skin has to be prepared for its reception by a previous application of an unctuous and retentive character; this is generally cold cream, with which the visage is lightly anointed. The white is then laid on with the end of the finger, as with a stump. The whole soon dries, and forms a compact surface, on which the rouge may then be applied. Great care is requisite to lay on the proper amount and thickness of white at once; any patching or retouching would produce a blotchy and unequal appearance; the only alternative is to begin again. Let it be observed that there are three orders of white, viz., pink white for the fair; yellow white for the dark, called Rachel's white, its invention being attributed to the great tragedian; and, lastly, white white, or ninny's white, for those who are weak-minded enough to beflour their faces in emulation of the clown in a pantomime. Formerly, what was called an *œil de poudre* (a dash of powder) was an indispensable process as the finishing touch to the toilet. It consisted in one slight sprinkling from the powder-puff on the hair, and a similar light shower of pearl-white on the shoulders. Under this light and discreet vail disappeared any little accidental imperfections or blurs marring the uniform snowiness of the skin; it was a mask, too, concealing the alterations that might supervene from heat, cold, or unfashionable emotion. Nowadays this imperceptible hoar-frost is considered too evanescent and unstable; a more vigorous and permanent effect is desired, and arms, shoulders, neck, and bust are washed over with a preparation called liquid white. This process calls to mind that by which the spotless white of pantaloon and cross-belt is obtained by soldiers—a species of pipe-claying it is, undoubtedly. There is a dark side, moreover, to this liquid-white which by no means can we omit to mention: its basis is metallic silver, or bismuth; these act as poisons, which corrode, discolor, and wrinkle up the skin; and, moreover, affect, by absorption, the constitution itself. Nor is this all: those whose skins are plastered with it must beware of all sulphurous emanations: a ride on a Thames steamer—a visit to Harrogate or Barège—would simply turn them black—convert them into Hottentot Venuses. We have now to mention the treatment of lips and eyebrows. For the lips and the nails rouge vinegar is the only thing that can be used, though no doubt injurious, especially to the former. As to the eyebrows, the subject is one on which much prose might be written as a counterbalance to the sonnets indited by lovers to those of their mistresses. Charcoal and burned cork, though used by not a few, should decidedly be left to the domain of theatrical 'making up.' The recipe in vogue among the most knowing is derived from an antiquarian discovery. In certain ancient sarcophagi have been found little boxes containing a black matter evidently destined for this purpose, together with the little wooden instrument which was used in applying it. The pigment is composed of two parts of lead and one of plumbago unpurified of the small quantity of iron found in it when native. The little instrument, which is either of wood or ivory, is about an inch long, and cut to a point like a pencil. The point is dipped into the preparation, which is laid on, not at one stroke, but in an infinity of little lines laid close to each other like veritable hairs. The general shape of the

whole eyebrow varies according to the fashion of the month. The effect is perfect, and there is only one objection to the process—the very long time it takes up. When we have adverted to the pencil-ing of veins, to give an air of transparency to the marble surface of the skin, which is simply done with a camel-hair brush and a little blue paint, as we trace the branchings of rivers on a map, and, secondly, to the fabrication of artificial moles or beauty-spots, a substitute for the patches of the older time, produced on the same principle as the eyebrow above, we shall have completed our review of the art and mystery of face-painting as shown forth by the daring hand of the French writer—for daring he must be, whether he be a libeler or a true man.

"And now, will it not be said that, in common with some moralists against whom it has been urged that, while painting vice to make it hideous or ridiculous, they have initiated the ignorant and corrupted the innocent—will it not be said that we, too, in affecting to give a warning, are furnishing hints? Certainly it would not be an easy task to refute such a charge. There is a natural perverseness in the human heart from which the fair are by no means exempt; and whence it results that to lay down a law is to suggest a transgression. All have heard the famous instance of this inverse effect produced by an admonition in the days of patches and Court preachers in France, when Massillon, in a burst of indignation against the "low dresses" of that day, ironically suggested that the Court beauties should still further draw attention to their unveiled charms, and attract the eye by a patch. On the morrow, at the Regent's ball, the hint was adopted; all the ladies appeared with the suggested improvement, and, to give every one their due, the patch in its new place was called a *Massillonne*. But, if we are forced to admit that we may have retailed poison, we have done so in strict accordance with Lord Campbell's Act—our arsenic is accompanied with a detective admixture. For, as we trust the present article will find as many male readers as female, full as many pairs of watchful and wary eyes will be enlisted in the preventive service, as weak minds may have been seduced to smuggle contraband charms. But, as an additional safeguard, we will conclude by summing up in our author's own words or thereabouts the pains and penalties to which those are exposed who have been tempted to launch into the absurd artifices of which a sketch has been given.

"Once the beauty is invested in her borrowed charms, farewell to all the graces of varied expression, ever changing with the movements of the soul—graces more precious than beauty itself. Beneath its crust of paint the face is fixed immovable, as though the head of Gorgon had stared upon it. If it have a smile, it must remain forever a rigid grin, like that on the plaster cast of a hanged criminal—at the utmost a convulsive twitch may be permitted to the extent of a twentieth part of an inch. Joy, anger, the passions generally—in all their shades, in all their gradations—are banished forever from their natural appanage. They may rumble and agitate internally—not a trace can they be allowed to exhibit on the "dial of the soul." A moment's forgetfulness has been known to cause a woeful wreck—instant dilapidation, as from an earthquake. Huge fissures athwart the features, or myriad crackings and exfoliations, shedding from time to time their scales. In polking or waltzing, shoulders, forehead, must be carefully withheld from all contact with the partner's coat. When resting the hand on his shoulder the arm must be painfully kept aloof from the partner's sleeve. A severe gymnastic exercise polking or waltzing under such restrictions!

"Equally forbidden is any prolonged indulgence in the pleasures of the ball: the heat induced is fatal when it has reached a certain point. Neglect of this precaution has caused frightful disasters. After the thirteenth polka faces have been seen to present a variegated appearance—pink and red on one side, yellow and brown on the other.

"Tears labor under the same interdiction, the penalty being streaks down the face as down a glazed gingham after the first shower; likewise the mechanical allaying of any sudden irritation of the skin called scratching, this interdiction implies sufferings unfelt by Tantalus.

"We might swell the list at pleasure: sufficient, we trust, has been said, however, to deter the most intrepid from joining either sect of *repiqueses*, or in any the remotest degree sacrificing to Venus in plaster of Paris."

Editor's Drawer.

SOME years ago a member of the United States Senate, distinguished not only for his talents but his fine personal appearance, was seated in a richly-furnished parlor in the city of Washington, engaged in a lively conversation with one of the most amiable and accomplished married ladies that ever honored our national capital with their presence. The subject was the common and most agreeable one of marriage; and the lady, with a beautiful enthusiasm natural to her character, was pressing upon the notice of her distinguished bachelor friend the claims of a young female friend, whose position in society, amiable disposition, and liberal education, eminently rendered her fit to be the wife of a distinguished statesman, who had seemingly already spent too many years without a proper companion to divide his honors and bear with him the ills of life.

The gentleman, who had for a long time entered with hearty good-will into the half serious and half playful conversation, suddenly became excited, and remarked, that he could, on such a subject, bear all that was said in jest, but when serious arguments were brought to urge him to change his condition, then his reply must be that such a thing could never be—that to love he could not, for his affections *were in the grave*.

The lady was struck with the Senator's manner, and surprised that throughout her long acquaintance with him she had never suspected that he had found time, amidst the struggles of a laborious profession and a high political position, to "fall in love." With the blandishments only known to the sex, and with a curiosity prompted by the kindest of hearts, she asked for an explanation of this seeming mystery, and the gentleman, for the moment overcome by the eloquence of his interlocutor, explained as follows:

"It was my good fortune, soon after I entered upon the active duties of my profession, to engage the affections of a lovely girl, alike graced with beauty of person and high social position. Her mother, her only living parent, was ambitious; and, in the thoughtless desire to make an alliance

of fashion, opposed the union of her child with one who had only his talents and the future to give in return for so much beauty and wealth. The young lady, however, was more disinterested; mutual vows of attachment were exchanged, a correspondence and frequent personal interviews succeeded, and the future seemed to promise a most happy consummation of all our wishes. At that time I had just commenced, under favorable circumstances, my profession in my native town; and, making some character, was finally engaged as counsel in a suit of importance before one of the courts holden in the city of Philadelphia. The opportunity was favorable to make an impression if I possessed the ability to do so; and I gladly accepted the position, and bent my whole energies to accomplish my ambition. Arranging to write frequently to one who divided my heart with my business duties, and to receive frequent epistles in return, I set out for Philadelphia, expecting to be absent at most not more than two weeks. The law's delays, however, detained me a month beyond the anticipated time; and, although I succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations, and established myself in a position before the highest court of my native State, my triumphs were dashed that in all the time thus engaged I had not received a line from Lancaster, instead of which, the atmosphere was filled with rumors that the person upon whom I had set my affections had been seduced into the ambitious designs of her thoughtless parent, and that I had been discarded—a thing I could not believe, and yet the dreadful silence seemed to indorse.

"At last, released from my engagement, I took the usual, and, in those days, the only conveyance to Lancaster—the stage. The idleness consequent upon traveling gave time for consuming thoughts, and my suspense became painful to the last degree, and, unable to bear the slow pace of my conveyance, I determined to anticipate the usual time of my journey by making the last miles upon horseback. In carrying out this determination, I mounted a fleet steed; but just as I reached the suburbs of my native place, the animal, from some unaccountable cause, sprang from the road, threw me with force, breaking my arm and otherwise injuring my person. Picked up by my friends, I was conveyed, helpless and full of physical and mental agony, to my home. Scarcely had the surgeons performed their necessary duties, than one, whom I esteemed a friend, announced to me the gossip of the village, and, among other things, detailed the particulars of the courtship and engagement of the young lady in whom I was so interested with a well known person of a neighboring city—a person whose claims to regard no one could dispute. These things, stated with such apparent good faith, connected with that fearful silence of six long weeks, had no other effect than to increase my anxiety to unravel the mystery; and on the following morning, concealing my wounded limb under a cloak, probably pale and haggard, I presented myself at the mansion of my mistress. I was received in the presence of the mother. *She* confirmed my suspicions. The young lady stood by, the picture of despair, yet silent as the grave. Desperate at what seemed this bad faith, I returned to my house, wrote a hasty letter demanding my correspondence, and returning, at the same time, every once cherished token of affection. I received all I sent for, save, perhaps, some forgotten flower.

"That night the young lady, accompanied by a female servant, left for Philadelphia. Arriving at her uncle's house, she complained of being fatigued with her journey, and retired to her room. Complaining of some serious pain, only soothed by narcotics, she sent her faithful but unsuspecting servant and friend to a neighboring drug-store for laudanum, received it, expressed the wish to be alone, and seemingly retired to sleep. The following morning not making her appearance, the family became alarmed, broke open the door, and found the young lady dead—in her hand the little keepsake retained from my correspondence. The uncle, as if comprehending the particulars which led to this dreadful tragedy, had the body encoffined, and with it returned to Lancaster. Placing all that remained of this once lovely being in the parlor, he brought the mother forward, and displayed, what he was pleased to term, the result of her work.

"I was sent for, and arrived to witness the eloquent agony of that mother's heart. Over the cold remains of the daughter she revealed the particulars that led to the awful result. My letters and hers, by untiring industry, the command of large resources, and paid agents, had been all intercepted. The reason of my prolonged absence in Philadelphia had been explained as the result of the fascinating charms of city belles; even an engagement had been pronounced. All this while the victim had been full of hope. She had heard of my arrival in Lancaster, but not of my accident; for long weary hours she sat in the parlor waiting my presence, but doomed to disappointment. Here was seeming indifference, a confirmation of all that she had heard. On the other side, I was made the dupe of the mother's arts, and the fiend who had poisoned my ear was merely the agent to carry forward the great wrong. The last interview I have described, which resulted in the return of correspondence, was enshrouded in the consequences of all these plans. The result was death to one party, and the burial of the heart of the other, *in the same grave* that closed over one who could not survive the wreck of her affections."

Many years have passed away since the incidents detailed in the above sketch transpired; many years since they were revived by the accidental conversation in a family circle of Washington society; but the country strangely becomes interested in the event, from the fact that the "White House" may possibly have a bachelor for its occupant; but one, not so because of indifference to woman, but really from the highest appreciation of one of the loveliest of the sex.

Dr. M'Pheters was a large man, large in person, large in bone and muscle, large in self-conceit, large in arrogance and overbearing, and insolent to the last degree. His manner was to carry every thing by storm. He issued his decrees something after the supposed style of Jupiter, and if you opposed, you were carried away by dead weight and living denunciation. Dr. M'Pheters was a rich man, and, therefore, in spite of his manner, was very much respected, very; and he was borne with, and allowed to have his own way, regardless of others' rights, to an extent few ever attain to who live upon the banks of the Mississippi. The Doctor's chief amusement was "draw poker." The game being founded upon "bluffing" and "bragging," it exactly suited his disposition and his

purse, and he was always miserable, when not eating, if he was not "shuffling the cards." On one occasion he was traveling on a fine steamer, and most unfortunately he could not find three persons among the passengers disposed to risk a "small amount," just to "pass away time." Two willing individuals were on hand, a third was needed to make up the quartette, and to accomplish this was the Doctor's attention exclusively devoted. After unusual efforts, but one person seemed disposed to enter the lists, and that was a little Frenchman, little in person, little in bone and muscle, and modest withal to a painful degree. He was willing to play a very small game, just for amusement; one very small bet, one very small money, only because it was to oblige his grand friend the Doctor, who was magnifique in his person, and ver grand in his purse.

With the perfect understanding, therefore, that the game was entirely for amusement, and that a dime, or perchance a twenty-five cent piece, was the extent of the betting, it was "made up," the parties took their places at table, each one disposing of himself according to his humor. Dr. M'Pheters grunting out his satisfaction, and while rolling from side to side in his chair, fortified himself with the exposure before him of an immense plethoric pocket-book, which was made up on the same magnificent proportions of his own body, and stuffed equally full. The little Frenchman, on the contrary, consumed a great deal of time in hunting in his many pockets, and after the same painful research that distinguished Doctor Kane's exploration in the North Pole, he managed to get together three five-cent pieces, three dimes, a toothpick, and a very small piece of plug tobacco. Every thing being ready, the cards were mixed up, "danced about," and the "hands" distributed. Dr. M'Pheters, it is but justice to say, having really no more idea from the beginning of playing a "small game," than he had of getting into the little Frenchman's pantaloons, while it is equally true that the other parties "interested" sat down in good faith, determined to abide by the bond. For a short time things went on apparently smooth, although it was very evident that the Doctor was only smothering his hostility, for he frequently remarked, "That it was wasting time to win a few dimes, and nonsense to take the trouble to loose them." Excited at last beyond forbearance, he broke forth in his usual overbearing way, and finding things "too cold" for his ardent feelings, and "too cheap" for "his pile," he determined to make a grand demonstration, break up the game by a vast *coup d'état*, drive his antagonists in shame from their seats, and then stalk away, muttering his disgust and defiance like a threatening but still retreating storm. To accomplish this, he boldly broke through the obligation of "limiting" the amount of money hazarded, and with a wave of the hand, awfully portentous, he drove his immense pocket-book into the centre of the table, and then dashing his huge knuckles into the mahogany, he exclaimed,

"I'll see that mean sneaking dime bet, and go twenty-five hundred dollars better."

The crowd of passengers surrounding the table smiled in ineffable admiration upon the Doctor's magnificence, and awaited in silent expectation for the shameful retreat of the vanquished players. Two instantly "passed out," ingloriously retreated, leaving the field entirely to the little Frenchman, whose naturally meagre proportions seemed to shrink into almost nothingness when thus suddenly contrasted with his gigantic antagonist. The Doctor, now on his high horse, was about to rake down the "sum total," when the little Frenchman interposed,

"Doctor, we agreed to play one var leet'l game, just for amusement; you make one sublime bet of grand proportion, vich is too much money."

The Doctor was becoming more and more excited, and interposed,

"Do you think I'm going to sit here and waste my time on a one horse-game like this No, Sir! Come, see that twenty-five hundred, or back out."

And again the Doctor was about to claim the money, and rise from his seat. The Frenchman, who knew his rights, begged the Doctor not to quit, but take down his "grand bet," and confine himself within the prescribed limit. The Doctor was now enraged all over; he swayed to and fro like a mountain laboring from internal fires, and then broke into an explosion of hot lava of indignation that involved alike in its direful effects players and spectators. All were aghast except the little Frenchman, who still persisted in the Doctor's confining himself to a small bet. Exhausted at last, the Doctor was about to take up his money, when the little Frenchman suddenly assumed a solemn expression, dropped his supplicating manner, and, to the astonishment of all lookers-on, *ordered* the Doctor to wait until he had determined in his own mind whether he would be thus rudely bluffed off or not. Finally (the Doctor, meanwhile, gnashing his teeth with rage), he put his hand down the breast-pocket of his coat, and took out a little greasy wallet, fastened together with a piece of twine. Slowly and deliberately opening its folds, he drew out several bills of a large denomination, and placing them in the centre of the table, he said,

"Monsieur le Docteur, I see your twentee-five hundred, and for you sake I shall go five hundred bettare."

The consternation of Dr. M'Pheters can neither be imagined nor described. The blood retreated from his cheeks with a precipitancy that in one moment turned fiery red into sickly blue; his lips parted and shriveled up, and his eyes glazed from disappointed avarice and blasted pride. The triumph of the little Frenchman was complete. Coolly taking down the money, he deliberately counted the amount, dwelling with especial emphasis upon each completed thousand, then vainly endeavoring to compress the whole into one small mass, he buried part in the embrace of the little wallet, and returned the remainder to his several coat pockets. The Doctor, meanwhile, gathered up his energies, rushed precipitately from the table, and as he retreated the little Frenchman remarked to the spectators,

"Gentlemen, it is always best to play one leet'l game; one game just for amusement."

Singular as it may seem, from the day of this adventure Dr. M'Pheters "bluffed" and "bragged" in vain. The mention of the incident with the little Frenchman cowed him at once, and the great Doctor finally became a modest and inoffensive man.

It won't always do to depend too implicitly upon the dictionary when one is trying to speak a foreign language; as witness the mistake of a wor-

thy English clergyman who was preaching in French. He was exhorting his hearers to a diligent and constant study of the Holy Scriptures. He evidently thought in his own language, though he used French words, which we translate into English:

"My dear brethren," said he, "let me exhort you never to let a day pass over your head without your having taken large draughts of the pure *eau de vie*."

"Water of life," he meant, of course, but that was not quite the idea which his hearers drew from his words. His mistake was not greater than that of a good French clergyman who had been hospitably entertained by an English family. Before taking his leave he had, by the aid of grammar and dictionary, prepared a short farewell speech in English, after this fashion:

"Farewell, my friends, and may ze Lord *peekle* you till we meet again."

To "pickle" and to "preserve" may be, as the dictionary said, synonymous when applied to fruits, but as applied to persons there is a shade of difference in the meaning.

Speaking of mistakes made by foreigners in speaking our language, they are very apt to get entangled in the mysteries of our numerous irregular verbs. If, for instance, they have learned that the past tense of the verb "to fly" is "flew," they are apt to conclude that a similar change is a general law of the language. So, at least, did our worthy friend, Herr von G., one of the noblest of the German exiles for liberty. He had one day been reading Percival's fine poem *Arnold von Winkelreid*, one verse of which concludes thus:

"'Make way for liberty!' he cried:
'Make way for liberty!' and died!"

"How beautiful it is!" said Herr von G., quoting from memory. "How sublime, ven he rushes among ze spears,

"'Mak vay for leeberté!' he *crew:*
'Mak vay for leeberté!' und *dew!*"

"Of course," writes a Philadelphia correspondent, "you are familiar with the following scraps from the 'Unpublished Poems of Tom Hood.' Are they not worthy of a place in your Drawer?"

"A Sea Horse is a *Sea* Horse
When you *see* him in the *sea;*
But when you see him in the *bay*
A *Bay* Horse then is he."

"Of *course*, a race-course isn't *coarse*,
A *fine* is far from *fine;*
It is a saddening sight to see
A noble *pine*-tree *pine*."

"If *miners* all are *minors*, then
Their guardians get their gains.
All glaziers extra *pains* should take
To put in extra *panes*."

"A bat about a farmer's room
Not long ago I knew
To *fly*. He caught a *fly*, and then
Flew up the chimney-*flue*.
But such a *scene* was never *seen*—
I am quite sure of that—
As when with sticks all hands essayed
To hit the *bat* a *bat*."

"'How do you do?' said Sall to John.
'*So-so*,' replied he.
'How do you do?' said John to Sall.
'Sometimes *sew-sew*,' said she."

"A kitchen-*maid* is often *made*
To burn her face, or broil it;
A lady will do little else
Than *toil-it* at her *toilet*."

"'Tis punishment for me to pun;
'Tis trifling void of worth;
So let it pass unnoticed
Like *dew* that's *due* to earth."

We must confess that we are not familiar with these poems; but should be happy to receive a few more extracts from them.

"A Treatise on Popping the Question," illustrated with familiar examples, would, doubtless, prove a popular book. Our Drawer is open for contributions of the necessary materials for such a work. We trust that our friends will be particular in mentioning whether the applications were successful. The following is furnished by the person most interested, with the assurance that it "operated to a charm:"

"I was sitting by the side of Imogene, meditating upon the best manner of coming to the point, when she took up an orange that lay upon the table.

"'Will you have part of this?' she asked.

"I assented, thinking all the while more of orange-flowers than of the fruit. What she was thinking of I can not say. She divided the orange into two parts, and gave me one. A sudden inspiration came upon me.

"'Oh, Imogene!' said I, 'I wish you would serve me as you have done this orange.'

"'What do you mean?' she asked, innocently.

"'Why, you have *halved* the orange; now won't you *have* me?'

"I am a little oblivious as to what followed for the next few moments; only I remember that somehow I found my mustache in contact with her lips. We are to be married in September. You will receive cards."

Do sermons and grave-yards really furnish more than their due proportion of whimsicalities and oddities; or do we notice these more when they come in such solemn company? Be this as it may, fully half the good things which come to our receptacle are from these two sources. We have appropriated a special compartment for this kind of facetia, from which we sometimes draw at random. The first that comes to hand is vouched to be copied from a tombstone in Vernon, Vermont:

"Here lies, cut down, like unripe fruit,
A son of Mr. Amos Tute,
And of Mrs. Jemima Tute, his wife,
Called Jonathan; of whose frail life
The days all summed, how short the account,
Scarcely to fourteen years amount,
Born the twelfth of May was he
In seventeen hundred and sixty-three;
To death he fell a helpless prey
On April v. & twentieth day,
In seventeen hundred seventy-seven,
Quitting this world, we hope, for heaven.
Behold the amazing alteration
Effected by innoculation:
The means employed his life to save
Hurried him headlong to the grave."

This touching epitaph was composed by the Rev. Bunker Gay, a worthy New England clergyman, who, we fear, would have been scandalized by the following burst of eloquence with which an Illinois minister concluded a eulogy upon the great apostle to the Gentiles:

"Ah, my brethren," said he, "an' then the 'Postle Paul gone to Rome; an' who did he 'pear afore thar? I'll tell you, my brethren, he 'peared afore the king, an' not only afore the king but afore Ceezer, an' not only afore Ceezer, but afore the emperor, an' not only afore the emperor, but afore the great pope himself. An' he wan't afeared

of none of them, no he wan't, my brethren, you may bet your hats o' that."

The deacons and brethren now and then get off something quite worthy of their pastors, as witness the following, of which the scene is laid at Whitestown, in the central part of the State of New York:

"We used to be great radicals in our little church," writes another correspondent, "and the chief burden of prayer in our church-meetings was that all sorts of wrong and injustice might come to an end, and as we used to phrase it in common talk, that 'every tub might stand on its own bottom.' It happened, once on a time, that Deacon T. was leading our devotions, which he did after the following fashion: 'And furthermore, O Lord, we implore thee that an end may speedily be put to all wrong and oppression on earth, whereby the bad are exalted and the good suffer, but that right and justice may prevail, and every tub be made to stand on its own bottom—*to use a common, though vulgar expression*, which, my brethren, I didn't mean to use here,' the good deacon added apologetically. Deacon T. never got caught that way again, in which he was luckier than his neighbor, Deacon F., who had one favorite phrase of Scripture, which would always find its way into every prayer, and always wrong. He intended to quote the passage, 'A living dog is better than a dead lion;' but in spite of having been set right a score of times, it would always come out, 'A living lion is better than a dead dog.'"

One of the members of the Lower House of the Legislature of the State of New York rejoiced in the name of Bloss. He had the honor of representing the County of Monroe, and if his sagacity as a legislator did not win for him the respect of his associates, his eccentricities often ministered to their entertainment. Many a good story is told of the shrewd replies with which Mr. Bloss electrified the house, but we recall nothing better than his thrust into the member from one of our own up-town wards—an inflated fellow, whose windy speeches at the primary meetings and the oyster cellars had won for him a reputation as an orator, and procured his election to the Assembly, where he was bound to be distinguished as the most eloquent man in Albany. So he was in his own opinion, and he lost no opportunity to submit his oratorical powers to public observation. Literally he sought to ventilate every subject that came before the house. One day in the midst of a windy harangue that had become intolerable for its length and emptiness, he stopped to take a drink of water. Bloss sprang to his feet and cried,

"Mr. Speaker, I call the gentleman from New York to order!"

The whole Assembly were startled and stilled; the "member from New York" stood aghast, with the glass in his hand, while the speaker said,

"The gentleman from Monroe will please to state his point of order."

To which Mr. Bloss with great gravity replied,

"I submit, Sir, that it is not in order for a *windmill* to go by *water!*"

It was a shot between wind and water; the ventose orator was confounded, and put himself and his glass down together.

At the annual meeting of the Quakers held in this city the latter part of May last, there was a great gathering of the Friends, and for a rarity they had fine weather, disproving the foolish but very common remark that it always rains at Quaker meeting. As usual, the friends from the country were entertained by the city members with that hospitality which combines prudence with kindness, and distinguishes these good people from those who make more pretense but have less to boast of. Among the visitors, there came in from Long Island a very corpulent Quaker, a well known preacher of that order, whose name shall be Richard Baine. He made his home while in town with Samuel Murray, a noble, generous-souled man, whose spacious house was always open to the people of his faith, and now was thronged with men and women who loved to crowd around his well-spread board.

Friend Richard Baine was a great feeder as well as a good preacher. "All good things," he was wont to say, "are from God, and it is a poor compliment to the giver to turn away from any of his gifts." So Richard made it a matter of conscience to eat of every thing, and as much as he could get away with. At dinner one day he was so intent upon a practical exhibition of this doctrine, that when he passed his plate to his host, for the third or fourth time, that it might be replenished, Friend Samuel ventured to remark with much solemnity but with becoming gentleness,

"Friend Richard, I don't like to speak to a man at my table, but does not thee think thee has eaten as much as is meet for thee."

"It is very good *meat* indeed, Friend Samuel, and I bless God and thee for it. I will try another piece."

"Thee does not understand me; I ask if thee has not eaten as much as is good for thee; too much may be an injury to thee; but my friends are welcome to all that is mine."

Richard and the company were surprised at this unexpected and rather inhospitable suggestion, but good-humor was instantly restored by Friend Richard's observing,

"Friend Samuel, if thee only knew how I live at home, thee would not object to my filling up a little when I go abroad."

Over the calm faces of the brethren and sisters there spread a most benignant sunny smile, and once more the plate of the all-devouring Richard was bountifully supplied.

Sir William Temple said, and it was very well said, that the first ingredient in conversation is truth; the next, good sense; the third, humor, and the fourth, wit.

Larkin Moore was a half-crazy, wandering, lazy fellow, who used to amuse the people in and about Newburyport with his eccentricities and his music; for Larkin had a host of old songs, hymns, and snatches of melody, which he rendered, in a plaintive voice, to familiar airs, and entertained crowds that would gather around him. Many of these songs needed only to be clothed in better words, and they would take their place among the verses that men will not willingly let die. For example, one of Larkin's songs caught the ear of a true poet, who dressed it up, and it now commences:

"A pilgrim climb'd the mountain height,
Assailed by storm and snow!"

Larkin went to church one Sunday while in Taunton, and Parson Whitney was exercising his gifts, which were exceedingly few and small. His sermons were noted for their great length and very little depth—for their want of thought and the preacher's want of energy; so that oftentimes it

seemed as if he would come to the end, if he had but spirit enough to bring himself to a standstill. Larkin walked up the aisle and took his seat about midway of the church. He listened longer than could have been expected of such a restless mind as his, while first, secondly, thirdly, fourthly, and so on to seventhly, were severally announced and expatiated on; and then exclaimed the minister, "And *what shall I say more?*"

"For mercy sake," cried out Larkin, "say *Amen!*"

"Put that man out!" said Mr. Whitney; but he was so put out himself that he did not resume his discourse.

Hood never made a better pun than that of Hook, who was walking with a friend, when they came to a toll-bridge.

"Do you know who built this bridge?" said he to Hook.

"No," replied Hook; "but if you go over you'll be tolled!"

The bar, now and then, as well as the pulpit, relaxes its severity, and yields us such pleasantries as the following, for which we are indebted to a "briefless" member in the South, from whom we hope to hear "many a time and oft." He writes:

"Judge French, of our Circuit—whom, by-the-by, it would be a pleasure to you to know, if you value profound legal knowledge, stern integrity, and childlike simplicity, all blended finely in the same character—was holding court in this town. A case was on trial concerning some sirup, which had turned sour by reason of having been kept in a cellar, but which would have remained sweet had it been stored elsewhere. So the owners of the article brought a suit against the storers. The plaintiffs put a witness, a voluble *Frenchman*, on the stand, who testified glibly that 'they put the *seerop* into the *souterrain*' (French for cellar), 'and he turn sour.' The Judge's face during this testimony assumed an expression of the deepest meditation, and then it relapsed into one of complete bewilderment as the witness left the stand, and his Honor remarked,

"'I can not understand it.'

"'He says—' began the Counsel.

"'Yes, yes,' interrupted the Judge, 'I know what he said; but, to save my life, I can not understand the reason why sirup should become sour in a *soup-tureen* sooner than it would in any other other vessel.'

"That night at supper the Judge had to suffer some when he came to find out that he had confounded the Frenchman's French with his soup, and totally misconceived the point of his testimony."

The same correspondent tells the following capital good thing of a Texan judge. It carries the truth on the very face of it:

"Old Judge Cole, of Texas, was characterized by his attachment to that seductive beverage called 'peach and honey,' and by his hatred of whisky and whisky-drinkers. While holding a court at Austin, two men were brought up on a charge of a drunken affray. It was a plain case: the row had occurred in the public street, in open day, and there were fifty witnesses to the whole transaction. So the two delinquents pleaded guilty, by the advice of their counsel, and threw themselves on the mercy of the Court. They were then brought up for sentence separately.

"'You are guilty of an affray,' growled the judge.

"'Yes, your Honor,' whined the offender, thoroughly frightened.

"'Drunk, I suppose?' grunted the Judge.

"'Yes, your Honor,' murmured the prisoner, with some faint hope that having been drunk would mitigate the punishment.

"'Drunk on rye whisky, too, I'll warrant,' roared the Judge, in a voice of thunder.

"'Yes, your Honor; drunk on rye whisky.'

"'Mr. Clerk, record a fine of fifty dollars against this man,' cried the Judge, 'and send him to jail for sixty days. I shall fine the next one who is guilty under such aggravating circumstances a hundred dollars, and send him to jail for six months.'

"This was poor comfort for the unfortunate fellow who was waiting his turn, and now came forward with fear and trembling. As he passed along by his lawyer, that thoughtful gentleman whispered in his ear, 'When the Judge asks you what you got drunk on, tell him on *peach and honey*.' He took his stand.

"'You, too, are up here for an affray,' growled the old Judge, gnashing his teeth, as if he would like to bite the culprit at the bar.

"'Yes, your Honor.'

"'Drunk, too, I suppose?'

"'Yes, your Honor; sorry to say it—drunk—very drunk.'

"'Drunk on rye whisky, too, I suppose?'

"'Oh, no, your Honor; I never drink whisky. I got drunk on peach and honey.'

"The Judge's features relaxed in an instant. Leaning forward, and raising his spectacles, he contemplated the offender with interest, and then with something like tenderness.

"'Ah! Sir,' said the Judge, blandly, 'peach and honey, eh! that's a gentlemanly drink, Sir. The Court sympathizes with you, Sir, and does not regard your offense as *very* serious. Mr. Clerk,' he continued, in a softening tone, 'enter a fine of one dollar against this gentleman, and discharge him on payment of costs.'"

Dr. Johnson's definition of oats was designed to show off his hatred to the Scotch—"A grain which in England is generally given to the horses, and in Scotland is food for the men." Lord Elibank heard it quoted, and said, "And, pray, where will you see such *horses* and such *men?*"

The city authorities were giving an entertainment to a large company of invited guests on Blackwell's Island, where the lunatics, paupers, and criminals of the city have their several asylums and prisons. Among their guests on this occasion was Archbishop Hughes, and when the dinner-party were in the full tide of successful enjoyment, a celebrated legal gentleman of the city was called on for a toast in honor of the Archbishop. He hesitated for a moment, and then rose, giving,

"Our illustrious guest, the Archbishop, the representative of the large majority of the inhabitants of this island!"

There was no disputing the truth of the sentiment, and it was swallowed with good feeling all around, though the truth was the worst part of it.

Mixed marriages are often unmixed evils, and the way that a family in Massachusetts has be-

come intermingled is not a little amusing. Two brothers, being twins, married two sisters, twins also; the mother of the girls was a widow, and a younger brother of the twin sons made love to the mother, and married her, becoming the father-in-law of his elder brothers and the step-father of his sisters-in-law.

A Georgia correspondent says that in that State, recently, a father and his son united their fortunes to those of a mother and her daughter—the son marrying the mother and the father marrying the daughter. What are the several relationships that now exist between the respective parties? The table, properly constructed, would be a very curious chapter, and perhaps our correspondent will figure it out.

"I ALWAYS thought so!" is the very wise remark which every body makes when the most unlikely thing in the world has just happened. It argues great penetration and foresight; and as no one has a right to dispute the remark, we may fancy it is believed.

The Rev. Mr. Jones was chaplain to the State Prison in ——, and a very judicious appointment it was. The old gentleman had retired from active pastoral labor, and his venerable appearance and gentle manners were fitted to inspire respect even among thieves. When the fact of his appointment was made known, a member of the Methodist Church, residing within one of the circuits where Father Jones had preached for many years and was well known, having some business to transact with one of his neighbors, thought he would have a joke at the expense of old Mr. Jones, and astonish his neighbor into the bargain. Now this neighbor, Brown, had been a great admirer of Father Jones, had shouted the loudest under his preaching, and cheered him with the heartiest AMEN! So to him came the humorous friend, Mr. Smith, and cried out to him over the fence, as he found him at his work:

"Brother Brown, have you heard the news?"

"Why, no. What news, Brother Smith?"

"Well, they say old Father Jones has been sent to the State's Prison!"

"You don't say so, Brother Smith! Is it really a fact?"

"I guess it's so," says Smith; "I heard it from Brother Cook, and he saw it in the paper, and I guess there's no mistake about it."

"Well, well! Now, Brother Smith, I'll tell you a thing or two that I never did tell nobody before, not even my wife. The fact is, between you and me and that stone wall, I always thought that old Jones wasn't just exactly the right kind of a man; and when he was here I used to think he'd get into the State's Prison one of these days. I think the old sinner is better in it than out among honest folks."

Mr. Smith left him without explaining the misapprehension, preferring that the scandal-loving Brown should find out his error by degrees. All the world does love to kick a man going down hill.

THAT was a very natural, but a very ludicrous remark of a venerable lady, now in her one hundredth year, on the death of her daughter, who had attained the good old age of eighty. The mother's grief was great; and to a friend who came to condole with her she could only say, "Oh, dear! oh, dear! I knew I never should be able to raise that child!"

AN OLD SAW.

AN upper mill and lower mill
Fell out about their water,
To war they went, that is to law,
Resolved to give no quarter.

A lawyer was by each engaged,
And hotly they contended;
When fees grew scant, the war they waged
They judged were better ended.

The heavy costs remaining still,
Were settled without pother;
One lawyer took the upper mill,
The lower mill the other.

In the same spirit is the following shot at the figure of Justice, with her scales in hand, perched on the City Hall:

The lawyers all, both great and small,
Come here to cheat the people;
For be it known that Justice's flown,
And perches on the steeple.

THE following is certified to us as true to the letter by one of "the persuasion" to which the subject of the anecdote belongs:

The Rev. J. R. J. was pastor of the Second Universalist Society, in Lynn, Massachusetts, a few years ago. He had a fine voice, was a showy preacher, and vain of his abilities to make a great impression. His engagement with the society was about to expire, and on Sunday he was to preach his farewell discourse. Before going to church he sent a note to the chorister in the words following:

"Please defer your customary voluntary for a minute and a half after the close of my sermon this afternoon, in order that the emotions of the audience may have time to subside."

Such an ass should be suffered to subside. Doubtless he has found his level before this time.

HERE are a brace of anecdotes from Wales that have found their way into the Drawer.

A Welsh preacher, a counterpart, we might fancy, of John Foster, whose Bible constituted the greater part of his library, gave expression to the following striking and original idea while urging his hearers to lay hold on eternal life:

"My friends," said he, "this old earth of ours never yet gave birth to any thing having life eternal. But on the Resurrection morning there will spring forth from the womb of this earth bodies having eternal life! But, alas! so mighty will be the throes of that birth, the old mother will die in the labor."

The thought has the sound of the old prophets and apostles in it, and is fearfully sublime and true. The other story is quite in another vein.

It is customary in Wales, at the conclusion of the Sunday services, to assemble the children before the deacon's seat, and there to catechise them in a small book, entitled the "Mother's Gift on Sundry Points of Scripture Doctrine and History." This was in progress in a region of country inhabited largely by miners of coal, furnace-men, and the like, where the price of wages was often made the subject of discussion. The children had answered all the questions, as they stood in the book, to the satisfaction of the questioner, as, "Who made you?" "Who was the meekest man?"

"Who is the father of lies?" when unhappily he was tempted to put a question not laid down in the book, "What is the wages of sin?" The little folks were all stuck. In the midst of them sat a young man, who was only half-witted, and so kept his place among the children of not half his years. To shame them the teacher turned to him and said,

"Tom, my lad, can you tell me what is the wages of sin?"

Tom looked at him a moment, and a luminous idea striking him, a bright ray of intelligence broke over his countenance as he replied,

"I canna say for certain, Sir, but what would you think of eighteenpence a day and board yourself?"

We have heard of a man who was supposed to be dead, and was actually coffined for burial, but fortunately coming to life before he was taken to the grave, he was taken out and restored to health. This happened when he was a youth, and the coffin was kept in the house as a memorial of his narrow escape. He used it all his lifetime for a box *to keep his private papers in.*

This was a better experience than that of a very respectable citizen of Alexandria, who disappeared very suddenly and mysteriously a few weeks ago. He was sought for in vain, till at length the body of a drowned man was found, identified by the family as his, and followed to the grave with all the sincerity and habiliments of woe. Several days afterward the absent husband and father returned, safe and sound, from a journey he had been compelled to make without giving warning to his friends. The bill for his burial was presented to the man alive; it was a very large one, for every thing had been done in the most approved style of modern mourning, and at the order, too, of his wife, who had spared no expense to testify to the sense of her irreparable loss. The city authorities very properly refused to pay the funeral expenses which they had not incurred, and the traveled gentleman had the pleasure of paying for his own burial. To avoid a repetition of the same domestic drama, he has promised his wife not to run away so suddenly hereafter, but when he goes off, even a-fishing, to drop a line.

It is summer now, but it was winter, clear and cold, and the snow was finely packed, when Dr. Meadows was one of a sleighing party, which he describes, so far as he and the young Widow Lambkin were concerned, in the words following:

"The lively Widow Lambkin sat in the same sleigh, under the same buffalo-robe with me.

"'Oh, oh! don't, don't!' she exclaimed, as we came to the first bridge, at the same time catching me by the arm, and turning her vailed face toward me, while her little eyes twinkled through the moonlight.

"'Don't what?' I asked. 'I'm not doing any thing.'

"'Well; but I thought you were going to take toll,' replied Mrs. Lambkin.

"'*Toll*,' I rejoined; 'what's that?'

"'Well, I declare!' cried the Widow, her clear laugh ringing out above the music of the bells, 'you pretend you don't know what toll is!'

"'Indeed I don't, then,' I said, laughing; 'pray explain, if you please.'

"'You never heard, then,' said the Widow, most provokingly—'you never heard that when we are on a sleigh-ride the gentlemen always—that is, sometimes—when they cross a bridge, claim a kiss, and call it toll. But I never pay it.'

"I said that I had never heard of it before; but when we came to the next bridge I claimed the toll, and the Widow's struggles to hold the vail over her face were not enough to tear it. At last the vail was removed, her round, rosy face was turned directly toward mine, and in the clear light of a frosty moon the toll was taken, for the first time in his life, by Dr. Meadows. Soon we came to a long bridge, with several arches; the Widow said it was no use to resist a man who would have his own way, so she paid the toll without a murmur.

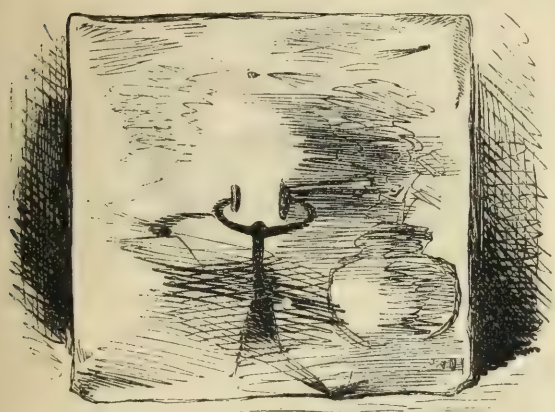
"'But you won't take toll for every arch, *will* you, Doctor?' the Widow said so archly, that I could not fail to exact all my dues, and that was the beginning—" But never mind the rest. The Lambkin had the Meadows all to herself in the spring.

Mr. Webster was fond of a practical joke, but only of a harmless one, and generally a benevolent one. He had, in Northfield, across the river from his Franklin farm, a small piece of sandy, barren land, with a poor house upon it, in which a very destitute family had been living some time without paying any rent. Upon one of his visits to the place, the good woman expressed her anxiety about being able to remain. She expected to be turned out, and didn't know where to go. She hoped Mr. Webster wouldn't be hard with her. He heard her through, and told her, with great gravity, that he knew it was a hard case for her; he wished to consider her, and didn't wish to be unkind; but he had a great many to provide for. At the same time, putting his hand into his pocket, he took out a five dollar bill and handed it to her, saying he was sorry he couldn't do better by her, but if she thought she could afford to stay on the place another year for that, he should be very glad, and rode off.

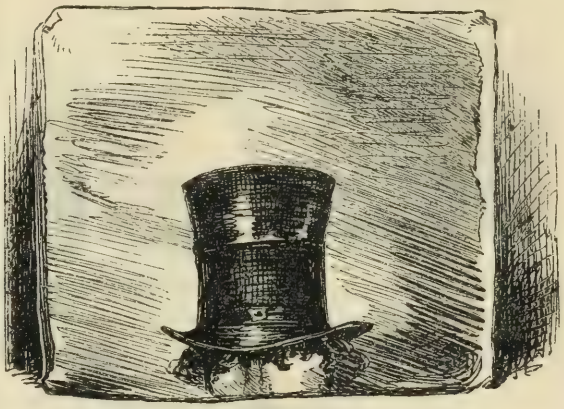
Sordello is one of the poems by Browning, which answers well to the definition of metaphysics—when the reader doesn't know what the writer means, and the writer doesn't know what he means himself, that is metaphysics. When Browning found that he had missed a figure in printing such an unintelligible volume of verse, he is said to have said that he put it forth by way of an experiment, having struck out every other line of it as it stood in the manuscript. This was rather a poor "get off," but still it was better than nothing, and that is more than can be said of the poem. Douglas Jerrold had been ill, and forbidden to read any thing. But one day, seeing a package of new books, he could not resist the temptation to open it, and, for his sins, he lit upon "Sordello." On he read, page after page, without being able to get a distinct impression, or form a coherent idea, from the types before his eyes. "My gracious!" exclaimed Jerrold, "I must be going mad!" A thought struck him; he summoned all his relations and friends on the premises, and put them at the book. All were equally graveled, and the frightened dramatist became reassured as to his own mental condition!

Experiments in Photography.

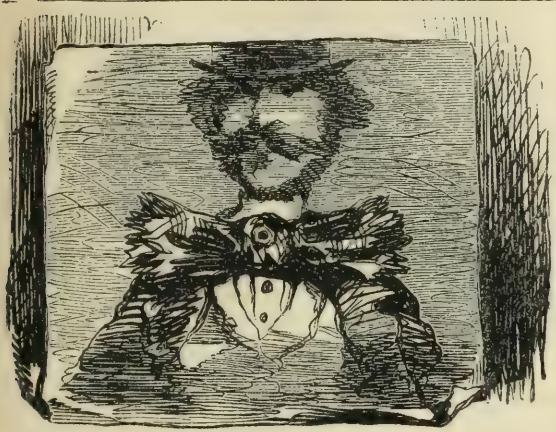
MR. N. BONAPARTE STUBBS *wishing his Daguerreotype, the Operator being out, his Boy tries his hand.*



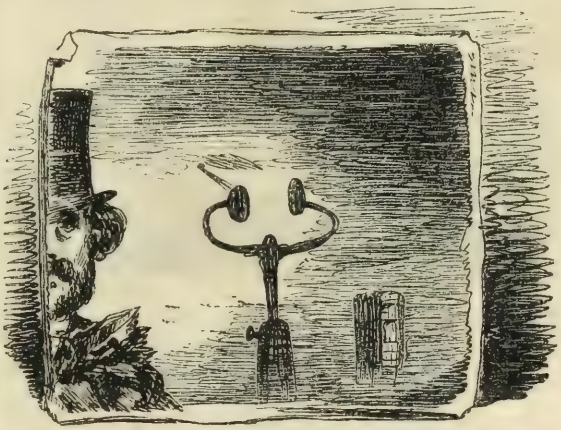
First Trial.—Boy doesn't hit Stubbs at all.



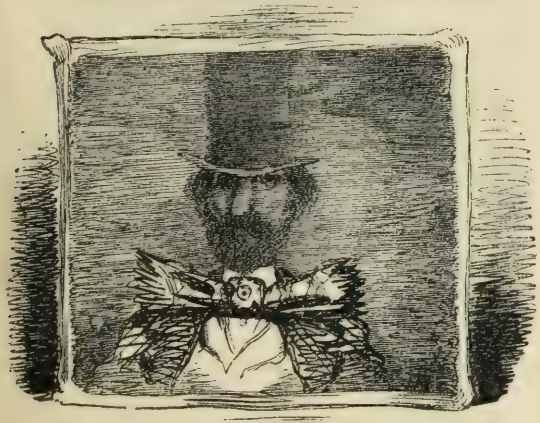
Second Trial.—Hits Stubbs's Hat.



Third Trial.—Stubbs's Cravat in Focus.



Fourth Trial.—Half of Stubbs's Body in Focus.



Fifth Trial.—Body in Focus—Head out.



Sixth Trial.—A Fly alights on Stubbs's Nose.



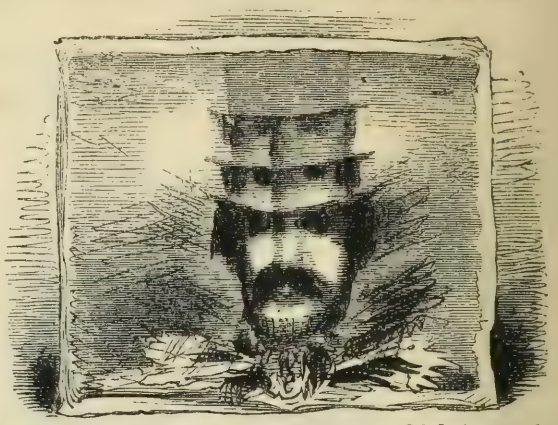
Seventh Trial.—A Spot in the Plate.



Eighth Trial.—Stubbs sits ten seconds too long.



Ninth Trial.—Pretty Girl over the Way throws a light on Stubbs's nose with Mirror.



Tenth Trial.—Stubbs sees Pretty Girl over the Way, and nods at her.



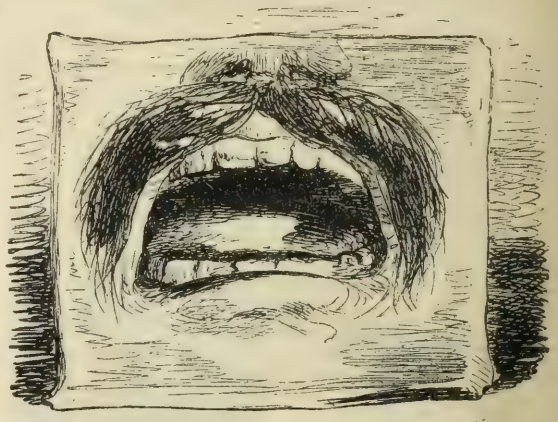
Eleventh Trial.—Stubbs turns to look at Pretty Girl, but recovers his position.



Twelfth Trial.—Pretty Girl smiles at Stubbs. He chuckles, and moves his Head.



Thirteenth Trial.—Stubbs arranges his Cravat to Captivate Pretty Girl.



Fourteenth Trial.—Pretty Girl goes away. Stubbs begins to grow tired, and Yawns.



Fifteenth Trial.—Boy forgets, and lets Stubbs sit Ten Minutes.



Sixteenth Trial.—JONES, the Great Operator, returns, and takes Stubbs's Picture at once.

Fashions for August.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 51 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*

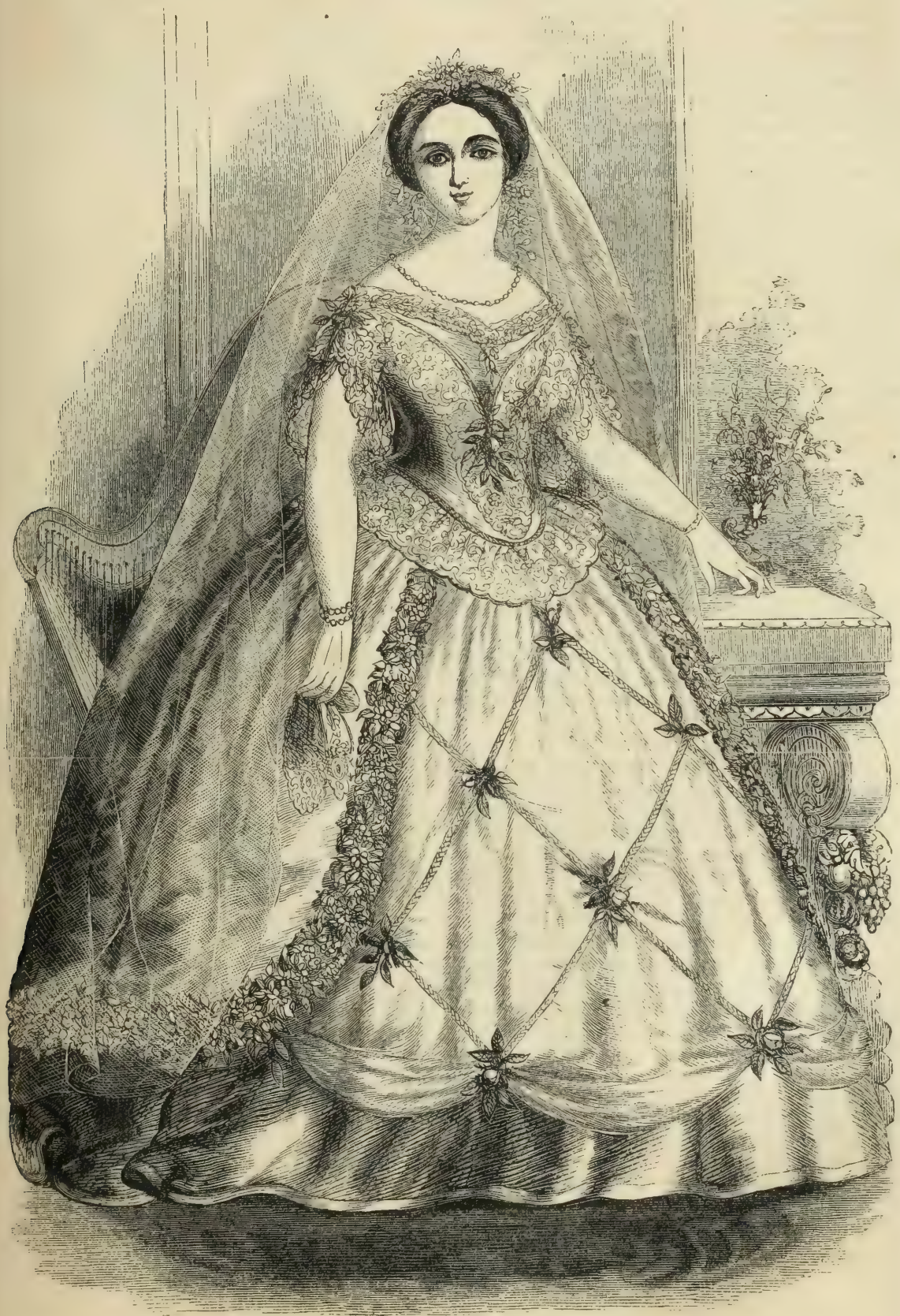


Figure 1.—Evening Toilet for a Bride.

THE DRESS illustrated on the preceding page is of white glacé silk; the body *decolletée*, with a deep but somewhat rounded waist, the short infant sleeves concealed by a fall of lace. The upper edge of the corsage is bordered by a wreath of sprays of the buds of orange flowers, which are covered by a *bouillonnée* of lisse tulle. *Bretelles* of Chantilly lace, ten inches wide, sweeping in a curve over the bust, meet about the centre of the corsage, their union being marked by a cluster of orange flowers, foliage, and a pink moss-rose bud. These *bretelles* fall to the top of the frill, which surrounds the waist; this, and the sleeves are of lace like that of the *bretelles*. The lace at the sleeves is caught up just below the shoulder by a white moss-rose bud, with its cluster of leaves. The silk skirt is softened by a second skirt of tulle, falling over it; this is garnished by a *passamenterie* of narrow white plaited satin ribbon, dividing the skirt into lozenge-shaped compartments, at each angle of which are placed moss-rose buds, alternately pink and white, with small groups of green leaves. These serve to retain the tulle in festoons at the bottom of the skirt about eight inches from the floor. Under this tulle appears the long, almost trailing silk underskirt. The tunic is not covered by the tulle; its entire outline is bordered with orange flowers and sprays of buds wreathed with foliage. An edging of lace may be substituted for this floral adornment; it should be graduated in width so as to be twice as deep at the bottom of the tunic as at the top. The necklace and bracelets are of pearl. The gloves are white. The handkerchief is deeply edged with lace; in fact, the cambric centre forms but a very small part of it. The vail, of *tulle illusion*, is very large, falling to the feet. It is arranged in front *à la Marie Stuart*. The hair is wreathed with orange flowers and buds, either natural or artificial; some, indeed, make use of the latter from preference. The particular mode of arranging the hair must be determined by the style of the features.

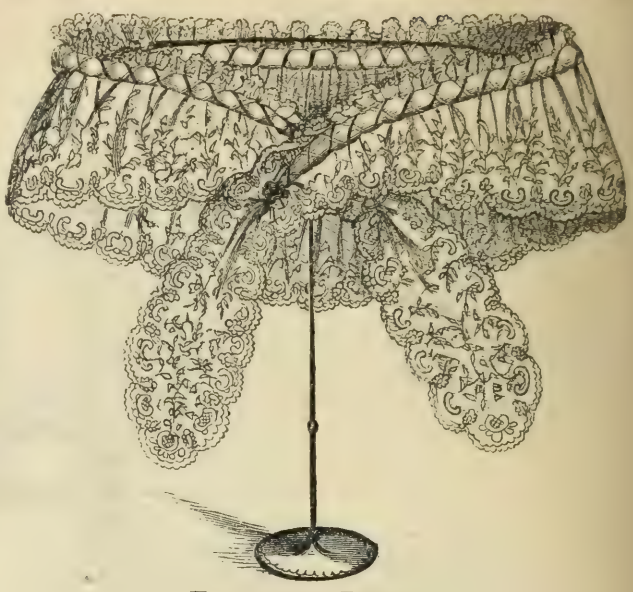


FIGURE 2.—BERTHE.

FIGURE 2 represents a new and very pretty *berthe*. A graduated continuous puff or rolling *bouillonnée* of lace, through which are twined, with reverse turns, narrow ribbons of white satin and black velvet, terminating in double bows upon the lappets, traverses the upper portion of the lace. Where the tabs cross, it is confined with a brooch. Capes of similar character, named after the newly risen star of tragedy, Ristori, are in no little favor.

FIGURE 3 represents an embroidered night-robe, which is also very appropriate for a morning-dress. It is composed of white cambric. The front is plaited into a yoke, which follows the form of a low-necked dress. From the waist the drapery falls free, being confined by a band or cord and tassels. The back is shirred. The portion which forms the covering of the neck can be removed from the neck-band, which, together with the front and an insertion down the front of the sleeves, is ornamented with embroidery. The cuffs turn back upon embroidered bands, into which the fullness of the sleeves is set.

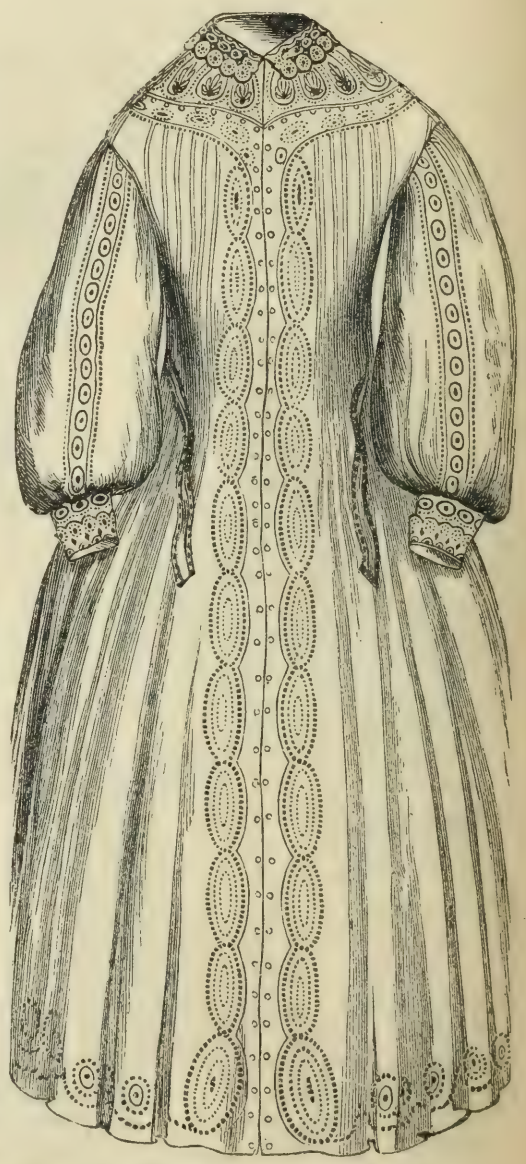


FIGURE 3.—NIGHT-ROBE.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. LXXVI.—SEPTEMBER, 1856.—Vol. XIII.

ON THE APPLICATION OF PHOTOGRAPHY TO PRINTING.

THE publication of Dr. Draper's work on Human Physiology,* presents several circumstances of general interest.

For the first time the attempt has been made, on an extensive scale, to illustrate a book on exact science by the aid of Photography. It is, of course, admitted on all hands, that no matter how excellent drawings may be, they can never approach in reliability to photographic delineations; and this not only as respects objects which, from their scientific uses, derive their value from the precision with which they have been depicted, but equally so as respects those of general art. We look with a very different eye on the representation of some architectural subject, or even landscape, when it has been sketched by the painter, or taken by the photographer. In the latter case we minutely examine every detail, which presents an indescribable charm to us, because we know that mere imagination has had nothing to do with its presence, but that it is there because it is a fac-simile—a truth.

Photography had scarcely been invented when repeated attempts were made to secure these great advantages for typography. Mr. Fox Talbot, who was one of the earliest cultivators of that art, devoted his attention to this subject; and the same has been done more or less extensively by various other persons. In these instances the object was photographically printed, and not retouched by the artist. As an example of this kind of work, we may mention the New York "Photographic and Fine Art Journal," edited by Mr. Snelling, and which from time to time has contained specimens of very great excellence, executed by our most skillful photographers.

This plan, in which the illustration presented to the reader is an absolute photograph, made, so to speak, without human agency, and by the sunlight alone, leaves, of course, nothing to be desired. Unfortunately the present condition of photography is such, that it is only in a few instances we can avail ourselves of these advantages. A book to be illustrated with three hundred of such drawings—a number by no means unusual, and of which it is necessary to publish an edition of five thousand copies—would require 1,500,000 of separate photographs to be made. And no matter what might be the devices resorted to for shortening the labor—such as by printing contemporaneously from several originals—it may be safely asserted that the operation would be wholly impracticable in any reasonable period of time.

Since thus, in the present state of photography, books can not be illustrated by absolute photographs, on any thing of an extensive scale, attempts have been made to obtain aid from some of the older typographic arts—as, for example, by causing the sunlight to yield etchings on copper or steel, and then to print from these plates in the ordinary way. But though some of the ablest artists and photographers have exerted themselves in this direction, no really practical result has thus far been attained.

So therefore, since we can not reach even this degree of excellence, we must descend a step lower. We must prepare the best photographs we may, and transferring them by the hand of the artist to the surface of wood, or stone, or metal, rely upon him to produce therefrom fac-simile engravings. To be sure this is but a very moderate degree of success, since human agency or human skill have a little too much to do with the result; nevertheless the reader will find that the advantages at once accruing are very great—indeed far greater than he probably would have had any anticipation of. It is in this manner that Dr. Draper's book has been illustrated, and we propose to draw from it some proofs of the assertion we have just made.

But before doing this, there is another circumstance that we must explain. Works of exact science derive their value from the accuracy of their minute detail; and this is more particularly the case with those on anatomy, physiology, and the sciences of organization generally. Very often the most important doctrines turn on the ascertaining of the structure of objects invisible to the naked eye. For this

* *Human Physiology, Statical and Dynamical, or a Treatise on the Conditions and Course of the Life of Man; being the Lectures delivered in the Medical Department of the University, by* John W. Draper, M.D., LL.D., *Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York.* Published by Harper and Brothers.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

purpose, therefore, microscopes must be resorted to, of which those only can be relied on that are of the most modern construction, and of very great cost. A first-class microscope is worth about a thousand dollars, and even at that price is with great difficulty obtained. It requires, moreover, considerable experience and skill in its use; and so many are the optical deceptions, and so great the difficulty in coming to precise conclusions, where the observers can not look simultaneously at the object, and contrast their opinions, but one has to see it after another, that the most remarkable discrepancies are continually arising.

Now if highly-magnified microscopic objects could be taken in all their sharpness on a photographic surface, these difficulties and discrepancies would be at an end. Indeed it may be truly said that the invention of a method accomplishing this would actually lead to a revolution in the sciences in question. Accordingly, attempts have been made, again and again, both in America and Europe, at effecting this object, but not with the wished-for success, until about three years ago, when Dr. Draper completely solved the problem, by a process not hitherto published, but which he has extensively used in the illustration of his book.

We shall now proceed to examine some of these illustrations, with a view of exemplifying, in a miscellaneous manner, the foregoing statements.

People would hardly believe that a mosquito and a man sing in very much the same way. The popular theory is that flying insects make their humming noise by beating the air with their wings. In truth, however, the thing is done very differently. Instead of having only one windpipe, most insects have as many as a dozen, arranged in a row on each side of the body. When they work their wings in flying, the air is made to flow vigorously in and out of these pipes, the outlet of each being furnished with a vibrating valve, just in the manner that an accordeon is fixed. It has been known for a long time that such is the structure, and the adjoining engraving (Figure 1), made from a drawing of the celebrated anatomist, Fabricius, and which we have taken from Roget's Bridgewater Treatise, published in 1839, affords as good a representation of it as was at that time possessed. In the next column we give (Figure 2) an engraved photograph of the same object, as obtained by the microscope. It would scarcely be supposed that we are looking at the same thing, so superior are the delineations of nature over those of art, and so great the improvement of modern microscopes. The latter figure, which is magnified nearly a hundred diameters, very plainly shows that there are a pair of such vibrating valves, or plates, which, letting the air pass between them, give rise to the sound. The music of a mosquito is not, therefore, produced by a single instrument, but by an orchestra of, say, four-and-twenty of the same kind. And any of our lady friends may have a clear notion of what kind of an animal it really is, by imagining a Highland bagpiper working four-and-twenty of his instruments simultaneously, with a sharp iron pipe coming out of his mouth, to suck in his fees.

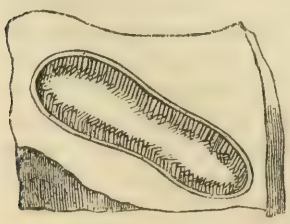


FIGURE 1.



FIGURE 2.

But some one may say, "What is the object of knowing all this? you can not turn it to any practical use." We have, however, just said that the singing apparatus of a man is fixed on the same principle. On the top of his windpipe there are two such vibrating plates—vocal chords, as they are termed—which give rise, by their movements, to the notes of singing. We may again appeal to our lady friends to show how practical advantage comes from these things. Miss Hiawatha Trout (daughter of the retired fishmonger), whose father is a thoroughly practical man, and who was such a belle at all the watering-places last season, has often admired—when she has been to the Opera, at the Academy of Music—the singing of the prima donna there, though perhaps she didn't understand at all what it meant. Now it was just such a pair of vibrating plates, exquisitely organized in the first instance, and got completely under control by long process of education, that enabled the prima donna to obtain a thousand dollars a night. We suppose she considers that to be a practical result!

Or take the case of the Reverend Doctor Barnabas, whose manner of reading the Morning Service is so greatly admired. His more delicate intonations, so clear and fluty—his base voice, so deep, and yet pure. It is because of a pair of these vocal chords that he is worth five thousand dollars a year to his congregation; and if Miss Hiawatha has not forgotten the arithmetic she learned at the French boarding-school, she will be able to calculate that each of them must therefore be worth twenty-five hundred dollars a year. Even her father would admit that this is a practical result.



FIGURE 3.

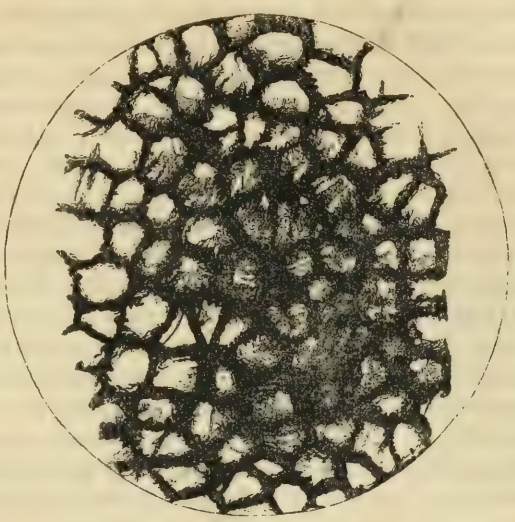


FIGURE 4.

"I know what Figure 3 represents," observes, in an anticipatory way, Professor Subcuvier. (The Professor holds the chair of Natural History in the University of Norwich.) "It is a telescopic view of the *boa boanerges*, aptly so called, for it winds around its prey as quick as lightning, and strangles it. It is a native of Guiana, and though not a venomous, is yet a vicious beast. Best therefore, in my judgment, seen at a distance, and in parts at a time, as in the figure before us."

But the Professor is altogether mistaken. The figure represents an ultimate muscular fibril, finer than the finest gossamer, and of which there are millions upon millions in his own body. Lean flesh is made up of such things. In this figure the object is magnified nearly a thousand times in diameter. It is actually imperceptible to the naked eye, though so curiously depicted in the microscopic photograph. However, Dr. Subcuvier is right on one point; that is, with respect to the pulling quality of these threads. Almost invisible though they are, they make up by their numbers and unison of action for their individual want of strength, and in this manner all muscular contraction, and therefore all animal motion, is occasioned. They therefore illustrate the doctrine inculcated on his congregation, each Sunday morning, by the Rev. Dr. Barnabas, before alluded to, when taking up a collection, that they should make a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together.

Women are more quick in coming to conclusions than men, and, generally speaking, their first impressions are more correct. If we were to ask our friend, Miss Hiawatha Trout, what it is that is represented in Figure 4—with the traces of the volubility she acquired at the French boarding-school, and for which her father, the practical man, paid fifteen hundred dollars per annum—she would doubtless reply,

"Well, it's a specimen of Brussels lace, magnified by the electric telegraph."

Wrong entirely, Miss, it is a piece of your own skin; or, perhaps, more correctly, a piece of a skin like yours. The delicate transparency which those around you so greatly admire, and which all those mysterious bottles and powders in your boudoir are for the sake of renovating and preserving, we now perceive to be due to its net-like texture; it is also coarse and shreddy. Upon the whole, we should say it more nearly resembles some of your father's *ci-devant* fishnets than the clear and beautiful surface that you mistake it for.

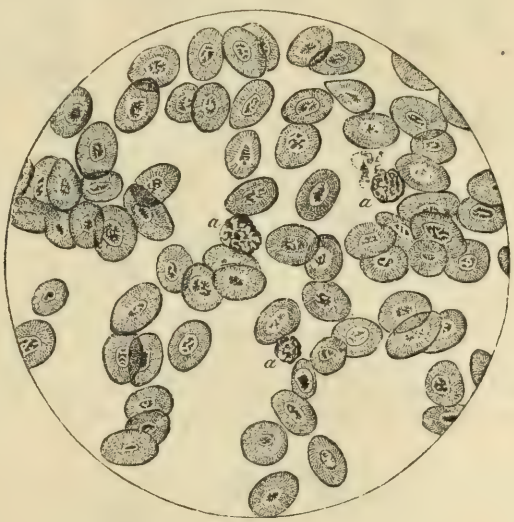


FIGURE 5.

And while we are thus talking of these personal matters, let us direct your attention to what you may see in Figure 5, which represents the little red particles of which your blood is composed. To be sure, there is this difference, that those in your veins are as round as three-cent pieces, whereas these are oval; but in all other particulars they are for the most part alike. We shouldn't like to undertake to tell you how many myriads of these there are in your body. As far as your arithmetic goes, they are countless. Only it's worth while knowing that each of them is as perfect an individual as you yourself are! That each has its time of birth, the time when it reaches perfection, and a moment at which it dies. And these are events not taking place at all slowly, but with wonderful rapidity. For every beat of your pulse, about as many of them die in your veins as there are inhabitants in the United States. It is useless

for you to say that you wish the doctors would keep their nasty secrets to themselves, and not represent one's body as a festering mass of corruption. But perhaps after all, in such a case ignorance is bliss, and that you had been better if left unacquainted with these matters, as are the citizens of New York respecting their Croton water. We once went into the laboratory of a very celebrated chemist, who was employed in purifying some of that liquid for his experiments. He naïvely told us that he was always obliged to put apart the first portions that distilled over, on account of the animal oils and other impurities they contained. And on examining by smelling a portion of the same which he presented us, we became at once penetrated with the justness of his views, and so, indeed, we continue to the present day. But to return to our blood particles, you see their appearance in Figure 6, after they have been put in water;

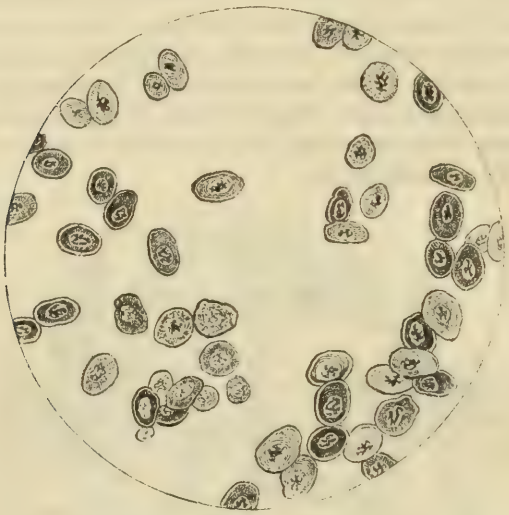


FIGURE 6.

and in Figure 7, how they look after they have been killed by pouring vinegar on them.

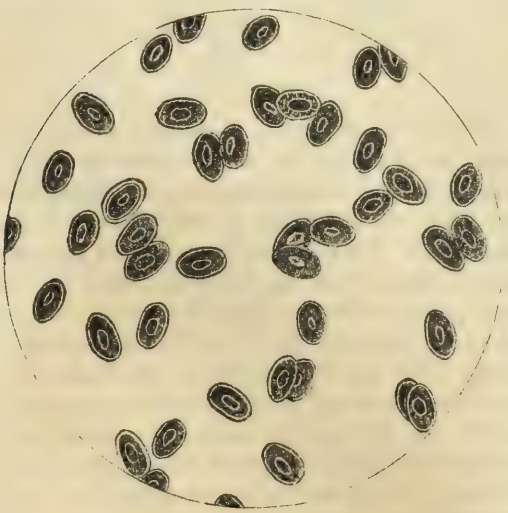


FIGURE 7.

You will farther understand, that just as it is necessary to have an aqueduct to bring the water we have been speaking of into New York, and then iron and leaden pipes to distribute it to all the houses, so it is necessary in the human body, by a like arrangement, to carry the

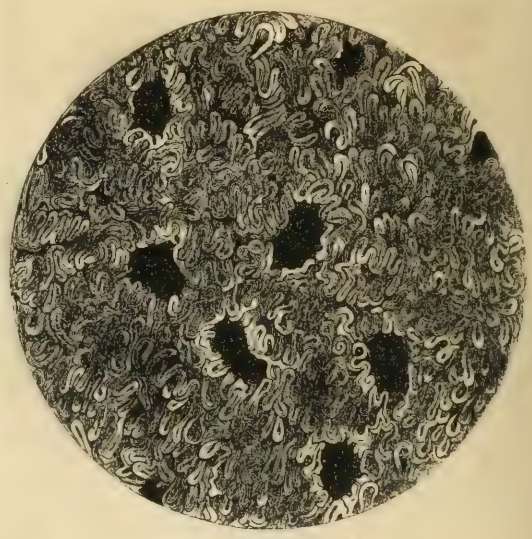


FIGURE 8.



FIGURE 9.

blood to every part. The engraver has very perfectly represented, from microscopic photographs, as you see in Figures 8, 9, 10, the way in which this thing is done, and you perceive what a wonderful net-work it is; myriads upon myriads of little tubes variously intertwined among one another, yet each one having a spe-

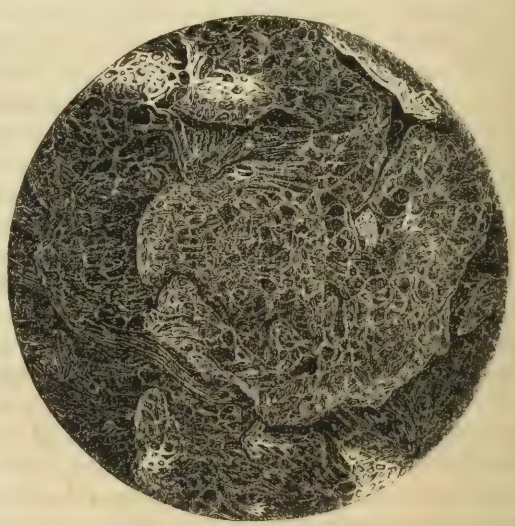


FIGURE 10.

cial purpose, as have the hot and cold water pipes that go up to your dressing-room. These representations are taken from the stomach and intestines. All young ladies, Miss Hiawatha,

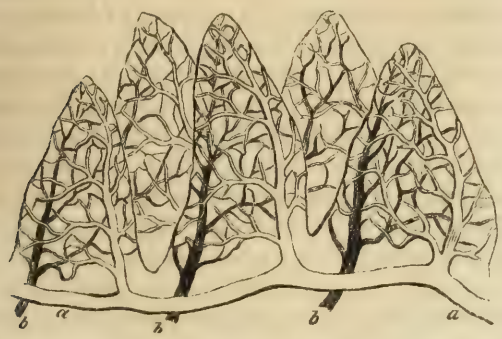


FIGURE 11.

have a stomach and intestine, though they would never infer so from what they've been taught at the French boarding-school. From Figure 11 you will be led to conclude that these vessels are arranged in the same way in men and in monkeys, the figure representing the state of things in the latter case. And as you grow older and become more largely acquainted with the world, you will find many reasons which will satisfy you that the resemblance between these two classes of animals extends much farther than to the particular here pointed out. We may, however, take the opportunity of showing you one point of difference. In man, as you see from Figure 12, the hand can scarcely reach to the depth of the breeches pocket—doubtless you have sometimes observed this to be the case with your father; in the chimpanzee, Figure 13, which most nearly approaches man, it can extend beneath the knee; in the orang-outang, Figure 14, which is the next grade below, it reaches to the heel.

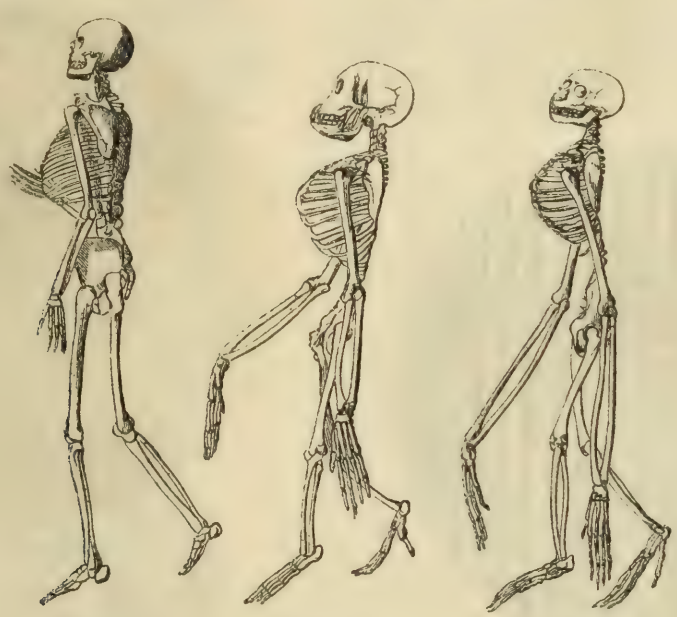


FIGURE 12. FIGURE 13. FIGURE 14.

In Figure 15 is represented a transverse section of a particle of human bone, showing its extreme porosity as seen with a magnifying power of fifty diameters, and, in Figure 16, the turning of cartilage into bone, or its ossification, the black portions representing the bony material gradually intruding themselves in countless ramifications in the cellular structure of the cartilage. It is a microscopic photograph, magnified fifty diameters.



FIGURE 15.

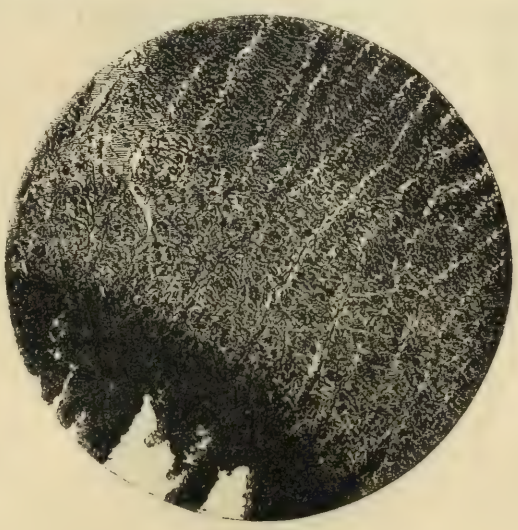


FIGURE 16.

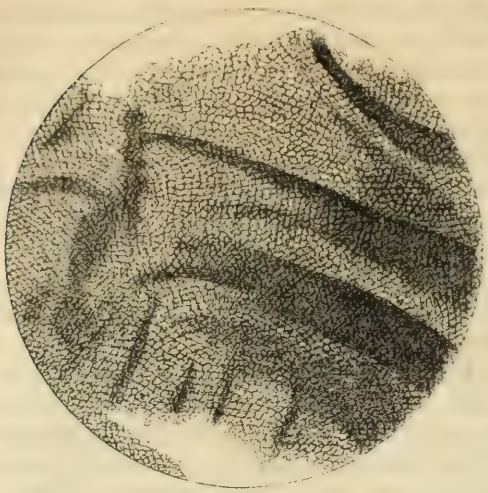


FIGURE 17.

In Figure 17 is a photograph of the lining membrane of the stomach of a beetle. It would answer very well for that of a man. Nature does not make much difference in the two cases.

By way of a change of subject, we present, in Figure 18, one of a delicate shaving of pine

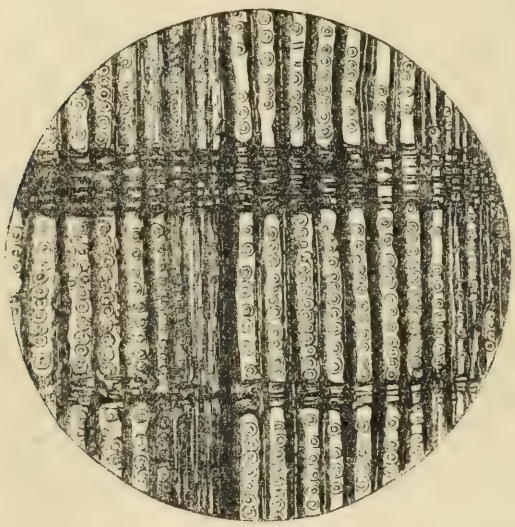


FIGURE 18.

wood, in which may be remarked the rows of round objects, each with a dot in the centre, characteristic of the wood of coniferous trees, and of which geologists sometimes take advantage in determining the nature of fossil speci-



FIGURE 19.

mens. Figure 19 is a photograph of vegetable cellular tissue.

So much for the application of the microscope to photography in the illustration of scientific books. We may next point out the advantages in ordinary photographic copying of large, expensive, or complicated engravings; such, for example, as those which from time to time have been published by European anatomists and artists. Some of these, which are of whole or half life size, from their extreme complexity it would seem almost impossible to succeed in copying on a reduced scale. But this photography accomplishes without any kind of difficulty, enabling us to present to the student, at a cheap rate, these great master-pieces of science and art. The annexed figure of the pneumo-

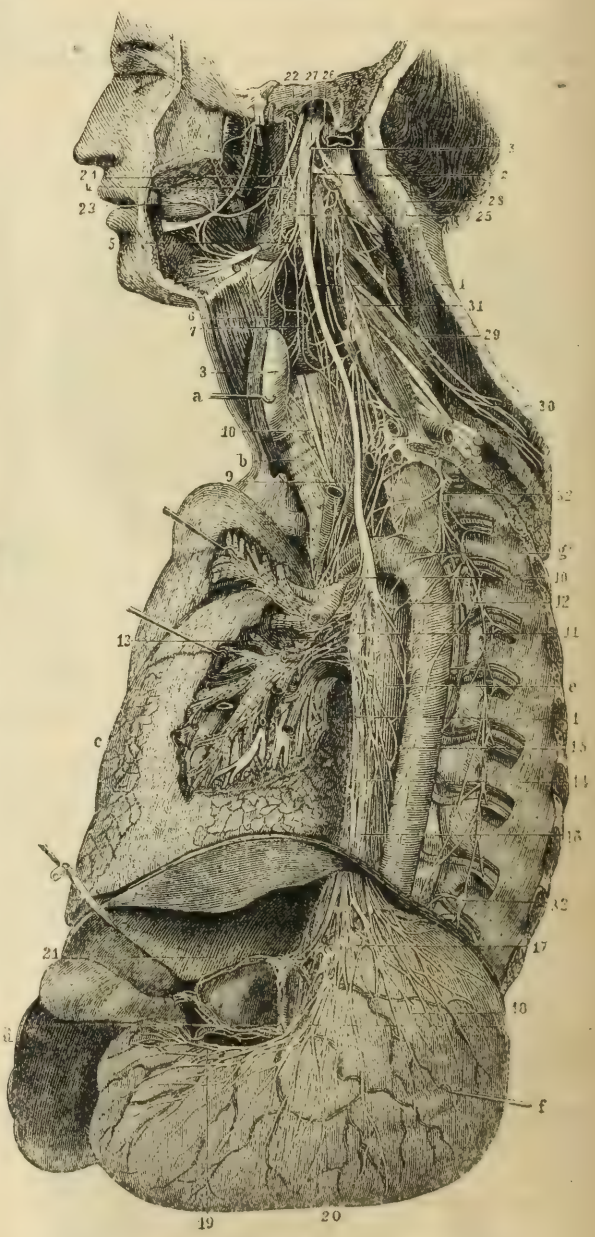


FIGURE 20.

gastric nerve, Figure 20, is an example of the kind. Here, indeed, we encounter a new difficulty, typography not being able to keep pace with photography and engraving. Where large editions, such, for instance, as 168,000 of this Magazine, have to be struck off, it becomes ex-

tremely difficult to retain in each impression the more delicate lines and shades—the little interspaces becoming somewhat filled up with the ink, and the sharpness and beauty lost. There is an engraved photograph of the sympathetic nerve, from a French original, in Dr. Draper's book, which may serve to illustrate these remarks.

Another advantage of this system of copying is, that by resorting to the simple expedients well known to all photographic artists, the copy may be made of the same size as the original, or as much larger or smaller as is desirable, without its accuracy being in the smallest degree impaired.

As examples of this system of copying valued works of art, and thus bringing them within the reach of every one, we may present the engraving of the facial nerve, Figure 21. It is from

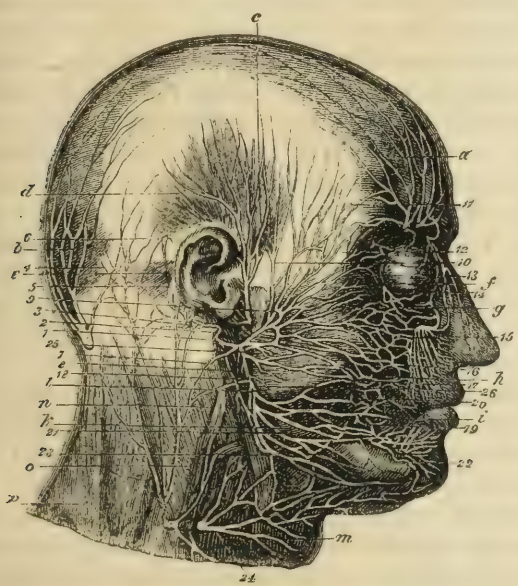


FIGURE 21.

the beautiful work of Ludovic and Leveillè on the anatomy of the nervous system of man, the original being half life size, and the copy one-ninth of that superficial dimension.

As other examples of the same class, Figure 22 represents a section of the eye and eyelids

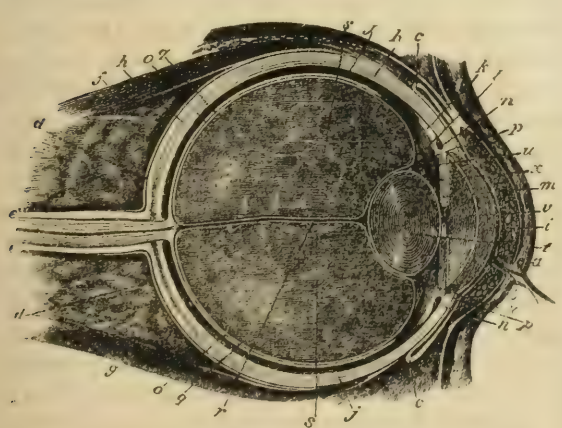


FIGURE 22.

of man; and Figure 23, a profile view of the same, superficially dissected, to show the interior in part.

But the application of photography extends

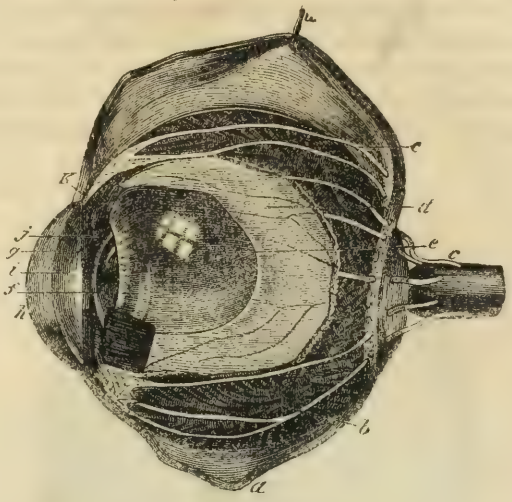


FIGURE 23.

beyond what we have here set forth; it includes also the reproduction, with absolute accuracy, of all kinds of preparations, and in this respect is of essential importance to the advance of anatomy, by enabling the dissector to obtain reliable and durable representations of objects that very soon spoil, and even become disgusting. There is no more difficulty in thus perpetuating a well-made and complicated dissection, than there is in taking the portrait of a living face. We will not trouble our readers with any special human illustrations of this kind; they will not, however, object to look at the digestive tract of a common fowl, Figure 24, which was obtained in this way.

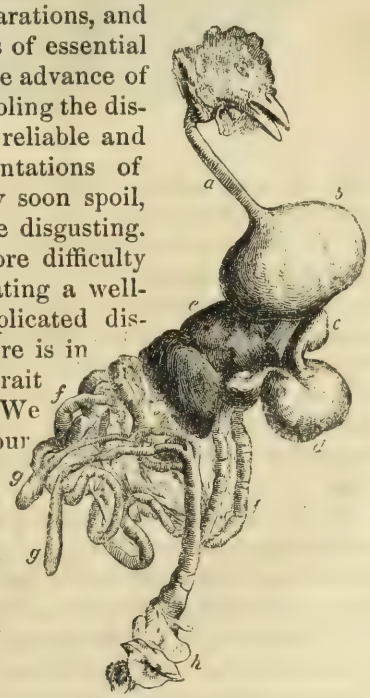


FIGURE 24.

Figure 25 also offers some points of interest.

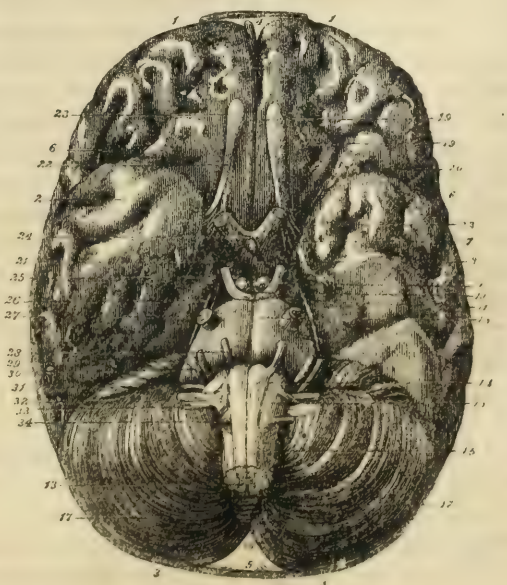


FIGURE 25.

It is the photograph of a wax cast of the human brain, in which the origin of all the nerves arising therefrom is shown, as also the perfect symmetry of the two halves, right and left. Figure 26 shows the upper surface of the brain,



FIGURE 26.

and its symmetrical division into two equal portions, right and left.

We may perhaps profitably conclude this article, by introducing some of the author's remarks respecting this lateral symmetry; a symmetry so complete, that we are actually justified in saying that every individual has two brains, a right and left. This, which might seem at first a mere useless observation, leads us to results of the most profound interest at last.

In insisting on the necessity of a study of the structure of the brain, as the essential basis of the sciences of metaphysics and mental philosophy, our author observes as follows:

"The study of this portion of the mechanism of man, brings us, therefore, in contact with metaphysical science, and some of its fundamental dogmas we have to consider. Nearly all philosophers who have cultivated, in recent times, that branch of knowledge, have viewed with apprehension the rapid advances of physiology, foreseeing that it would attempt the final solution of problems which have exercised the ingenuity of the last twenty centuries. In this they are not mistaken. Certainly it is desirable that some new method should be introduced which may give point and precision to whatever metaphysical truths exist, and enable us to distinguish, separate, and dismiss what are only vain and empty speculations.

"So far from philosophy being a forbidden domain to the physiologist, it may be asserted that the time has now come when no one is entitled to express an opinion in philosophy except he has first studied physiology. I am persuaded that the only possible route to truth in mental philosophy, is through a study of the nervous mechanism. The experience of twenty-five hundred years, and the writings of the great metaphysical intellects, attest, with a melancholy emphasis. the vanity of all other means.

"Whatever may be said by speculative philosophers to the contrary, the advancement of metaphysics is through the study of physiology. What sort of a science would optics have been among men who had purposely put out their own eyes? What would have been the progress of astronomy among those who disdained to look at the heavens? Yet that is the preposterous course that has been followed by the so-called philosophers! They have given us imposing doctrines of the nature and attributes of the mind, in absolute ignorance of its material substratum. Of the great authors who have thus succeeded one another in ephemeral celebrity, how many made themselves acquainted with the structure of the human brain? Doubtless some have been so unfortunate as never to see one! Yet that wonderful organ was the basis of all their speculations. In voluntarily isolating themselves from every solid fact which might serve to be a landmark to them, they may be truly said to have sailed upon a shoreless sea, from which the fog never lifts. The only fact which they teach us with certainty, is that they know nothing with certainty. It is the inherent difficulty of their method, that it must lead to unsubstantial results. What is not founded on a material substratum is necessarily a castle in the air."

In accordance with these principles modern physiologists have commenced the study of mental phenomena, from that of the structure of the brain. As an example of their processes of investigation, we may refer to the new doctrines respecting the doubleness of mental operations, as depending upon the symmetrical doubleness of structure pointed out, in our explanation of Figures 25 and 26.

There can be no doubt that the manner of action of each half of the brain is analogous to the manner of action of each ear and each eye. The two eyes, for instance, do not double the intensity of visual impressions, nor do the two ears make a sound that we are listening to twice as loud as if one alone were employed. Indeed by many simple experiments we can satisfy ourselves that we use only one of these double organs at a time, though we can pass with wonderful rapidity at will from the use of one to that of the other. Thus if a person places his extended hand along his nose, so, as it were, to divide one eye from the other, and then looks at a printed page, he will find that he really reads with one eye at a time, though he can rapidly pass from the use of the one to that of the other at will, and so read the parts of the page that are on either side of the hand, being perfectly conscious, however, of the effort he is obliged to make in passing from one to the other. So with the brain, we never use its two halves at the same moment, but employ one or the other alternately; and many cases are on record where one half of it has been totally de-

stroyed, as by gunshot wound or disease, and the other has officiated passably well, just as we can see with one eye, though the other may have been lost. We have therefore to acknowledge the independent action of each hemisphere or half of the brain, and may conclude that the conjoint use of the two, as in the case of other double organs of sense, is not so much for the purpose of doubling the intensity of effect, as for rendering the impressions more correct or precise, or true. The imperfections of one half are commonly corrected by the other. On this doubleness of structure undoubtedly depends our capability of indulging in double trains of thought, as when we listen in part to a dull sermon, and in part permit the mind to be wandering off on worldly affairs. Where the two halves are acting in precise unison, and in exactly the same manner, the most powerful mental results will arise; but if by reason of differences in their construction, or through temporary disease, there are great differences in their manner of operation, just as when we press on one of the eyeballs with the finger all external objects become distorted and doubled to the sight, so the insubordination of one hemisphere can not be overcome by the other, and insanity is the result. More particularly those strange forms which have long attracted the attention of physicians, and which are known under the designations of double and alternate consciousness, or double life. If we examine critically the case of such an insane man, we may find that he indulges in two distinct trains of thought, each of which, taken by itself, may possibly be sane enough, but it is by his passing from one to the other that incongruities arise. In like manner there can be no doubt that even in the case of the sane this independent and yet double action is observable, as in the operation "of castle-building, as it is designated, in which we permit one hemisphere to act and present fanciful delusions, the other, as it were, watching with satisfaction the operation, and in this respect lending itself to it. Not that for a moment we suppose there is any truth in the ideas suggested; and in this the phenomenon differs essentially from that of dreaming, in which it never occurs to us that the scenes and actions are unsubstantial."

Upon these principles physiologists also explain what has been termed the sentiment of pre-existence. "By this term is understood that strange impression, which all persons have occasionally observed in the course of their lives, that some incident or scene at the moment occurring to them, it may be of quite a trivial nature, has been witnessed by them once before, and is in an instant recognized. This arises from the almost contemporaneous action of the two hemispheres, there being, under the circumstances, a confusion of memory, and we are led to believe that there has been an interval of indefinite duration, when in point of fact it was an impression in each hemisphere, closely coincident in point of time; in the same manner as in dreaming, our mental operations are sometimes carried forward with the most marvelous speed. Thus a sudden sound which awakes us, or even a flash of lightning, which is over in a moment, may be incorporated or expanded into a long dream, diversified with a various multitude of incidents, all appearing to follow one another in an appropriate order, and occupying, as we judge, quite a long time, yet all necessarily arising in an instantaneous manner, for we awake at the moment of the disturbance. Of the same kind is that remarkable deception which is authentically related by those who have recovered from death by drowning, that in the last moment of their agony all the various events of their past life, even those of a trivial kind, have come rushing before them with miraculous clearness." The sentiment of pre-existence may therefore be explained on the principle of the quickly succeeding action of the two halves of the brain.

THE DISMAL SWAMP.

ILLUSTRATED BY PORTE CRAYON.

"Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds;
His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
And many a fen where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before."

MAN, like the inferior animals, has his instincts, less imperious and less reliable, but oftener controlling his godlike reason than most are willing to admit. Possibly we might get along better if these promptings were more frequently regarded. Let philosophers work out the problem; we haven't time at present. But who has not felt the restlessness that precedes the approach of spring, long before the face of nature has manifested any of its indications? that yearning for the open air, while yet the north wind nips ears and noses? that itching to sow and plant, before the frozen earth can receive the seed? that longing for greens, before there are any sprouts? The sap begins to rise in the trees, and the blood courses warmer in the veins, suggesting dreams of blossoms and balmy breezes. What though the snow lies deep and the wind howls—spring is coming!

On the 2d of February, 1856, the sun rose bright, and the crusted snow seemed at last to be yielding to his genial rays. Books had become a bore, and I sallied forth to see my friend Porte Crayon. I found him at a table busily engaged in pointing his pencils, while his knapsack lay upon the floor surrounded by a number of articles which indicated preparation for a journey.

"Good-morning, P——. You see I am getting ready for a trip. I am tired of hearing sleigh-bells and below zero."

"Then you must meditate a journey toward the tropics?"

"Southward, ho! To meet the coming spring, to cull the earliest flowers, and eat green peas in Charleston; to steal upon Old Rip Van Winkle, and sketch him while he sleeps. In short,

to gratify an irresistible yearning for movement. I feel the spring in my veins,

'Awakening long buried memories of youth and love.' "

"How long buried?" asked Crayon, reddening. "How old do you imagine I am? P——, you are impertinent."

"I beg pardon. Do you take the ladies with you this time?"

"I think not," replied Crayon, sighing audibly. "Their companionship would indeed be agreeable, vastly agreeable; but to travel advantageously, the eyes and thoughts of the traveler should be disengaged, and his movements untrammeled. He should, indeed, be all eyes and ears. With sweet faces always so near, the enchantment of the more distant landscape is often disregarded, and the merry laugh, while it beguiles the tedium of the journey, cheats the ear of much useful information."

"True," said I; "and besides their exorbitant claims on one's time and attention, it is a confounded tiresome business lugging them along in a narrative, if perchance we should conclude to write an account of your travels in these Southern climes. They talk so much, and so little to the point, that every subject gets complicated, and one can never finish."

"In addition to these difficulties, circumstances render it impossible for them to accompany me at this time, even if I wished it."

"What circumstances? if I may be permitted to inquire."

"Why, in short, they don't like the proposed route. Having no information of the country beyond what they get from the geography, they think there is nothing to be seen but swamps and turpentine, and, in consequence, have peremptorily declined my invitation."

"If the conversation had commenced at this point, it might have been shorter."

"I don't know," replied Crayon. "One must always have good reasons for yielding to necessity, and I have taken the opportunity to state mine beforehand."

At this point Uncle Jim entered with a hod of coal.

"Uncle, what do you think of the weather? Are we going to have a break-up?"

"Not yit, master, not yit," said Jim, depositing the hod on the hearth; "and if Mass' Porte da is a-gwine to travel, I 'vises him to put it off good six weeks yit; for what I am a-gwine to tell you ain't no lie, but a fac—sign never fails. Mass' Porte knows a ground hog, eh?"

"Certainly I do. Here's a picture of one."

"Dat's him, all over. Well now, masters, on dis day, 2d of Feb'way, ground hog comes out he hole to look about, see how times is, ef so be den he can't see his shadow, day dark and clowdy, de creeter runs round and takes his pleasure, for den he knows sping is comin' sure enough, but if so be dat he sees his shadow like to-day, de creeter goes back and stays six weeks, kase he knows it gwine to be hard weather."



SECOND OF FEBRUARY.

"Why, Uncle Jim, how does he know it?"

"Dunno, mass'r, dunno; dese beast creeters knows things better dan larned men; how dey knows um, Lord above only knows; but if you takes my 'vice, Mass' Porte, you'll stay in de house dese six weeks comin'. Mind what I tells you; dat's a fac."

Porte Crayon looked blank, and cursed the ground hog roundly. "Many a one," said he, "have I seen, while watching for deer, as, all unconscious of my proximity, he would come out of his hole and play around. I spared their lives because I considered them harmless creatures; and now, in return, the devilish beasts have broken up my trip, or at least deferred it for six weeks."

The weather that followed fully justified Uncle Jim's prognosis; and as I frequently thereafter saw our hero sleighing around with one or another of his quondam fellow-travelers, I presume the delay did not go so hard with him.

On Sunday, the 9th of March, Crayon informed me that he was tired waiting for the blasted ground hog, and had determined to start next morning at all hazards. During the night the snow fell to the depth of eight inches, and on Monday morning, at eight o'clock, the thermometer stood at zero. Notwithstanding this unpromising condition of things, my persevering friend was at the cars in due time, fully equipped for the journey. At the warning scream of the steam-whistle we parted, with a promise on his part to keep us fully informed in regard to his movements and adventures.

The following rambling notes we have selected from the letters we have since received; and that they may lose none of the freshness of out-door sketches, we have preserved, as nearly as possible, the form and phraseology of the originals. Of how our hero danced at a ball in the Federal City—of how he tarried in Richmond, and supped at Ballard's Exchange with the assembled wisdom of the Old Commonwealth; and how the assembled wisdom drank Champagne until it grew wiser and

wiser—of the ancient borough of Norfolk, famous for its chivalry and hospitality, and, latterly, more famous for its unspeakable misfortunes, we shall not at present speak, for our hero had not yet unpacked his sketch-book, and without his sketches Porte Crayon scarcely rises above the commonplace. Our narrative opens at Suffolk, Virginia.

March 18th. In Norfolk I was advised to enter the Swamp from Suffolk, as the distance from that place to Lake Drummond, by the Land Company's canal, is considerably less than by the route from Norfolk. I consequently took the cars on the Seaboard and Roanoke Railroad, and reached here about half-past eight this morning. Suffolk, the county seat of Nansemond, is one of the oldest towns in the State. It is situated on the Nansemond river, and contains twelve or thirteen hundred inhabitants, and except the loss of its commercial importance, it stands pretty much where it did before the Revolutionary war. I expected to have found a very old, decayed, desolate looking village, such as may be seen elsewhere in Virginia, but was agreeably disappointed. With few exceptions the houses are of wood, painted white, each standing by itself and surrounded with shrubbery, flowers, and trees. Its single street, about three quarters of a mile in length, is shaded on either side by fine rows of trees, while the dwellings, without any pretensions to architectural elegance, have a neat, rural air, quite captivating to one wearied of towns and cities. On stepping from the cars I was accosted by an amiable looking mulatto boy, who took my knapsack out of my hand and warmly recommended the Central Hotel to my favorable consideration. The Central was an old fashioned wooden building, which had evidently at one time been a private residence and tastefully improved. Two gigantic box-trees stood within a paled inclosure, one on either side of the principal entrance, while the old Virginia outside chimneys were covered to the tops with ivy. To be sure the Venetians had lost half their slats, and some of them hung awry, while the white and green paint had become dingy and faded; but I must confess I was rather taken with the air of decayed respectability which the establishment wore from this circumstance. I scarcely know why I have taken the pains to describe this old house so minutely, as it has no historic associations that I know of, nor is it to be the theatre of any tragedy, love plot, or ghostly apparition. But M'Guire is one of the most obliging of hosts, and I spent two weeks there very pleasantly eating fish and oysters. Moreover, its appearance pleased my fancy, and is characteristic of the Southern country. Through the kind offices of some friends I completed my arrangements to visit the Swamp on the following morning. A basket of provisions, a roll of blankets, and a buffalo robe for bedding, were put upon mine host's buggy wagon, and about ten o'clock A.M., on the 19th, we mounted in person and drove off to the canal, two miles distant. Here I found a large covered barge and two stout negroes at my service. My baggage was quickly transferred from the buggy to the boat. Each negro had a covered tin bucket containing his day's provision, but on ascertaining that I contemplated staying several days, a large iron kettle and a couple of skillets or, as they are here called, spiders, were put into the barge. The boatmen each took hold of a long pole, and by the help of a peg and a withe rigged it horizontally, one to the bow and the other to the stern of the boat, so that the ends projected over the tow-path. They then bore their breasts upon the poles, and, with one foot advanced, stood motionless, with eyes fixed upon me as if waiting a signal. "Forward!" The barge went rippling through the water. I waved adieu to my friends at the bridge, and without more ceremony took my stand upon the bow of the boat, from whence my straining eyes strove to follow an excited fancy onward to the shores of the dusky lake.

The lake of the Dismal Swamp has haunted my imagination from my earliest recollection, owing, probably, to the fact that the exquisite ballad of Moore's was my lullaby in infancy, and even now, when in sad and dreamy mood, that old wailing melody invariably recurs to me as it was sung over my cradle, soothing the real with the wilder sorrow of the poet's fancy.

Before I was aware of it I was in the Swamp. Lofty trees threw their arching limbs over the canal, clothed to their tops with a gauze-like drapery of tangled vines; walls of matted reeds closed up the view on either side, while thickets of myrtle, green briar, bay, and juniper, hung over the black, narrow canal, until the boat could scarcely find a passage between. The sky was obscured with leaden colored clouds, and all nature was silent, monotonous, deathlike. The surface of the canal was glassy smooth, and reflected the towering trees, the festooned vines, and pendant moss, with the clearness of a mirror. Before and behind the perspective lines ran to a point. The low whispering ripple of the water, and the sullen tramp,



THE CANAL.



THE BARGE.

tramp, tramp, of the bargemen, did not disturb the stillness, but made it seem all the more dreary, like the ticking of an old clock in a deserted house at midnight. I was alone, utterly alone. My men were voiceless as the mutes of an Eastern despot. With the eternal tramp, tramp, tramp, they might have been ghouls, or cunningly-devised machines, set in motion by some malignant sorcerer, to bear me away living into a region of stagnation and death. Occasional glimpses through the thick undergrowth showed on either side extensive pools of black, slimy water, from which rose the broad-based cypress, and grouped around those strange contorted roots, called knees, gnarled and knotted like stalagmites in a cave. There, upon a decayed log, lay coiled a dead snake, dragged untimely from his winter retreat by a hungry otter. As we passed, I heard a rushing of wings above us, and saw a lazy, loathsome buzzard, scared from his perch and sailing away above the tree tops. The tow-path now was nothing more than a line of juniper logs, laid along the bank among the grass and reeds. The overarching gums had given place to a thick grove of pointed juniper trunks, deadened by a recent fire. This region bore some resemblance to the crowded docks of a maritime town. The horizontally projecting limbs were the booms and yards, while the hanging vines served as cordage. Then the gums and cypresses reappeared, the same beds of reeds, evergreens, and briars, in endless perspective. We were entering on the fourth hour.

Monotony is wearisome, dreary, solemn, terrible. Tramp, tramp, tramp. It sounded like the dread footstep of the Commander in Don Giovanni. Tramp, tramp, tramp, like the beating pinions of Sleep and Death, as they bore away the body of Sarpedon.

Tramp, tramp, tramp. I tried to sing, and my voice woke the hollow, sullen echoes for the first time. What could I sing but the old mournful lullaby, that rose to my lips unbidden:

"They made her a grave too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true;
She has gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,
Where all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe.

"Her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
Her paddle I soon shall hear;
Long, long, and loving our lives shall be,
I'll hide the maid in a cypress-tree,
When the footstep of Death is near.

"Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds;
His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
And many a fen where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before.

"And when on the ground he sunk to sleep—
If slumber his eyelids knew—
He lay where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear, and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew.

"And near him the she-wolf stirred the brake,
The coppersnake breathed in his ear;
'Till starting, he cried, from his dreams awake,
'Oh! when shall I see the dusky lake,
And the white canoe of my dear?'

"He saw the lake, and a meteor bright
Quick over its surface played;
'Oh, welcome,' he cried, 'my dear one's light!'
And the dim shores echoed for many a night
The name of the death-cold maid.

"He hollowed a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from the shore;
Far, far, he followed the meteor spark,
The winds were high and the clouds were dark,
And the boat returned no more.

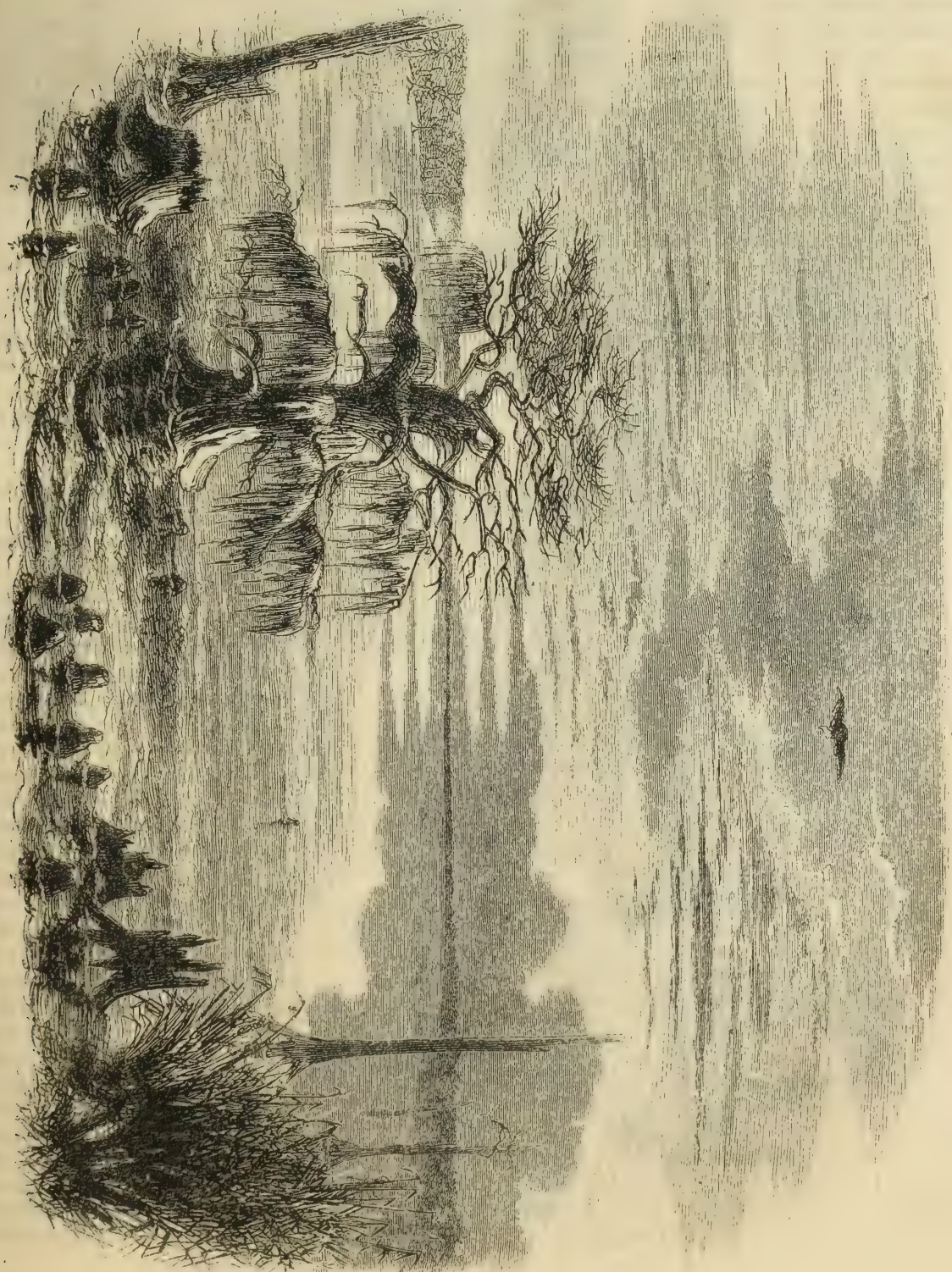
"But oft from the Indian hunter's camp
This maid and her lover so true,
Are seen, at the hour of midnight damp,
To cross the lake by a fire-fly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe."

The bargemen seemed to bend to the poles more vigorously. I was glad to hear them pant, for it sounded like life. With a louder note I again broke forth,

"Oh! when shall I see the dusky lake?"

The perspective lines were run out at last. We turned a reedy point, and a broad sheet of water lay before us. Ely Reed threw up his hand and cried, "The lake!" Jim Pierce yelled, "The lake! the lake!" "The lake!" I shouted, and then quickly relapsed into silence.

The barge was made fast to the shore, hard by the entrance of the canal. I signed to the men to land the baggage, and then, by creeping through the reeds and leaping from tussock to tussock, I got off far enough to be out of sight, and out of the sound of their voices, and seated



LAKE DRUMMOND.

myself upon a cypress root. There it was—the dream of my childhood fulfilled. It was neither new nor strange. I had seen it a thousand times in my waking and sleeping dreams, as I saw it then; the broad expanse of dusky water with its dim circling shores, the same dark leaden waves rolling over its surface and losing themselves silently among the reeds and rushes. Then those gigantic skeletons of cypress that rose so grandly in the foreground, their wild, contorted limbs waving with weepers of funereal moss, that hung down even to the water. It was complete at all points, a picture of desolation—Desolation. He that is happy, whose love is true, whose debts are paid, whose children blooming, may find strange pleasure in thus fancifully wooing this awful phantom; but when inexorable fate has laid its icy grasp upon the heart-strings, then a man puts this by impatiently, and beckons joy to come—even folly and frivolity are welcomer guests to him.



THE WHITE CANOE.

I have seen the lake, and a long life yearning has been gratified. I have seen the lake, and the romance of boyhood is undisturbed. I have seen the lake, and the recollection still enhances the mournful beauty of the old song.

There may be those who have seen it with different or indifferent eyes—let them call me fanciful, but disturb not my dream. Just then a bald eagle hovered over my head. Our glorious national emblem reminded me of stealing; and stealing, of niggers; and these, very naturally, of dinner. When I returned, I found Jim Pierce cooking some ham and eggs under a shed which had evidently been recently occupied by some fisherman. Jim was a tall wiry black, with his hair plaited into numerous pig-tails—a mode of dressing the wool common among the blacks at the South. He has goggle eyes and an intelligent countenance, talks better than negroes usually do, and cooks remarkably well. Ely Reed is a turkey-egg mulatto, well-formed, but with an unprepossessing face — with nothing about him sufficiently striking to justify either a description or a sketch. I have pictured my men at this time because it was the first moment since we entered the Swamp that I had felt sufficiently disengaged to notice them. I made a hearty meal on the bacon and eggs, and after dinner took a nap upon a bed of dried reeds. Toward evening it cleared



JIM PIERCE.



CAMP ON THE LAKE.

off, and I ordered out the barge for a row on the lake. The sunset was glorious, but the rowing with but two oarsmen was rather heavy work, and I soon returned. The men built a fresh fire at the camp, and stretched themselves to sleep on two bits of plank. As the twilight faded out a mist began to gather over the water, and presently the full moon rose.

These circumstances seemed like an invitation to indulge in a little more romance, and I sat myself down upon a tussock apart from the negroes, to watch the moon rolling up from behind a group of frantic-looking old cypresses. I thought I heard the faint sound of a paddle far over the lake. As I bent to listen the sound became more and more distinct. Strange thought! Is it only fancy, or can there be other wanderers in this solitude besides ourselves? The sound of a paddle had now become quite distinct, and was evidently nearing the point where I lay. By the light of the broad moon I could also see a white object moving rapidly toward me, which soon took the well-defined form of a boat. I felt strangely. Can the old ballad be true, then? and do the phantom lovers still haunt the lonely lake?

"Now all my flesh's hair upstood."

The white canoe shot up into the bay near our barge; paddled not by the death-cold maid, as I confidently expected, but by Joe Skeeters. Joe Skeeters holds the office of shingle-counter for the Dismal Swamp Land Company, and in addition is a thoroughbred swamper, and an occasional fisherman on the lake. The camp of which we had taken possession belonged to him, as did the nets which hung about it. Skeeters was not particularly prepossessing in his appearance, and maybe a little blunt in his manners at first, but when he came to be properly understood, he was a good fellow, and a very fair specimen of a Swamp gentleman. No French noble of the ancient régime could have done the honors of a palace more appropriately than Joe did the honors of Lake Drummond to the stranger.

He had with him a friend, or sort of lieutenant, who helped to paddle the new cypress canoe, to fish his gill nets, or cook, as he was wanted. The lieutenant landed two or three dozen speckled perch, while Skeeters and myself took a drink of bald-face together, which in these parts is the sacred pledge of hospitality, like the eating of salt among the Turks. "Jim Pierce," said the lieutenant, for they seemed to be well acquainted, "gim'me dad da spida' da." Jim handed over the utensil, when the fisherman proceeded to fry up some fat middling until the bottom of the skillet was fluent with grease. Into this he poured some water, and when it got hot he laid in the fish with some salt and sev-

eral pods of red pepper. This mess was put to stew over a slow fire. In the mean time the lieutenant fried several of the larger perch with special care until they were very brown and crisp.

"Jim Pierce," said he again, "dad da spida' a bilin' da?"

"Yes, Sir," said Jim.

"Den liff it off den."

When the mess was ready Skeeters approached me, and, with a bow, presented a clean cypress shingle:

"Come, stranger, you must eat a pearch with us."

I had dined late, and commenced apologizing, but the lieutenant hospitably laid a large fish on my shingle:

"Come, stranga', you muss eat; I briled him puppus faw you."

There was no resisting such genuine politeness. I ate the fish, and found it so sweet that I tried a second; then Skeeters pressed me to take some of the soup. I held out my shingle without resistance this time, but Joe recommended that it should be served in a tin cup. It was quite a luxury in its way, and I made a very hearty supper. After the meal was finished we told stories of hunting and fishing adventures in the mountains and the swamps alternately.

The game is almost identically the same, and the mode of life not so dissimilar as one might suppose. In the Swamp are found bear, deer, otter, raccoons, possums, etc., pheasants, partridges, and wild ducks. The waters also abound in fine fresh-water fish, the most esteemed of which are the speckled perch. There are also a number of wild cattle that subsist upon the leaves and shoots of the reed. Their flesh is of a remarkably fine flavor, and their ferocity sometimes renders them extremely dangerous to the hunter. It is not to be supposed, however, that this vast wilderness is by any means a common hunting-ground. On the contrary, it is rarely entered except by the most resolute and experienced swampers, and the wild beasts remain for the most part undisturbed in their gloomy and inaccessible retreat. When conversation began to flag Skeeter's friend produced a dirty, well-thumbed pack of cards, and proposed a game of seven-up, mentioning, at the same time, that as he had no money we would not bet any thing.

With this innocent and moderately exciting amusement we passed the time until ten o'clock, when it was thought proper to look after the gill nets. I requested permission to accompany the lieutenant, and we paddled away out in the lake, which lay smooth as glass in the misty moonlight. It was a wild, weird scene, suggestive to the imagination of more than language can express; but it was recommended to sit steady in the canoe, and I soon became interested in the fishing. The sport was novel, but hardly more exciting than the game of all-fours, for most of the nets had nothing in them, and half a dozen perch, about the size of my hand, were the only reward of our labor. As we turned our prow landward I saw one of the nets shaken violently, and something flashing and struggling in the water. A few strokes of the paddle brought us alongside, and after an exciting fight, we succeeded in capturing a large black fish, who had unadvisedly fallen into our trap. The prize measured twenty-eight inches in length. On our return to camp we felt chilled, so hot toddy was served round, and we afterward withdrew to our sleeping apartment. This was a board shanty, some paces distant from the cooking camp, which was the residence of the fishermen during the sporting season. Here I found my buffalo robe and blankets spread upon the bed of honor—an old bedstead bottomed with some smooth planks. The rest of the party took the floor. It might look like effeminacy to sleep on clean smooth planks, but how could I refuse the delicate attention? I enjoyed a night of sweet repose, awaking two or three times to turn over and be again soothed to sleep by the snoring quartette performed by my companions.



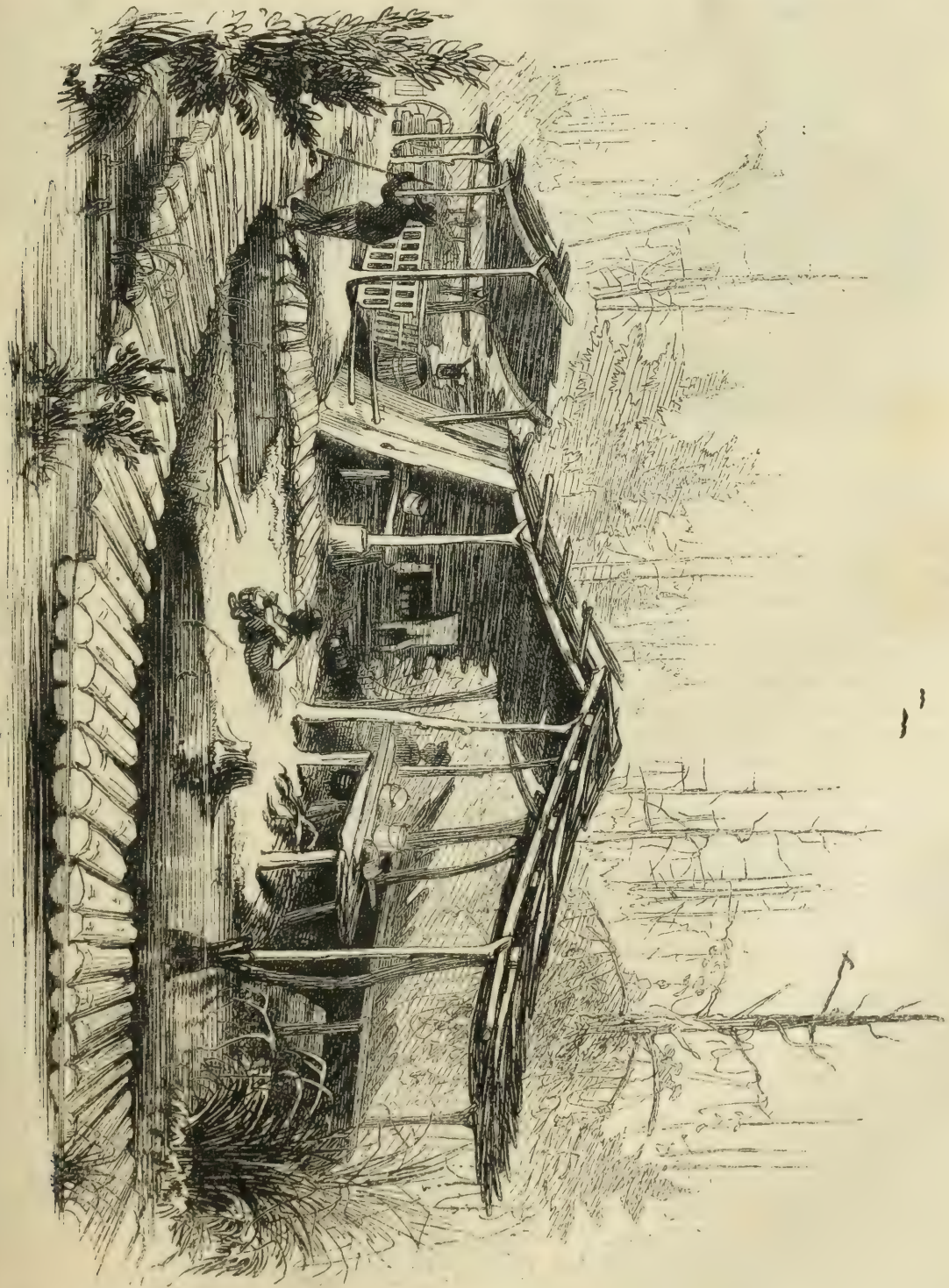
JOE SKEETERS

The morning was frosty, brisk, and bright, and we were stirring betimes. The lake was entirely hidden by a thick coverlet of white mist, which lay upon its surface almost as palpable as if it had been a light cotton comforter, or mayhap an extensive worsted nube. This was presently rolled off by a lively northwestern breeze (that acted probably

as maid of honor to the lake), and packed away for future use, we did not see where. Jim Pierce, meanwhile, had got us a capital breakfast; strong coffee, fish, ham and eggs, and for half an hour the shingles circulated freely.

I was not romantic this morning, and as the wind promised no sport at the fishery, I determined to turn my prow landward.

Once more in the canal, we were completely protected from the wind by the dense undergrowth, and, under a cloudless sky, the aspect of things was more cheerful. We also met a number of lighters, bound for the distant shores of the lake, to take in lumber, or carrying sand, to be used in the construction of a watergate, at the lake terminus of the canal. Although statistics are stupid, it may be well to relieve the tedium of our homeward journey by some less poetical and more practical account of the Swamp. It would be difficult to define accurately the limits of the great Dismal Swamp. On the Virginia side it occupies considerable portions of Nansemond and Princess Anne counties, and in North Carolina, portions of Gates, Pasquotank, Camden, and Currituck. Its area has been estimated at from six hundred to a thousand square miles. Lake Drummond lies on the Virginia side, and near the centre of the Swamp. It is a pond of eighteen or twenty miles in circuit, about seven across, measured from its most distant points, and averaging twelve or fifteen feet in depth. The



HORSE CAMP.



CARTING SHINGLES.

water of the lake and of the Swamp generally is dark-colored, like French brandy or strong coffee. It is fresh, healthful, pleasant to the taste, and, it is said, will keep pure for an unlimited time. Hence it is often used by vessels going on long voyages. The lake is twelve miles distant from Suffolk, and twenty-two from Norfolk; its surface is eleven or twelve feet above mid-tide, and there has been for a long time a question of supplying the latter city with water from this source. The practicability of so doing remains to be tested.

Some years ago a hotel was erected on the shore of the lake, for the accommodation of pleasuring parties that frequently resort there during the months of May and June. A stranger was one day dining at the house, and seeing before him a bottle containing a liquid which he took to be brandy, he helped himself, and mixed from another bottle which seemed to contain water. The mixture was rather strong, and he added more water, and so kept on watering and drinking until he was entirely drunk and thoroughly perplexed.

"Landlord!" he stammered, "come here. This is darn'd queer brandy of yours. The more water I put in the stronger it gets."

Now the landlord had furnished white whisky, that it might be readily distinguished from the water, and the innocent stranger had taken Swamp water for brandy, and had persevered in weakening his drink with white whisky. The interior of the Swamp is said to be perfectly healthy, and free from those miasmatic diseases which prevail in the tide-water country generally. It was part of the scheme of the hotel speculator to make the lake a place of summer resort, where the people of the neighborhood might take refuge from the epidemics; but before the month of August, visitors, servants, and proprietors, had all cleared out and left the place in full possession of the mosquitoes and yellow-flies. These insects are said to be savage enough to worry the life out of a mule. The hotel was taken down.

The principal trees in the Swamp are the gum, white pine, cypress, and juniper. The juniper is an evergreen, like the cedar. The undergrowth is more varied, and during the summer months is surpassingly rich and luxuriant. The yellow jessamine, the laurel, the myrtle, and evergreen bay are the most striking. The reeds prevail every where. The land where the gum grows is reclaimable, and very fertile; elsewhere the soil seems to be a spongy, half-formed peat, into which one may thrust a stick for ten or twenty feet without finding solid bottom. In dry seasons, it sometimes takes fire, and burns to the depth of four or five feet below the ordinary surface level. Besides the animals and wild fowl previously mentioned, the Swamp abounds in all the reptiles and insects common

to the surrounding country. A canal, passing through the Swamp, connects Norfolk harbor with the Pasquotank river in North Carolina. This canal passes within three or four miles of Lake Drummond, and is supplied by a feeder from the lake. Other improvements of a similar character, traversing portions of the Swamp and connecting the waters of Virginia with those of North Carolina, are now in progress. The Land Company's canal, the same by which I entered, connects the lake with the Nansemond river, near Suffolk. It is a narrow ditch, varying from seven to ten feet in width, and serves for the transportation of lumber from the interior of the Swamp.

This Land Company, to which I have so frequently referred, was organized by General Washington, after the termination of the Revolutionary War, and its original design was to reclaim and reduce the land to cultivation. This project failed, and has since been demonstrated to be impracticable, but the Company has realized almost fabulous proceeds from the timber—juniper, cypress, and white pine—that covers their grant. The Company owns a number of slaves, and hires others, who are employed in getting out the lumber in the shape of shingles, staves, etc. These hands are tasked, furnished with provisions at a fixed rate, and paid for all work exceeding the required amount. Thus an expert and industrious workman may gain a considerable sum for himself in the course of the year. The Swamp is said to be inhabited by a number of escaped slaves, who spend their lives, and even raise families, in its impenetrable fastnesses.

These people live by woodcraft, external depredation, and more frequently, it is probable, by working for the task shingle-makers at reduced wages. These employés often return greater quantities of work than could by any possibility have been produced by their own labor, and draw for two or three times the amount of provisions necessary for their own subsistence. But the provisions are furnished, the work paid for, and no questions are asked, so that the matter always remains involved in mystery.

But we have arrived at the Horse Camp, and the barge is hauled up a rude wharf, piled high with fresh-made shingles. From the landing a road, or causeway of logs, leads back into the Swamp. A hundred paces brings us to Horse Camp, the head-quarters of the shingle-makers in this district. A group of picturesque sheds afford accommodation for a number of men and mules.



CART-BOY.

The occupants were absent at the time of my visit, and I had full opportunity to examine the premises. Although of the rudest character, there seemed to be every material for physical comfort in abundance. There was bacon, salt fish, meal, molasses, whisky, and sweet potatoes, besides plenty of fodder for the mules. While I was sketching, a distant rumbling advised me of the approach of the shingle-carts. These presently passed, seven in number, loaded high with shingles, and each attended by a boy on foot. When they discharged their cargoes at the landing, the boys mounted the carts and returned at a brisker pace. These youthful drivers were not particularly well dressed; but did not appear to be ill-fed or overworked. Why this place is called Horse Camp I was not able to understand, as I was informed that a horse was never seen there — mules being the only animals proper for this particular service. Probably with that deference for high-blooded ancestry common in the Old Dominion, it is called after the progenitors of the present occupants.

These nimble-footed animals get over the rough and unsteady causeway quite rapidly, and, to all appearance, understand the



OSMAN.

negro lingo perfectly. They have no bridle-reins, but are managed entirely by words and gestures, mostly consisting of oaths and kicks. When his load was discharged, I saw one of them walk off the causeway into a puddle, to get a drink or cool his feet, perhaps. His conductor pranced and hallooed,

"Wha he done gwine now? Debbelish cuss—go on de road, da. I lam de har' off you wid a shingle! Hear me tell you get on de road? I beat your head wid a rail!"

This last threat decided the mule, and he quickly regained the causeway—clearly, to my mind, understanding the difference between being lammed with a shingle and pounded with a rail.

The desire to eat forbidden fruit and see forbidden sights is the natural inheritance of the human race. Now I had long nurtured a wish to see one of those sable outlaws who dwell in the fastnesses of the Swamp; who, from impatience of servitude, or to escape the consequences of crime, have fled from society, and taken up their abode among the wild beasts of the wilderness. I had been informed that they were often employed in getting out lumber by the Swamp hands, and although I had been told there would be danger in any attempt to gratify this fancy, I determined to visit the spot where the shingle-makers were at work, to see what I could. I had previously ventured to question my men on the subject, but they evaded the questions, and changed the conversation immediately. I therefore ordered them back to the boat to prepare dinner, and walked alone along the causeway. When I had gone a mile

or more I heard the sounds of labor, and saw the smoke from a camp-fire. I here left the causeway, and made my way with the greatest difficulty through the tangled undergrowth. It is impossible to estimate distance under these circumstances, but I crawled and struggled on until I was nearly exhausted. At length my attention was arrested by the crackling sound of other footsteps than my own. I paused, held my breath, and sunk quietly down among the reeds.

About thirty paces from me I saw a gigantic negro, with a tattered blanket wrapped about his shoulders, and a gun in his hand. His head was bare, and he had little other clothing than a pair of ragged breeches and boots. His hair and beard were tipped with gray, and his purely African features were cast in a mould betokening, in the highest degree, strength and energy. The expression of the face was of mingled fear and ferocity, and every movement betrayed a life of habitual caution and watchfulness. He reached forward his iron hand to clear away the briery screen that half concealed him while it interrupted his scrutinizing glance. Fortunately he did not discover me, but presently turned and disappeared. When the sound of his retreating footsteps died away, I drew a long free breath, and got back to the causeway with all haste. There I sat down to rest, and to make a hasty sketch of the remarkable figure I had just seen. On returning to the barge I found dinner waiting, and intentionally left my drawing where the men could see it. As Jim Pierce passed it he uttered an exclamation, and beckoned to Ely. I fancied I heard the word Osman.

"Do you know that, Jim?"

"No, Sir," said he, promptly; "dunno nothin' 'bout um."

The men continued to converse together in low whispers, and with looks expressive of astonishment. I began to get nervous. I had been rash in showing the picture—yet how, and why? Who was Osman? Was I the possessor of a dangerous secret? In the Swamp a man might easily be murdered and concealed where the buzzards couldn't find him. Ely Reed approached me, and doffing his hat, made a deferential bow. I expected a startling revelation.

"Master," said Ely, "will you draw my picter, and give it to me to take home?"

"What do you want with your picture, Ely?"



COMING OUT.

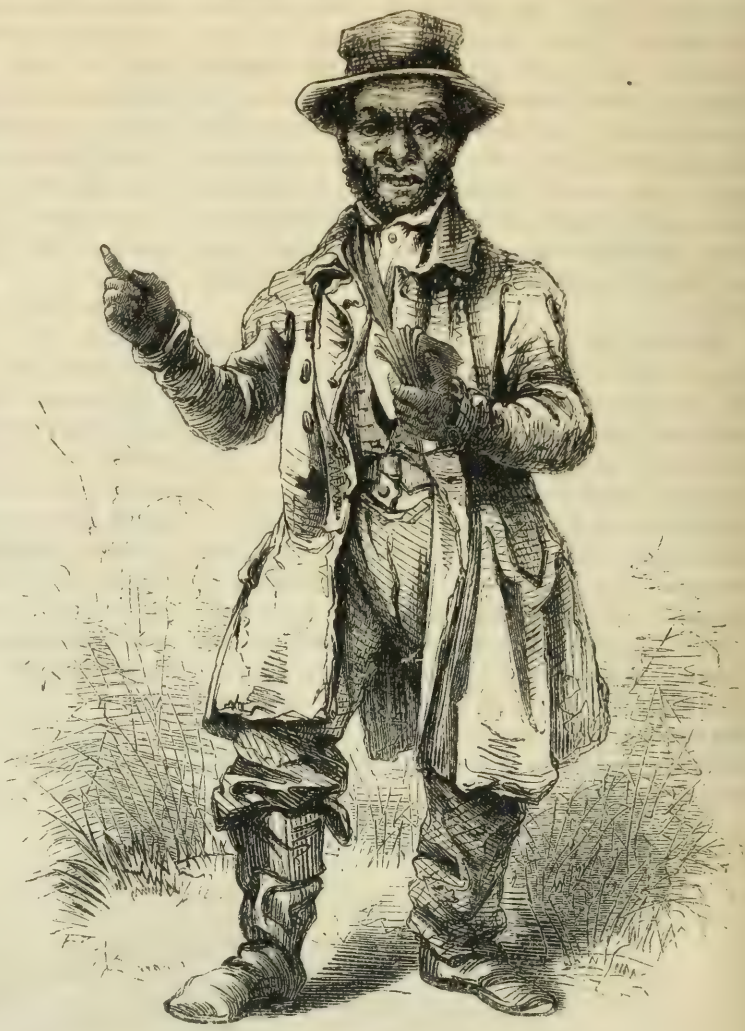
"To take home, Sir, to my wife and little daughter, to see if they'll know it."

There was nothing to be apprehended from Ely. "He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune," or, as it were, bonds to society for his good behavior; consequently no bachelor ought to have a vote or be eligible to public office. I gratified Ely's request, and we started homeward.

From the effects of a hearty dinner, and a weariness of the perceptive faculties, I slept during the greater part of this portion of the journey. I was not aware that I missed any thing by so doing, except some whisky. But I asked no questions, and intend no insinuations.

At Bonneville's I left my barge, took leave of my men, shouldered my knapsack, and returned to Suffolk on foot.

The weather continued so cold and blustering, that I remained here two weeks, enjoying the hospitality of a society which combines most agreeably the simplicity of the country with the elegant refinement of city life.



UNCLE ALICK.

It is not to be expected that so small a place affords a great variety of public amusements, but I was charmed to observe that which was most in vogue indicated an acquaintance with the writings and an appreciation of the tastes of the ancient philosophers.

The sages of antiquity were accustomed to recreate themselves with the game of the discus. The sages of Suffolk, not having discuses convenient, have substituted the Mexican dollar: in other respects the game is the same. The rising generation, emulous of the skill of their fathers, commence early practicing with cents, and burn with impatience to see the day when they shall enjoy the privilege of pitching genuine dollars like bearded men.



SAGES OF SUFFOLK.

But in an age like this it is not to be supposed that the elegant arts even of ancient Greece should be imitated and not improved upon. The men of old seasoned their game with Attic salt and sage discourses, which must have been, at best, but dry stuff. The moderns, when they have finished their game, step in and take a drink.

But we must not leave this part of the country without an introduction to Uncle Alick, a reverend gentleman of color who resides on the border of the Swamp, two or three miles distant from town. Alick is a character, and a man of mark in his way, whose experiences in life have been varied, if we take his own account for granted. He has been a pretty extensive sinner in his time, and is now a zealous minister of the Gospel. In company with several friends, I called on him one Sunday evening. He was standing before the door of his cabin, and received us with the dignified politeness of the old school. He issued orders to "*our folks*," like one habitually in authority, to bring out seats, and refreshments in the shape of sundry gourds of cool water, for the weather was warm. Having done the honors in a satisfactory man-

ner, without more words he pulled out a greasy, dog-eared book, put on his spectacles, and commenced reading a sermon on the scriptural use of the exclamation Behold! Alick is small in stature, like St. Paul, and bandy-legged, like the rest of his race, with an intellectual expression of face, in common phraseology, "sharp as a steel-trap." He read with such fluency, and the book was so dirty withal, that I suspected him of knowing the sermon by heart. When he got through, we engaged him in conversation on a variety of topics. He was easily started, talked with great volubility, and, including gestures, his descriptions were very graphic. He told us of his conversion, which occurred while he was playing the fife at a militia training during the war of 1812; and then, of how he had seen a bear eat a pig in the Swamp. This latter picture was inimitable.

"Now, mass'r," said he, "all de sense I got I larned from white folks; colored folk ain't borned wid no sense naterally; 'ceps dey larns some from white folks dey never has any woth talkin' about."

The good man has had his troubles, which, I am informed, he has not always endured with the philosophy of Socrates or the patience of Job. One heavy grief has been the passage of the railroad through his sweet-potato patch, and his subsequent troubles with the Irish laborers engaged in the construction. In alluding to these matters he used some expressions savoring more of humanity than Christianity.

"But, Uncle," said one, "you know the Scriptures tell us 'to love our enemies, and pray for them that despitefully use us.'"

"Dat's a fac'; so it does, mass'r, so it does," said he, throwing himself into an oratorical attitude. "But my 'pinions on dat subjec' is briefly dis: ef a man dat is a sinner has got ambition in him" (Uncle Alick means temper), "an' arterward he gits conwerted, dat ambition is still in him,' spite of de Gospel. Den, ef he is wexed arter dat—dat is, ef he is owdaciously wexed—dat ambition will rise. Now, mass'r, when dem Irishmens tuck an' burnt up my fence-rails, day arter day, an' left de pigs root up de fruits of my labors, I calls dat a owdacious wexation, an' I feels very sinful 'gin dem Irishmens. I try to pray for 'em, but all de time I wish de debbil had 'em!"

Who is there that will cast the first stone at Uncle Alick?

STORY OF JAMES P. BECKWOURTH.*

FROM the very nature of things, every department of human existence is better illustrated in books than that which relates to "frontier" or savage life; just in proportion as our facilities increase for understanding them, just in that ratio the real charm, the absorbing mystery is weakened. No observing and able writer ever followed the sturdy hunter through his life of adventures in the wilds of the Rocky Mountains; no one who could wield the pen has banished himself for years among our savage tribes, and thus been enabled to learn the truth regarding the habits and customs of these children of the forest. Almost all we know concerning these things comes to us dimmed by the soot of the consuming midnight oil; the fresh, free airs of heaven are wanting; the sublime simplicity has perished; the inherent poetry of such associations is gone, and the gross and material alone remains.

The aborigines and the backwoodsmen, however, are not altogether without representation; we have of them just enough that is genuine, preserved in our current literature, to create an intense desire to know more. To satisfy this appetite, innumerable are the productions professedly portraying their character and their manner of life; but most of these effusions, when examined by the light of truth, are found to be valueless. We read with intense interest of the fate of the Natchez, as delineated by Chateaubriand; our ears are seduced by the harmonies of Hiawatha; but these professed songs of the red man are, after all, but the offspring of genius trained amidst the highest civilization, and the heroes introduced and the characters illustrated are artificialities, having no existence but in the poet's brain.

This intense desire of the imaginative and enlightened mind to know something of human nature in its wild estate has been most strangely and unexpectedly gratified. We have at last something really genuine about the privations of the mountaineer; something to be relied upon relating to the inner life of the savage; the vail has been lifted, and although somewhat rudely done, the scene is before us in its deformity and its beauty—the ideal and the actual struggle for mastery—the poetry we meet is full of originality—its gold is genuine—and though mixed with the dull earth, it is more brilliant from the crudeness of its associations.

James P. Beckwourth, the hero of the work before us, is the son of an old Virginian, who, at the commencement of the present century, settled in the vicinity of what is now the thriving city of St. Louis. His father was an officer in the Revolutionary war, and held a major's commission. At this time (1805) St. Louis was a small village, its inhabitants consisting almost wholly of French and Spanish settlers, whose chief business was trafficking with the neighboring tribes of Indians. Young Beckwourth, from his earliest recollection, was accustomed to witness the constant alarms to which his father and his neighbors were subjected by the dread of Indian incursions. As an illustrative incident of the times, he relates that, on one occasion, his father asked him if he was man enough to carry a sack of corn to the mill? to which he replied in the affirmative. Between the mill and Beckwourth's father's house lived a neighbor with a large family of children, with whom young

* *The Life and Adventures of James P. Beckwourth, Mountaineer, Scout, and Pioneer; and Chief of the Crow Nation of Indians. With Illustrations.* Large 12mo. $1 25. New York: Harper and Brothers.



BECKWOURTH.

Beckwourth was on familiar terms. Taking advantage of his journeying to call on his little playmates, to his horror he discovered the whole of them—eight in number, from one to fourteen years of age—lying in various positions in the door-yard, with their bodies mangled, their scalps torn off, and the warm life-blood still oozing from the gaping wounds. In the door-way lay their father, and near him their mother—they all had shared the same fate.

At ten years of age Beckwourth was bound out to a mechanical trade, but, as might be supposed from his subsequent life, he could not long endure discipline, and consequently, growing into a stout boy, he quarreled with his master. The result was that young Beckwourth received from his father a handsome sum of money, a good horse, many wholesome precepts and a paternal blessing, and then started upon what was destined to be a most eventful life.

His first employment after he became his own master was as "hunter" to a party headed by Colonel R. M. Johnson, afterward Vice-President of the United States, bound for the "lead mines," now so familiar as Galena, Illinois. At this place a treaty was made with the Sacs and Foxes, Indian tribes then in possession of the surrounding country. Beckwourth, in spite of the sad example he witnessed of aboriginal barbarity, soon became friendly with the red men, and, as genial companions, they accompanied him on his hunting excursions.

The great field of profitable enterprise at this early day was adventures in fur companies. St. Louis was the head-quarters of the hunters and trappers; they were the men of mark, and naturally inspired ambitious spirits with the desire to join in their pursuits. Beckwourth very naturally found a place among them, and, in the immediate employment of General Ashley, a name familiar to the people of the entire Union, he started with some brave mountaineers for the great Western wilderness. Disaster attended his first expedition. To such an extremity was he brought, that he would have died from suffering and starvation but for the most providential appearance of some friendly Indians. Arriving at last safely at his father's house, he says his feelings were akin to the sailor's just returned from sea. He rose in his own estimation, however, from having made a trip to the wild West, and even while reflecting upon what he had endured, and resolving in his own mind to stay at home, General Ashley prevailed upon him to take "another trip." Promptly starting on his perilous journey, he indulges in rhapsody upon the beauties of spring; and says that unfolding nature presented so many charms, that his previous sufferings were soon obliterated from his mind. He saw nothing but the trees clothing themselves in their richest verdure, flowers unvailing their beauties on every side, and heard nothing but birds from every bough caroling their sweetest songs.

On arriving at his place of destination he found his companions, thirty-four in number, reduced in health, in weakly condition, and in a discouraged state of mind. The promised supplies had not arrived, and it was in vain that General Ashley endeavored to infuse fresh courage into the breasts of starving men. There were no jokes, no fireside stories, no fun; each

man rose in the morning with the misery of the preceding night filling his mind; fires were built, and the scanty repast consumed amidst silence and gloom. At last General Ashley gave orders for the best hunters to sally out and try their fortunes. Beckwourth was the first to seize his rifle, and issued from the camp alone. From this time forward he becomes the prominent actor in the stirring events of his singular biography, and this first detailed adventure displays traits of character that are not inherent in ordinary men.

Having proceeded but a short distance in search of game, he discovered two teal ducks, one of which he decapitated with his rifle and secured; whereupon he says, "Here was a temptation to my constancy; and appetite and conscientiousness had a long strife as to the disposal of the booty. I reflected that it (the duck) would be but an inconsiderable trifle in a mess of four hungry men, while to roast and eat it myself would give me strength to hunt for more. A strong inward feeling remonstrated against such an invasion of the rights of my starving mess-mates; but if, fortifying myself, I gained ability to procure something more substantial than a teal duck, my dereliction would be sufficiently atoned, and my overruling appetite at the same time gratified. Had I admitted my mess-mates to the argument, they might possibly have carried it adversely, but I received the conclusion as valid; so, roasting the duck without farther ceremony, I devoured it alone, and felt greatly invigorated by the meal." A starving man who would thus discuss the claims of his companions, while having unperceived an opportunity to gratify his appetite, must certainly be possessed of high moral qualities; but his concluding reflections show that there was a divinity that stirred within him. Having eventually succeeded in killing a deer and an elk, and thus relieving the camp from its misery, he adds:

"I suffered my comrades to appease their hunger with the proceeds of my toil before I ventured to tell them the offense of which I had been guilty. All justified my conduct, declaring my conclusions obvious. As it turned out, my proceeding was right enough; but," he adds, "if I had failed to meet with any game, I had been guilty of an offense which would ever after have haunted me. At this present time I never kill a duck on my ranche but I think of my clandestine feast in the bushes, while my companions were famishing in the camp. Since that time I have never refused to share my last shilling, my last biscuit, or my only blanket with a friend, and I think the recollection of that 'temptation in the wilderness' will ever recur as a lesson to more constancy in the future."

It would be difficult to find an illustration of a more delicate sense of honor than is here displayed, and the confession coming at the very commencement of the biography, predisposes us toward the hero; superiority is the natural, and not the strained quality of such a mind.

After a variety of severe sufferings, one time starving, at another freezing, the party to which Beckwourth was attached arrived among the Pawnee Loups. The Indians gave the hunters a feast, and made their hearts glad. Two Ax, the head chief, detained them four days, that they might not frighten the buffalo away. "A surround" having been agreed upon, it took place, and is described as follows: "There were probably engaged in this hunt from one to two thousand Indians, some mounted and some on



BECKWOURTH RESCUES GENERAL ASHLEY FROM AN ENRAGED BUFFALO.

foot. They encompass a large space where the buffaloes are contained, and closing in around them on all points, form a complete circle. The circle at first inclosed may measure perhaps six miles in diameter, with an irregular circumference, determined by the movements of the herd. When the 'surround' is formed, the hunters radiate from the main body to the right and left until the ring is entire. The chief then gives the order to charge, which is communicated along the ring with the speed of lightning; every man then rushes to the centre, and the work of destruction is begun. The unhappy victims finding themselves hemmed in on every side, run this way and that in their efforts to escape. Finding all chances of escape impossible, and seeing their slaughtered fellows drop dead at their feet, they bellow with affright, and, in the confusion that whelms them, lose all power of resistance. The slaughter generally lasts two or three hours, and seldom many get clear of the weapons of the assailants. The field over, 'the surround' presents the appearance of one vast slaughter-house. He who has been most successful in the work of devastation is celebrated as a hero, and receives the highest honors from the 'fair sex,' while he who has been so unfortunate as not to kill a buffalo, is jeered and ridiculed by the whole band. Flaying, dressing, and preserving the meat, next engages their attention, and affords them full employment for several weeks."

Beckwourth, in the natural course of events, gets back to St. Louis, and indulges the idea that he is about to marry his affianced bride and "settle down," when General Ashley demands his immediate services to carry dispatches to the head-quarters of the Fur Company in the Rocky Mountains. He is evidently, but unconsciously to himself, losing all sympathy with the restraints of civilized society, for he readily agrees to undertake the proposed expedition, parts with "Eliza," promising to make a speedy return, and solemnly declaring that naught but the hand of death should separate them again.

Arriving once more in the vicinity of Salt Lake, now so familiar as the "Mormon country," and constantly coming in contact with friendly and hostile Indians, Beckwourth rapidly assumes a character suited to his new position. He combines the superior intelligence of the white man (and that of a high order) with the cunning of the aborigines, and he is soon bedecked with war paint, clothed in robes, and engaged in innumerable adventures. One day hotly pressed in fighting Indian enemies, the next in dancing with Indian friends; nothing comes amiss. He varies his character, involving all the shades of savage and civilized life, with as great readiness as a chameleon changes the color of his skin; yet he is always brave, always self-sacrificing, and always the last person in the camp to neglect his business, or forget his employer's interests. Rapidly rising in importance, he is finally intrusted (being the only man who would undertake the enterprise), with the establishment of a trading post among the Black Foot Indians, the most treacherous, so far as good faith is concerned, of all the tribes in the Western wilderness.

Beckwourth by his tact succeeded even beyond his expectations, and soon became of so much importance among the Black Feet, that As-as-to (Heavy Shield) their head chief, offered him one of his daughters for a wife. Without hesitation he accepted the alliance, as it "guaranteed him his life and enlarged his facilities for trade." Long before his honeymoon was passed he had a domestic difficulty of a very serious character. A party of Indians came into camp one day, bringing with them three white men's scalps. "The sight of them," he narrates, "made my blood boil with rage; but there was no help for it, so I determined to wait with patience my day of revenge. In accordance with their custom a scalp-dance was held, at which there was much additional rejoicing. My wife came to me with the information that her people were rejoicing, and that she wished to join them in the dance. I replied, 'No; these scalps belonged to my people; my heart is crying for their death; you must not rejoice when my heart cries; you must not dance when I mourn.' She then went out, as I supposed, satisfied. My two white friends, having a great curiosity to witness the performance, were looking out upon the scene. I reproved them for wishing to witness the savage rejoicings over the fall of white men, who had probably belonged to our own company. One of them answered, 'Well, your wife is the best dancer of the whole party; she outdances them all.' This was a sting which pierced my very heart. Taking my battle-ax, and forcing my way into the ring, I watched my opportunity, and struck my disobedient wife a heavy blow on the head with the side of my battle-ax, upon which she dropped as if a ball had pierced her heart. I dragged her through the crowd and left her. I then went back to my tent. This act was performed in such a bold manner, under the very noses of hundreds of them, that they were thunderstruck, and for a moment remained motionless with surprise. When I entered the tent I said to my companions, 'There, now, you had better prepare to hold on to your scalps, since you take so much interest in a celebration over those of your murdered brethren.' Their countenances turned ashy pale, expecting instant death.

"By this time the whole tribe present was in a blaze. 'Kill him!' 'burn him!' 'burn him!' was shouted throughout the camp in their own language, which I perfectly understood. I was calm and collected, for I knew that they could kill me but once. Soon I heard the voice of my father-in-law crying in a tone which sounded above all: 'Stop! hold! hold! warriors; listen to your chief!' All was hushed in an instant, and he continued: 'Warriors! I am the loser of a daughter, and her brothers have lost a

sister; you have lost nothing. She was the wife of the trader; I gave her to him. That thing disobeyed her husband; he told her not to dance; she disobeyed him; she had no ears; he killed her, and he did right. He did as you all would have done, and you shall neither kill him nor harm him for it. If we kill these three men, whom I have given the word of a chief to protect, the white chief will send us no more, but his braves will revenge the death of their brothers. They have eaten of our meat, and drunk of our water; they have also smoked with us: when they have sold their goods, let them return in peace.' As-as-to then came to Beckwourth, and continued: 'My son, you have done right; that woman I gave you had no sense; her ears were stopped up; she would not hearken to you; you had a right to kill her. But I have another daughter who is younger than she was. She is more beautiful, and has good sense and good ears. You may have her in place of the bad one; she will hearken to all you say to her.'"



BECKWOURTH REPROVES HIS INDIAN WIFE.

Beckwourth did not refuse the chief's offer, for fear of giving offense, and found his second spouse more intelligent and far prettier than the first one; in fact, many warriors had performed bloody deeds of valor in hopes of obtaining her. The autobiography then presents the following incident. Its graphic simplicity would be difficult to excel: "During the night, while I and my wife were quietly reposing, some person crawled into our couch, sobbing most bitterly. Angry at the intrusion, I asked who was there. 'Me,' answered a voice, which, although well-nigh stifled with bitter sobs, I recognized as that of my first wife, whom every one had supposed dead. After lying outside of the lodge senseless for some hours, she had recovered, and groped her way to my bed. 'Go away,' I said, 'you have no business here; I have a new wife now, one who has sense.' 'I will not go away; my ears are open now. I was a fool not to hearken to my husband's words when his heart was crying; but now I have good sense, and will always hearken to your words.'"

His residence among the treacherous Black Feet was of only twenty days' duration. He then, highly delighted with the profits made by his trading, departed for the Fur Company's head-quarters, escorted by one hundred and fifty warriors. This guard of honor, on its return, took some dress patterns to his wives and a valuable gift to his distinguished father-in-law, whom he was destined soon to meet in battle.

Passing over a multitude of interesting incidents, we come to the two following, which are unsurpassed in the exhibition of the superior sagacity of the white when combating with the savage foe. Beckwourth and an old trapper, named Le Blueux, in search of beaver, were proceeding along the precipitous and rocky banks of a river skirted with bushes, when they discovered that they were followed by a party of hostile Indians. Without agitation or haste, these two men hid themselves among the underwood, when Le Blueux took from his horses' neck a small bell, which he fastened, together with the end of his lariat, to a limb, and then returned to Beckwourth, holding the other end of the lariat in his hand. This stratagem caused the Indians to expend a great amount of powder and shot to kill the bell, which Le Blueux would occasionally ring, supposing it indicated where the hunters stood. When an enemy approached near enough to be seen he was deliberately aimed at and shot down. Le Blueux,

amidst this danger, lit his pipe, and commenced smoking with as much *sang froid* as if he had been in camp. Having finished, the two men, whose situation had now become critical, abandoned their horses and guns, and throwing themselves over the precipitous banks of the river, amidst a shower of bullets, miraculously made their escape. With Le Blueux, says Beckwourth, there were no difficulties for which his inexhaustible brain would not devise some means to surmount.

At another time, Beckwourth and two companions were roused from their slumbers by the discharge of fire-arms. He and one companion instinctively rose and gave the war-whoop as a challenge for the enemy to come on. Poor Colter, the third of the party, and a horse were killed at the first fire. The Indians, five hundred in number, now showered in their balls like hail. The dead steed, the body of their comrade, and so much earth as they could hastily gather up, formed a breast-work, behind which these men made a vigorous and effective defense, and held out until the mutual firing attracted succor. Seventeen Indians had bitten the dust, while the dead bodies of the trapper and the horse were literally riddled with bullets.

Beckwourth gradually became celebrated among the hunters for his skill, and among the Indians as a brave; and when he got among the Crows—the most civilized and powerful nation of the Western Indians, a tribe of which he eventually became chief—he attracted a great deal of attention, growing out of which, resulted an incident that gave character to the whole of his future life. Among the hunters was a man by the name of Greenwood, who, to amuse himself, told a party of Crows visiting the traders' encampment, that Beckwourth—now known to them as a "great warrior" and as "White-handled Knife"—was himself a Crow. He went on to state that, many winters before, the Cheyennes had defeated the Crows, killing many warriors, and carrying off many women and children. At that time, Beckwourth was a child, and was sold by the Cheyennes to the whites, with whom he staid until he decided to return to his own people. Beckwourth, amused at the romance, and greatly edified at the gullibility of the red man, allowed the Indians to spread the tale of wonderment, laughing in his own mind at their expense. Meanwhile, with a party of traders, he started for the Crow country, and was unexpectedly taken prisoner by a party of "horse guards" belonging to that people. Let the result of Greenwood's practical joke be explained in the simple but expressive language of the autobiography:

"My capture was known throughout the whole village in five minutes, and hundreds gathered round the lodge to get sight of the prisoner. In the crowd were some who had talked to Greenwood a few weeks before. They at once exclaimed, 'That is the lost Crow, the great brave who has killed so many of our enemies; he is our brother!' Old and young were impatient to obtain a sight of the 'great brave.' Orders were immediately given to summon all the old women taken by the Cheyennes so many winters past who had suffered at that time the loss of a son. The lodge was cleared for the *examining committee*, and the old women, breathless with excitement, their eyes wild and protruding, and their nostrils dilated, arrived in squads, until the lodge was filled to overflowing. I believe never was mortal gazed at with such intense



DEFENSE AGAINST AN ATTACK OF INDIANS.

and sustained interest as I was on that occasion. Arms and legs were critically scrutinized. My face next passed the ordeal; then my neck, back, breast, and all parts of my body, even down to my feet, which did not escape the examination of these anxious matrons, in their endeavors to discover some mark or peculiarity whereby to recognize their brave son. At length one old woman, after having scanned my visage with the utmost intentness, came forward and said, 'If this is my son, he has a mole over one of his eyes.' My eyelids were immediately pulled down to the utmost stretch of their elasticity, when, sure enough, she discovered a mole just over my left eye!

"'Then, and oh then!' such shouts of joy as were uttered by that honest-hearted woman were seldom before heard, while all in the crowd took part in her rejoicing. It was uncultivated joy, but not the less heartfelt and intense. It was a joy which a mother can only experience when she recovers a son whom she had supposed dead in his earliest days. She has mourned him silently through weary nights and busy days for the long space of twenty years; suddenly he presents himself before her in robust manhood, and graced with the highest name an Indian can appreciate. It is but nature, either in the savage breast or civilized, that hails such a return with overwhelming joy, and feels the mother's undying affection awakened beyond all control. All the other claimants resigning their pretensions, I was fairly carried along by the excited crowd to the lodge of the "Big Bowl," who was my father. The news of my having proved to be the son of Mrs. Big Bowl flew through the village with the speed of lightning, and on my arrival at the paternal lodge I found it filled with all degrees of my newly-discovered relatives, who welcomed me nearly to death. They seized me in their arms and hugged me, and my face positively burned with the enraptured kisses of my numerous fair sisters, with a long host of cousins, aunts, and other more remote kindred. All these welcoming ladies as firmly believed in my identity with the lost one, as they believed in the existence of the Great Spirit.

"My father knew me to be his son; told all the Crows that the dead was alive again, and the lost one was found. He knew it was fact; Greenwood had said so, and the words of Greenwood were true; his tongue was not crooked—he would not lie. He also had told him that his son was a great brave among the white men; that his arm was strong; that the Black Feet quailed before his rifle and battle-ax; that his lodge was full of their scalps which his knife had taken; that they must rally around me to support and protect me; and that his long-lost son would be a strong breast-work to their nation; that he would teach them how to defeat their enemies. They all promised that they would do as his words had indicated.

"My unmarried sisters were four in number, very pretty, intelligent young women. They, as soon as the departure of the crowd would admit, took off my old leggins, and moccasins, and other garments, and supplied their place with new ones, most beautifully ornamented according to their very last fashion. My sisters were very ingenious in such work, and they well-nigh quarreled among themselves for the privilege of dressing me. When my toilet was finished to their satisfaction, I could compare in elegance with the most popular warrior of the tribe when in full costume. They also prepared me a bed, not so high as Haman's gallows certainly, but just as high as the lodge would admit. This was also a token of their esteem and sisterly affection. No power on earth could have shaken their faith in my positive identity with the lost child. Nature seemed to prompt the old women to recognize me in that relation, and all my new relatives placed implicit faith in the genuineness of her discovery. Greenwood had spoken it, 'and his tongue was not crooked.' What could I do under the circumstances? Even if I should deny my Crow origin, they would not believe me. How could I dash with an unwelcome and incredible explanation all the joy that had been manifested on my return—the cordial welcome, the rapturous embraces of those who hailed me as a son and a brother, the exuberant joy of the whole nation for the return of a long-lost Crow, who, stolen when a child, had returned in the strength of maturity, graced with the name of a great brave, and the generous strife I had occasioned in their endeavors to accord me the warmest welcome? I could not find it in my heart to undeceive these unsuspecting people, and tear myself away from their untutored caresses."

Beckwourth cordially performed every duty imposed upon him by his new relations as a Crow Indian. In the course of his long years of residence among them, he participated in all their sorrows, sympathized in their more harmless superstitions, and was foremost in leading them on to battle, and, rising from one degree of importance to another, finally became their head chief. We know of no pictures of aboriginal life so vivid, so truthful, and so full of interest, as those which record Beckwourth's adventures among this people. Our space will only permit us to give isolated examples. In the following, we have a most unexpected picture of a melancholy and sentimental Indian, and also a description of a singular and strangely typical custom:

Beckwourth for the moment spending his time in the peaceful pursuit of trapping for beavers, was accompanied by a fine and intelligent warrior, who was "without a relative." One day the Indian expressed a wish to have a "talk." Beckwourth listened, and he began: "My friend I am alone in the world; all my kindred are gone to the land of the Great Spirit. I now want one good friend—a confidential bosom friend, one who will be my brother. I am a warrior, a brave; so are you. You have been far away to the villages of the white man; your



BECKWOURTH AS AN INDIAN WARRIOR.

eyes have seen much. You have now returned to your people. Will you be my friend and brother? be as one man with me as long as you live?" Beckwourth acceded. "It is well," said he; "and now we must exchange traps:" it was done, and so with all personal effects, including horse, clothing, and war implements. "Now," said the Indian, "we are one while we live; what I know you shall know; there must be no secret between us." Beckwourth then proceeded to his father's lodge and acquainted him with this new alliance. The old chief was pleased, and ever afterward received this allied brother as his son; and so entirely was he absorbed, that he was forever debarred from entering the family as a son-in-law, since this mutual adoption attached him as by ties of consanguinity.

Beckwourth's subsequent allusion to his Indian brother is touching. With him he often retired to the solitude of the forest and prairie, to indulge in conversation, and the interchange of ideas. Describing him, he says: "He was pre-eminently a great brave, at all times self-possessed and unobtrusive. I always considered him as endowed with the most solid sense, and possessing the clearest views of any Indian in the nation. His spirits were generally somewhat dejected, but that I attributed to the loss of all his relatives. When I wished to enjoy a little converse or sober meditation, he always was my chosen companion, as there were qualities in his character which interested me and assimilated with my own. He never craved popularity, never envied the elevation of others, but seemed rather to rejoice at another person's success. He would listen to me for an entire day when I spoke of my residence with the whites, and told of their great battles, where thousands were slain on both sides; when I described their ships carrying immense guns capable of sweeping hundreds of men away at a discharge; and when I depicted to him their forts, to which our forts for size or strength were but as ant-hills. I then would tell him of the great Atlantic Ocean, and the millions of white men living beyond it; of countries where there was no summer, and others where there was no winter, and a thousand other marvels, of which I never spoke to other warriors, as their minds were too limited to comprehend me.

"After listening to me with the deepest attention until I would grow tired of talking, he would seem to be perfectly amazed, and would be lost in a deep reverie for some time, as though endeavoring to raise his ideas to a level with the vast matters he had been listening to. Occasionally he would tell me of the traditions handed down from generation to generation in the Indian race, in which he was 'elegantly learned.' He told me of the mighty tribes of men who had once inhabited this vast continent, but were now exterminated by internecine wars; that their fathers had told them of a great flood, which had covered all the land, except the highest peaks of the mountains, where some of the inhabitants and the buffaloes resorted, and saved themselves from destruction."

After a great number of brilliant victories, the Crows were constantly defeated, until the whole nation was in mourning. These disastrous battles were instigated against Beckwourth's wishes. Some had lost a father, some a brother, and some a sweetheart; and the mourners, according to custom, had mangled their faces, cut off their hair, and otherwise disfigured themselves, until "the appearance of things was too fearful to

look upon, and the cries of sorrow too painful to hear." In the midst of this desolation the women came to Beckwourth's lodge and lifted it from its foundation, leaving its occupant in the open air; they then commenced throwing before him all kinds of goods, leggins, moccasins, and other valuables, until he was nearly smothered under these miscellaneous offerings. At last he called out "enough," proclaimed himself "aroused," and announced, "I will go with your warriors and revenge the death of your friends." The news circulated through the village "that the Antelope was going against the Cheyennes to revenge the death of the braves." Five hundred warriors rallied round Beckwourth; his reputation was at stake, and he took more than ordinary pains to vindicate the cause intrusted to his care. Placing himself at the head of his command, he was constantly harassed by inquiries respecting his plans. He avoided answering by thus occupying the imaginations of his volatile followers: "I told them, if they would bring me a silver-gray fox, unhurt, my medicine would be complete, and that we were sure of a great victory. In a moment they left me, and shortly returned with a live fox, which they had caught in a surround. I ordered them to choke it to death, and then flay it: it was done, and the beautiful skin was handed to me. I wrapped it round my medicine bow, and made a brief speech, informing them that the cunning of the fox had descended upon my head, and that my wiles would infallibly circumvent the enemy. Like another Alexander, I thus inspired confidence in the breasts of my soldiers, and the spirit I was infusing in others partly communicated itself to my own breast." The contemplated attack on the enemy was eminently successful. Scalps from the foe were taken without the loss of a Crow, and Beckwourth returned to the village in triumph. Every face was washed of its mourning paint; gloom gave way to rejoicing; and the scalp dance of victory was performed with enthusiasm and hilarity. Beckwourth, according to custom, received a new title, and was hailed as a deliverer by all the women of the village.

As might be expected among men reckless of life, and having no honorable excitement except war, personal difficulties would sometimes occur, and Beckwourth did not always manage to escape these unpleasant encounters. On one occasion a difficulty arose about some trivial matter, when Beckwourth's disputant in a supercilious manner remarked, "Ugh! you pretend to be a brave, but you are no brave." The parties drew their battle-axes and rushed at each other, but before either had an opportunity to strike, "the pipe of peace" was thrust between the belligerents. To disobey the symbol would be instant death. The carrier of the peace pipe, who represented a policeman of a city, then made this sensible speech: "You say that 'Big Bowl' (Beckwourth) was no brave. You lied; we all know he is a brave; our enemies can testify to it, and you dare not deny it any more. Hereafter, if you wish to show which is the greatest brave, wait until you meet the enemy, we then can decide; but never again attempt to take each other's lives."

There is something exceedingly wild and thrilling in the following description and attending incidents of an Indian battle. Beckwourth learned that a hundred and sixty Black Feet warriors had thrown themselves into what appeared an impregnable fortress. "A stronghold, it would seem, manifestly thrown up in some of Nature's grand convulsions, for the very pur-



A STAMPEDE.



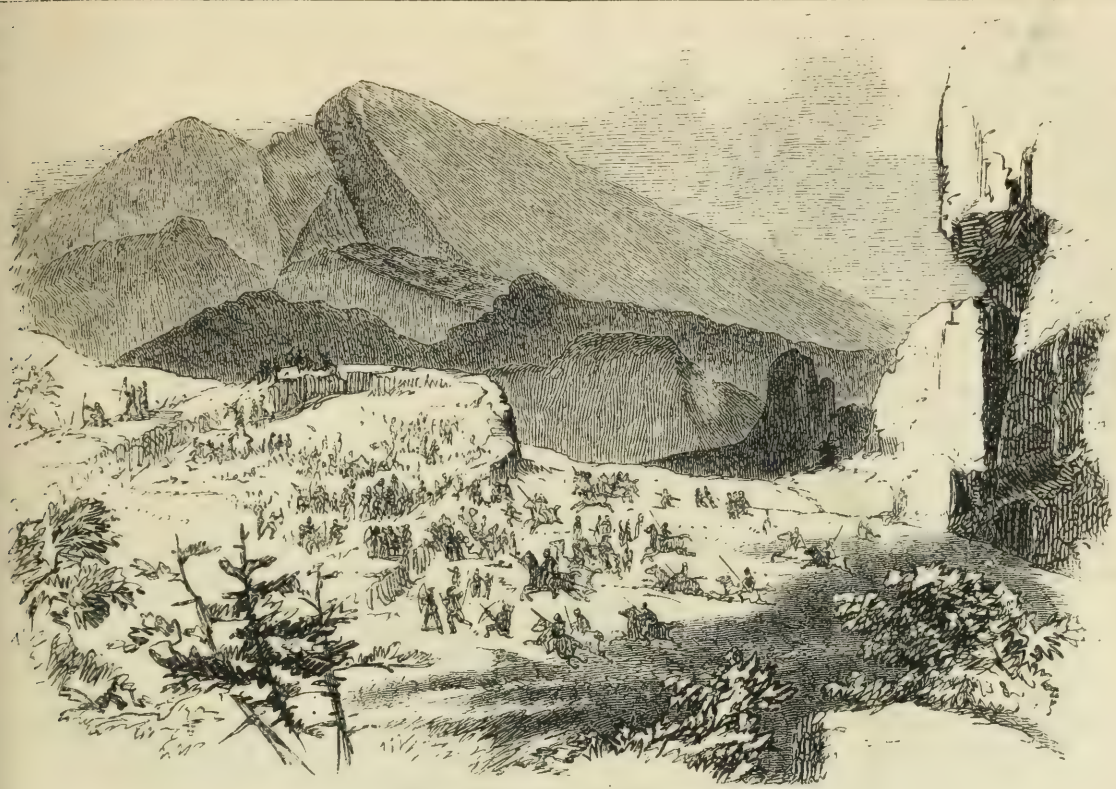
THE INDIAN POLICEMAN.

pose for which it was now applied. It was a huge mass of granite, forming a natural wall in front of a graduated height, varying from twenty-five feet to six feet in the lowest part; it was solid, and nearly perpendicular all round. There was in our camp a young Kentuckian, named Robert Mildrum, naturally a brave fellow, though he seldom went out in war parties; but when the village was assaulted he fought like a tiger. I met him while surveying the enemy's stronghold. I said to him, 'Mildrum, the adage is true, "There is policy in war." These Indians make no question of our bravery; had we not better resign to them the brunt of this encounter, and not expose our lives in a cause in which we have no concern. How do you intend to act?' 'As for me,' said Mildrum, 'I must be in the fray; if we are to see any fun, I want my share of the entertainment.' 'Well,' said I, 'I shall endeavor to keep by you.'

"The Indians had by this time assembled to the number of from five to seven hundred, and were watching the fort indecisively, awaiting instructions from the chief. Many had succeeded in running and sheltering under the wall, while several had been shot in making the attempt. I ran to the wall to reconnoitre it, and soon saw there were two ways in which it could be taken; one was by bombardment, and the other was by storm. Bombardment was out of the question, as our heaviest calibre was a rifle-bore. I waited to see what steps would be taken. Long Hair, the head chief of the nation, said, 'Warriors, listen! Our marrow-bones are broken; the enemy has chosen a strong fort; we can not drive them from it without sacrificing too many men. Warriors, retreat!'

"I replied, 'No; hold! Warriors, listen! If these old men can not fight, let them retire with the women and children. We can kill every one of these Black Feet: then let us do it. If we attempt to run, we shall be shot in the back, and lose more warriors than to fight and kill them all. If we get killed, our friends who love us here will mourn our loss, while those in the spirit-land will sing and rejoice to welcome us there, if we ascend to them dying like braves. The Great Spirit has sent these enemies here for us to slay; if we do not slay them, he will be angry with us, and will never suffer us to conquer our enemies again. He will drive off all our buffaloes, and will wither the grass on the prairies. No, warriors! we will fight as long as one of them survives. Come, follow me, and I will show you how the braves of the great white chief fight their enemies!' 'Enemy of Horses,' exclaimed hundreds of the brave and impatient warriors who were crowded round me, 'lead us, and we will follow you to the spirit-land!'

"Accepting the charge, I stationed a large body of those who were never known to flinch on one side of the position, which I, with my followers, intended to scale. I thus thought to engage the attention of the enemy until we made good our entrance, when I felt no longer doubtful of success. I then told them, as I threw up my shield the third time, and shouted, "Hoo-ki-hi," they were to scale the wall as fast as possible, and beat down whatever resistance might be offered them. I had divested myself of all my weapons except my battle-ax and scalping-knife, the latter being attached to my wrist with a string. I then made the signal, and when I raised the shout "Hoo-ki-hi," the party opposite began to hoist one another up. When I sprang



GREAT BATTLE AT THE "NATURAL FORT."

for the summit of the wall, I found that my women were holding my belt; I cut it loose with my knife, and left it in their hands. I was the first on the wall, but was immediately followed by some scores of warriors. The enemy's whole attention, when we entered the arena, was directed to the opposite party, and we had time to cut numbers down before they were aware of our entrance. The carnage for some minutes was fearful, and the Black Feet fought with desperation, knowing their inevitable doom if taken. The clash of battle-axes and the yells of the opposing combatants were truly appalling. Many leaped the wall only to meet their certain doom below, where hundreds of battle-axes and lances were ready to drink their blood as soon as they touched ground. The interior surface of this huge rock was concave, and the blood all ran to the centre, where it formed a pool, which emitted a sickening smell as the warm vapor ascended to our nostrils. It was also a work of great difficulty to keep one's feet, as the mingled gore and brains were scattered every where round this fatal place. The blood of the Crow and the Black Foot mingled together in this common pool, for many of our warriors fell in this terrible strife."

A-ra-poo-ash, the great chief of the Crow nation, after being the hero of a hundred fights, falls in a miserable skirmish. It would be difficult to imagine a more poetical rendering of the last moments of a great warrior. The nation, for the moment, was under a cloud. A-ra-poo-ash was for the time opposed to the prevailing hostilities. Beckwourth stole off with a number of warriors on a marauding expedition. The old chief mounted his horse and joined it. Upon coming up with Beckwourth, he said,

"Bloody Arm, you did not wish me to go to war with you, but I will. I shall never return to the village: I am going to die. The Crows are fools. I have given them much good counsel, but they would not hearken to my words. I have fought for them many years; I have shed much blood for them; I'm going to the big village of the Great Spirit. If you do not wish to go on the war-path with me, you can go on another path; I will find the enemy alone and die."

When he had finished speaking, he dismounted from his horse, then placing the edge of his shield upon some buffalo chips, he said,

"Warriors, you see my shield: if it rises, I shall die before I return to the village; if not, I shall return."

He then addressed the sun for some minutes, after which he took his lance, then giving a bound, he raised the shield as high as his head, and not a warrior saw him touch it. Then every one believed his words, namely, that he never would return to the village. "I knew," says Beckwourth, "that the shield must have some elevating agency, but it was concealed; my attention was so riveted upon the chief that I did not discover the power which produced the seeming miracle."

Fourteen Black Feet Indians, on foot, were suddenly come up with, who, finding escape from the Crows impossible, prepared to sell their lives dearly. The old chief was the first to charge upon the scanty foe; as his steed plunged through them, he cut down one with his battle-ax; then, wheeling and again passing their line, he clove a second; again turning, to pass the enemy's line, he had already raised his arm to strike, when an arrow entered his body just below the hip and passed clear through, showing itself near the shoulder. Every war-

rior paused with astonishment at seeing their chief thus furiously engaged; but when he fell, a demon seemed suddenly to possess them, and the few surviving Black Feet were hewn to pieces in a moment. Every warrior gathered round the dying chief; his life-blood was fast draining from this mortal stroke.

"Warriors," he said, "I came here to die. My wish will soon be gratified. A-ra-poo-ash will lead you no more to war. My home will soon be in the spirit-land. My people are fools, and would not listen to my counsel. Bloody Arm (Beckwourth), come to me; you must now take the place of A-ra-poo-ash. You are brave and wise. You fought the enemy, and vanquished them without losing our own warriors. Your medicine is powerful. Warriors, listen to your dying chief! You, Bloody Arm, are the only brave that can keep the nation together. The Crows disobeyed my orders, and I did not like to punish them for it. I loved my people too well; I was too kind to them for their own good; I was too indulgent. They all fear you, and will obey your words. If they obey you, they will increase and become a powerful people, as I have wished them to be; if they disobey you, they will not be a nation two winters more. Their enemies are numerous and powerful, and they will rub out all the Crows unless they hearken to what you say. My eyes grow dim; Red Arm, are you listening—I can not see?"

"I am listening to all you say."

"It is well. Then take this shield and this medal; they both belong to you. The medal was brought from our great white father, many winters ago, by the red-headed chief. When you die, it belongs to him who succeeds you. Listen. Tell Nami-ne-dishu, the wife whom I have always loved, that if our child yet unborn shall be a son, to tell him who his father was. Red Arm, listen."

"I hear you."

"Let my body be buried under this spot. Suffer no warrior to make track upon this ground for one season, then come and seek my bones and I will have something good for you. I can hear the voice of the Great Spirit. It sounds like the moaning of the mighty wind through the dark gloomy forest. He calls A-ra-poo-ash to come to the spirit-land—I must go. Re-mem-ber!"

As the last word expired on his lips, the great warrior was no more.

Among the characteristic incidents not immediately connected with Indians, is the following, which will attract the attention of gentlemen sportsmen: "On one occasion," says Beckwourth, "there was a white man, who lived among the Crows, trapping in one of the neighboring streams, and I became alarmed for his safety, as Black Feet parties were skulking about in all directions, and were sure to kill him if they should find his camp. I found Coe, and told him my fears. He instantly gathered up his traps, and, mounting his horse, started toward me. When within fair gun-shot, an old bear sprang from a thicket, and landed upon the flanks of his horse, applying his teeth to the roots of the poor animal's tail, and holding him as if in a vice. Coe leaned over his horse's neck, and cried out, 'Shoot, Jim! shoot quick!' I could not help laughing to have saved my life, as he turned from side to side, though his situation was a critical one. I soon got in a favorable position, and put a ball in the animal's head, just behind the ear, when he liberated the horse and his rider, falling on his back apparently stone dead."



DEATH OF A-RA-POO-ASH.

The autobiography gives



ADVENTURE WITH A BEAR.

many portraits of Indian women, which show them to be the redeeming sex among the savage, as they are among enlightened nations. That of "Pine Leaf," the "Indian heroine," possesses a most thrilling interest, and displays an extraordinary character. Beckwourth introduces her as follows:

"In connection with my Indian experience, I conceive it to be my duty to devote a few lines to one of the bravest women that ever lived, namely, Pine Leaf—in Indian, Bar-chee-am-pe. For an Indian, she possessed great intellectual powers. She was endowed with extraordinary muscular strength, with the activity of the cat and the speed of the antelope. Her features were pleasing, and her form symmetrical. She had lost a brother in the attack on our village before mentioned—a great brave, and her twin brother. He was a fine specimen of the race of red men, and bade fair to rise to distinction; but he was struck down in his strength, and Pine Leaf was left to avenge his death. She was at that time twelve years of age, and she solemnly vowed that she would never marry until she had killed, with her own hand, a hundred of the enemy. Whenever a war-party started, Pine Leaf was the first to volunteer to accompany them. Her presence caused much amusement to the old veterans; but if she lacked physical strength, she always rode the fleetest horses, and none of the warriors could outstrip her. All admired her for her ambition, and as she advanced in years, many of the braves grew anxious for the speedy accomplishment of her vow. She had chosen my party to serve in, and when I engaged in the fiercest struggles, no one was more promptly at my side than the young heroine. She seemed incapable of fear; and when she arrived at womanhood, could fire a gun without flinching, and use the Indian weapons with as great dexterity as the most accomplished warrior.

"I began to feel more than a common attachment toward her. Her intelligence charmed me, and her modest and becoming demeanor singled her out from her sex. One day, while riding leisurely along, I asked her to marry me, provided we both returned safe. She flashed her dark eye, and said,

"'You have too many wives already. Do you suppose I would break my vow to the Great Spirit? He sees and hears all things; He would be angry with me, and would not suffer me to live to avenge my brother's death.'

"I told her that my medicine said I must marry her, and then I could never be killed or vanquished in battle. She laughed, and replied,

"'I will marry you.'

"'When we return?' I inquired.

"'No; but when the pine leaves turn yellow.'

"I reflected that it would soon be autumn, and regarded the promise as valid. A few days afterward, it occurred to my mind that pine leaves do not turn, and I saw I had been practiced upon. When I spoke to her again on the subject, I said,

"'Pine Leaf, you promised to marry me when the pine leaves turn yellow; it has occurred to me that they never grow yellow.'

"She returned no answer except a hearty laugh.

"'Am I to understand that you never intend to marry?' I inquired.

"'Yes; I will marry you,' she said, with a coquettish smile.

"'But when?'

"'When you shall find a red-headed Indian.'

"I saw I advanced nothing by importuning her, so for the time let the matter rest.

"In a battle, which came off soon after this conversation, it would seem that the heroine was unusually successful. Pine Leaf had captured two prisoners, and offered me one of them to wife. I answered,

"'You told me once I had already wives enough; I will not add to their number until I marry the heroine of the Crow nation.'

"'Ah! you have found the red-headed Indian then,' she said, laughing mockingly."

Beckwourth, who now seems to be getting seriously interested, adds, "She always received my advances with such unsatisfactory *nonchalance*, that it was with some unpleasantness of feeling I approached the subject. But the more I saw of her lofty bearing, and witnessed the heroic deeds that she performed, the more ardent became my attachment to her. When she was by my side in battle, it seemed as if I had increased strength and courage; when she was away, which happened rarely, I felt a vacancy which no other warrior could supply. There was none bolder than herself, and she knew it; there were others of greater strength, but her deficiency in muscular power was more than indemnified by her cat-like agility, and she would kill her foe while others were preparing to attack."

Beckwourth, like many other lovers, rejoices very much in the fact that he has annoyed his mistress. He relates the incident as follows: "Of course," speaking of a foray on the enemy, he says, "Pine Leaf was swifter on foot than any warrior, and we were on foot during this excursion. On seeing us advance, a young Indian, about sixteen, took to his heels, running like a deer. The heroine made after him with her antelope speed, certain to catch him. The fugitive did his best to escape, frequently looking back. Seeing his pursuer must overtake him, and not relishing the idea of having a lance transfix his body—for she was preparing to hurl it—he suddenly stopped and faced about, at the same time throwing down his bow and holding up both hands to beg for his life. She did what no other warrior of ours would have done—her woman's heart took pity on the poor fellow; she spared his life and marched him back captive. He being her prisoner, no one had authority over his life but herself. He was a fine-looking young man, but when he was brought among the Crow warriors he trembled in every joint, expecting nothing less than to be killed. I thought this too good an opportunity for a joke not to make use of it. 'I see,' said I, addressing myself to Pine Leaf, 'you have refused all our braves that you might win a husband from the enemy.' All the warriors shouted at this sally; but the poor girl was sadly perplexed, and knew not what to do or say. We rallied her so much on her conquest that she finally became quite angry, and I did not know whether she would run her prize through with her lance or not."

The necessity occurring, Beckwourth, much to the regret of his people, goes to St. Louis. While absent, a party of trappers who had heard of his departure, having fallen in with a number of Crows, informed them, from mere mischief, that "the great white chief had killed



PINE LEAF, THE INDIAN HEROINE.

Beckwourth because he left the whites and came to live among the Indians." The story was carried to the village, and the excitement exceeded all bounds. A council was immediately called to decide upon measures of vengeance. It was determined to proceed to the trading-post, and kill every white man there, and then send out parties and have a general massacre of all who were living in the country. To carry out this intention the whole nation settled about the trading-post occupied by the whites. The headman, Mr. Tulleck, in vain attempted to contradict the news of Beckwourth's death, but finally succeeded in having the hour of vengeance put off, until he had time to send to St. Louis and bring Beckwourth back, which was to be done "before the time the cherries turned red."

A daring man volunteered to take Tulleck's message to St. Louis, and by a miracle succeeded in reaching that place. Mr. Chouteau, chief of the Fur Company, on receipt of the message sought Beckwourth, and urged him instantly to return to the nation. He consented. The distance to be traveled was two thousand seven hundred miles, which he accomplished in fifty-three days, arriving within sight of the beleagued fort "just before the cherries were ripe."

On accomplishing this, Beckwourth says: "I rested on a gentle rise of ground to contemplate the mass of people I saw before me. There they lay, in their absorbing devotedness to their absent chief; day and night for long months they had staid by that wooden inclosure watching for my return, or to take fearful vengeance upon their prey. They had loved the whites; but those whites had now killed their chief because he had returned to his own people to fight for his kindred and nation—the chief who had loved them so much, and made them rich and strong. They were now feared by their enemies and respected by all; their prairies were covered by thousands of horses, and their lodges were full of wealth derived from the whites. For this the white chief had killed him, and a war of extermination was denounced against them. The fort and its inmates were within their grasp; if the Crane (Tulleck) would redeem his pledge, and produce their missing chief, all were well; but if the appointed time passed by, and he were not forthcoming, it was fearful to contemplate the vengeance they would inflict. When I thought of those contemptible wretches who, merely to wanton with the faith the artless savages reposed in them, could fabricate a lie, and arouse all this impending danger, I felt that a death at the stake would not transcend their deserts."

Beckwourth camped in sight of the nation at night, and on the following morning presented himself. He describes the scene as follows: "I put my horse into speed, and rode among the Indians. I made the usual salutation on arriving before them, and riding through their ranks sullenly, I repeated two or three times, 'I am angry.' Every eye was turned on me, but not a warrior stirred; the women seized their children and ran into their lodges; the 'Medicine Calf' (Beckwourth) had arrived, but he was angry. I advanced to the strong and well-secured gate of the fort, and struck it a heavy blow with my battle-ax. 'Hallo, boys!' I shouted, 'open your gate and admit a friend.' 'Jim Beckwourth! By Heavens, Jim Beckwourth!" was repeated from tongue to tongue. The gates flew open upon their massive hinges; and as I rode through I said, 'Leave the gates open, boys; there is no longer danger.' I exchanged but few words with Mr. Tulleck, as I had a difficult task before me. The people I had to mollify were subject to strange caprices, and I had not resolved what policy to adopt toward them. I went and sat down sullenly, hanging my head so low that my chin rested upon my breast; this was a token of my displeasure."

The braves came round him slowly. The brave old "Yellow Belly" was the first one to speak, and what he said was to the purpose. He defended the conduct of the Crows, and justified the proposed act of vengeance if Beckwourth had been killed. Beckwourth had nothing to answer; the spell was not broken; his head again fell upon his breast. The unpleasant suspense was finally relieved by Pine Leaf, who came to the rescue, and thus addressed the assembled multitude:

"Warriors! I am now about to make a great sacrifice for my people. For many winters I have been on the war-path with you; I shall tread that path no more; you have now to fight the enemy without me. When I laid down my needle and my beads, and took up the battle-ax and the lance, my arm was weak; but few winters had passed over my head. My brother had been killed by the enemy, and was gone to the hunting ground of the Great Spirit. I saw him in my dreams. He would beckon for his sister to come to him. It was my heart's desire to go to him, but I wished first to become a warrior, that I might avenge his death upon his foes before I went away. I said I would kill one hundred foes before I married any living man. I have kept my word, as our great chief and medicine man can tell you. As my arm increased in strength, the enemy learned to fear me. I have accomplished the task I set before me; henceforward I leave the war-paths of my people; I have fought my last battle, and hurled my last lance; I am a warrior no more.

"To-day the 'Medicine Calf' has returned. He has returned angry at the follies of his people, and they fear that he will leave them again. They believe that he loves me, and that my devotion to him will attach him to the nation; I therefore bestow myself upon him; perhaps he will be contented with me, and leave us no more. Warriors, farewell!"

She then entered the fort, and said: "Sparrow-hawks!" (the name Crows use when speaking of themselves) "one who has followed you for so many winters is about to leave your war-path forever. When have you seen Bar-chee-am-pe

shrink from the charge? You have seen her lance red with the blood of the enemy more than ten times ten. You know what her vow was, and you know she has kept her word. Many of you have tried to make her break her word, which you knew she had passed to the Great Spirit when she lost her brother. But you found that, though a woman, she had the heart of a warrior. Do not turn your heads but listen. You have seen that a woman can keep her word. During many winters that I have followed you faithfully on the war-path, you have refused to let me into the war-path secret, although you tell it to striplings on their second excursion. It was unfair that I could not know it; that I must be sent away with the women and children, when the secret was made known to these one-battle braves. If you had seen fit to tell it to me, it would have been secret until my death; but let it go—I care no farther for it.

"I am about to sacrifice what I have always chosen to preserve—my liberty. The back of my steed has been my lodge and my home. On his back, armed with my lance and battle-ax, I knew no fear. The 'Medicine Calf,' who fighting by my side has displayed a noble courage and a lofty spirit, has won from my heart what no other warrior has ever won—the promise to marry him when my vow was fulfilled. He has done much for our people; he has fought their enemies and spilled his blood for them. When I shall become his wife I shall be fond and faithful to him. My heart feels pure before the Great Spirit and the sun. When I shall be no more on the war-path, obey the voice of the 'Medicine Calf,' and you will grow stronger and stronger; we will continue a great and happy people, and he will leave us no more. I have done."

She then approached Beckwourth, every eye being intently fixed upon her. She placed her hand under his chin, and lifted his head forcibly up. "Look at me," she said.

"I know your heart is crying for the follies of your people; but let it cry no more. I know you have ridden day and night to keep us from evil. You have made us strong, and your desire is to preserve us in our strength. Now stay at home with us; you will not be obliged to go to war more than twice in twelve moons. And now, my friend, I am yours, after you have so long been seeking me; I believe you love me, for you have often told you did; and I believe you have not a forked tongue. Our lodge shall be a happy one; and when you depart to the happy hunting ground, I will be ready there to welcome you. This day I become your wife. Bar-chee-am-pe *is a warrior no more.*"

The story Beckwourth tells of his "little wife," as he terms her, is very interesting, in not only displaying a naturally noble nature in an untutored Indian girl, but also from its developing some curious ceremonies and customs. Beckwourth, as a Crow, starting out on his first war expedition, is introduced into all the mysteries and ceremonies peculiar to the tribe when its warriors are about to engage in a desperate enterprise. Among other things, the mess of which he was a member, numbering ten warriors, formed a circle, upon which, questions were propounded to each, in relation to every illicit or unchaste action they were guilty of since they last went on the war-path. The parties are religiously committed to give categorical answers to every question put; a full confession, no matter whom they might implicate—all is exposed, together with the name of the faithless "lady" accomplice, even to the date of the occurrence. All the *delicate secrets* thus divulged are received by the *medicine men*, and noted down in the medicine lodge in a way that it is never erased while the guilty confessor lives. Every warrior, at this initiation, is conjured by the most solemn oaths never to divulge the *war-path secrets* to any woman on pain of instant death. He swears by his gun, his pipe, knife, earth, and sun, which are the most sacred of oaths to the Indian, and are ever strictly observed. It may readily be supposed, that among a people not over-nice in morals, these "confessionals" implicate not a few of the gentler sex. With this knowledge in the reader's mind, the eventual triumph of the "little wife" will be more fully appreciated. The artless manner of her introduction in the autobiography at once excites attention.

"A little girl, who had often asked me to marry her, came to me one day, and with every importunity insisted on my accepting her as my wife. I said,

"'You are a very pretty girl, but you are but a child; when you are older I will talk to you about it.'

"But she was not to be put off.

"'You are a great brave,' she replied, 'and braves have a right to paint the faces of their wives when they have killed the enemies of the Crows. I am a little girl now, I know; but if I am your wife, you will paint my face when you return from the war, and I shall be proud that I am the wife of a great brave, and can rejoice with the other women whose faces are painted by their brave husbands. You will also give me fine things, fine clothes, and scarlet cloth; and I can make you pretty leggins and moccasins, and take care of your war-horses and war implements.'

"The little innocent used such powerful appeals that, notwithstanding I had already seven wives and a lodge for each, I told her she might be my wife. I took her to the lodge of one of my married sisters, told her that the little girl was my wife, and that she would make her a good wood-carrier, and that she must dress her up finely as became the spouse of a brave. My sister was much pleased, and cheerfully carried out all my requests.

"One day I took a fancy to hunt mountain sheep, and for company took my little wife with me. She was particularly intelligent, and I found by her conversation that she surpassed my other wives in sense. She was full of talk,

and asked all manner of questions concerning my travels among the great lodges and villages of the white man; if the white squaws were as pretty as herself; and an endless variety of questions. I felt greatly pleased with her piquant curiosity, and imparted much information to her. Fixing her deep black eyes full upon mine, she at length said,

"'I intend, some time in my life, to go into the medicine lodge.'

"I looked at her with astonishment. The dedication of a female to the service of the Great Spirit is a dangerous attempt. Like all forms of imposture, it requires a peculiar talent and fitness in the candidate who seeks to gain admission into the sacred lodge. The war-path secret is associated with the ministration, with many other fearful ceremonies. The woman who succeeds in her ambitious project is an honored participant in the sacred service of the Deity through life; but where one succeeds numbers fail, and the failure entails instant death."

"Three years subsequent to this conversation, the Crow nation assembled together for the annual festival to go through the solemn ceremony of erecting a 'tabernacle,' capable of holding seven or eight hundred persons, for the medicine men, prophets, and dreamers, to prophecy and hold their deliberations in. These lodges are erected every year—the first moon in May; the whole tribe is assembled at the festival, and the ceremonies are continued seven days. When the lodge is completed, the medicine men and other functionaries call together the most distinguished braves within the building for a rehearsal of their achievements and an enumeration of their most noteworthy deeds. Each brave then gives an account of his exploits thus:

"'I have killed one or more Cheyennes (as the case may be) on such a day, in such a place, and took such and such spoils. You know it, Crows.'

"The medicine chief then exhibits his marks, pronounces the warrior's statement correct, and confirms it by his record. This ratification each warrior passes through, and there is seldom any discrepancy between the statement and the record.

"This examination and other appropriate ceremonies being gone through with, the lodge is then prepared for the medicine men, prophets, and dreamers to perform the ceremony of initiating a virtuous woman. The members of the conclave endure a total abstinence from food and water for seven days previous to the ceremony, unless any one faints from exhaustion, in which case some slight nourishment is afforded him. The warriors are then drawn up in two lines, 'inward face,' a few feet apart, and the female candidate for 'holy orders' presents herself at the lodge door. She harangues them when she first presents herself, and then marches between the extended lines of the dusky warriors. Here is the fearful ordeal. If she has ever been guilty of the slightest improper action, her declaration of innocence is refuted by a dozen voices, a thousand bullets riddle her body in a moment, and her flesh is hacked into morsels.

"This is the fearful war-path secret. It will be remembered that my 'little wife' had resolved to dedicate herself to this service; when only a child she had determined upon entering the medicine lodge. On this occasion she was candidate for admission. She came to me to be dressed for the ceremony; she was robed in her best attire, and I painted her as the custom prescribes.

"The warriors were in line, and the Sanhedrim in readiness. The herald announced that Nom-ne-dit-chee (The One that Strikes Three), wife of the head chief, 'Medicine Calf' (Beckwourth), offered herself for election. Intense excitement prevailed through the assembly as her name was pronounced, and re-echoed through the lines of the warriors. She presents herself at the door of the lodge, and calmly meets the concentrated gaze of thousands. A breathless silence prevails.

"She commences her address. 'Can it be said that there are no virtuous women among the Crows? Can it be true that our medicine men can not make medicine, nor our prophets prophecy, nor our dreamers dream, because so few of you are virtuous? Oh women! it is shameful to be so faithless. Our nation is disgraced because of your conduct, and the Crows will soon cease to be a people. The Great Spirit is angry with you, and has brought disgrace upon our warriors on account of your evil practices. Our prairies will become wastes like yourselves, producing no good thing; and our buffalo will bellow at you, and leave the hunting-grounds of the Crows, and go to the country of a more virtuous people.'

"Then addressing the warriors, she continued:

"'Warriors! I have this day volunteered to carry the sand, the wood, and the elk-chips into the lodge. You are brave warriors, and I hope your tongues are not crooked. I have seen our women attempt to do it, and they have been cut to pieces. I am now about to try it myself. Before I start for the materials at the other end of your extended lines, if there be a warrior, or any other man under the sun, who knows any thing wrong in me, or injurious to my virtue, let him speak. I, too, am ready to go to the spirit land, for there is one there who knows me innocent of the bad deeds which disgrace the women of our country.'

"She then passed with a firm step between the lines of the breathless warriors to the sand. Taking the bowl, she dipped a small quantity, and returned with it to the lodge, and then made two other trips for the wood and elk-chips. Returning for the third time, she received the vociferations of the ten thousand braves assembled to witness the ceremony; she had passed the fiery ordeal in safety, and gone triumphantly into the lodge of the Great Spirit.

"The functionaries came forth to meet her,

and passed their hands over her head, shoulders, and arms, extolling her to the skies, and proclaiming that there was one virtuous woman in the Crow nation. She was then presented with my medicine shield by the great medicine chief, to preserve and carry for me, no one but myself having authority to take it from her. She became, from this time, the distinguished woman of the nation, the pride of the warriors, and the honor of the people."

In 1855, Beckwourth's son, whose mother was this noble woman, was chief of the Crow nation. In concluding his story of her entering the medicine lodge, he very justly says, "She was a girl of superior endowments, and if they had been fostered by a Christian education I know of no woman who would surpass her in worth, elegance, and attainments."

Although we have exceeded the space originally allotted to a notice of this remarkable autobiography, yet we have only found room for a few of the characteristic incidents that crowd the volume. To it the reader must refer, to be introduced into the very arcana of the wild life of the great prairies and towering mountains of our Western world.

PASSAGES OF EASTERN TRAVEL.

BY AN AMERICAN.

IT was one of those glorious nights of which I have spoken, such as no land knows but Egypt, and no river but the Nile. Strangest of all things, in the economy of nature, is this waste of glory on the degraded race that are unable to enjoy it, or to thank God for it. Night after night for a thousand years the undimmed moon and stars have seen themselves reflected in the river, have silvered the hills and mellowed the otherwise haggard face of nature, and no one has thought of its exquisite beauty, its holy splendor, except perhaps some lonely traveler who beheld in it the melancholy memorial of ancient grandeur, or some dying Bedouin, who looked longingly up to the deep beyond, and wondered whether he should hold a star in his hand when he should have shaken off his clay bonds.

I was seated on deck alone, for all the rest of the party were sleeping, and I was revolving in my mind all the traditions and legends of the stars that I had heard in former years.

Pleasantest of them was that which I somewhere read or heard long ago, that some of the wandering tribes believe that the stars are torches, held in the hands of the beloved dead, who light with soft rays of love the pathway of the living over the desert hills of life. And I remembered a story that I read or heard, which ran somewhat on this wise:

In a valley among the hills of the Arabian desert, where a spring of water kept living a few palms to relieve the otherwise barren aspect of the visible world, lived a small family or tribe of Bedouins, consisting of a hundred persons or thereabouts, possessing ten or a dozen black tents, and as many horses and camels as men. From this point they made their excursions over the plains, and sometimes returned with strange goods for such a place. Costly silks, rare and splendid jewels, the richest cashmeres were common articles in their household furniture; and he who saw the outer appearance of the dark camel's hair-cloth, which kept the sun off from their heads, would never have dreamed of the magnificence and elegance within those low huts. We will not pause to ask whence these treasures came.

There was in this tribe a young man of higher mental structure than his companions, who was the son of a sheik dead long before, and who had been educated in the City of Victory. Education, by-the-by, in this part of the world has a peculiar meaning. It does not consist in the learning that is hidden in books, in amassing stores from the brains of the dead sages, in drawing curious lines on paper, and proving strange and incredible things to be true by mathematical calculations. It is little more than teaching the boy to read and write the language of the Koran, and then teaching him the Koran so well that he will not need to read it to be able to quote any chapter or verse. And, besides the Koran, there are hosts of unwritten traditions in the Mohammedan religion handed down from lip to lip, and these are always part of the finishing accomplishments. In all these the young sheik Houssein was learned, but he was not satisfied with these. He knew nothing of that hackneyed story—hackneyed by the school-boys and school-girls of ancient Rome, and ever since—of an indescribable longing after "the far-off unattained and dim;" but he felt within him a thirst that no fountain of Arabia could allay—a thirst that many have felt and none have quenched until their lips were wet with the waters of the river of the throne! His world was a small one, and he had searched it through, but in vain. From the Nile to the Euphrates, from Akaba to the Bosphorus, in Mecca and in Jerusalem, he had looked with earnest eyes, had sought with feverish lips, and sought in vain.

Do not expect me to describe what it was that he sought. He did not know; how should I? He but knew that his life was not all that it should be; that he had capabilities beyond the narrow boundary of a Bedouin's wanderings; that there was something more in existence than the fray on the desert, the midnight descent on the unarmed village, the dastardly robbing of the peaceful caravan; something more in death than the sensual paradise of the Prophet, and the traditions of his fathers.

There is a moment in every man's existence on which turns his future destiny. There are many such moments; for oftentimes life hangs on a thread, and if the thread is not cut it requires but a touch to change the whole direction of the future. But in every man's life there is at least one, and in his it occurred thus:

It was not often in those days that travelers crossed the great desert, and but few Europe-

ans came to Egypt, and fewer still went on to Sinai. But there was a time when Houssein was called to Cairo to meet a noble party of Western travelers, a gentleman and two ladies, who were making a pilgrimage to Sinai and the Holy Land, and who wished his protection in crossing the desert. He saw but the gentleman, and readily engaged to perform the desired service.

It was not till the party had left the Birket-el-Haj that he met them, and then they were encamped by moonlight on the sand that stretches away to Suez. As he sprang from his mare before the tent-door he was startled by such a vision as he had never seen before, but thought he had dreamed of in his waking dreams.

She was slight, fair, and, in the moonlight, pale as a creature of dreams. Was this one of the houris of his fabled paradise? No; he rejected the thought if it rose. There was no spot in all the heaven of Mohammed fit for an angel like this. Away, like the sand on the whirlwind, like the clouds before the sun, like the stars at daybreak—away swept all his faith in Islam, and in an instant the Sheik Houssein was an idolator, worshiping, as a thousand greater than he have done, the beauty of a woman. Perhaps he might have quenched his thirst for the unknown at some other fountain, but this was enough now. He had found that wherewith to fill the void, and he was content.

Love was a new emotion, a sensation he had never before experienced, and it satisfied him. Did she love him? That was a question which never occurred to him. What did he care for that? He was not seeking to be loved. He was looking for employment for his own soul, and he had found it, and that was enough.

The tradition goes to describe his long crossing of the desert. How he lingered among the hills of Sinai; how he led them by Akaba and Petra, and detained them many weeks in the City of Rock; how the fair English girl faded slowly away, for she was dying when she came to Egypt; and how, weary, well-nigh dead, he carried her to the Holy City, and pitched their tents by the mountain of the Ascension. And all this time he watched over her with the zealous care of a father or a brother, and the quick heart of the lady saw it and understood it all. And sometimes he would try, in broken words, to tell her of his old belief and his ideas of immortality, and she would read in his hearing sublime promises and glorious hopes that were in a language he knew nothing of, but which he half understood from her uplifted eye and countenance.

How he worshiped that matchless eye! He worshiped nothing else, on earth or in heaven.

It was noon of night under the walls of Jerusalem, and in a white tent close by the hill on which the last footsteps of the ascending Lord left their hallowing touch, an English girl was waiting his bidding to follow him.

Outside the tent, prone on the ground, with eyes fixed on the everlasting stars, lay a group of Bedouins, and apart from them a little way their chief, silent, motionless—to all that was earthly, dead. A low voice within the tent broke the stillness of the night, but he did not move. A voice was uttering again those words, of which the sound had become familiar to him already, the Christian's prayer.

"Sheik Houssein!"

He sprang to his feet. It was her voice, faint, low, but silvery. The tent-door was thrust aside, and as a hand motioned to him to enter he obeyed.

She lay on the cushions, her head lifted somewhat from the pillow by the arms of her sister, and her brother, who spoke the language of the desert well, stood by her as the young sheik approached. His cloak was gathered around his head; only his dark eye, flashing gloriously, was visible. She looked up into it and whispered; he half understood her before the words came through her brother's lips, as she told him the story of Calvary and Christ, and the cloud that received the King and Saviour returning to his throne.

It were vain to say he understood all this. He only knew that she was telling him of her hope ere long to be above him, above the world, above the sky, and his active but bewildered mind inwrought all this with his ancient traditions, and having long ago rejected the creed that did not teach him that she was immortal, as he fell back on the idea that the immortals had somewhat to do with the stars, and as he lay down on the ground, close by the tent, listening for every sound from within, he fixed his eyes on the zenith and watched the passing of the hosts of the night until she died. There was a low rustling of garments, a voice of inexpressible sweetness suddenly silent, a low soft sigh, the expiration of a saint, and at that instant, far in the depths of the meridian blue, a clear star flashed on his eye for the first time its silver radiance, and he believed that she was there.

For threescore years after that, there was on the desert, near that group of palm-trees and lonely spring, a small turret built of stones, brought a long distance, stone by stone, on camels. And in this hut, or on its summit, lived a good, wise man, beloved of all the tribes, and especially followed by his own immediate tribe, who, with him, rejected Mohammed, and worshiped an unknown God through the medium of the stars, and especially one star, which he had taught them to reverence above all others.

And at length there came a night when the wind was abroad on the desert, and the voice of the tempest was fierce and terrible. But high over all the sand-hills, and over the whirling storms of sand, sedate, calm, majestic, the immutable stars were looking down on the plain, and the old man on his tower beheld them, and went forth on the wind to search their infinite distances.

That night, saith the tradition, another star flashed out of heaven beside the star that the

Arabs worshiped, and the Sheik Houssein was young again in the heaven of his beloved.

Let us leave him to the mercy of the tradition, nor seek to know whether he reached that blessed abode.

All this story, that I have perhaps wearied you in relating, passed through my mind that night as I lay on deck on the softly-cushioned sofa, and looked out of the cape of my Syrian cloak at the sky, and in the midst of my endeavors to recall such parts as had faded from my memory, I was roused by a deep groan near me.

One of the crew, a man from the upper country, black, but with finely cut features and straight hair, had been ill from the time of our leaving Cairo, and steadily rejected any Christian remedies. One case of bilious fever I had managed with my small stock of medical knowledge and medicines, and had cured. But Abd-el-Kerim refused medicine, preferring to die a natural death, and I did not much blame him. I was of opinion from the first that his case was hopeless, and as these Arabs lay all cures to their own charms and not to our medicine, but charge all deaths on the unlucky adviser, and call it poisoning, it is quite as well to let their diseases alone, unless one is tolerably certain of being able to effect a complete cure.

He was dying. Delirium had set in with high fever three days before, and two of the men had been detailed to watch him constantly. It was as much as they could do to keep him quiet until that afternoon, when the fever abated, and he began to sink. I had forgotten him entirely during my reverie, and was startled, and even alarmed by the groan. He lay on his back, wrapped in cloaks and blankets, which we had provided for our own uses, but yielded readily to his greater necessities. I have seldom seen as fine a countenance. The Nubians are not all like the colored population of America, but many of them have finely-chiseled Grecian faces, with high foreheads, and sharply cut outlines. He was a man of thirty-five, stout and athletic in body—in fact, Herculean when he was well, but he was weak as a child now.

Religion he had none—positively none. Of the Mussulmans four-fifths, or five-sixths, are infidels. On our boat, which has nineteen professed Mussulmans on board, there are but three who pray, and this is the best proof of their belief.

This man had never shown the slightest knowledge of Moslem faith or doctrine, and what were his thoughts at this moment of departure I have no idea. He died like a dog, and his companions treated him as such. It was a strange scene, to say the least of it, that on the deck of the *Phantom*, at midnight, stretched at full length, his dark face glistening in the moonlight, lay the dying Nubian. Around him sat four of the crew, his companions. The rest were forward sleeping. These were smoking a goza, a water pipe, made of a cocoa-nut shell, in which they smoke tombak, breathing enormous quantities of it into their lungs, and ejecting it in clouds. I stood at his feet, looking down on his huge form, and wondering that life could leave such splendid machinery mere dead clay. He breathed slowly and with difficulty. His eye roved from face to face of his companions with a sort of wistful expression, or longing for life, or shrinking from the terrible unknown into which he was plunging, and then he looked up at the sky. But he saw nothing there. To him the stars were but lights, the moon lent a greater light, and he had no thought of them as I had at that moment, as marks along the way his swift soul would travel to the place of judgment. No hope of immortality was in his eye or heart; no looking beyond the gloom. The swift, dark river that flowed below him was to him no emblem; he saw nothing on the moonlit bank that spoke of heaven or God, but shuddering fearfully, he lifted his stout arms twice into the air, clenched his fists, muttered in a hoarse voice "Allah!" and was gone.

His companions smoked on in silence, passing the goza from mouth to mouth, and I stood and looked at them and at him, and the night hastened on apace. I could not sleep below that deck; so wrapping closer the cloak around my face, I lay down on the sofa and slept and dreamed.

I awoke at sunrise. The deck was clear. The dead man was gone. I asked for him, for this hasty resurrection surprised me. He was buried! They had taken him at daybreak to a burial-place near a village, and dug his grave a few inches deep, and left him for the wolves and jackals. I little thought to see such a scene on the Nile. How much less one that I saw later, when I felt the quivering pulse fail in the white temple of a fellow-Christian, who had lain down to die in the great temple of Luxor, and with my own hands closed forever his eyes that had gazed their last on the magnificent columns of the great Amunoph. But of that hereafter.

It was a quiet Sunday morning when we reached the great city of Egypt, Thebes of the hundred gates. We had tracked from about daylight, and after the sun rose I took my position on the upper deck to watch the appearance of the hills and the banks of the river. It was not difficult to imagine ancient Thebes still mighty and magnificent, guarded by those lofty mountains. It was more difficult to imagine Thebes gone, dead, departed, buried in caverns and unknown sepulchres of these dark ravines that came down to the water from among the rocky piles. I could more easily expect to find a million men living in the valley that opened luxuriantly before me, than I could believe that unknown millions lay in the earth below, or the rocks around it. Nowhere in all Egypt do such rugged hills embrace so beautiful a plain, and nowhere is there a spot so well suited for the capital of a great nation. The mountains are here, and the river flows between them, and

Memnon sits calmly on his throne, and looks over the plain and the river with stony eyes, unused to tears, and nothing appears to lament the dead glory. Not even the sun, not even the moon shines less brilliantly, less joyously, that kings and princes, matrons and maidens, wise and foolish, weak and strong, are all alike dead in the past, dead in the valley, dead in rock-hewn sepulchres; the palaces ruins, the temples ruins, the homes gone, the hearth-fires ashes long ago, the hearts of the men of Thebes dust—insensible, still, silent dust.

I do not know that you understand what I am endeavoring to express. It is in plain language this, that before approaching the valley of Thebes you can readily expect to find there a great city, but on seeing it a broad plain, level as subsiding water can leave it, and covered with corn and grain, you can not believe that it is the site of a ruined capital, once the wonder of the world for magnificence. There is nothing to indicate it. You expect to find mounds, heaps of rubbish, or some of the usual marks of an ancient town. But there is nothing of the sort, except immediately around Luxor and Karnak. Fields of waving grain, of lupins, lentils, and doora, or Indian corn, cover the flat expanse of the valley, broken nowhere by ruin, rock, or mound, except in these localities, and excepting also the two colossi, who sit in lonesome majesty among the fields of green on the west bank of the river. That temples and palaces have been here their vast remains indicate, but those on the west side of the river are at the foot of the mountain, and not on the cultivated land; and Karnak stands solitary on the eastern side, a majestic solitude indeed, among heaps of earth that may cover the floors of ancient habitations.

We saw first of all the ruins of Thebes, the old temple at Goornou on the west bank, and then the Remeseion, the colossi, and Medeenet Habou, all distant; and at length on the east, over the high banks along which we were tracking, the obelisks and the lofty towers of the propylon of Karnak looked down on us.

The valley of the Nile widens at this point. I have no means of comparing it with other places on the river, but it is as wide, I should imagine, as at any other point above the delta. On the western side the plain is from two to three miles wide, and on the eastern at least five, perhaps eight or ten.

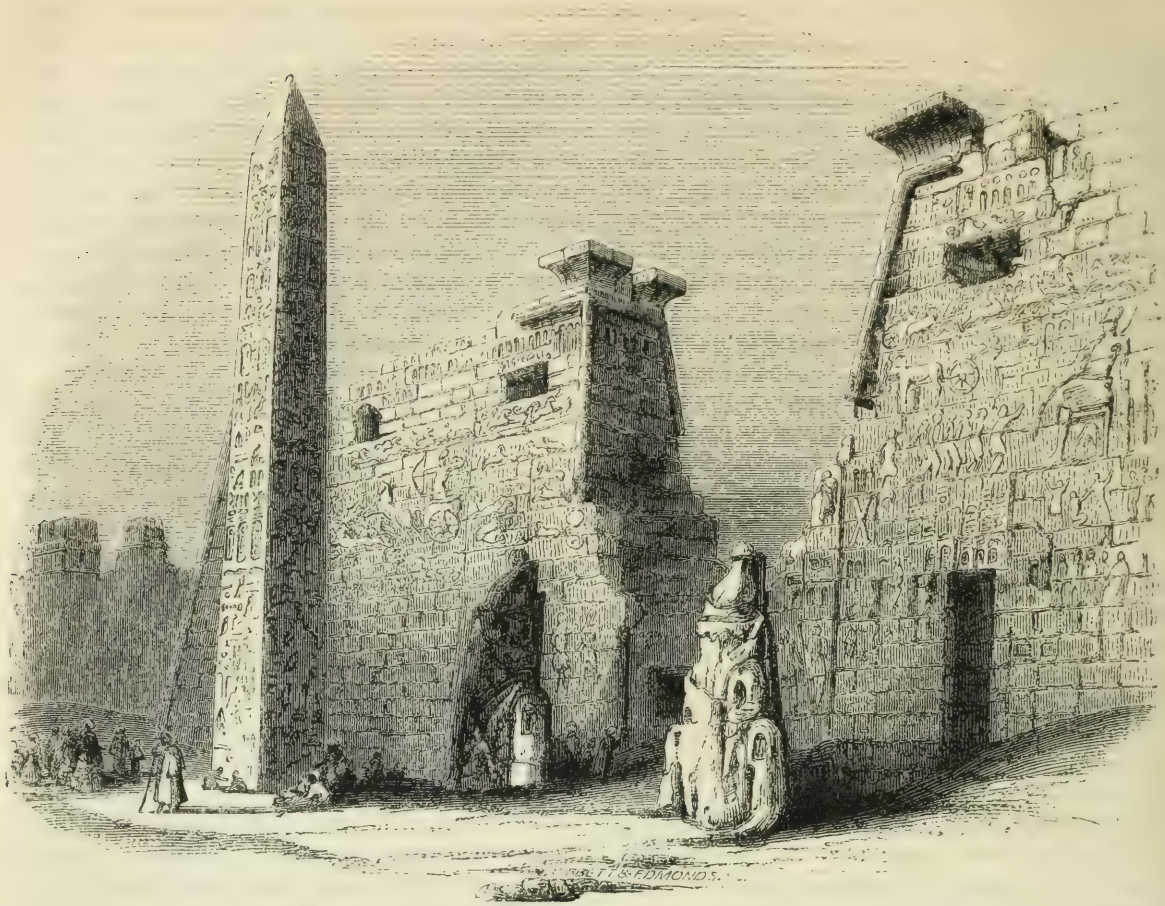
The mountains on the west are higher than at any other place in Egypt, and their character is so peculiar that no one can form a just idea of the appearance of Thebes until he understands this.

I think I have before remarked that all Egyptian hills and mountains are absolutely destitute of vegetation. No shrub, or tree, or blade of grass takes root on their rocky sides. They are, in fact, only vast piles of rock, the sides being either precipitous or formed of the *débris* of the stone. The hills at Thebes are intersected by numerous ravines, which wind their way through them in almost cavernous gloom. Frequently the hills are nearly a thousand feet high on each side of these ravines, ascending by terraces of several hundred feet each. On the front of the hills overlooking the valley they show the openings of tombs hundreds and thousands, while hundreds of thousands remain unopened. On these hills the eye of the traveler rests with more intense interest than on the ruins of temples or palaces, for there, during a thousand years of royal prosperity, the Theban princes, priests, and people, buried their dead.

"And there the bodies lay, age after age,
Mute, life-like, rounded, fresh, and undecaying,
Like those asleep in quiet hermitage
With gentle sleep about their eyelids playing;
And living in their rest, beyond the rage
Of death or life; while fate was still arraying,
In liveries ever new, the rapid, blind,
And fleeting generations of mankind."

It is always so. Men will turn their eyes from a palace at any time to look at a tomb, and in a landscape will forget the beauty of hill and forest to gaze on the white stones of a grave-yard. I remember well that once in my life I fell upon a grave in a grand old forest. The trees were lofty and majestic, and the sky, seen through their branches, was far away and deep, and winning and glorious. The voice of the mountain wind was musical, and the voice of a stream that wound its joyful way around that solitary grave was even more melodious. But I forgot the sky, and trees, and wind, and sat down among the dead leaves of the last autumn to hold communion with the unknown spirit of him who slept below. I did not know whether he was Indian or white man; nay, I did not know that he was a man, saving only that I did not think any human being would have laid a woman there to sleep alone in the forest through all the days and nights of the dismal years; but I knew by that strange consciousness that every one has felt, but no one can describe, that human dust lay in its kindred dust below, and I paused to look on the turf that hid it.

The turf! It is comforting when the cold is coming over one, when the eye is dimming, the hand failing, the lip trembling, the heart hushing—it is comforting, I say, to think that one will be laid under green sods, whereon violets may grow, and that this vile dust of humanity may have a resurrection in roses or myrtle blossoms. There is no such comfort here. No grave in Egypt has turf on it, nor grass, nor flower, nor tree, nor creeping plant. It is but sand, or the decaying dust of ancient houses in which they lay their dead, and the winds sweep over them, and mounds increase to gigantic size or wholly disappear in one night's blasts. I do not think I could sleep here at all. I do not think that my dust would consent to mingle with this soil. Those ancient Thebans doubtless felt all this, for I have less faith than formerly in the idea that they wished to preserve their bodies till they should come to reclaim them. The Nile plain was no place to lay their



ENTRANCE TO THE TEMPLE OF LUXOR.

dead. It was annually flooded by the river, and no man would be laid there. The sandy desert was a wild spot, and hyenas could find their way into deep graves. It was horrible to think of it. Only the rock was left, and the rock they chose, and cut their tombs in it, and wound their bodies in spices and gums, and slept profoundly and slept well. Yea well. Blessed is he who can find a grave in Egypt that will last him a century; more blessed far if it last him three thousand years.

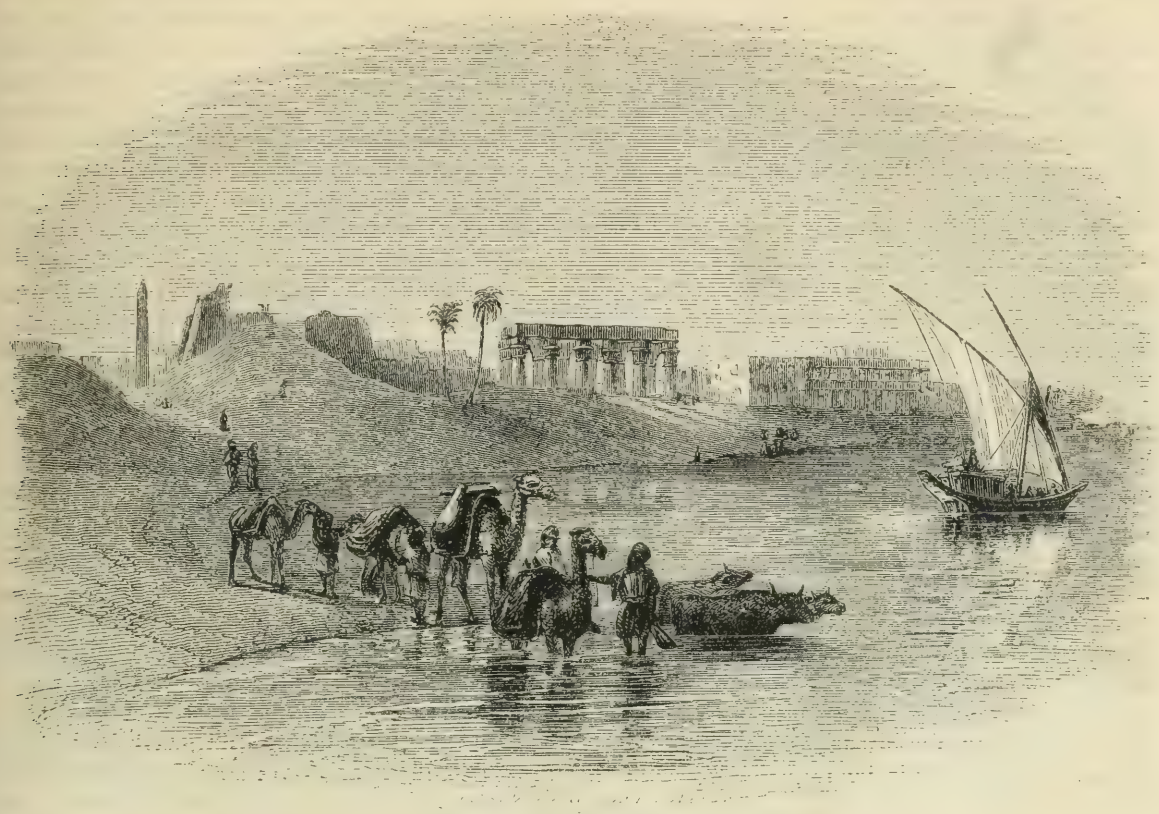
We had ordered our letters to be forwarded from Cairo to Luxor, and Abd-el-Atti left us slowly tracking up the river, and hastened on to the village to get them for us. He was disappointed, and unwilling to see our disappointment, sent a messenger back to meet us, with intelligence that we had no letters, and on my word we thought but little of Thebes after that until we found ourselves at the shore by the great Temple of Luxor.

It would be vain to attempt any description of feeling here. From early childhood I had read and talked and dreamed of Thebes, and here was Thebes. Here *was* Thebes. But here no longer. The first idea that I received, when a boy, of the magnitude of the ruins of Egyptian temples was from hearing that one of them was so large that a modern Arab village stood on the roof of it. I had not retained the locality, but the moment that I looked up at Luxor I recognized the ruin of which the story was told. Doubtless this was the temple, though afterward I found the same thing true of Edfou, and of one or two others, but they were small temples compared with this.

Luxor, or El Uksorein—"The Palaces," is on the east bank of the Nile, and the ruins of its great temple rise among the crude brick and mud houses of the modern village. Nothing remains here of the ancient except only this temple. Karnak lies two miles from it on the north, but the fields between contain no memorials or relics of the city that once connected them.

The temple, or those portions of it which now remain, are on a line parallel with the main part of the river as it flows by them, but a branch or arm of the Nile, which flows around a large island above Luxor, comes into the main channel again here, and the rear of the temple is on this branch. The total length of the temple is about a thousand feet. The front was originally connected with Karnak; how or when, it concerns not my purpose now to discuss. But the great entrance of the temple is now surrounded by the mud and brick houses of the inhabitants. Nevertheless they have had the decency, unknown in some places, to leave an open space before the great propylon, where the astonished traveler may pause in awe before the vast entrance, or lie down in the dust and look up at the obelisk and the huge towers sculptured all over with the representations of the valiant deeds of kings long dead and forgotten.

But if any one were inclined to lie down there, let him be warned that it is a Coptic



LUXOR, FROM THE WATER.

neighborhood, and fleas love Coptic blood and Christian blood of all kinds, and fleas are plenty here. He will do well not to lie down, but to stand and rather break his neck with looking up at the obelisk and trying to read its large characters.

The other obelisk is gone to Paris. It stands on the Place de la Concorde, on a pedestal whereon are graven in gilded letters the deeds of Louis Philippe, King of the French, and the old gray granite looks down scoffingly on the gilded lines and figures below. The remaining obelisk, solitary but stately, is far more grand and imposing in its appearance than its ancient companion, and rumor said that the wandering obelisk of the Place de la Concorde was not to be allowed to remain in its present place. The view of the arch of triumph from the Tuileries is obstructed by it, and Louis Napoleon loves a long prospect, especially when he can secure it by removing monuments of the reign of his predecessor. It is sorrowful to think that the stone had remained almost four thousand years on its base at Luxor, and now has begun an existence of changes. The next Louis somebody will find it obstructing his view in some other direction. Nothing remains stationary in Paris.

The doorway is guarded by colossal statues of granite, of which the heads only are above the earth. But these are highly polished, and enough is visible to show their former grandeur and beauty. Passing between these you enter the doorway, and find yourself in a narrow dirty street or alley of the modern Arab village. The splendid columns which once flanked the court of the temple are yet standing, many of them, but the huts of the village inclose and cover them. Entering these miserable hovels you find the women and children with sheep, dogs, and goats in promiscuous heaps, and all manner of filth and dirt around the sides of these half-buried columns; and the glorious legends of ancient princes stare solemnly on the entering stranger, as if to ask him what hard decree of fate has led him into the same prison in which they are doomed to darkness and oblivion.

This court of the temple was about two hundred feet long by a hundred and seventy wide, and another propylon here opened into the grand hall or colonnade. The hovels are closely packed here, and the alley turns to the right and again to the left, bringing you to the great pillars beyond.

Up to this second propylon the temple was built by the second Remeses, the great Sesostris of Greek history, and the builder of almost all the most magnificent temples and palaces of Egypt. He added these portions to the older parts which were built by Amunoph III., whose period was about 1430 B.C., and within the century after the exodus of the Israelites. Remeses II. was within a century later. I am now following Wilkinson's chronology.

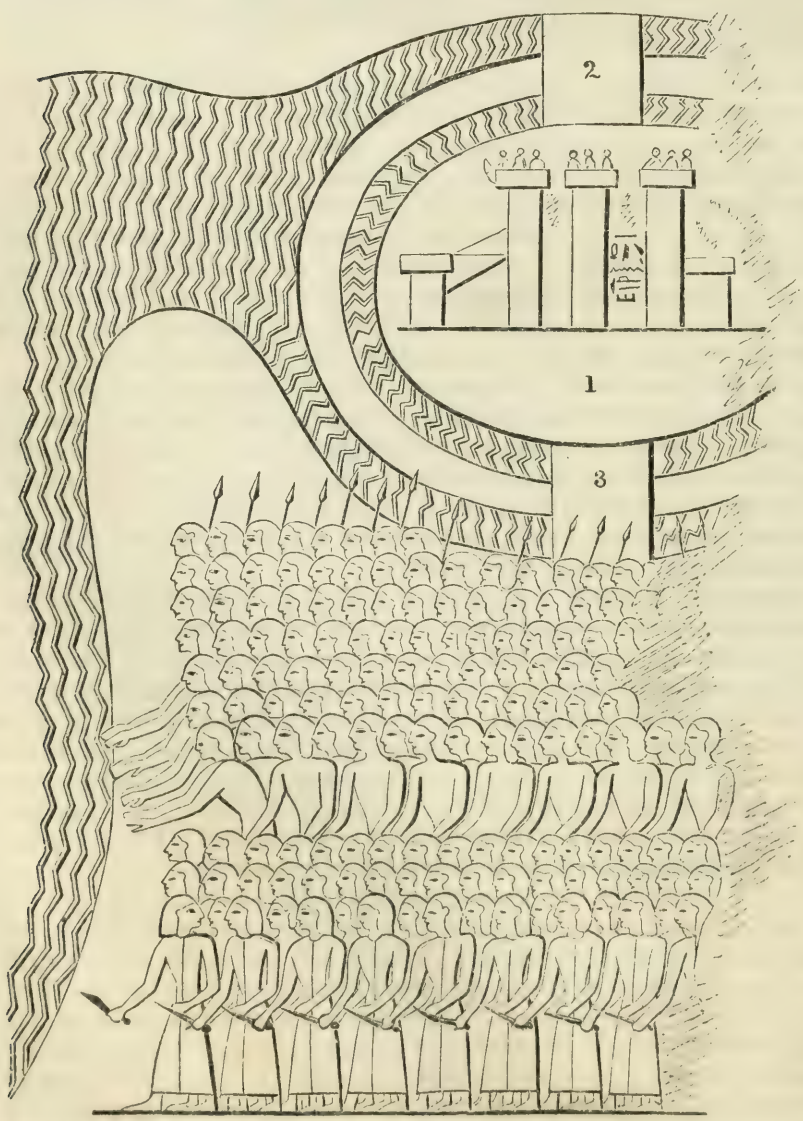
Passing through the second propylon, as I have remarked, you would enter the great colonnade; but this you are now compelled to avoid, and re-enter the temple at the great pillars, of which two rows, of six in each row, are standing. The earth covers their pedestals and the columns themselves to a height of perhaps twenty feet, and as much more remains uncovered, with the immense stone architrave, on each side.

These columns are among the largest known in Egypt, but they are small in comparison with those of the grand hall at Karnak. In the midst of these massive columns stands the house of Mustapha Aga, the American consular agent, of whom I may be pardoned for pausing here to say something.

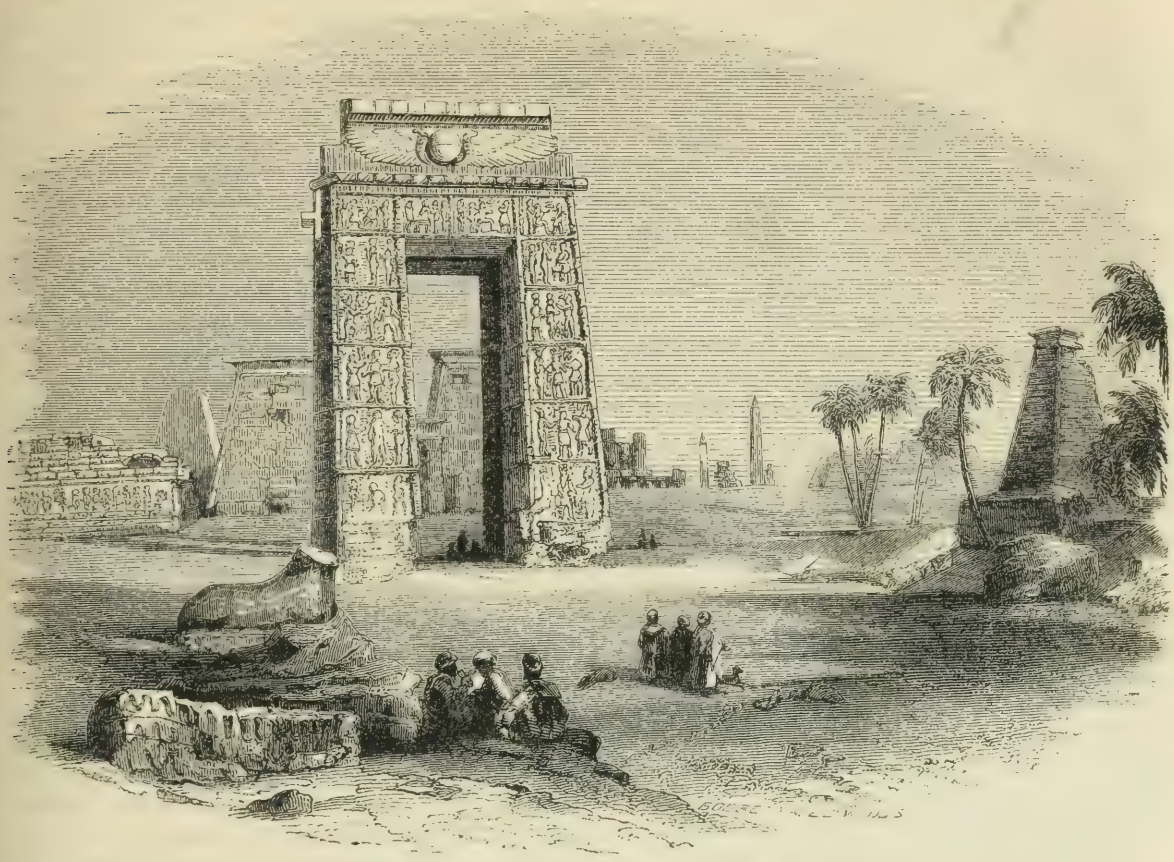
Mustapha is getting to be an old man, but a better or more capable one for his place and position could not be found. There is no place in the East where a consular agent is more necessary than at Luxor. A large number of American travelers annually visit the place, and every one needs advice, assistance, and protection from the rapacity of dragomen, sailors, or Coptic antique dealers. Mustapha fulfills these duties admirably; and the only regret about it is that he does it gratuitously, receiving no pay whatever, except in the way of presents which travelers may think of giving him, and these are never in money, and therefore generally mere nothings. Ordinarily they are wine, and as Mustapha drinks no wine himself, the stranger who leaves it is only supplying the others who follow him, for Mustapha gives it all away again. Can not this be improved? The old fellow would be made abundantly happy by an allowance of five hundred dollars a year, and it is sincerely to be desired that our government might direct this to be made. I am confident that no American traveler on the Nile has failed to experience his hospitality and kind attentions, and I know that every one would join in a request of this kind to the government. I have paused to speak of him in my description of the temple because he is now a part of it, and from your boat you scarcely ever look up at the grand columns without seeing Mustapha seated on the porch of his house, between two of these massive pillars and under the gigantic architrave, quietly smoking his chibouk, and entertaining some friends either foreign or native.

His house is the most comfortable private house in Upper Egypt. It is all on one floor, and covers a large space. The halls are roomy and airy, the chambers papered, dark and cool, and the furniture plain and comfortable, while the grand front of ancient columns gives it a more royal appearance than the citadel of Cairo.

The remainder of the temple, after passing this colonnade, is inclosed in or covered by the modern houses, and the rear chambers, the adytum, and the holy rooms, are still perfect, while on their roof stands a large part of the village. I shall not attempt any description of these various halls, courts, and chambers, which cover a space of nearly five hundred feet in length. One observation alone will suffice to convey an idea of the splendor of these buildings. Every stone in an Egyptian temple which exposes a surface to the eye, whether within or without the temple, is elaborately sculptured with pictures or hieroglyphics. No wall is without its legends and representations. Outside the temple on the lofty walls are often represented battle scenes elaborately carved, in which the builder shows himself as a victor, usually of gigantic size as compared with those whom he conquers. The same or similar scenes cover the inner walls, on which are also found mythological representations which are a puzzle to the student, and are likely to remain so forever. Of the minuteness and beauty of these sculptures no idea can be given by description, nor would those who have not seen them be ready to believe that three thousand years



PHALANX OF THE SHETA, DRAWN UP AS A CORPS DE RÉSERVE, WITH THE FORTIFIED TOWN, SURROUNDED BY DOUBLE DITCHES, OVER WHICH ARE BRIDGES (SEE FIGURES 2 AND 3).



APPROACH TO KARNAK, FROM LUXOR.

have left them so exquisitely perfect as we now find them. The reader may form some idea of the elaborate nature of these sculptures from a small section of a picture on the wall of the *Memnonium* or *Remeseion* at Thebes, which is part of a battle scene. Imagine an entire temple covered within and without with such minute work as this, and the reader may judge of the labor expended on its erection.

The rear or southern part of the Temple of Luxor is divided into several apartments, each covered with sculptures indicating its peculiar design. The roof of this part is now occupied by the huts of the natives, and filth and vermin abound in the silent rooms below. One of the rooms, now open to the sky, was used in early times by the Christians as a chapel for the worship of Christ, and around it are the remains of their paintings on plaster, which covered and preserved the hieroglyphics on the stone walls. This is the case with many of the temples of Egypt; and while the early Christians defaced and destroyed much which they regarded as idolatrous and profane, they have preserved much else by covering it with plaster and mud, which being now removed, leaves the sculptures as fresh and clear as they were a thousand years ago.

Of the grandeur of the Temple of Luxor no adequate idea can be formed even by the visitor who stands among its ruins. From its great propylon, or from some portion of its massive walls, an avenue stretched away to Karnak, ornamented with all the splendor of ancient art, and guarded on each side by colossal rams, the emblems of the deity of Thebes. Of this avenue only the northern end remains, in ruins, but majestic even in ruins, and a lofty gateway, of Ptolemaic times, closes it. Thus Karnak was, in some sort, a continuation of the Temple of Luxor, and, in fact, all the temples of Thebes were connected by avenues, and possibly by bridges, so that it was a city of temples.

But I have, I much fear, wearied the reader with my description of this temple. It was not my design to do so, or to devote any space in these articles to minute description or scientific discussion.

I left the *Phantom* moored near the temple walls, and walked around the village, my footsteps dogged by twenty donkey-boys and as many donkeys, each of the former hoping that I would grow tired and patronize one of them. At every corner and turn a Coptic scoundrel would produce a lot of antiques for sale, and I amused myself by asking prices. At Luxor rates Dr. Abbott's collection is worth a million.

Oh! confident Howajji, beware in Luxor of Ibrahim the Copt, and on the western shore of Achmet-el-Kamouri, the Mussulman. Skillful manufacturers of every form of antique are plenty in the neighborhood, and these men have them in their employ, and sell to unwary travelers the productions of the modern Arabs as veritable specimens of the antique. Achmet is the chief manufacturer himself, and has a ready hand at a chisel.

The manufacture of antiques is a large business in Egypt, and very profitable. Scarabæi are moulded from clay or cut from stone, with

close imitation of the ancient, and sold readily at prices varying from one to five dollars. At Thebes is the head-quarters of this business. Still, no antiquarian will be deceived; and it requires very little practice to be able in an instant to determine whether an article is ancient or modern. When the Copt finds that you do know the distinction, he becomes communicative, and readily lets you into the secret of his business; and while he is confidentially informing you of the way in which the Arabs do it, and how this is modern and that is not, beware lest you become too trusting, and he sells you in selling a ring, or a vase, or a seal. He is a wily fellow and sharp, and he knows well how to manage a Howajji.

We remained at Luxor but one day, reserving a long visit for our return trip. During the brief time that I had I was, of course, unable to make any examinations of places or things; but I had informed myself previously, as well as books and papers and charts could assist me, and after a hasty inspection of a few spots, I directed the commencement of some excavations to be continued during my trip up the river. The Governor, on my requisition, furnished me with fifty men for work; but, alas! for Egyptian excavations, they had no tools of any sort or kind save only the fingers God gave them, or as many of them as each man had not cut off. For I have before remarked, that the natives are thus mutilated to save themselves from the conscription. With their hands and palm-leaf baskets these fifty men might do as much in a day as five Irishmen with shovels and wheelbarrows, and their pay was about the same, being a piastre and half to each, or about eight cents American per day, making the whole pay about four dollars for the fifty. Placing them under the direction of Mustapha Aga, the worthy consular agent, and giving him a letter to the Governor as my agent, I prepared early the next morning to leave Luxor for the first cataract.

But I could not go without one view over the plain, and at break of day I went up the hill to the foot of the propylon towers of the temple, and looked up to their summit. There must be a way to climb them, and while I was looking for it, a bright Arab boy made his appearance and offered to show me. I followed him readily, and he led me through the propylon to the narrow alley already spoken of, and around the corner into a low door in the mud wall. This opened into a yard or court, full of sheep and doora, or corn-stalks, and, passing through another like it, I climbed a mud wall and walked along this to the corner of the tower, which was somewhat broken. Climbing this some twenty feet and going around the end, I discovered an opening into the body of the tower, and, crawling in, I found a stairway, encumbered with huge masses of fallen stone, and up this I ascended, with no little difficulty, to the top of the tower. Here I sat and watched the coming of the sun. The Libyan hills were first lit, and the golden line of light came slowly down their rugged sides—down, down, until it reached the tombs that open to the east, and the Memnonium and Medeenet Habou, and then it touched the lips of Memnon and his old companion. I saw the red flash on the giant head, and I bent my head forward to hear the sound of the salutation; but there was no sound—Memnon is vocal only in tradition.

A peculiarity of the tower on which I was standing I have never seen noted by any travelers. Every stone on the summit is covered with foot-prints, cut more or less deep in the surface. By whom these were cut no record remains to tell. They are not the rude scratchings of the modern Arabs, or of those who drew the boats and animals that are found on the rocks of Nubia and elsewhere. That there was a design in their being placed here is evident from the number of them, and from their being only on the summit of the lofty tower, and only on the topmost course of stones. There are none below this. Was there any idea of the footsteps of angels here, or of departing souls, or of departing prayers?

We left Thebes with regret. I believe that almost any one of us would most willingly have paused here and rested, going no farther up the river. But there was much to be seen beyond, and it is best, as a general rule, to reserve all stoppages for the return trip, especially if the wind blows.

We had no incidents of voyage between Thebes and Esne worthy of record. To us the most important were the supply of fresh vegetables and fruits, which we had from the garden of Mustapha Pasha, at Erment. We were two days between the two places.

At Esne I awoke in the morning early, and walked up into the town, intending to see the bazaars only, and return to breakfast. To my surprise, I found myself at the door of the temple, which is one of the most beautiful remains in Egypt, and I entered it.

It is not my intention, as I have already said, to describe the various ruins of Egypt as I see them. Books are already full of these descriptions. It will be enough if I succeed in giving a general idea of them, sufficient for the reader's convenience in following my personal adventures.

Esne stands on mounds, the accumulated heaps of an ancient city. The temple itself is totally buried in these piles of rubbish, and the city is built over them, so that its former extent or appearance is now unknown. Only the portico remains, and this being some feet higher than other parts of the building, remained standing above the earth, and a few years ago the visitor could walk into it, just under the roof, and see the capitals of the columns and the splendidly carved ceiling. Mehemet Ali, being one day at Esne and having nothing better to do, ordered the excavation of this portico, and a thousand fellahs were set to work, with hands and baskets, to carry out the earth which lay between the columns, and find the pave-

ment, which lay thirty feet below. It has been insinuated that the Pasha wanted a powder magazine, and that this, and not respect for antiquity, induced him to undertake this laudable enterprise. Be this as it may, the result was the exposure of one of the most beautiful buildings, ancient or modern, in the world. The earth in front remains at the old level, kept by a brick wall from falling into the inclosure. You enter a small yard or inclosure, among the houses, which stand, with their walls, not more than fifteen feet from the front of the temple, and passing along this narrow alley, descend by wooden steps into the excavated area of the portico, finding yourself then in an immense chamber, the lofty stone ceiling supported by rows of massive columns, and the walls and columns alike covered with a profusion of sculpture characteristic of the late period at which this temple was built. The light which comes in through the narrow space left between the cornice and the ground, and there diminished by the proximity of the houses, leaves a sepulchral rather than a "dim, religious" gloom within; but to this the eyes at length become accustomed, and then the forms of gods and men start from the walls and salute the stranger with their cold, calm, eyes. Strange figures, hideous forms of gods and sacred beasts, unknown even to old Pliny, are found here on the stones, and on the ceiling is a zodiac, with curious representations of the heavenly bodies.

Three doorways, opening formerly into the chambers of the temple, are now closed with stone to keep out the earth on which the city stands, and we are left to imagine the secrets which the earth covers. Perhaps some national expedition may hereafter excavate these rooms, and show their treasures of legend and pictures to the world.

The temple portico does not antedate the time of the Cæsars, and is therefore comparatively a recent affair. It is a matter of chronological interest that possibly and probably these columns were carved during the lifetime of Christ on earth, and possibly while he was in Egypt.

I came out of the temple after a brief visit, and hastened back to the boat to breakfast, after which I returned with the ladies.

There were lying in the alley, or small yard of which I have spoken, five or six mummies, badly broken to pieces. They had been here for ten or fifteen years, being government property, taken from Arabs who had found them. The government monopolizes all antiques here. It was manifest that these would soon be scattered, and I at once proceeded to investigate their condition and contents.

But two proved to be of any interest. One was probably a woman, doubtless of the priestly order, and from the same circumstances by which we ordinarily judge the age of a horse, I judged that she was young. One of her teeth, beautifully shaped, white, and perfect, lies now by me as I write, and I am wondering what kisses were pressed on them, what words of love escaped through them.

She lay in a coffin that had been elaborately painted, but the paint was now covered with mud and filth. On raising her body from its position, I found that she was laid on a bed of flowers. The bottom of the case was filled with them, worked in wreaths and garlands. There were more than a peck of them, lying precisely as they were laid when she was placed upon them, and I never felt more profound regret at the disturbance of a repose than that. If I had known the tomb from which she came, I would have been strongly tempted to carry her back, and close it up, and in some way forbid entrance to it thenceforth forever. As it was, I but laid her back on the wreaths of ancient leaves, dry now and dead as her name and memory, and turned to another of her companions.

He was a stalwart man, full six feet high, and the shawls in which he was wrapped were of rare and costly fabrics, but decayed now, and worthless. Outside of all the wrappings had been a shawl of beads, not uncommon as an ornament of mummies. The beads are earthen, of various colors, blue predominating; some of them long, such as ladies call *bugles*, and others small. They were arranged in a diamond-shaped figure, the centre of the back being a large *scarabæus*. The scarabæus, let me remark, for the benefit of the unlearned in Egyptian antiquities, is the common black beetle of the country, which was sacred to the sun, and was itself an emblem of the world. It became the most common form of religious ornament, worn, perhaps, as some moderns wear a charm, and always buried with the dead. On the face of the earthen or stone scarabæi are often found inscriptions—either the name of the king in whose reign it was made, or of the person, or of some religious object. Thus a scarabæus often determines the age of a mummy; and the curious in this subject will be interested in Dr. Abbott's collection, on seeing the small and beautiful mummy of a female which stands there, to learn that from its broken case a scarabæus fell marked with the name of Thothmes III., the Pharaoh of the Exodus.

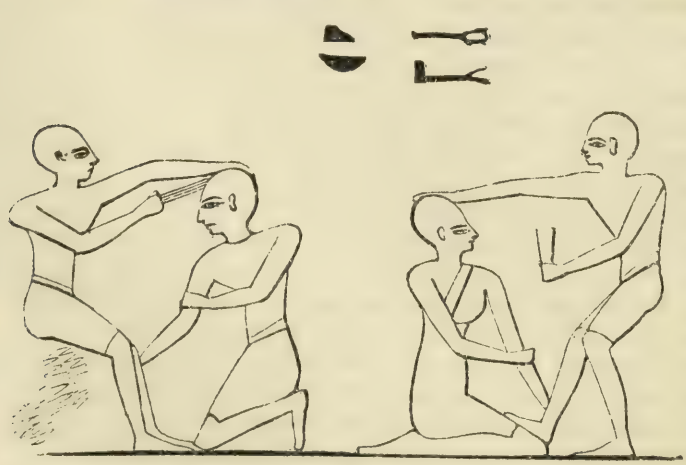
I found the beads of the scarabæus in a mass at his feet, but there was no vestige of the threads that had formed the shawl, and gathering nearly a quart of them, I examined his feet and head and breast for other antiques. Alas! feet and head were gone. Some plunderer like me, less scrupulous than I, had cut them off and carried them away, and the breast—a huge fissure was where his breast had been, and vacancy—nothing more.

May and I sat over him, while an Arab attendant, sent by the Governor, sat at a little distance, growling and grumbling at a furious rate. I paid no attention to it, but Mohammed Hassan, one of our sailors, who is our constant attendant when on shore, and who was helping me overhaul the priest of old time, took careful

note of all the fellow's remarks, which were far from complimentary. I did not think that Mohammed observed it, but on leaving the temple I passed the Governor's divan, which was near the exit. I exchanged a few words with him, and went on, but missing Mohammed, I turned back to find him. Imagine my surprise at seeing the Arab fellow on his back before the Governor, his feet upturned to the fifteenth blow, as I arrived to put a stop to it. Mohammed had pocketed all the insults on my account, and produced them seriatim to the Governor after I had gone by, and the Governor had proceeded, in the summary manner to which the Turks are accustomed, to administer the ordinary form of punishment. A great nation this!

The scene presented on the shore near our boat was curious and amusing. I believe I have heretofore mentioned the custom of the modern Egyptians of shaving their heads. One might imagine it to have originated in some ideas of cleanliness, were it not for the amount of filth and the number of vermin found elsewhere on their persons. While we were at the temple the men had sent for a barber, and he came down to the boat, bringing his instruments with him, and on our return we found them seated in a row undergoing the shaving process. An Arab with his turban is one man, and the same man without it is a very different person. I did not recognize Hassabo, our *mestamihl* (or steersman), when I saw him sitting with his head bent forward and the barber scraping it.

In this, as in so many other of the customs of the modern Egyptians, we find the ancient usage still preserved. In one of the tombs at Beni Hassan is a representation of a barber at



his work, which has been, not unnaturally, mistaken for a doctor and his patient. Whether the same effect is produced by the same process in modern Egypt as in ancient, I am unable to say. Herodotus tells us that it hardened their skulls, and in this respect contrasts them with the Persians. I have never seen men so susceptible to the influence of a hot sun as are the sailors on our boat. There has scarcely been a day in which there is not one or more of them on his back from the effects of it, and the effects of the treatment he receives from his fellows by way of medical assistance.

I was astonished one afternoon at finding Yusef, one of the crew, administering a severe pounding to Hassan Hegazi, another; and, on inquiry, learned that it was medical treatment for a stroke of the sun. He pommeled him terribly about the shoulders and breast. Then he pulled his two ears nearly out of his head, laid him down on one side and filled his ear with salt and water, and shook his head to shake it in, pulled his ears again, then seized him by the solitary scalp lock on his head, and twisting it severely, gathered his hands around the back of his head, and rubbing them forward as if he were scraping the disease off from the surface to the forehead, he suddenly bit off the imaginary lump of illness which he had collected, and pronounced the patient cured. Perhaps he was, but Yusef had pounded him into a fever, of which I had to cure him. But he did not thank me for it, and he did attribute his final recovery to Yusef's nonsense.

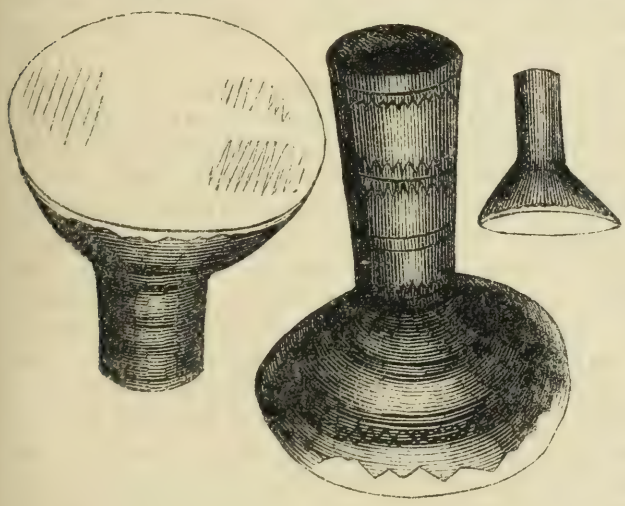
Esne was the last point on the passage up the river at which the men might bake bread, and here they laid in a supply to last them to the second cataract and back again. Hence we were delayed here a long time, and had frequent opportunities for examining the temple, which, although possessing so little interest for its antiquity, is nevertheless so exceedingly rich in sculpture that one might pass a week in examining it, and find new figures at every new look.

Many readers of Egyptian history and works on Egyptian antiquities are incredulous of the results to which modern investigation has led those who have studied the manners and customs of the ancients. But a visit to Egypt will remove all incredulity. The most minute circumstances of private life are carved on stone or painted in the tombs, and that with such accuracy of delineation, that we are at no loss to understand each particular as well as if it were written before us in a book. I was led to this remark from recalling a scene on the north end of the portico at Esne, which represents the drawing of a net, probably in the Nile. The contents of the net—the fish, birds, and flowers—show all that the Nile produced in those days, and the variety is perfectly preserved in the stone carving. Other monuments show all the processes of catching and preparing for the table the various animals. I can not better illustrate this than by a picture from Thebes (on the opposite page), which explains itself, and which may serve to show how accurately such matters are delineated in the tombs.

It was late in the afternoon when the bread was brought on board, and the shaving operation being finished, Hassabo resumed his position at the tiller, and the men shook out the sail and pushed off from the shore. The wind was fresh, and the foam dashed up before us as the crew gathered on deck near the mast, and sang



to the music of the *darabooka*, which is but an earthen jar, over the large end of which a skin or the loose bag of a pelican's bill is stretched. So with a long chorus and a lively repeat, and



an occasional shout of "Allah!" (for they are profane dogs, these Mohammedans, though commonly called religious) we were again off on our voyage.

Above Esne the game on the river became more plenty, and I devoted myself to it with considerable zeal. Pelicans abounded, and especially on Sundays, when we did not shoot. Every one knows that an American crow is thoroughly acquainted with the succession of days, and the return of the seventh brings him down with fearless boldness on the cornfield. It would be difficult to suppose that in this worse than heathen land, where the Sabbath is unknown, the birds keep the run of the day; and yet it is a stubborn fact that on every Sunday that we have been on the river, the game has not only been more plentiful than on other days, but has approached the boat as fearlessly as if the animals knew that we kept the day of rest. One Sunday evening a flight of quite two hundred pelicans sailed around us, and lit at length on a sand-bank close by our boat, and within a near gun-shot.

But whether or not the animals and the inhabitants know the Sabbath day, I do verily believe that the land knows it, and the winds and the sky. Beautiful as they are on other days, calm and clear as are the skies, they have, nevertheless, on this day a glory and a quiet that I can not describe, except by saying that it is like a Sabbath morning at home in the country, and the air like that still, soft air that a summer Sunday morning brings in at the open windows of the church on the green; and no heart can fail to keep in unison with sun and sky on such a day.

We enter the sand-stone country now, and the appearance of the hills along the river is totally changed. They slope away from the banks, leaving their sides and bases covered with immense boulders. The country is narrower, and cultivation is becoming more difficult.

The day after we left Esne I shot a pelican from the boat with a pistol-ball; and the same afternoon, while on shore after pigeons, I found myself close on a flock of wild geese before I knew it, and got one of them with each barrel as they flew away. They proved to be the best we had found on the river. Their color was precisely like our common American tame goose, white and lead-color mingled. That night we slept at *El Kab*, the site of the ancient Eilythias, and one of the most interesting points on the river.

Waking early in the morning, I sprang ashore and up the bank, to find where we were. The plain stretches away two miles to the mountains, and in parts of it much more. Only the edge of the river is cultivated, and the rest of the broad level is a sand and gravel barren, extending up and down the river some ten miles. The site of the ancient city was considerably to the north of the point at which we lay, and I saw at the base of the hill the modern village, toward which I immediately determined to direct my way.

My object was simply to purchase antiques, which the fellahs who cultivate this plain find in large quantities.

I have already warned the traveler against the frauds of the antique manufacturers at Thebes or Luxor. It is easy to imagine how important the business of purchasing antiques has become in Egypt. Hundreds of travelers going up and down the river demand them wherever they stop; and the natives, who formerly thought of them as trifles, have now begun to learn their value. The scarabæus, which is usually more highly valued than any other of the small antiques, on account of its possessing a religious interest, as well as because it usually bears a name on its face, was formerly sold at a few paras, while now it commands from five piastres to a dollar, according to its style and preservation. Other and larger antiques bear proportionate prices, and there is no limit to the

demands of an Arab who finds a gold ring or a jewel. There are plenty of foolish Howajjis who will pay him ten times its value for it, and he knows this well enough to wait for a purchaser, who is sure to come in time. But there is really no necessity whatever for paying such prices as these, and the knowing traveler will never be deceived by a modern, or in the price of an antique. I very soon learned at Luxor that the Copt was not to be deluded into parting with any of his stores at their fair price; but that by stealthily asking every Arab, fellah, or boy, and especially every woman that I met, if they had antiques or coins or scarabæi, I frequently found them, and purchased them for mere trifles. Thus at Karnak I bought a scarabæus for a piastre and five paras, for which the Copt offered me ten piastres the same day, and told Mustapha, the consul, that he would readily give a dollar.

I had learned from Abd-el-Atti that El Kab was a favorable place for such purchases, as the village lay four miles from the site of the ancient city, and hence no travelers are apt to visit it. I started at sunrise across the plain, hailing every Arab that I met with the usual question, "Mafish goouran, mafish gedid, antikee?" ("Have you no scarabæus, or coins, or antiques?") Abd-el-Atti accompanied me, and we made the same demand on each side, picking up small affairs here and there, until we reached the village, which was on a rocky mound near an isolated mass of stone that had been left from the ancient quarrying.

Here, seating ourselves on the ground in an open space among the houses, we dispatched every boy and woman we could find to call up their friends and tell them to bring us whatever they had in the way of antiques. In a few minutes we were surrounded by the men, women, and children of El Kab, in all the various degrees of nakedness, and all in one state of filth. The nameless vermin that I found on me after that expedition were intensely disgusting. The animals themselves partook of the filthy appearance, as well as the dark color of the skins they had fed on. Naked children presented handsfull of pieces of ancient pottery, or coins, or broken images of gods and sacred objects. Women leaned down to show their necklaces, on which they had strung beads and scarabæi, and pieces of agate and cornelian, cut into strange shapes known only in old mythology. A small coin satisfied the most anxious of them; and they expressed aloud their regret that they had sold a great many—all that they had—a few weeks before to the Copt from Luxor, who had been up here on a purchasing expedition. They said I gave them twice what he did. They had nothing that was very valuable, for this reason, and what they had were what had been found within a few days. Some scarabæi, two or three small vases for toilet purposes, and one ring of the time of Amunoph III., the Memnon of Thebes—or, rather, him whose statue is called that of Memnon—and a handful of coins and small and curious images and earthen objects were all that I obtained; and when I had finished the market and exhausted the stock, I mounted a horse which the sheik of the village furnished me, and rode over the plain to overtake the boat, which was now some six miles up the river, and rapidly advancing.

It was my first attempt at the Eastern saddle and stirrups. The former is made with a high straight board for the back, and one almost as high in front; while the latter are literally shovels—broad, flat pieces of iron, large enough to hold the entire foot, turned up on the sides, and pointed at each corner to be used as spurs. The difficulty is that one uses them involuntarily as such all the time, until he "gets the hang" of them, and it was no matter of surprise that I went across the plain at as furious a rate as I did toward the ancient city of Eilythias.

The site of the old city is still surrounded by the crude brick wall which incloses the ruined brick houses, and the remains of stone temples and palaces that were once the habitation of men, but are now the homes of wolves and jackals.

The size, height, and thickness of this wall is a source of astonishment to the stranger, and illustrate the remarks I had occasion to make in a former article, on the subject of the enduring nature of crude, unburned brick in this country. This is the more astonishing when one is informed that the common story that it never rains in Egypt is entirely destitute of truth, a remark exemplified by the fact that I am writing this page on the Nile, sixty miles above Cairo, in as hard a rain-storm as one is apt to see in America. It is true that this is not a frequent occurrence, but there is more or less of rain in Upper and Lower Egypt every year, and mountain torrents are formed that have left their dry rocky beds in every ravine on the side of the Nile. And through these storms, for thousands of years, the brick walls have stood, decaying, indeed, but massive yet, and are likely to outlast the storms of thousands more, if they are not carried away by the Arabs; for the only manure I have seen applied to land in Upper Egypt is the old dust of ancient brick walls. These they dig down, and loading panniers on donkeys with the dust, scatter it on the plains, to add richness to the soil, which is not sufficiently enriched by the overflow of the river.

Leaving the tombs to be visited hereafter, I rode around the wall, and overtook the boat three miles above. At the instant of approaching it I saw three or four large lizards in the river, much like a crocodile in appearance, but destitute of scales. I shot one, and Abd-el-Atti another. The one measured four feet eight inches in length, the other three feet six. These are the Monitor Lizard, I suppose, celebrated as the enemy of the crocodile, whom they destroy by crawling into his open mouth and down his throat, whence they eat their way out through the animal and destroy him. In the evening,

when we were lying at the bank, near the mud village of Khella, Ferraj, the Nubian, and Halifa, one of the sailors, took a lantern on shore, and I was amused to see them diligently at work, by its dim light, skinning the lizards for preservation.

FANNY AND MYSELF;

BEING THE RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN.

I.—FANNY'S LETTER.

YESTERDAY morning, as I was sitting in my favorite wicker chair upon the portico, engaged in the pleasing contemplation of two orioles quarreling on a spray of the elm—and at the moment when I had arrived at the conclusion that the pair were unhappily married, and were orally regretting the match, just then I was suddenly interrupted by the fresh voice of one of my small nieces, who are paying me a visit, and, turning round with a smile, I perceived that the young lady of seven held a paper in her hand.

I am fond of my nieces, being an amiable old fellow, with a regard for every body's children, especially Moll's; and as little Miss Nannie placed her arm on my shoulder, and thrust her golden curls in my face, I think I ceased deriding the orioles, and reflected that matrimony was not, after all, such a weakness.

The young lady of seven held a paper in her hand, and asked if it wasn't Uncle Arthur's. Uncle Arthur—that is me, you know—took the paper with a smile, and, asking whence it came, was informed, with the aid of two cherry lips and a pair of dancing eyes, that "Jenny was going to throw it in the fire, and I picked it up!"

Having made this announcement, Miss Nannie—whom I don't mind saying I'd like to have for my own proper daughter—Miss Nannie darted off to chase yellow butterflies on the velvet sward of the lawn.

The paper I held in my hand was as yellow as the butterflies. Whence had it issued forth to the light? Then I suddenly recollected that in handing some law papers to the Honorable Adolphus Jones that morning, I had probably dropped it when I took the others from my secretary; and, opening the letter, I ran over its contents.

It was from Fanny! written long and long ago, in the good old times, which, as every body knows, are invariably *past* times, and much about that interesting period of my life when I had the little adventure with Fanny.

I read it a dozen times, laughing and sighing; for as my brother fogies will understand, an old fellow like myself don't return to his boyhood every day in the week. I let the hand holding the letter drop down, and, falling into a reverie, went back through a generation and dreamed; and awoke, so to speak, to find myself laughing, and the orioles singing after their reconciliation.

Now do you wish to hear the history of that letter—the cause of my dream and my laughter?

If so, you have only to listen.

II.—THE HERO IS BORN, AND "FINISHED" BY MISS ALEXINA.

I was born one August morning, toward the end of the last century, and consequently the present distinguished age was young like myself when I reached seventeen.

I lived then as now, at Highoaks, where the most dear and honored of parents smiled on my infancy and boyhood; and smile still for me through two generations which never saw their like. I will not pause to speak of them, because my heart flows over, and my memory sighs through all the past, with tears almost, as I think. My intention is to recall for your amusement, friend, a passage of my boyhood, far more instinct with laughter than sorrow, and so I'll get on.

Uncle Carrabas lived six miles and a half from Highoaks, and Longrun was a great place—I thought, even prettier than our house. I was a wild boy then, and having my private steed, who did nothing but "stand free in stall," like the horses of Branksome, until I mounted him, I very frequently went over to Longrun, and listened with attention to the philosophic remarks of the dearest of uncles, and the most indefatigable of whist-players.

The time passed on in this way until I reached seventeen, when I went to college, somewhere off at the end of the earth, and occupied myself for a year with the unavailing labor of turning good English into deplorable Latin verse. I am sure Virgil and Horace would have "arisen and slain me with their hands," as Mr. Tennyson says in his admirable "Morte D'Arthur," had those respectable Romans lived at Blank College then; but fortunately they were not conscious, and so I escaped.

A far more agreeable occupation with me was to pay assiduous court to Miss Alexina Podgers, only daughter of old Podgers, professor of Hottentot literature; and to this young lady of thirty, more or less, is justly due the praise of having finished my education. It was from her that I imbibed that passion for romantic literature which has never deserted me, and when the works of my Lord Byron afterward appeared, I imagined myself sitting in the summer evenings on the portico, listening to the ecstatic repetition of the adventures of Zuleika, Lara, and the rest, by the most languishing of sentimental maidens. Under Miss Alexina's plastic touch, I speedily lost all those country *brusqueries* which I once possessed, and became, at eighteen, a finished man of the world. I emulated the tints of the rainbow in my costume, nursed tenderly a microscopic mustache, and with embroidered waistcoat, reaching to my knees, hair powdered like a snow-storm, and silken coat of the glossiest and most dazzling sheen, escorted Miss Alexina to all the concerts, and paid my addresses in due form. I finally came one evening to ask Miss Alexina

if she would not permit me to be her slave; and as she readily consented, with her head drooping upon one shoulder, her eyes raised sentimentally to the ceiling, and her downy fan gently agitated with emotion, I considered that I had cut out all the boys, and on the next morning assumed a lofty and patronizing air, even in the presence of the Hottentot Professor.

Perhaps I ought not to mention these little private affairs, as nothing ever came of it. But as Miss Alexina is now happily married, and as I was only the thirty-fifth young gentleman to whom she had accorded the permission to wear chains, I need not omit the trifling incident. I do not laugh at the interesting daughter of the lamented Podgers, for I should be an ingrate. Did she not induct me into the science of courting? Did she not finish my education? Did she not make a finished fine gentleman of me at eighteen? The memory of Alexina Podgers shall ever be revered by me, and I here pay her my tribute of gratitude.

III.—HE MEETS WITH THE HEROINE.

When I returned to Highoaks, therefore, after my year's absence, and at the age of eighteen, I was a remarkable young man and a fine gentleman.

I entertained the pleasing conviction that the world was waiting in breathless suspense to hear what profession I had selected for the exhibition of my genius. I was impressed with the solemn character of my position, and the question I was called upon to decide; for upon that decision might depend, for weal or woe, the destiny not only of the nation but of humanity. I felt that the country had a claim upon me, and that I ought not to lose sight of that claim—that society called upon me to decorate and adorn it with my genius and my wit. I acquiesced in the requisition, and prepared to sacrifice my private wishes upon the altar of my country.

In fact, I don't mind saying I was a consummate coxcomb; and my only excuse is that the tender and amiable fingers of Miss Alexina had trained and shaped and developed the said *comb* with assiduous care, and as yet no one had cut it. Whether this desirable result followed, I am going to let you have an opportunity of judging.

Having cried heartily, and in a most unmanly manner, as I embraced and kissed my mother and my father, and exhibited, in addition, the most unreasonable pleasure at meeting with the old familiar faces of the household—having gone through these scenes, I betook myself on the next morning to Longrun, to announce there the great event of my return.

Uncle Carrabas was playing whist with old Solomon Grinders, his neighbor; and, with all the elegance of the old school, the two worthies laid down their hands and stopped swearing to welcome me.

I don't think I have ever known a more courtly bow than that of Uncle Carrabas, except, perhaps, my dear father's, than whose salute I have never seen any thing more supremely graceful—certainly nothing approaching it in the present generation, when the youngsters make only a careless nod with their foppish little heads, in return for the finest inclination. My friend, there's not much in those heads—in my time it was different.

I would like to repeat to you the courtly talk of Uncle Carrabas, his Latin quotations from Horace, and his old school courtesy. I'm afraid the *ingenui vultus puer ingenuique pudoris* quotation didn't suggest itself to my respected uncle; but let that pass. I soon left the old gentlemen, in their silk stockings, powdered heads, and huge shirt collars, to their game, and went to see the rest of the household.

It was nearly supper-time when I arrived, and I found Aunt Priscilla busy getting out her tea-things. She hastily set them down, and inclosed me in a warm maternal embrace, which I am glad to say is still the fashion in our country. The city world is getting so cold and heartless—so fond of extending the points of its clammy fingers, in that abominably odious and absolutely detestable English fashion, that it is perfectly refreshing to get into the country again among honest folks. It is my intention to write a treatise, in four volumes quarto, on the "Art of Shaking Hands," in which I shall prove that when those two frigid fingers are stretched out, your purse is in danger from the nefarious individual who extends them. After the appearance of that work people will no longer employ the said two stiff digits. Such hands are not worth taking, and I turn my back on them. It was not so in my time.

Aunt Priscilla's starched lace cap and my chestnut hair encountered for a moment—a warm pressure of her dear thin hand followed; and then, turning round, I was welcomed also, and almost as warmly, by cousins Bet and Mary, respectively twenty-five and twenty years of age, and very elegant girls.

They asked me a thousand questions, and you may be sure I replied to them in the most free-and-easy way; and then, as the shades of evening descended, we all strolled out upon the lawn.

Where was Fanny? I asked of smiling Cousin Mary, the damsel of twenty, with whom I was carrying on a decided flirtation, after the manner of young men just returned from college, and airing their virility: was "the child" absent? I said "child," because Fanny was only fifteen, and to a gentleman of eighteen it is needless to say that a lady of fifteen is still in long clothes.

Cousin Mary replied that Fanny was probably down at the stream somewhere, and we accordingly bent our steps in that direction, I paying very assiduous court to smiling Miss Mary, and that damsel receiving it with an air of immense good-humor.

We thus reached the banks of the stream from which Longrun took its name, and, hidden among the willows, came upon Miss Fanny before she was aware of my approach.

If I was a romance writer instead of a plain old country fogy, I would make you a picture of this young lady when I laid my eyes upon her. The materials would be a pair of rosy cheeks, somewhat sunburnt, a profusion of brown hair falling at its own wild will upon bare shoulders, two lips resembling cherries, and eyes as blue as the sky overhead.

In my romance-picture the maiden possessing these traits, and clad in a pink frock with a short waist, then the fashion: this so well depicted maiden would be wading in the Branch.

I know that the circumstance just mentioned would destroy forever any romance-heroine, however; and perhaps it is better that I am an old story-teller simply, and not a master of fiction. I proceed, therefore, to relate that I called to Fanny, and that she turned round suddenly, and as suddenly burst out laughing.

"Oh, goodness gracious!" cried this extraordinary young lady, "you don't say that's you, Arthur?"

"Certainly it is," was my eminently rational reply; "come and give me a kiss!" Fanny burst into laughter a second time, and speedily came forth from the water, holding out her hand. As to the salute, as we used to say, *that* she positively refused, alleging that since she had attained the age of fifteen she "did not permit her cousins to treat her like a child; especially such a fine gentleman as Mr. Arthur."

With which words Miss Fanny threw her head upon one side, and with an exquisite affectation of foppish elegance, caressed her upper lip in allusion to my mustache.

Really, I thought, the most extraordinary young lady I have ever had the pleasure of knowing; but I had not taken lessons from Miss Alexina for nothing.

I gently pointed to Miss Fanny's bare feet, and mildly observed that perhaps it would be as well for the damsel to put on her shoes and stockings before the conversation proceeded, inasmuch as those articles of clothing, from long usage, had come to be regarded as absolutely indispensable in interviews with gentlemen.

I thought this elegant address would give me a decisive advantage; that Fanny would yield, and sink back with confusion and blushes; and I was getting ready to smooth over my dreadful remarks with something more amiable, to the effect that she must not be embarrassed.

I was not acquainted with Miss Fanny. That remarkable young lady did not blush in the least; her clear eyes betrayed no sign of confusion; she simply burst out laughing, and with the greatest *sang froid* said, "Yes, she *had* forgotten:" after which she tranquilly proceeded to the spot where she had deposited the articles of her wardrobe in question, quietly put them on, and came back with the laconic and agreeable announcement that now she was "fixed."

My friend, there must have been something in my face indicating my horror of this nonchalance; for Mary burst into laughter, and laughed louder still when Fanny snatched my cane, and walked up and down with the most admirable burlesque of a fine gentleman.

The whole party had not stopped laughing when we again entered the old mansion; and that very evening, at tea, I was destined to supply still further food for Miss Fanny's merriment.

I had a careless way at the time of smoothing the corners of my slender mustache, curling the extremities thereof, and nursing it with all manner of little attentions, suitable to its tender years and infantile development. Unconsciously I went through this ceremony often; and unfortunately it attracted the attention of my young friend.

Fanny's face assumed an expression of serious concern; every trace of a smile disappeared, and with solemn interest she said:

"Don't you feel afraid of hurting it, Arthur?"

"Hurting what, Fanny?"

"Your mustache—it looks so delicate!"

And, unable to retain herself, Fanny burst into a fit of such excessive laughter that the tea-cup she was raising to her lips tilted, the liquid was spilled, and a portion of the frock of this singular young woman was drenched with the scalding contents of the tea-cup.

I seized the opportunity, and easily turned the laugh against Miss Fanny; but it did not annoy her in the least. She carelessly observed that she "liked a hot bath;" and then throwing down her cup, jumped up from the table idly singing, and in a moment was in the drawing-room rattling away on the old harpsichord, to which every one's laughter served for accompaniment.

That was the first evening at Longrun after my return.

IV.—PROCEEDINGS OF MISS FANNY.

You know the venerable and respectable proverb declaring that "straws show which way the wind blows;" and I think it is equally true that trifles, and apparently trivial scenes, indicate character with perfect truth.

After the little incidents I have just related, and especially after listening to the careless ring of the maiden's laughter, I understood perfectly well that Miss Fanny stood in awe of nothing and nobody, and that her genius for following her caprices was immense.

I had several instances of this, and during the weeks of my visit to Longrun within the next month, I was continually startled by some new piece of "wildness" on the part of this singular young woman.

One morning I was quietly seated in the library perusing a number of that admirably humorous serial, which had just appeared, called "Salmagundi," and was laughing heartily at some sketches of which I had seen the originals, and which Mr. Irving and Mr. Paulding have drawn with the most exquisite humor and truth. I was thus occupied when I felt a hand on my shoulder, and turning my head descried Miss Fanny.

The young lady had a pair of cheeks like red apples—a pair of eyes dancing with merriment—and her hair was hanging on her shoulders in careless masses of curls. A long rent was visible in her blue frock, and she had lost one shoe, a circumstance which caused her to limp, as the fashion then was to wear high heels.

In her hand Miss Fanny held a bird's nest full of speckled eggs.

"Just look, Arthur!" she cried, leaning on my shoulder. "Did you ever see any thing as pretty?"

"Are those eggs?" I tranquilly observed, with an elderly air.

"Yes; won't they make a magnificent necklace!" And Miss Fanny's eyes danced.

"A necklace!" I repeated. "What can you mean, Fanny?"

"Don't you know?" she said, looking at me with an expression of commiseration, "don't you really know how to make necklaces out of eggs?"

"Indeed I don't."

"Well, that shows the use of going to college!"

"True: colleges are yet defective in this country—not at all equal to the German universities. But explain the process of making necklaces."

"Why, you punch a pin through both ends, and blow them empty," observed Miss Fanny, with delight; "then you string 'em on silk, and wear 'em."

I stood in astonishment before the simplicity of this mechanical invention.

"Very well," I said, at length, "that seems to me a brilliant idea. But pray, my dear Fanny, how did you get that nest?"

"I climbed for it," said Fanny, tranquilly.

"Climbed!"

"Yes, into the apple-tree—to the very top: and look how I tore my frock; besides, I can't find my shoe—but I got the nest and eggs!"

Fanny's eyes danced again; but as the chirp of a bird sounded through the window, a doubtful expression came to her face.

"There's the mother, my dear child," I said. "You are robbing her, and that is cruel."

"*Child*, indeed!" said Fanny. "I thank you, Sir, I'm a young lady!"

"Are you? A young lady who climbs to the tops of apple-trees should indeed be treated better."

Fanny pouted; but hearing the chirp of the mother-bird, forgot her quarrel, and looked sad. Her head drooped, and she looked wistfully at me—her countenance presenting, as she did so, a picture of tender concern, which made me regard her with more attention.

"I believe it was *not* right," she sighed, "and I won't make the necklace. I'll go put 'em back, if I lose the other shoe!"

And bursting into laughter, Miss Fanny darted away, and disappeared toward the orchard, followed by the chirping mother, who had recognized her family.

I laid down the number of "Salmagundi," and forgot the whim-whams of the writer in a reverie about this remarkable damsel. I had never seen so much beauty, life, vivacity, and wildness in a human being; and although it was of course preposterous to imagine that a gentleman of eighteen, who had been "finished" by Miss Alexina, could fall in love with such a romping miss in her teens—so mere a baby—yet I continued to see in my imagination the wistful smile of the shoeless damsel, and to take pleasure in the contemplation.

As I still pondered, I heard Fanny coming back from the orchard, through the lawn, singing at the top of her voice, with the most careless merriment,

"He promised to buy me a bunch of blue ribbon,
He promised to buy me a bunch of blue ribbon,
He promised to buy me a bunch of blue ribbon,
Johnnie is gone to the fair!"

This was the song of Miss Fanny, and the voice, coming rapidly nearer, was finally in the room.

"I put it back!" cried Fanny, clapping her hands, "and I found my shoe—it was in the crotch! I had a splendid climb! and now I'm going out to ride the little colt—we call him Brownie—and Joe's going to fix him. Good-morning, Mr. Grandpa!"

And the damsel ran away, laughing.

I looked after her, as she sped through the lawn with flying curls and dancing feet, and smiled. Then I shook my head with an expressiveness which Lord Burleigh never could have equaled, and muttering "An astonishing young woman!" returned to the observations of Launcelot Langstaffe. But I soon found myself thinking of the robber of birds' nests again—a most suspicious circumstance.

V.—WHAT I SAW FROM THE WINDOW.

Fanny's feats in the orchard and at the stream, were, it must be confessed, sufficiently opposed to the theories of Miss Alexina—that poetical and feminine young lady; but a certain proceeding of miss in her teens, three days afterward, quite threw the former into the shade.

I had come over to Longrun for a visit of some days, as I've said, and had brought with me my traveling toilet apparatus, and no less than six of my handsomest suits of clothes. I had worn a different suit every day, and been complimented on my taste by both Bet and Mary; but they had not yet seen me in my great costume, which I reserved for the decisive triumph.

On the morning I refer to, I rose and proceeded to lay out the grand costume—already contemplating in imagination the riches and splendor of the embroidered waistcoat, the maroon silk coat, and the rest of the suit.

I opened the drawer containing my apparel, and—found the suit missing.

For a moment I stood lost in the most profound astonishment, and then this astonishment gave way to indignation at myself. I had doubtless left it at Highoaks, though I

could have sworn to putting it into my portmanteau. I proceeded with only moderate good temper to don one of the already worn suits, and had nearly finished my toilet when, looking through the window which opened toward the lawn, I saw a spectacle which caused the hair-brush, which I was passing over my locks, to fall, with the hand holding it, to my side.

That extraordinary young woman, Miss Fanny, was returning from a matin ride on her favorite colt Brownie, and she was dressed in my fine embroidered suit!

For a moment I stood perfectly motionless; but overcome suddenly by the ludicrous adventure, burst into the most inelegant laughter. I looked round to see if any one witnessed this exhibition of merriment so prejudicial to the character of a fine gentleman; and finding myself entirely alone, felt somewhat relieved.

I looked again at Miss Fanny, who, by this time, had approached a side door, and, assisted by her favorite imp of a servant girl, was descending from her position. She had simply thrown one stirrup of the bay's saddle across the seat, and, perched upon this eminence, as women ride, had fearlessly galloped Brownie to her heart's content.

As she descended in the arms of her imp the young lady burst into laughter, and twirling an imaginary mustache, whipped her boots in an elegant way, and strutted up and down with an air which brought a second burst of laughter from the personage who witnessed the spectacle.

She must have heard me, or fancied she did, though I drew back suddenly; for she looked up hastily to my window, and then, hurriedly laughing, ran into the side door.

I sat down on a chair, and laughed so heartily that I am sure I must have disturbed the morning nap of venerable Uncle Carrabas, who occupied the adjoining chamber. The impropriety of this proceeding, however, very soon occurred to me; and rising with an elderly and serious air, I muttered my old stereotyped observation: "Really a most remarkable young woman!" and so descended to the hall.

Fanny was not visible, and, looking out, I saw that Brownie and the imp had also disappeared.

At breakfast Miss Fanny made her appearance, clad as usual, but looking very modest and demure. From time to time, her eyes full of lurking laughter, stealthily bent themselves upon my face; but seeing nothing to cause suspicion of any knowledge, on my part, of her freak, she soon regained her customary good-humor, and repeated the famous ceremony of twirling her mustache, with laughter.

After breakfast we were on the porch together; and, with a quiet smile, I observed that "she was now almost perfect in the twirling process; which was doubtless owing to the fact that she practiced constantly, even after the most fatiguing morning rides!"

As I uttered these words, Fanny raised her head in a startled way, and after looking at me for a moment, burst into laughter, with which was mingled, however, a number of blushes.

I enjoyed this first exhibition of confusion, and pressed my advantage by adding the question:

"Did the waistcoat fit?"

"The waistcoat!" murmured Fanny, quite overcome.

"And the coat?"

"The coat?"

"And did Brownie think a young gentleman was mounted on his back?"

Fanny saw that her freak was discovered; that I had caught her; that I had witnessed all. For a moment she was silent, and I thought I had completely conquered her.

"Did the suit fit you, my dear child?" I said, in triumph. "Tell me if it felt comfortable."

I waited for the reply, which I thought would consist of a petition for pardon, promises of never doing so again, and self-reproaches.

As before, I calculated without the least knowledge of Miss Fanny. Instead of making some such reply as the ones indicated to my question "Whether the suit fitted her?" Miss Fanny burst into the most careless laughter, and cried:

"Yes, it fits me perfectly, except the boots! They're much too large!"

After this scene I no longer took the trouble to mutter "Remarkable young lady!" I yielded, and was silent.

VI.—MY LETTER AND FANNY'S REPLY.

I have permitted my pen to idly trace these idle little country incidents because they may interest, in connection with what follows; just as those clamberings to the summit of the village-steeple, which Macaulay relates of the urchin Clive, are not uninteresting traits in the history of the great East Indian.

I don't mind adding, however, that I bask in this country sunshine, and repeat this innocent country laughter of that generation as a defiance to the French school of romance, in which the idea is impressed upon us, that there's nothing interesting or improving but intrigue and passionate melodrama. I deny that; and it is my intention to write a treatise on the subject in six volumes, royal octavo, in which I shall refute the philosophy of these writers, and prove that they and the present generation generally have sadly vitiated tastes, and ideas wholly illogical and absurd. When that work appears there will be no longer any deification of crime and passion. To these pictures our contemporaries are fatally attracted; it was not so in my time.

Well, to get back to Longrun, which, however, I soon left to return to college. It is enough to say that I most honorably concealed the freak of Miss Fanny; and that, when I went away, I no longer regarded the actions of that young lady with uncharitableness. I took her with me invisibly in the stage-coach, and

for months thought of the wild little piece, and toasted at suppers "Fanny the fairest of the fair!" to the utter disregard of Miss Alexina Podgers, who by this time had caught Alphonse Hicks, my particular friend and neighbor at Highoaks. Alphonse made capital by his name, which suited Miss Alexina's ideas exactly; and no doubt the good-natured Alphonse invoked blessings on the day when his parents gave him the name of the hero in the last sentimental novel they had read at Woodend, the Hicks' domicile near Highoaks.

As for myself, I willingly relinquished all claims upon the hand and heart of the languishing Miss Alexina; and I must do that lady the justice to say, she acquiesced in this arrangement with perfect good-humor. Our little affair had lasted for at least half a year, two or three months of which time was occupied by vacation; and no doubt this lengthy period had severely tried the lady's constancy. At all events it was Alphonse who now gallanted Miss Podgers to parties and concerts; it was Alphonse who listened with rapt attention and profound respect to the disquisitions of the Hottentot professor. I was thinking about a young lady, now nearly sixteen, who resided at the estate known as Longrun, near the Middleville post-office.

I offer no apology for this extraordinary circumstance, and only observe in explanation that I was eighteen—far from home—and that we had been playmates. It was not the wildness of this young lady which attracted me, although I laughed while I blamed her; but that true, and serious, and honest nature which I thought I saw beneath her vagaries.

I thought so frequently upon the subject that at last I determined to write Fanny a letter, and this I proceeded to do in the gayest and most careless tone, such as is invariably adopted by the college youth, writing home to his cousin.

Through three pages I laughed, and jested, and discharged my squibs, which crackled and whizzed like so many fire-works; and I wound up with the following more serious paragraph:

" . . . . . . My chief amusement, most precious of cousin Fannies, in this vanity fair and abode of misery, is to close old 'Coke on Littleton' with respectful attention, and lighting my German pipe, wrap myself in the dressing-gown made for me by my lovely friend Miss Alexina Podgers, and occupy myself with gazing on a suit of clothes hanging behind my door. Do you know what clothes they are, my sweet Fanny? Do you know why I never put them on, though I have nothing as handsome in my whole wardrobe? That costume, my dear madam, was worn by a certain young lady on one of her morning rides—by a damsel who adorns every thing she touches—whose pardonable gayety is the most touching and affecting trait in her admirable character. She lives near Highoaks, and if you see her, you will oblige me by informing her that I'm in love with her, and that on my return I shall present her formally with the suit in which she presented an appearance so graceful and fascinating."

A few college jokes about Alphonse and Miss Alexina ended my letter, and directing it to the Middleville post-office, I awaited the reply, which doubtless would be full of audacity and fun—it being Miss Fanny's habit to write nearly exactly as she talked.

The following was the answer—the yellow paper I dropped this morning in my interview with Adolphus Jones, Esq., and which my little niece brought me:

"Longrun, *May* 10, 18—.

"Dear Arthur—Your letter has remained by me for more than a week, and I would have replied sooner, but for being sick. I have been very unwell, and am still weak, so you must not expect me to write more than this page of note paper, as I am sitting up in bed.

"We are all very well at Longrun—papa, mamma, and all—and every body at Highoaks is perfectly well. They speak frequently of your return, and we all here will, as you know, be heartily glad to see you back. I am glad to hear that you are having such a merry time at college—but pray do not look at *those clothes* any more. I blush to think that I ever was guilty of so unmaidenly an action. I am far too wild and thoughtless, but I will try to improve. Please do not allude to this subject again, and pardon me and forget it.

"I am too weak now to write more, and can only say I hope you will soon return. Your affectionate cousin, Fanny."

If there was any doubt in my mind upon the subject of my feelings toward Fanny before, this short note instantly dissipated them. I read it with the most unaccountable glow of boyish feeling; and for days and weeks the picture of the girl lying weak and pale, and then sitting up to write with difficulty, filled my mind to the exclusion of all else.

VII.—IN FANNY'S LITTLE CHAMBER.

I received two or three other letters from Fanny, all of them short, and in the same subdued style; and then the session having terminated, I returned to Highoaks, and was soon at Longrun.

Fanny was still in bed, not ill now, but too weak to rise. She had been attacked in the spring, and the attack had almost proved fatal. She lay now, as she had described herself, weak and pale; and yet with the most uncomplaining cheerfulness in her features. I pressed the thin, white hand she held out to me, and placed my lips upon it with a feeling which evidently attracted the girl's attention, for a warm blush suffused her cheeks, and she drew away the hand, and lowered her eyes.

Could this poor, suffering invalid, with thin, white cheeks, be the wild, romping, careless Fanny? I found myself shaping this question more than once, and could scarcely realize the metamorphose. As I saw her day after day throughout the summer, I was more and more

impressed with the change which had taken place in her character, and I came finally to love the girl of sixteen with the fondest and tenderest devotion.

I saw plainly now that her old wildness and careless disregard of "proprieties" had concealed beneath their ungracious wrappings a nature filled with the most maidenly and feminine impulses. This rudeness was the husk which hid the golden grain; and that husk having now dropped off, I saw that the real nature of Fanny was one which any man might be proud to love.

The girl spoke now in the gentlest and kindest accents; her blue eyes beamed with a tranquil simplicity and goodness; lastly, during her illness that crowning grace and loveliness which is not of the world, but comes down from the infinite mercy of Heaven, had been added to her character, completing and fixing definitely her change of nature.

We had long and smiling talks in her little chamber, where she lay quiet and weak and pale yet with her sickness. Through the open window the blue range of mountains in the west was visible, and the girl often looked toward them with a dreamy expression and a smile. The airs of the warm summer evening, laden with the perfume of a thousand flowers, would gently lift the brown curls from her white brow; and, lying so, she would talk for hours, with the utmost unreserve, upon her most private emotions. I have since known and felt the privilege which she accorded to me, and to-day I go back to the little chamber in memory, and with smiles and tears almost remember her beauty and simplicity and goodness.

One day I referred to the merry old scenes of the summer before, a subject which I had hitherto avoided, and I had abundant reason to wish that I had continued to ignore it.

Fanny's face was tinged with a slight color, and she said,

"Please, do not speak of that, Arthur; you grieve me, and make me ashamed."

"Why should you be, Fanny?" I said. "It was a mere freak, and indeed amused me extremely."

"I am very sorry," she said, coloring more deeply. "I shall not soon forgive myself for an action which I think was very unmaidenly, and I am afraid even you, Arthur, with all your jests, would wish it undone. How could I have ventured upon a thing so indelicate! There, Arthur, do not speak; and let us talk of something else, please. I do not wish to think of my wildness and carelessness—new thoughts seem to have come to me, and I am very much changed."

With these words the girl turned her head toward the open window again, and gazing with a tender smile at the birds which flitted from tree to tree, murmured, "God made them! how I love them now!"

Very soon I ceased laughing in Fanny's presence—I only smiled. Do you know the difference, friend? When you laugh, you are simply amused; when you smile, you are happy. I was very happy in Fanny's presence, talking there with her in her little chamber in the long, still afternoons; and my greatest pleasure was to sit and look at her, or weave flowers into garlands for her hair, or muse, or read aloud to her; and I am thankful that I was thus enabled to render the tedious hours of sickness not so weary.

Thus fled by my vacation, and I had to return to college, for the last time, and by myself, for Alphonse had come to go no more, and often regretted it when he came to Longrun, the honest fellow. No doubt he lamented the disappearance of all those little suppers, and gayeties, and merry-makings. That he regretted Miss Alexina I do not believe, and I think that young lady thought as little of him, busy as she was with other stars which had "sailed into her ken."

Leaving home, and especially leaving Fanny, was with me no trifling matter. I think I have never gone away with such a heavy heart from any place, at any period of my life, and I left my whole soul behind me.

The parting between myself and Fanny was in her little chamber, to which she was still confined, though she had now risen, and occupied a couch near the same old window.

We gazed at each other for a moment, almost in tears, and the moisture in those tender eyes made my heart throb with delightful emotions of hope and happiness.

"It pains me very much to lose you, Arthur," she said, in a voice indicating great distress; "we shall not have any more nice little talks, and I fear my hours will hang heavily."

She smiled sadly as she spoke, and tender dews of regret weighed down her silken eyelashes.

"You say it pains you?" I muttered.

"Very much," she murmured.

"Well, it almost *breaks my heart*, Fanny," I said, "but I must go."

And covering my face with my hand, I remained for a moment silent and gloomy. Looking up then, I saw that Fanny had her handkerchief pressed to her eyes, and a low sound told me that she was sobbing.

Friend, there's something in the tears of a woman which I never could resist; they melt my mood, and make my heart liquid in my breast. I do not mean those theatrical tears of the woman of society, who falls in a graceful attitude upon the sofa, places a lily hand covered with rings before her eyes, and looks from beneath it to be sure that her dress sweeps down to her feet in folds of the proper elegance. Such an one makes a pretty little *tableau* for you to carry away in your memory; and after bidding you *adieu*, goes back up stairs to finish the chapter in the novel. You should applaud her as you do an actress when she sinks down on the stage, and in the very agonies of her part takes care to turn the diamond on her finger well out, in full sight of the audience.

Such tears have little weight with me; but

suppose an innocent girl of sixteen or seventeen, whom you loved, and with whom you had been raised, put her handkerchief up to keep you from seeing that she was crying at your departure—what would you have done, friend? What I did, I suppose.

In an instant I had Fanny's hand away from her eyes, and was kneeling down by her, telling her not to cry, or she would make me cry too. Then for a time there were only heard broken words—and then an embrace, a kiss, and I had left the innocent child, and was gone.

It was one of the chief sufferings of my life, that departure.

Well, I returned duly to college, and studied, and pondered, and killed the time; and then this enemy of impatient lovers, who rolls his great chariot onward over joys and griefs, and laughter and sighing, brought me round to June again.

With the bright spring I had grown merry again, and Miss Alexina, who was then flirting with her present worthy husband, complimented me upon the recovery of my good looks, declaring very frankly that I had been "dreadfully disagreeable and *distrait* all the winter," and I must have received some good news from home or elsewhere.

To this observation I replied with a mysterious smile; but Miss Alexina Podgers was not further enlightened. I *had* received some good news from home *and elsewhere*, and I don't mind saying that this news inspirited me more than the bright weather. It was to the effect that Miss Fanny had completely recovered her health, and as this agreeable intelligence reached me through the medium of a letter from herself, commencing "Dear Arthur," and ending with "your affectionate Fanny," why, you may understand that it was thrice welcome.

Was there ever a young man at a distance from home who did not gloat over the familiar post-mark, and smile as he recognized the good old handwriting, and go away, in spite of every temptation from Tom or Dick, to read his voice from home, in private? Much more is the advent of such a home epistle welcomed when it comes from one to whose memory and image the still hours of evening and the night are sacred. For over this happy paper bent the dear face—here the white hand lay for an instant—on this dull, cold surface shone those eyes brighter than all others in the weary world!

Having carefully cut around the heavy red seal, with which in those honest days they secured epistles, I read and re-read Fanny's letter. It was simply that of one cousin to another, full of home details; and it ended by declaring that I must not linger at college longer than was necessary, as every body was anxious to see me; and you may be sure that I did not need any urging in the matter.

The days dragged on like brazen chariots with clogged wheels—grating, and fretting me; but at last the hour of departure came.

I shook all the boys by the hand, bade Miss Alexina a smiling and eternal farewell, and not without some sighs for the merry hours and faces I was leaving, rolled away toward High-oaks and Longrun.

The thought of a young lady who resided at the latter place soon dissipated any feeling of regret at departure; and between Miss Alexina and Fanny, I am sorry to say, there was not a shadow of a contest in my bosom. I had spent many agreeable hours with the former; but I had been happy with the latter. Lastly, I liked Miss Alexina, but I was in love with Fanny.

That explains every thing.

VIII.—A RIDE, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

I almost started when I met Fanny; and Aunt Priscilla, who had just been subjected to an affectionate embrace, smiled as she saw my astonishment.

I had left Fanny a mere child—I found her a magnificent woman. By one of those phenomena which are of such frequent occurrence, her illness had been succeeded by the most rapid physical development, and I scarcely recognized the somewhat short and rounded form of the girl I had known in the tall and queenly maiden of seventeen and a half.

Fanny saw my astonishment at the change in her appearance, and said with a smile,

"I thought you would notice that I had grown; but I hope I have not 'grown out of knowledge' or out of your affection, Arthur."

She gave me as she spoke the softest and whitest hand in the world, and smiled so sweetly that my unfortunate heart throbbed violently. With her graceful head inclined forward, her eyes bright with happiness and tranquil goodness, her lips a little parted, and her soft brown hair falling in wavy curls upon her cheeks, she looked so beautiful thus that I could scarcely speak for a time, and was really relieved when Mr. Alphonse Hicks made his appearance, and diverted attention from myself.

I had already heard that Mr. Alphonse visited at Longrun with suspicious assiduity; and I thought that Fanny blushed slightly when he came to her side. He was magnificently dressed, and had made his appearance upon a splendid sorrel; and if you were willing to lose sight of the absence of any thing like intellect in the worthy, he presented the appearance of the most gallant cavalier.

Fanny seemed conscious of the effect of her beauty upon my unfortunate self, and blushed a little, as I have said. She was a true woman; and when did such an one ever exist without knowing the existence of her charms? She seemed much more solicitous, however, I am sorry to say, about their effect upon Mr. Hicks at the present moment, for she turned completely away from me; and from that instant I saw that I had a rival.

I went home that evening much more deeply involved in Miss Fanny's toils than ever; and here, for the information of curious young ladies, I would state that a little jealousy upon the part of a lover adds ten-fold to the force of his af-

fection. I recommend to the tender and curious damsels in question the employment of a few little arts, but also suggest that they should not push the matter too far. Fanny, it seemed, had just gone far enough. Whether she preserved this happy moderation a little incident, occurring soon afterward, will serve to show.

I shall therefore proceed briefly to relate it.

Some days passed, and one morning being at Longrun, it was proposed that the whole party should take a ride. Mr. Alphonse was present, and supported the proposition enthusiastically; for I think Mr. Alphonse was proud of his horsemanship, and I began to have a decided conviction that this honest youth was my rival.

We all mounted our horses, and as I got into the saddle I looked with a smile toward the side door, where Brownie had stopped that morning, and then to the window behind which I had been a spectator of the scene. My gaze then embraced Miss Fanny, as the finishing link in this memory, and I saw that she was looking at me with a face covered with blushes.

I had quite recovered from my awkwardness in her society by this time, and I now said with with the utmost good-humor,

"Do you remember, my dear cousin, or have you forgotten?"

"I remember very well," said Fanny, in a low voice, turning away her head, "and I am very much ashamed."

"Oh! you need not be. It was a child's freak, as I have said more than once."

"It has pained me whenever I thought of it, Arthur," she replied, "and if you please, do not recall it any more."

I saw that it gave her real pain, and said no more; in fact I had no opportunity, as Mr. Alphonse at that moment took his place at her side, and we all rode off through the grove.

We saw the sun set in glory from the summit of the great hill, half a dozen miles away, and then having accomplished the purpose of the ride, turned toward home again. I see the lovely girl at whose side I now rode, as perfectly to-day as then; the sunlight on her hair, the light in her eyes, the coral of her lips, and the graceful figure, swaying with every movement of Brownie, for she rode that wild little animal.

The ride was not destined to end without an adventure.

We were all galloping rapidly toward Longrun, when Fanny's horse, taking fright at some object by the side of the road, started with a leap so sudden as almost to unseat her, and then commenced running at full speed. A cry of affright rose from the party, and Mr. Alphonse Hicks and myself put spur to our animals, and thundered on the track of Fanny's horse, which was flying along at a pace dangerous in the extreme.

We had almost come up with her, and in an instant I expected to be able to catch the bridle, when the animal shied violently, and so very suddenly, that the girl, who was an excellent rider, could not guard against it. The rein escaped from her nerveless hand—she lost her seat in the saddle—and stretching out her arms, would have fallen and injured herself fatally, had I not reached the spot just in time to catch her in my arms.

I threw myself from the saddle, and with one arm round the girl, supported the trembling and panting form, which leaned heavily. It was not a bad picture, as Mr. Alphonse said, with an affectation of carelessness, as the rest of the party rode up; and I can only say, that if he was satisfied with the arrangement of the *tableau*, I was also. Such was my gallantry and devotion to the cause of unprotected innocence, that I could cheerfully have supported the young lady twice as long as I did; but she very soon relieved me of that trouble by withdrawing, with a blush, from my arms.

She turned completely from me then, without uttering a word, and requested Mr. Hicks to aid her in remounting, which she persisted in doing; and the triumphant Alphonse furnished the required assistance in the most graceful and elegant way.

As for myself, I bowed very stiffly, and remounting my own horse, took my place at the side of Miss Mary, and did not utter a word during the rest of the ride.

I declined remaining for the night at Longrun, and went home. I said that my parting formerly with Fanny was my most wretched hour; but I think this evening was more bitter still, for hatred of my rival was added to the misery of disappointment.

IX.—RIVALS.

A week after the scene which I have just related I was riding out, and met Mr. Alphonse Hicks face to face upon the high-road.

He was clad as splendidly as usual, and was riding toward Longrun.

"Why, good-morning!" said Mr. Hicks, with a gay air, "where are you going, my dear fellow?"

"I am merely riding for exercise," I replied, stiffly.

"Why not toward Longrun, then?" he said, without observing my formality of manner.

"This road is more agreeable," I replied, in the same cold tone.

"Well, see now, the difference of opinion! *I* think the road to Longrun is the most agreeable possible!"

And Mr. Alphonse Hicks laughed aloud.

"Shallow fool!" I muttered, "I'll not demean myself by quarreling with you."

"What did you say?" he asked, in the same tone of laughing carelessness.

"I say nothing," I replied, "and I will not detain you."

At last Mr. Hicks perceived my coldness, and gazing at me for a moment, said:

"Do you know, my boy, that you are out of sorts? I never saw such a thunder-cloud! Now take my advice, and come to Longrun. Every thing is bright there, and it will enliven you. I will not add that the near approach of the mar-

riage of an unworthy gentleman of the name of Hicks to a young lady there, will doubtless afford you food for wit and fun, my dear fellow."

I think I must have turned pale from rage, for Alphonse Hicks gazed at me for a moment, and said:

"Are you sick?"

"No, Sir!" was the stern reply.

The young man's face colored, and a look of surprise followed this exhibition of anger.

"Is it your intention to insult me, Arthur?" he said, "or are you mad?"

"I am perfectly sane, I believe, Sir!" I replied, with concentrated rage, "but perhaps I am a little dangerous at the present moment, in which I doubtless resemble a mad person. It is *not* my intention to insult you unless you force me to—a moderation which I employ solely from regard for another. Now, Sir, this interview had better end, and in future we had better not encounter, unless you are ambitious of risking a postponement of your wedding!"

Having uttered these words with internal rage and outward calmness, I bowed coldly, and putting spur to my horse, left Mr. Alphonse Hicks in the middle of the road, gazing after me with an expression of mingled astonishment and anger.

I was not in the least affected by either of these expressions, but as I struck the spur into my horse, and fled onward at full speed, broke into a groan of despair.

X.—MARRIED PEOPLE.

For days I remained a prey to the bitterest and most feverish emotions; and I don't think the circumstance at all surprising. I had built all my hopes upon the love of this young girl, whose fresh and beautiful character filled me with the deepest and most longing tenderness for her; and now that these hopes were all dashed to the ground, I had to writhe a little, like unfortunate lovers in all ages.

I will not lengthen out my agony, or dwell further upon it. At last I settled down into a stern and cold despair, and all light and hope disappeared from my life.

I never visited Longrun after the day of the ride; and I went nowhere else. Shut up in my chamber, I exchanged not a single word with any body, and my mother became seriously concerned. She besought me to tell her what distressed me; but I did not utter a word, and I saw that this reserve pained her extremely.

Failing to discover the source of my gloom, my mother then besought me to go into society; but this I refused too. At last, however, seeing her distress, I agreed one day to go with her on a visit to one of the neighbors; and there I met Fanny.

As our eyes met, an expression of sadness and then one of pleasure came to her lovely face; and, advancing a step to meet me, she held out her hand in the frankest and kindest manner, asking me why I had staid away so long.

"I have not been well," I replied, almost turning pale as I looked at her; for it is not a small thing friend, to encounter thus a woman you love, and be pitied by her.

Fanny observed my coldness of tone with that marvelous quickness of her sex, and refusing to be offended, like the dear girl she was, placed her hand upon my arm, and before I knew it, we were walking in the old garden—my mother and the old lady of the house being very busily engaged in the discussion of neighborhood affairs, and Uncle Carrabas and his friend as busy talking politics.

"I am sorry you have been unwell, Arthur," said the girl, with the softest and most timid look, "and you know I ought to try now to make you feel better—you were so good to *me* when *I* was sick."

And Fanny looked away.

Her words made me more profoundly miserable than I had ever been before, for they recalled to my mind perfectly the old scenes in the little chamber.

"I do not need any attention," I said, coldly, "I am nearly well again, and I did little when you were sick to lay you under any obligations."

"Oh, indeed you did! You made my suffering hours almost happy."

And with a little tremor in her hesitating voice, Fanny was silent.

I looked at her with astonishment. Could it be possible that she had not seen my love? Was she heartless enough to revive those delightful recollections only to add, that they never could be repeated?

I think my cheek became paler, and my eyes interrogated her countenance with a fiery glance, beneath which her own sank.

"We had better not recall these melancholy hours of sickness," I said, gloomily; "in the festivities and rejoicings at Longrun they have no part to play—forget them."

"I can not forget your kindness, and I do not believe there will be a large wedding."

"Ah!" I said, coldly, "then it is to be private?"

"Quite private—none but the families; and you will be first groomsman for Mr. Hicks, won't you?"

"I!"

"Yes, Arthur; you seem surprised; but as Mary's cousin and Mr. Hicks's friend—"

"*Mary's* cousin!"

Fanny raised her startled eyes and said, "Yes, certainly!"

"It is not *you*, then, that Alphonse is to marry?"

"Me!" murmured Fanny, "could you think that? Oh no, indeed! He has been engaged to Mary for six months—didn't you know it?"

I will not attempt to describe the feelings of a certain young man, my friend, at this announcement. I will simply say that he remained perfectly stupefied for an instant, and then, trembling with delight, cast upon Miss

Fanny a look of such radiant happiness and passionate affection, that the young lady colored to the roots of her hair.

On the next morning I went to Longrun to breakfast, and meeting Mr. Hicks there, clasped that gentleman's hand with a cordiality and tenderness affecting in the extreme. Alphonse tried in vain to understand what it all meant; but I have since told him, causing him to laugh very heartily.

Alphonse's wedding did not take place quite as soon as he desired, which circumstance is attributable to the fact that a duplicate arrangement had been determined upon.

It was on a quiet evening just at twilight, as we came home through the lawn, that I told the dearest girl in the world that she was such to me; and when I took her hand she did not draw it away, but simply covered her eyes, as on that evening in her sick chamber, and cried a little silently. They were not tears of sorrow now, however, and they were soon dried.

Mary and Fanny were married on the same evening, a month or two afterward, and I need not add that Alphonse and myself were the bridegrooms.

I've thus told my plain old story, prompted by the sight of Fanny's letter, and I hope you like it; at least, I have had my hour of smiling recollections.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S SOCIAL HOURS.

THOUGH Mr. Webster could hardly be considered a correct classical scholar, and made no pretensions to the acquired accuracy of an Everett, a Choate, or a Bancroft, he had read and appreciated the best authors in the Latin language, particularly Virgil and Cicero. "I conceived a pleasure," he once said, "in the perusal of them in my school-days, which rendered application no longer a task. The latter I studied sedulously. With what vehemence did I denounce Catiline! with what earnestness struggle for Milo! The orator was forgotten—the language in which he spoke unheeded—the objects of his eloquence alone were considered.

"After my college life I had but little time for classical pursuits, and a whole life would hardly be sufficient to acquire an intimate acquaintance with the classics." This, with his aversion to any thing that looked like an affectation of knowledge, was doubtless one reason why, in his speeches, or more studied productions, are met so few classical quotations.

His acquaintance, however, with the Latin writers, if limited, was generally accurate; he seldom misquoted, though one instance of his incorrectness has reached our ears. It is this: On one occasion, after the cloth had been removed, and conversation had become more animated and general, a guest undertook to make a comparison between the elder and younger Adams. To the first he accorded greater originality and nervousness of expression—more vigor of thought, and greater grasp of a subject, as well as more intellectual and moral consistency. The younger Adams, he said, was better acquainted with books than men, and theories than principles. Superior to his father in scholastic acquirements, he was much his inferior in native force; and, compared with his father, it might generally be said of him, what the poet says of Ascanius following his father from burning Troy—

"——— sequiturque patrem non passibus æquis."

"The estimate is right," said Mr. Webster, "but the quotation is wrong. You should have said, '*haud passibus æquis.*'" It was in vain that a distinguished scholar present assured him that *non* was right, and *haud* was wrong, and that otherwise the line could not be scanned.

"Virgil," replied Mr. Webster, jocularly, and yet unconvinced, "must be responsible for the scanning, with that I have nothing to do; but I will bet forty pounds—pounds sterling, you understand—that my version of the line is right. If my friend here will look over his Virgil when he goes home to-night, and let me know how it is to-morrow, if I am wrong I will give him a forty-pound note—*one of my own issuing.*"

Mr. Webster, a day or two afterward, showed the writer a letter he had received upon the subject from his guest on that occasion. It ran thus:

"Dear Sir—I looked over my Virgil, as you advised, before going to bed last night, and find the quotation stands thus:

'——— sequiturque patrem non passibus æquis.'

Still, as I believe you are right, and Virgil wrong, I do not consider it proper to ask for that note of which you said I should be possessed."

No one well acquainted with the poetical structure of the line could, of course, make such a mistake—a mistake, in the mean time, of no importance, unless so far as indicating a greater or less familiarity with the philosophy of the language. Still Mr. Webster, if not a Latin purist, was by no means unacquainted with the best authors of the Augustan era. Virgil and Horace, Tacitus, Sallust, and Livy he had all studied, and the two former made his familiar companions. Indeed his mind was naturally drawn to the sonorous and majestic march of Roman genius, and his more elaborate productions in many places evince a kindred spirit.

Mr. Webster often spoke of the elder Adams, and always in commendation of his personal and political purity. His official acts he sometimes condemned, but never their intent. He pitied more than he censured his jealous dislike of that far greater man, Alexander Hamilton, for he knew the infirmity of our common nature, and how much more magnanimity is required to forgive superiority than personal injuries. He never felt himself the degrading sentiment of envy, but he pardoned those who did.

Adams he considered unequal to his contemporary and rival, Thomas Jefferson, in phi-

losophical acquirements and elegant literature, but much superior in practical knowledge, and adaptation of means to ends. The speech that he puts into Mr. Adams's mouth on the question of the Declaration of Independence by the Congress, in '76—"Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote"—is a reflex of his mind, eminently direct and purposeful. It goes at once to the point and heart, and never misses.

"I recollect distinctly," said Mr. Webster, at the close of this dinner-conversation, "the particulars of the last interview I ever had with Mr. Adams. It was in the afternoon of the day I delivered my little speech on the laying of the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument. He had been unable to attend, and on my way home I called to see him and pay my respects.

"It was a hot and sultry day in June. I found him lying on a sofa, seemingly fatigued, and breathing heavily. He had become fat, gross, and incapable of easy motion; his cheeks, which were full and flabby, hung down below his collar.

"He had an original nervous expression, even in ordinary conversation; and always said something which impressed you at the time, and you easily recalled afterward.

"While I was with him, and conversing on the ordinary topics of the day, some one—a friend of his—came in, and made particular inquiries for his health. 'I am not well,' he replied; 'I inhabit a weak, frail, decayed tenement, open to the winds, and broken in upon by the storms; and what is worse, *from all I can learn, the landlord does not intend to repair!*'"

"At the time I was practicing law in New Hampshire," said Mr. Webster, "it once happened that I was counsel for the defendant in some capital case, while Mr. Attorney-General Atkinson—a particular friend of mine, afterward Judge of the Supreme Court of the State—conducted the prosecution. The court was holden at Dover, the shire town of Stafford County. A family by the name of R—ll—s lived somewhere in the vicinity, no otherwise remarkable, so far as I now recollect, than for the large and somewhat peculiar shape of their noses. It was not merely that they were long, or rose high from the face, but they described, from where they joined the forehead to their termination over the mouth, a parabola. Other men have had eminent noses, but this family had them peculiar to themselves, and were as easily recognizable by them as Jews by theirs. There were some five or six brothers, with noses describing almost the same curve, and rejoicing in the same altitude.

"Mr. Atkinson was addressing the jury, and insisting, with great earnestness of manner and eloquent periods, upon the guilt of the accused, when one of the R—ll—s entered the court, and stood by the railing which separated the profession from the outsiders:

"'Gentlemen of the Jury,' said Atkinson, 'I repeat it has never before been my disagreeable duty to appear against so desperate a criminal. I know the danger of confounding physical and moral deformity, and I will not ask you to condemn this man because of his countenance; still you can not look at him, gentlemen, without an impression of his guilt. His whole aspect bears the consciousness of crime.'

"Here another R—ll—s entered the court, and laid his nose alongside of his brother's, with the profiles toward us.

"'Gentlemen of the Jury,' continued the Attorney General, 'I believe this man is not only an offender, but a hardened offender. I believe he is steeped in guilt. Nor can one well suppose that a person so callous to all feelings of pity as he has been proved to be—so utterly insensible to every sentiment of humanity, so wholly lost even to the recollection of virtue—ever could have been an innocent man. He is a leprous spot upon society, Gentlemen of the Jury, which your sentence must forever remove, or society itself will become tainted and sicken.'

"A third R—ll—s now came in, and made another layer or stratum of noses. This was too much for my self-command or M——n's, who sat next me, and whose attention, indeed, I had attracted to this nasal exhibition, and we indulged in audible laughter, or we should have died from spontaneous suffocation. Atkinson turned to us in angry surprise: 'The counsel for the defendant may laugh at my language. I am no orator as Brutus is; but he can't controvert my facts!' After one or two desperate efforts, we finally regained control over our countenances, and looked as solemn as the occasion demanded. For a time every thing went well; we resolutely turned our backs upon the noses, and Atkinson was getting finely on with his peroration, when hearing M——n exclaim, in a mock-tragic tone,

"'What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?'

I looked round, and behold a fourth nose had laid itself alongside the others! and, to cap the climax of our misery, a sternutation took place, as if concerted among these probosces, which you could see, under the effects of the motion, bobbing up and down like the corks of the angler's line. This was past human endurance. In vain M——n and myself stuffed our handkerchiefs in our mouths; in vain bit our lips till the blood flowed freely; the very efforts we made to repress our desire to laugh excited it, and, carried away in spite of ourselves, we fairly gave way to an unseasonable mirth. This was too much for the Attorney General. He stopped short in the very torrent and tempest of his eloquence, and sat down; but immediately rose to his feet, and in a tone of undisguised anger addressed the court: 'May it please your honors,' said he, 'it is impossible for me to proceed farther. Too long have I borne the premeditated and continued insults of the counsel for the defense; insults as gross as they are unprovoked. I claim the protection of the court.'

"Atkinson's serious manner and address acted upon us like a counter-irritant, and immediately restored our self-control. I got on my feet, and begged pardon of the court for my unintentional violation of decorum—assuring the Attorney General that nothing was farther from my mind than any purpose of wounding his feelings; that so far from wishing to turn into ridicule any thing he had said, I had listened with the greatest gratification to his remarks till an unfortunate incident had occurred which I could not explain, but which, in spite of all efforts to the contrary, had made me seemingly forgetful of the place and the grave occasion.' The Attorney General took my apologetic explanation in good part, and finished his speech without farther interruption.

"But I laugh to this day when I recall that scene; those four noses overlapping each other like horses on a stretch, one just advanced ahead of another, and so different from the noses we meet in our usual experience; the perplexed countenance of Atkinson, the grave surprise of the court, and the wondering stare of the crowd. On the gravest occasions, an incident most trivial, if unexpected, will sometimes give rise to irrepressible laughter. One such nose might have been tolerated, but when they come in battalions they carry every thing before them.

"My client was fortunately acquitted—partly, perhaps, owing to the sympathetic inclination of juries toward the predominant feeling of the crowd, who, on this occasion, suspected something ludicrous had occurred, and, though ignorant what it was, laughed on trust."

Some one saying in his presence that a distinguished politician, whose future course on the questions that divided the two parties was a matter of no little doubt, had assured him that he would "do nothing incompatible with his antecedents," Mr. Webster replied: "Let him at least express himself in English." Mr. Webster always opposed the composite language of the present day. His own style was Doric, simple, massive, and strong.

The Whig party, tired of defeat under the lead of such statesmen as John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay, brought forward General Harrison, who had overcome a mixed army of English and Indians, and elected him. When this military hero was first proposed, in 1836, he stated, in answer to some friends who had inquired regarding the conduct of his soldiers at Tippecanoe, "that every private in his whole army, on that occasion, was a Leonidas, Epaminondas, or Horatius Cocles." In truth, the old General was much attached to these men, and to many others whom Plutarch has commemorated.

After the General's election to the presidency, and while he was in Washington preparing for his inauguration, a young gentleman fresh from one of our universities was introduced to him. "Have you ever read Plutarch's lives, my young friend?" he inquired.

So much seems to have been necessary as a preface to what follows:

Plutarch's heroes would have crowded the Inaugural Message, to the exclusion of all American, and perhaps modern characters, but for an untimely fate. Miltiades would have fought Marathon over again, the Horatii re-exterminated the Curiatii, and Quintus Curtius taken a second leap into that fatal chasm, had the old General's original purpose been carried out.

A day or two before the Message was delivered, the Secretary of State elect was seen coming out of General Harrison's residence, seemingly no little agitated. His step was unequal, and his brow seemed charged with a lowering storm.

"What is the matter with you, this morning?" inquired a friend, unexpectedly coming upon him; "you seem agitated, Mr. Webster."

"Agitated, Sir! and who would not feel agitated that had committed the crimes I have this morning?"

"Crimes, Mr. Webster!" exclaimed his friend, incredulously.

"Ay, Sir, crimes—murders most foul, and from malice aforethought, of *I know not how many Greeks and Romans!*"

Every one recollects that the Message commences in this manner: "It was the remark of a Roman consul, in an early period of that celebrated republic," etc., etc. It was said at the time that the old General, while he reluctantly assented to the exclusion of other Roman celebrities, insisted upon retaining this Roman consul—to which his Secretary finally yielded, on condition that his name were suppressed—so that Roman consul and Junius are destined to be enigmas to all ages.

But Mr. Webster entertained feelings of much respect for General Harrison. He considered him a man of great integrity, of honest intentions, and much above mediocrity in ability. A pardonable literary vanity, often accompanying the military profession, did not obscure his vision, nor prevail upon him to prefer his own opinion to the sounder judgment of his advisers. It is true, he sometimes expressed himself weakly; but seldom, if ever, did he act other than wisely.

The day after the inauguration, Mr. Webster gave a dinner to the young men of the Whigs who, by pen or otherwise, had distinguished themselves in the preceding campaign. The festivity was brilliant and well-prolonged. No one was "fou," but all had plenty.

"Now, boys," said the host, as if he thought it time for the stirrup-cup, "I will give a toast all will drink. Fill your glasses to the brim for a bumper. Are you all ready?"

"Ready!" shouted all.

"I will give you—Our glorious old chief, William Henry Harrison, President of the United States." All, of course, drank the toast with a will."

Some one, who had taken a glass too little or *too much*, rose to propose "John Tyler, Vice-President of the United States."

"Oh!" said the host, with a deprecatory motion of the hand, "we can not go beyond the climax. Some other day we will drink John Tyler!"

How little did any of that company foresee what a few days would bring forth!

The author of "Daniel Webster and his Contemporaries," has well remarked that it was impossible for any one to listen to Mr. Webster's discourses upon the Sacred Writings, or to his recitations, without believing in their inspiration or *his*. No layman, perhaps, was ever more familiar with them, or more deeply imbued with their spirit. Upon no subject was he more fond of conversing with those he admitted to his intimacy, or could speak with the same enthusiastic eloquence. The writer has often asked himself—"What could not such a man have done in the pulpit?" On ordinary occasions, he was ordinary. He required a great subject to call forth his latent powers. What other theme could so have excited him as to justify the ways of God to man? With more eloquence than Bossuet, he could have moved more than courtiers or maids of honor to tears. With a more irresistible and piquant logic than Chillingworth, he would have demolished unbelievers. With a deeper-seated enthusiasm than Whitfield, he would have called crowded cities to the highway or the wilderness, and turned them to God.

How far superior his reading of the Scriptures to the listless drawl, the imperfect pronunciation, and the mistaken emphasis so common to the pulpit of these days!

With what a deep and moving intonation he was wont to repeat Isaiah's announcement of the Messiah's coming!

"Who is this that cometh from Edom?
With garments deeply dyed from Bozrah?
This that is magnificent in his apparel;
Marching on in the greatness of his strength?
I, the announcer of righteousness, mighty to save.
Wherefore is thine apparel red?
And thy garments, as one that treadeth the wine-vat?
I have trodden the vat alone;
And of the peoples there was not a man with me.
And I trod them in mine anger;
And I trampled them in mine indignation;
And their life-blood was sprinkled upon my garments;
And I have stained all my apparel."

"The Hebrew poets," said Mr. Webster, "borrow a great deal of their imagery from common life; and to have invested familiar subjects with the greatest dignity is a commendation, I should say, peculiar to them. Homer, who has attempted the same, and not without success, still falls far below the sacred writers in boldness and sublimity. What other writer, indeed, of ancient or modern times, would have dared, or daring could have succeeded, in conveying a shadow or outline of this glorious delineation from imagery taken from the wine-press? Much of the force and beauty of the language we lose, of course, in the translation—much from our ignorance of the rules of Hebrew versification, of which, indeed, we retain only the division of the verses; but changed, emasculated as it is, where shall we look for its like?"

"I have met with men in my time," Mr. Webster said on another occasion, "accounted learned scholars—who knew Homer by heart, recited Pindar, were at home with Æschylus, and petted Horace—who could not understand Isaiah, Moses, or the Royal Poet. Why is this? Why in cultivating profane poetry, should they neglect sacred—so far superior in original force, sublimity, and truth to nature?

"Moses, like Homer, had antecedent poets. We perceive in the productions of both a certain maturity of beauty and strength, not wholly theirs, but the aggregate energies of their own and preceding minds. Indeed the writings of Moses have direct reference to, even where they do not purport to be extracted from, the works of others; for instance, to the poem of the Moabites on the victories of their king, the prophetic blessing of Jacob, the address of Lamech to his wives, the execration of Noah upon Ham. These, for many reasons unnecessary now to be mentioned, were doubtless extant before the time of Moses, in the form of traditions which constituted in those days the sole literature of the people, and were subsequently collected by him and reduced to writing as a more certain means of preservation than memory. And many times he seems to have adopted in his code popular proverbs, the accumulated wisdom of centuries expressed in a sententious, compact, metrical form, and therefore more impressive and better preserved.

"From the time that at my mother's feet or on my father's knees I first learned to lisp verses from the Sacred Writings, they have been my daily study and vigilant contemplation. If there be any thing in my style or thoughts worthy to be commended, the credit is due to my kind parents in instilling into my early mind a love for the Scriptures. My father had a sonorous voice, an untaught yet correct ear, and a keen perception of all that was beautiful or sublime in thought. How often after the labors of the day, before twilight had deepened into obscurity, would he read to me his favorite portions of the Bible, the Book of Job, the Prayer of Habbakkuk, and extracts from Isaiah! It was doubtless his impressive manner on such occasions, his suffused eye, his broken voice, and reverential intonation, that gave me a taste for the inspired authors, and preserved me from that danger of neglect into which our early familiarity with these books—a familiarity in the mean time rather with the sound of the words than with their sense and beauties—too often threatens to precipitate us.

"The Book of Job is a complete epic, only instead of wars and combatants we have argument and orators. Its action is entire and complete, as the unity of the epic demands; or, as Aristotle expresses it, it has a beginning, mid-

dle, and end. The professed subject of the Iliad is the anger of Achilles, which sent to Hades the souls of many heroes untimely slain. The Greeks, throughout the whole duration of this anger, are every where routed, and at one time even driven to their ships, which they barely save from conflagration. But when a full reconciliation has been effected between him and Agamemnon, he rushes again to the field, victory ensues, and the poem concludes. Some critics have, indeed, objected to the completeness of this epic that the unity or connecting principle is sometimes lost sight of by the author; for throughout many of the books of the poem Achilles does not appear at all, being idle in his tent, removed from our sight and sympathies, while we are wholly engrossed in the changing fortunes of the two armies.

"Now the subject of the Book of Job is the fate of a good man eminent for his piety and integrity, abounding in riches and reputation, suddenly precipitated into the lowest depth of misery. This the Greek poets have told us is what the gods themselves contemplate with the greatest admiration, the spectacle of a good man struggling with adversity, and still preserving his manhood untainted. Though deprived of his immense possessions, bereaved of his children, and afflicted with the most loathsome disease; in the midst of his bodily and mental anguish, Job utters no complaint, breaks into no vain repinings, but bows his head submissively to the Divine will. In the expressive language of the historian, 'In all this, Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly.'

"The middle of this epic, corresponding with that portion of the Iliad which describes the various contests between the Greeks and Trojans, is the sustained and at times irate controversy between Job and his friends—perhaps the greatest visitation of Providence upon him. It is carried on with vehemence on either side, characterized always by ability, and occasionally rising to sublimity. With what expressive figures Job paints the condition of the wicked:

"Knowest thou not this of old, since man was placed upon earth,
That the triumph of the wicked was short, the joy of the hypocrite fleeting?
Though his greatness mount to the heavens, and his head reach the clouds,
Yet shall he perish forever: He shall fly away as a dream
And not be found; yea, he shall be chased away, as a vision of the night.
The eye also which saw him shall see him no more;
And they which have seen him shall say, Where is he?
He shall suck the poison of asps: the viper's tongue shall slay him:
In the fullness of his sufficiency he shall be in straits:
Every hand shall come upon him to his wounding:
He shall flee from the iron weapon, the bow of steel shall strike him through;
All darkness shall be hid in his secret places:
A fire not blown shall consume him throughout:
The heavens shall reveal his iniquity, and the earth rise up against him.
The increase of his house shall depart; his goods flow away:
His light shall be put out; the light shall be dark in his tabernacle,
The steps of his strength shall be straitened,
And his own counsel shall cast him down;
For he is cast into a net by his own feet: He walketh upon a snare,
Terrors shall frighten him on every side; the robber prevail against him,
Brimstone shall be scattered upon his habitations:
His remembrance shall perish from the earth; he shall have no name in the streets:
He shall be driven from light into darkness: They that come after him
Shall be astonished at his day: He shall drink of the wrath of the Almighty."

"With what beautiful and attractive imagery, too, he brings before us his past life! What an authority he shows us to have possessed before his people!

"If I came out to the gate, nigh to the place of public resort,
If I took up my seat in the street,
The young men saw me, and they hid themselves;
Nay, the very old men rose up and stood.
The princes refrained talking,
Nay, they laid their hands upon their mouths.
The nobles held their peace,
And their tongue cleaved to the roof of their mouth."

"As this man accounted so holy, of such stainless integrity, went through the public streets, the old men not only rose, but stood till he had passed beyond their recognition; an undertaking to them in decrepitude and weakness of no little labor. But such, in this golden age of patriarchal simplicity, was the reverence paid to him who feared God and eschewed evil!

"And in what book or in what tongue shall we find a more graphic and vivid description than this of the war-horse?

"For eagerness and fury he devoureth the very ground,
He believeth it not when he heareth the trumpet.
When the trumpet soundeth, he saith, Ha, ha!
Yea, he scenteth the battle from afar,
The thunder of the captains and the shouting."

"'He believeth it not when he heareth the trumpet!' That is, the confirmation of his wishes is so far beyond his even most sanguine expectations, that he dare not trust to his senses! He doubted more than he hoped, and still fears to believe. The clangor of the trumpets is his life; the thunder of the captains and the shouting the breath of his nostrils. He paweth the ground in his impatience, he scattereth the foam from his face, and champeth the bit with his teeth. His neck is clothed with thunder, and the earth trembles with the sound of his steps.

"Isaiah may be occasionally more sublime, and David superior in tenderness and in variety of style; but the author of Job, in force and fidelity of description, is unrivaled. The dignity of his imagery, also, and his elevated diction, are worthy of his theme.

"These beautiful descriptions, and many others that I might bring forward, serve, in the light of episodes, to illustrate or relieve the main action of the Epic—as, in the Iliad, the parting of Hector and Andromache, or the appearance of Helen before the old generals on the walls of Troy, who, though they look upon her

as the cause of all their troubles, can not suppress their admiration of her beauties. Such diversify and embellish the narrative, and soften the catastrophe.

"Job is not represented so faultless as to be beyond the reach of our sympathies. The author, whoever he was, had too much art for this. Though approaching so near to the perfection of virtue, this man of Uz had no little alloy of human infirmity. He had endured without repining the loss of wealth and children, as well as the agony of disease; but his last infliction—the visit and pretended condolence of malignant censors in the guise of friends—finally irritated him into certain intemperate attestations of innocence, and vehement, though indirect, murmurs against the Divine will. These, however, may be attributed to a sudden passion, arising from pertinacious and ingenious malice, and are not to be considered as belonging to settled character. They prove him, in fine, to have been a man possessed of integrity, but too conscious of it—a devout man, but rather presumptuous from that fact—a man visited by almost every complication of misery, both bodily and mental, and, under its overpowering pressure, temporarily hurried beyond the limits of finite endurance. He is patient and long-enduring, but yet remote from that insensibility to misfortune which the Stoics vainly affected.

"His submission—sincere, unreserved, and final—to the will of God, and his subsequent restoration to greater wealth and happiness, concludes the epic. Its design is to teach men the superior wisdom of the Almighty; that having in due consideration the weakness and corruption of our common nature, and looking up to the infinite wisdom and purity of God, we should abandon all reliance upon our own unaided strength, and implicitly adopt His decrees as the guiding and sole rules of our life.

"Oftentimes, in Hebrew poetry, I have noticed that the author, in the unrestrained vehemence of his passion, is led, as if insensibly, from the relation of an event into an imitation or representation of it; while at other times the dialogue form is too apparent for misconstruction. This," Mr. Webster said, "was evidently the case in the celebrated passage in Isaiah, in which the Messiah, hastening to vengeance, is introduced conversing with a chorus, as in a Greek tragedy:

"Chorus. 'Who is this that cometh from Edom?' etc.
"Messiah. 'I, the announcer of righteousness, mighty to save.'

And some contend the Greeks borrowed the chorus from the Hebrews.

"I read often, and always with increased pleasure," said Mr. Webster, "the prayer of Habbakkuk, as it is called. It may properly be denominated an ode, and has been accounted one of the best specimens of its class. He has been considered an imitator of former poets, and perhaps with justice; but this may be said of him, he has borrowed nothing which he has not improved. The design may have been another's—the execution is his own.

"God came from Teman,
The Holy One from Mount Paran.
His glory covered the heavens,
The earth was full of his praise.
Before him rushed the pestilence,
And burning coals went forth at his feet.

"He stood and measured the earth;
He beheld, and drove asunder the nations.
The everlasting mountains are scattered,
The perpetual hills did bow their heads.
I saw the tents of Cushan in affliction:
The curtains of the land of Midian trembled.

"The mountains saw thee and trembled:
The overflowing of the water passed by.
The deep uttered his voice,
And lifted up his hands on high.
The sun and moon stood still in their habitations,
At the light of thy arrows they went, at the shining of thy glittering spear."

"The Hebrew poets have this advantage, that in the awful dignity of their subject they not only immeasurably surpass all other authors, but go beyond the confines of human genius. They celebrate the praises and the power of the Holy One under the influence of direct inspiration, and thus become the organs through which His greatness, and justice, and immensity reach our apprehensions.

"And what," continued Mr. Webster, "can be more beautiful, more expressive than the closing lines of this ode?

"Although the fig-tree shall not blossom,
Neither shall fruit be in the vines:
The labor of the olive shall fail,
And the fields shall yield no meat;
The flock shall be cut off from the fold,
And there shall be no herd in the stalls:
Yet I will rejoice in the Lord,
I will joy in the God of my salvation."

Here is a regular alternation and correspondence of parts, so different from the style and tone of prose. The cadence of the sentiment and the arrangement of the words are wholly poetical. Without doubt, they were composed originally in verse, or some kind of measured numbers; but having lost the ancient pronunciation of the Hebrew language, we can not ascertain satisfactorily the nature of Hebrew verse.

"'The labor of the olive'—what an energetic simile! As if the olive, of its own accord, supplied or withheld its fruit; as if it had volition and powers inherent in itself. 'The fields shall yield no meat!' how much more forcible and poetic than if he had said, 'The fields shall yield no produce, no crop, or return.'

"The whole ode or 'prayer,' indeed, is full of vivid images, embellishing and strengthening the earnest ideas they illustrate."

HOW NELLIE LEE WAS PAWNED.

HAVE you ever pawned a watch? Don't start, reader. I know you are highly respectable, that you have a house in Gramercy Park, and a balance of several thousands at the Merchant's Bank, nevertheless you may have been placed in circumstances which rendered it necessary for you to pawn your watch. I

have known men as rich and eminent as you, sneak into a temple of barter where three golden balls shone conspicuous, and under the name of John Jones deposit certain articles of jewelry as security for certain trifling sums of money.

I was once walking in the Strand, in London, with a young cornet of hussars, the son of a wealthy nobleman, and the most expensive man in his regiment. Suddenly, as we were passing the residence of an industrious Jew, who availed himself of spare capital to furnish loans to friends in distress, my friend the cornet, who, of course, was in mufti, said, hastily, "Pray excuse me for a moment!" and immediately bolted into the pawnbroker's in broad daylight, leaving me transfixed with astonishment and some shame. In a few minutes he came jauntily out, with a smiling countenance, minus an elaborate Albert chain that had been festooned across his waistcoat.

"What, in the name of Heaven, have you been doing?" I cried.

"Merely spouting my ticker," he said, loud enough for all the passers-by to hear.

I confess I looked indignantly at him.

"Pooh! don't mind it," he continued, taking my arm, "it's nothing. I took a fancy just now to go to Greenwich and have a blow out there; white-bait, a bottle of Lafitte, and all that sort of thing. I wanted you to come, but I recollected that I had only a couple of sovereigns in my purse. Cabby will cost nearly that, you know. So as I didn't know how you were off for tin either, I just stepped in and popped my watch and chain. Got seven pounds on them. About enough to do the thing comfortably with. I shall send my valet in the morning to take them out. Here, cab!"

And hailing a Hansom that was drifting down the Strand in search of a fare, we jumped in and drove down to Greenwich, where we ate one of those elaborately compound repasts known as white-bait dinners, for the reason that the white-bait forms the least portion of them.

I have known a clergyman pawn a diamond breast-pin on a rainy day, in order to raise enough of money to pay his cab fare. I have known a lot of literary Bohemians, in London and Paris, sup off an evening coat, or a Spanish mantle. I once pawned two Dresden china shepherdesses, and a vase of the same material, that ornamented my mantle-piece, in order to raise the money to buy the paper on which I wrote an article for *Blackwood's Magazine* that brought me in fifty pounds. I have been acquainted with the descendants of the Medici in London, Paris, Vienna, and now I am going to tell you the results of my acquaintanceship with them in New York.

I don't share in the popular dislike and contempt for pawnbrokers. I look upon the pawnbroker as a most useful institution. He charges a high rate of interest, to be sure; but then look at the pettiness of the sums he will lend. He is accommodating, I may say universal, in his charities. Nothing comes amiss to him. He will disburse on the security of a ring worth a thousand dollars, or a pair of boots worth a dollar and a half. Nothing is too small for him; but no matter how valuable the article is, he can not be induced to lend above a certain sum upon it. This is simply his caution. The article may be stolen, or come by in some improper manner, when, of course, he would have to give it up. He simply protects himself.

I have known amiable pawnbrokers; men who wept over the misfortunes of their depositors. Who, if one came too frequently to them with small articles, would sigh heavily, and declare that it was really dreadful to see a gentleman reduced to this state. Men who absolutely, on some occasions, lent money without adequate security! Think of that, worldlings and fast young men, who abuse Moses because he closed on your watches and rings when you did not redeem them at the appointed time. Think of it, I say! I have known a pawnbroker lend money without security.

But to my story.

There is a certain side street running across Broadway which I will, with your permission, call Chicory Street. Chicory Street is not its name, but as I am about to relate some private matters in connection with it, it would not be either delicate or judicious if I were to be too geographically correct.

In Chicory Street resides a gentleman named Lazarus Levi, Esq., whose spacious old-fashioned house is the repository of various articles of property belonging to numberless enlightened but distressed citizens of the United States. The lower story of Mr. Levi's dwelling is fitted up with a glass front, very dingy and dusty, so that the several articles exposed to view in the window are but dimly seen. There are flutes, with tarnished keys, that have lain silent for years. The dust lies thick on the *embouchure* of each; for the lips that blew there the graduated air have shrunk into mere skin long ago, and the agile fingers that ran over the holes are now loose bones, that lie here and there, never to hang together on earth again.

There are opera-glasses, too; opera-glasses of every mode. From the antique species that our grandmothers used—a single tube, short and fat, which was intended to be pulled out like a telescope, but which never would pull out until the opera was over, and only blackened the white gloves in which the attempt was made—down to the large and imposing modern *lorgnette* with its double tubes, and its complicated interior, and little windlass in the centre that winds it out into a telescope, or flattens it up into a pair of spectacles. How pregnant a lesson lies in these opera-glasses in the pawnbroker's window! What stories of dissipation, of fleeting wealth, of ruined elegance they tell! Don't you see the broken-down dandy, seedy, but not yet all corrupted, darting at dusk of eve into the dingy shop, and with faintly flushing cheek, producing the remnant of his better

days? And can't you trace him after that to the bar-room under ground, where, amidst actors, and authors, and loafers, he purchases a few moments' excitement with the few shillings that but half an hour since he bought with shame?

You can see all sorts of things in Mr. Levi's window. California diamonds; real diamonds, very rare; banjos, relics of disappointed minstrels; guns, suggestive of sporting Englishmen hard up; silver tea-pots, now black and uncheerful, hinting at terrible domestic distresses in some poor fellow's home, and making you see the thin wife stealing out at night to raise money on the family valuables to feed the children.

The interior of the shop is devoted to dry goods. The details, however, can be but dimly made out, owing to the extremely dubious light that pervades the store. Even in the broad daylight a judicious twilight exists in Mr. Levi's. What the French call a *demi jour*, is much effected by lovers and gentlemen who spout their watches. Through this mysterious atmosphere one can feebly distinguish rows of shelves packed tightly with dark bundles of wearing apparel, and Biddy's gown and Patrick's Sunday coat lie there together until next month's wages come to separate them.

Mr. Levi is my friend. I have occasionally mercantile transactions with him; for I am a literary man, and it sometimes happens that I find myself the slave of a sudden necessity for five dollars. On those occasions I travel round my room, as M. Xavier de Maistre may be supposed to have done, in search of some appropriate token of esteem, which I may convey to Mr. Levi, in order to induce him to advance the required sum. In this choice it is necessary to exercise discrimination. For instance, I know that it will never do to present my stamped velvet waistcoat three times running. And that if I were to take my little French clock to Mr. Levi too frequently, the article would pall upon him, and my credit be impaired. Variety is necessary to persons of Mr. Levi's position. Continual partridge destroys their appetite. They are epicures, and must be fed with novelties.

Accordingly one day, having need of the traditional five dollars to meet the expenses of a forthcoming literary *soiree* at my rooms, I, after some deliberation, determined to present my Indian chess-board to Mr. Levi, as a token of my affection, and work upon his feelings so far as to induce him to present me with the longed-for V. The chess-board was ivory inlaid. The men were delightfully Oriental, being carved all over, even to the tips of their noses, and altogether I had great faith in the article, as it had never before been under Mr. Levi's charge.

I waited until evening. It was a lovely evening for pawning. A thick fog, damp and threatening rain, hung over the streets, so that there were but few passengers abroad. Chicory Street was almost deserted.

I rang at Mr. Levi's private door. It was a privilege I had earned, both by the constancy of my friendship, and the usually valuable nature of my presents. A delightful Hebrew serving-girl, with a nose massive as Egyptian architecture, opened the door, and admitted me to Mr. Levi's private parlor. In a few moments that estimable gentleman entered.

"Ah! Mister Papillote," he said, holding out his hand, "how do you do? Come again, eh? Well, what is it this evening?"

"A little matter I want you to arrange for me," I replied, unrolling my silk handkerchief from the chess-board. "I want five dollars on this for a few days."

"Hum! On my word, Mr. Papillote, I'm sorry to see a gentleman like you coming here so often. It's really too bad."

Levi, as I said before, took an interest in me, and sometimes talked to me like a father.

"My good Levi," I answered, laughingly, "don't take any serious trouble on my account. I'm all right. You know the best of us will get into difficulties occasionally. By-the-way, would you like to go to the opera to-morrow night?"

The Jew's eyes glistened. They love music those Jews.

"Have you got tickets?"

"Here are two. Can you let me have the money?"

"Well, really, Mister Papillotte, chess is not a valuable property just at present. It comes hard on the intellect, Sir."

"But that is an Indian chess-board. It belonged to the Rajah of Gundarcool, and was taken from the royal table by an uncle of mine in the Albicore fencibles, who was at the siege of Gundarcool. It is a historical chess-board, Mr. Levi. Do you play chess?"

"Not exactly, Sir. But I came very near learning it once."

"You know that the pawn is inseparably connected with the game, I suppose?"

"I have heard something of the kind, Sir."

"Completely in your line of business, you see."

Mr. Levi stared. My joke was completely lost upon him. It was a very mild joke, certainly; but then, could better have been expected from a man who was begging for five dollars?

"I'm sorry you don't play," I hastened to continue, covering my jocular failure with some other remark. "I should like to have a game with you. That chess-board, I assure you, is worth thirty dollars, if it is worth a penny. Think of the associations."

Heaven forgive me, but the Rajah was a creation of the moment. I had been made a present of the chess-board by a sailor who had voyaged to Calcutta; but one must be a little deceitful now and then in this wicked world.

"Well, I'll let you have the money," said Mr. Levi, "though we're rather short to-day. A great deal of business doing just now, Mr. Papillote;" and, laying the Rajah's property on

the table, he disappeared into the office to make out the duplicate.

"A great deal of business doing!" That meant, when translated, a great deal of misery wandering about the streets; a great many homes gloomy for want of petty sums of money; a great many mechanics without Sunday clothes; a great many poor students moaning over their valuable books, sacrificed to keeping life enough in them to read those that were left; a great many drunkards, craving for their accustomed poison, and getting it at the cost of necessities; a great many mothers shivering in blanketless beds that the little one might not starve. This was the terrible kind of business that was doing!

I was reflecting on all this when I heard the parlor door open, and a light step fell softly on the carpet. Thinking it was Levi returning with the money, I did not raise my head. Presently a voice—ah, how unlike Levi's buttery Jewish accents!—startled me from my reverie.

"I can play at chess," it said, very softly.

I looked up, suddenly. A little fairy creature, about sixteen years old, with long fair hair, and large, beautiful blue eyes, stood just within the door staring at me, like some timid bird at him who wanders in lonely woods, half-fearing to approach, yet longing to come nearer.

"And who on earth are you?" I asked, abruptly; and as I spoke I saw at a glance that the blood of the children of Israel did not run in her clear, blue veins.

"I'm Nellie Lee, Sir," replied the apparition, "and I'm in pawn."

"In what?" I exclaimed, under the impression that I must have been deceived in the absurd statement I had just heard.

"In pawn, Sir," she repeated, as simply as if she was saying that she was in bed.

"And who put you into pawn, in the name of all the Medicis, may I ask?" I said, scarcely able to keep my countenance.

"Father pawned me for money to buy paints," answered this extraordinary deposit; "and I'm *so* lonesome—oh! you can't think!"

"What is your respectable parent, may I inquire?"

"He's an artist, Sir, and he has just got an order, Sir, and he wanted money for the canvas and the paints to finish the picture. He paints beautiful pictures; indeed he does!"

She seemed so very anxious about my not doubting her father's ability that I smiled a sort of assent, as if I were perfectly convinced of his rare talent, and was intimately acquainted with the merit of every one of his productions.

"Where do they keep you?" I asked, half-jestingly, for the whole affair seemed so like a vaudeville, that I expected every moment to hear some unseen audience applauding the performance. "Do they put you in the safe with the jewelry, or lay you on the shelves with gown and coats?"

"No, Sir, I live up stairs with Mr. Levi. Father will come, though, in a few days, with the money and redeem me."

All this as seriously as if it was the commonest thing in the world for distressed fathers to pawn their children, and keep the duplicates in their waistcoat pockets.

"Have you ever been in pawn before, Miss Nellie Lee?"

"Oh, yes, Sir. Father painted the 'Seven Sleepers of Ephesus' with what he got on me, last fall."

This was really more than I could stand. I lay back on the old hair-bottomed sofa and roared with laughter. The deposit stood before me with a grave and patient demeanor, neither surprised at my merriment nor apparently thinking that there was any thing at all singular in her position.

"You say that you play chess," I said, at last checking my merriment by a great effort, out of respect for the fair face and beautiful eyes that I saw before me. "Would you like to play a game?"

"Oh, yes!" answered the deposit, "I should like it very much. You can't think—"

We sat down to play chess. I don't know how long we were at it; but this I know, that if the entrance of Mr. Levi had not disturbed us, it would have continued probably to the present day. There was a first move. Then a long conversation. Then a pause, during which the blue eyes seemed to be intently studying the board, and mine *were* intently studying the blue eyes. Then another move. Then more conversation, until at last the rival forces on the Rajah's ivory battle-field got into such a state of confusion that I believe Herr Harwitz would have become a lunatic at the first glance he cast upon them.

As for me, I thought of nothing but the simple, beautiful young creature who sat opposite to me, and, in spite of myself, visions of such a being moving about my lonely chambers, making the gloom gay, and causing the bachelor's barren life to burgeon and bloom like the dry rod of the high priest.

In the midst of all this in came Mr. Levi with my five dollars and the duplicate for the chess-board. He seemed rather astonished at the quiet intimacy which had been so suddenly established between myself and his deposit.

"Mr. Levi," said I to him, "I had no idea that you lent money on this species of personal security. I have a rich old uncle, who won't die and leave me my share of his property, that I would be very glad to raise something on. How much will you give me on him? He's in an excellent state of preservation, and has served in the last war!"

"Oh!" he replied, laughing, without paying any attention to my proposed avuncular exchange, "Nellie Lee is a capital girl, and it's sometimes as well that she should be away from her father. He—" and here he made an expressive pantomime suggestive of rum. I looked at Nellie. Her large eyes were filling with tears.

"Don't be angry with me, Nellie," continued

the pawnbroker, kindly. "You know that he has very bad habits or you would not be here. My wife is very fond of her, Mr. Papillote, and for that matter her father adores her, and as he never will finish any of his pictures without the spur of some terrible necessity, we contrive to get him to put Nellie in what he calls pawn, and then he is sure to work to get the money to redeem her. Nellie, child, don't cry."

I went up to the poor child, and took her hand gently in my own.

"Nellie Lee," I said, "you love your father very much."

She nodded her head, and shook off a tear or two that fell upon my hand.

"It is but right you should do so. But you are in a strange position here. Your father is not fit to be your guardian, and you will not always meet with pawnbrokers as kind as Mr. Levi. Now what you ought to do is to intrust yourself to the care of some man who is young and strong, and who, with your fair face and good influence to stimulate him, will work for you day and night, and love you as dearly as ever your father did."

She shook her head gently, and still the tears fell.

"You think such an one can not be found. You are wrong. If you could bring yourself to accept his protection; if you could persuade yourself that a love suddenly born can be as vigorous and lasting as one that takes years to mature, you never would repent of it; I swear it!"

"And where is there such an one?" demanded Levi, with a mingled incredulity and curiosity twinkling in his black Jewish eyes.

"Here!" I answered. "I want but such an object as this to become industrious. I have abilities, if I turn them to account, of that I am convinced; and, after all, if the worst should come, nothing under heaven can keep me from inheriting a portion of my uncle's estate. If Nellie Lee will take me for her husband, I call God to witness that I will cherish and love her until death."

The little head shook no longer, and I felt a slight pressure from the small hand in mine. It may have been a tremor, however.

"Her father would never consent," said Levi, reflectively.

"Never," echoed Nellie, in a low murmur; "he loves me so."

I could have said, "What love is this that puts its idol into a pawnbroker's shop?" but I dared not insult the pure heart beside me, and I remained silent. There was a long pause. No one seemed to know what to say, and Nellie's hand still remained in mine. Then we all heard a sudden, violent ring at the hall-door bell. Levi started and left the room, and still Nellie and I remained silent. But involuntarily I drew her closer to my side; my arm stole gently round her small waist. I felt the throbbing of her little heart, and then our lips met. The compact, I knew, was sealed.

In a few seconds Levi re-entered, pale and agitated. He stopped on the threshold when he saw us locked in the embrace, and, leaning against the edge of the door, he said,

"I am glad of it. She has no guardian now but you."

"My father!" and with a shriek Nellie slipped from my clasp, and fled toward the Jew.

"Poor child!" he said, laying his hand reverently on her head, as if misfortune had rendered her sacred; "it is so. He has left you alone."

There was a wild burst of grief in that dingy pawnbroking parlor, and poor little Nellie Lee sobbed, and fluttered like a bird vainly beating against the iron wires of its cage. The old artist was dead; the wretched man, unable to resist temptation, had expended the money he obtained from Levi in drink, and was found by the police in Washington Park stretched dead on one of the walks. He had killed himself with rum.

For many hours my poor child was distracted with her sorrow; and good Mrs. Levi came down stairs, adorned with unredeemed jewelry, and the black-eyed, thick-lipped Miss Esther, her daughter, was also there, smelling of patchouli, and Levi himself was continually coming in and out of the shop with bottles of Cologne for the child's temples, and vinaigrettes to hold to her nose. They were all so kind and so gentle to my little Nellie in this her great sorrow, that I made a vow on the spot never to speak ill of a pawnbroker again as long as I lived.

But in time the tempest wore itself away. Nellie came at last to listen to the few words of consolation I cared to utter; for I am an unbeliever in verbal anodynes; and late that evening I might have been seen sitting on the old hair-bottomed sofa with a fair, round face somewhat flushed with weeping, nestling on my bosom, while Mr. Levi and Miss Esther sat round the fire and occasionally turned round to admire us.

Need I go much further? Need I describe the quiet wedding at St. Thomas's, where I vowed to be a true husband to Nellie Lee? It would not interest you very much; for there were no orange-blossoms or bridesmaids, and no reception and German cotillion afterward.

But I may as well inform you that all I predicted has come to pass. I am now industrious and independent. Nellie is the dearest wife that ever wore a ring; and when I visit Mr. Levi, which I do often, for old friendship's sake, I walk boldly into his house, and have no pecuniary object in so doing.

On an inlaid table in my drawing-room stands an ivory chess-board. It belonged to the Rajah of Gundarcool, and was taken from the royal table by a relative of mine in the Albicore Fencibles, after the siege of that place. In short, it is the very identical chess-board which led to my finding Nellie Lee in pawn.

HOW WE SPEND OUR MONEY.

WE Americans are the best makers of money and the worst spenders of it in the world. We are like the slaves in the diamond-mines of Brazil, who toil and sweat and grub in the dirt in search of the riches they are destined never to enjoy. At each turn of the spade or the pick diamonds may be thrown up, but their splendor never glitters in the eye of the wretched bondsman. He goes on digging, and adding to the heap of the rude, unpolished stones; but as he is unskilled in the art of the lapidary, he must remain as unconscious of the brilliancy of the diamond as if it were no more than a paltry pebble. So we toil and toil to heap up riches, without ever having learned the art to give them, by proper cultivation, that effect upon which alone their value depends.

There is, however, one difference between the negro slaves of Brazil and us white slaves of America. The former are driven and kept to work by the lash of a master to whom they have been subjected by the cruelty of fate, while we, the latter, take the whip in our own hands, and applying it to our own backs, force ourselves into a self-imposed servitude, to which the slavery of the poor African is comparative freedom, and his labor comparative ease. There is a slavery in this country worse than that of Virginia or Mississippi—it is the slavery of wealth. Though the shackles be of gold, the metal enters deeper into our souls than iron.

Some one having remarked, in the hearing of Lord Erskine, that a certain Smith, Brown, or Jones, of London, had died worth a million of pounds, his Lordship, in his usual quiet, satirical way, remarked, "What a handsome sum to begin the next world with." Our merchants would seem to be toiling, and adding hundreds to hundreds of thousands, in order to start business in the next world with a suitable capital. It might really be supposed that they thought paradise—if they ever raise their eyes upward and think of paradise at all—was another Wall Street, where the chief employment was shaving notes, and the highest delight getting fifteen per cent. for their money. They, however, as they must, some time or other, take their departure for the next world—but whether their future locality will be paradise or its antipodes it may not be, perhaps, polite, whatever may be our private opinion, to say just now—will find that they can not carry their money-bags with them. These they must leave behind to be opened, and their glittering contents scattered, perhaps, by some spendthrift heir. Here is a picture painted by the glowing touch of the poet, in which the millionaire may recognize his own portrait, and catch a glance of the future destiny of his darling wealth:

"Here you a muck-worm of the town might see
At his dull desk, amid his ledgers stall'd,
Eat up with carking care and penury,
Most like to carcass perch'd on gallows tree.
'A penny saved is a penny got;'
Firm to this scoundrel maxim keepeth he,
Ne of his rigor will he bate a jot,
Till it has quenched his fire and banished his pot.

"Straight from the filth of this low grub, behold
Comes flutt'ring forth a gaudy spendthrift heir,
All glossy gay, enamel'd all with gold,
The silly tenant of the summer air,
In folly lost, of nothing takes he care;
Pimps, lawyers, stewards, harlots, flatt'rers vile,
And thieving tradesmen him among them share."

This picture is conjured up for the benefit of the money-grubber, which he is supposed to contemplate from that unmentionable place where the poet, with true poetical justice, has put him without any regard to mercy:

"His father's ghost from limbo lake, the while
Sees this, which more damnation doth upon him pile."

In the masquerade reign of Louis the Fifteenth, when the King put on the cap and bells, playing the fool, and ministers of the state and the priests of religion, decked in parti-colored robes, exhibited themselves as buffoons, there was a revel got up for the amusement of the people. A large procession passed through the streets of Paris. All that profuse expenditure could supply and ingenious art contrive to give effect to the occasion, were prodigally bestowed to heighten the splendor of the show. Among other ingenious devices to give an additional sparkle to the scene, there was a living child covered with gilt, whose part was to act the innocent cherub in the procession. The people, always tickled with a novelty, were in raptures at the sight of the golden child, at each natural movement of which, its brilliant covering glittered in their gaping eyes. The getters-up of the device were delighted at its success. The King and his courtiers congratulated themselves upon the result of their effort to amuse the French people, which seemed the great purpose of Louis the Fifteenth's reign. The voluptuous tyrant was happy for a moment in the thought that his subjects were diverted from their miseries and his own royal excesses, which were the cause of them, by the triumphant plaything with which the people's folly had been gratified.

That which, however, was so charming to the looker-on, was death to the poor little actor. The golden cherub, which at first gamboled in the lively innocence of childhood, and glittered so brightly in the eyes of the delighted populace, soon ceased to play its part in the show of the day. The golden child fell exhausted from his tinsel throne, and was borne away a corpse. He had died smothered in gold. The rich man thus covers his heart with gold upon gold, until it is finally smothered under the weight of the metal. All the affections and better impulses of the greedy seeker after wealth are so oppressed by the weight of his abundance, that they can find no issue, and his soul dies like the little child, whose covering of gold prevented that transpiration essential to life.

It was but the other day a man of millions died. His was a career of unbounded success in the pursuit of wealth, which was his only object in life. Nothing did he care for the claims of humanity Man, to him, was not a

brother with a heart on which to bestow his sympathy, but a mere tradesman, with a pocket into which he was ever longing to thrust his greedy fingers. Without humanity, without tastes, and without even desires beyond his hunger for gold, the wretch, wallowing deeper and deeper in the lust for gain, finally sunk so deep, that his mind was completely overwhelmed and drowned forever in the flood of his own wealth. As he grew older and became richer his reason gradually left him, and this man, so cunning in the skill of money-getting, became a driveling idiot. His madness took a form not unusual in such cases. He fancied, in the very midst of his enormous wealth, that he was poor, and so poor that he could not afford either to satisfy his hunger or clothe his body. Under this delusion the miserable wretch refused to eat a morsel or to clothe his nakedness with a single rag. His friends interposed, and, reminding him of his riches, told him he might robe himself in purple and gold, and feed upon the most luxurious viands. It was, however, all in vain. He pushed away the proffered food, tore off the shirt from his back, and, insisting upon his poverty, died of hunger and of cold while surrounded not only by plenty but the superfluity of riches.

Our rich men are, however, not all like the one described. Many of them are fond enough of spending their money, but seem ignorant how to do it. That their expenditure is sufficiently profuse, is proved by the expensive splendor of city life. No private residences in the world are more costly than what are termed, and without exaggeration, our Fifth Avenue palaces. Nothing can be more gorgeous than the fresco-paintings, the silken hangings, the carved ebony and rosewood of the furniture, unless perhaps the showy adornments of the hotels and steamboats, in which that most luxurious of all sovereigns—the sovereign people of these United States—take their ease. But this profusion of ornament and gorgeousness of display are mere indications of wealth—the labels on the money-bags—which may administer to the pride of the possessor, but can neither heighten the happiness nor improve the taste and heart of those who revel in this wanton prodigality of riches. That the accumulation of wealth is a necessary condition of the great commercial enterprise and success of this country, can not be questioned. It therefore behooves the favorites of fortune to learn not only how to increase their store—in which they require probably no lessons, and if they did, the writer could not pretend to teach them—but to study the means by which their wealth may not only be a source of happiness to themselves but a benefit to mankind.

Our rich men are too apt to think that all they have to do is to make as much money as they can, and to give evidence of their success by the widest display of their wealth. It is told of a wealthy banker of London, that he had hung up in his drawing-room a Bank of England note to the amount of some millions of dollars. When we enter the mansions of the rich in this country, and look upon the costly exhibitions of the wealth of their possessors, in which there is no proof of taste, or even a suggestion of utility, we fancy that we behold the floors spread and the walls hung with bank-notes. We are satisfied at once that we are in the house of a rich man, and equally satisfied of his vulgarity.

Commerce and trade are not essentially combined with the vulgar display of wealth. In the flourishing times of Venice, Genoa, and Florence—in the days when the merchants were truly merchant princes, learning and taste were found in friendly communion with wealth, and sharing liberally in its bounties. Then arose the family of the Medicis, who were not only busy merchants, but scholars, refined gentlemen, and statesmen. When will there be found in our commercial capitals a Cosmo de Medici, whose boundless riches, accumulated by his own industry, were so generously expended during his life for the benefit of his fellow-citizens, that on his death their gratitude inscribed on his tomb, "Father of his country?" So, too, in more modern times commerce can point with pride to one of its successful devotees as one of the most liberal and refined cultivators of art and literature. This was Thomas Hope, who accumulated a princely fortune in London as a banker. He is, however, better known as the author of Anastasius, a work of genius which will long survive the recollection of the author's wealth. There, too, was Beckford, the author of Vathek, who though not a merchant himself, was the son of a London citizen devoted to trade, and yet Beckford could so shake off the golden shackles of commerce and free himself from the dark, restricted prison-house of the counting-room, as to rise with a bold flight into the ethereal regions of fancy and imagination. There comes up also to the memory the scholarly Roscoe, the merchant of Liverpool, whose genial tastes for literature have found so cordial and tasteful a recognition in the pages of Irving.

When will Wall Street supply the world with the rare conjunction of a banker and a poet, such as was Rogers? We might have as reasonably expected to have found in the days of Johnson and Goldsmith a bank opened on Mount Parnassus, with the former as president and the latter as cashier, and Savage and his starved fellow-poets of Grub Street as directors, with unlimited credits, as to find a temple of the Muses raising its graceful porch on a lot in Wall Street. We are not so imaginative as to picture, in our dreamiest moments, our bankers and merchants as poets. It is not, however, unreasonable to ask of our men of wealth an appreciation and a liberal encouragement of those engaged in literature, who, although their bank accounts may be small, are adding so much to the glory, and, in fact, to the real wealth of the country.

We must, however, leave the money-getters at their dull desks, for it is almost hopeless to awaken in their hearts any nobler emotions, or to arouse in them any love for aught beyond their gold. We are proud, however, to acknowledge that our country has, in such men as Grinnell, Cooper, Lawrence, and others, examples to prove that the most generous benevolence and liberal encouragement of literature and the arts can unite in friendly communion with the greatest activity and success in trade and commerce.

There is a large and growing class of men among us who have been spared the necessity of labor by being the fortunate inheritors of wealth amassed by the industry of others. Many of these, it is feared, are groveling in the mere sensuality of material enjoyment. To dress in the latest fashion, to show themselves in our gay promenades in all the gloss of the finest broadcloth, to spend the lingering morning at the billiard table, or in the dull routine of the day in the stupid indolence of the club, to dine upon the choicest viands, washed down by the costliest wines, to drive on the Avenue with a horse, the speed of which is only surpassed by their own fastness, to terminate the day at the fashionable party of the season, or to exhaust the night and their own health of body and soul in the debauchery of the hardly more prostituting nocturnal resorts of our youthful city bloods. Such is the daily life of our young men of fortune. Compare with this waste of existence the career of men of fortune abroad. Grossly sensual as is the life of many of these, there is still among the most abandoned an occasional sparkle of intellect and of better feeling, which shines out of the moral darkness that surrounds them, and shows the glimmer, however faint, of a soul within.

Take, for example, the career of the Earl of Rochester, in those days of the "merrie" monarch, who never said a foolish thing, and never did a wise one. This young nobleman, who died at the early age of thirty, was an example of one of the fastest men in the fastest age recorded in history. Worn out with the excesses of a youth wasted by dissipation, he called the good Doctor Burnet to his dying bedside, and confessed that during the last seven years of his life he had not passed a single moment of sobriety. This young lord, however, could yet so lift his soul above the flood of sensuality in which he had so deeply plunged, as to cultivate a love for poetry, and with such effect, that his verses are still read with admiration for his genius, and with pity that much that was divine should have been polluted by so much that was foul and devilish.

A little more than a hundred years ago, in the early part of the eighteenth century, Louis the Fifteenth was King of France, by the grace of God, and Madame de Pompadour ruled supreme by the might of beauty. The court at Versailles was reveling in the midst of that carnival of debauchery with which it was intoxicating itself, until king, ministers of state, and priests, lost to all shame, became a mockery and a derision to the people. There was, as yet, no thought of the future—*that* future which was to bring with it the terrible but just retribution of the French Revolution, in the havoc of which the throne was overturned, the Church desecrated, and humanity itself drowned in blood. It was in those carnival times, during the half century which preceded the French Revolution, that a young Englishman presented himself at Versailles. With a striking beauty of person, heightened by that peculiarly English freshness and clearness of complexion, and set off with all the grace of manner and self-possession supposed to be characteristic of high-breeding, the young Earl of Chesterfield found a ready welcome at the graceful court assembled at Versailles. When to personal beauty and the freshness of youth were added a natural brilliancy of wit and the finish of classical study at the English universities, it was not surprising that the young Chesterfield should have become at once the favorite of the court, and the companion of the wits and philosophers who relieved, by the sparkle of intellect, the dark cloud of sensuality which just then overshadowed France, and presaged the future storm. The Earl of Chesterfield wantoned freely in the gay voluptuousness of Versailles. He became the finished debauchee; but his early discipline as a student, although it could not preserve his heart from corruption, saved his intellect from being totally steeped in the stupidity of sensuality, and his tastes from being brutalized by its grossness. He returns to England. We now find him leading the senate, and admiring peers listening to his precepts of wisdom and his polished words of eloquence. He is at once an acknowledged ruler of the State, and we see him governing the ever-disturbed Ireland with the statesmanship of an Alcibiades. Again in England, he resumes his place in the House of Lords, where he poured forth his eloquence, of which his speeches that we still read with delight are abiding monuments. In his old age he retires to his retreat in the country, where, surrounded by all the luxury and beauty that can entice to the indulgence of voluptuous enjoyment, he yet devotes himself to the severer interests of study with the full vigor of his early youth. He now writes his charming papers for the World, and composes those letters to his son, which, in spite of old Sam. Johnson's severe denunciation, in the well-known words, "They teach the morals of a prostitute and the manners of a dancing-master," remain as models of style.

But the other day there died in Paris the dandy of our age. There are those living who have seen, in the gay cavalcade of rank and wealth which glitters daily in the parks of London, that splendid apparition of fashion, the exquisite D'Orsay. He was the observed of all observers, and the *éclat* of his bearing not only flashed in the eyes of the wonder-struck multitude, but the perfection of his toilet and the grace of his manner excited the emulation of

the aristocracy of the most aristocratic world of London fashion. There was not a fold in his cravat, a line in his well-fitting coat, or a reflection in his polished boot, which was not studied by the aspiring dandies of Belgravia. They copied, but failed to imitate, and acknowledged their unapproachable model as D'Orsay the inimitable. But even this exquisite, this best-dressed man, this pink of fashion, was not contented with the triumph of broadcloth. He had some heart for better things. He cultivated literature, and with such success, that Byron read his journal of travels with delight. He labored as an artist, and with a result so successful that he sculptured statues and painted pictures with a grace of conception and a skill of execution such as the professional statuary and painter might have envied.

We have our Rochesters in debauchery, our Chesterfields in selfishness, and our D'Orsays in dandyism; but where could we find the genius of the first, the finished literary culture and eloquence of the second, or the refined tastes and artistic skill of the last? Our young men have neither the cultivated intellect to understand the uses of, nor the refined tastes to enjoy, the wealth which blind fortune has so prodigally bestowed upon many of them. To spend money requires an education more complete than what is necessary to make it. To our rich men belongs the duty, as they possess the means, of cultivating those refined tastes to which we must look for the softening of our manners, and the elevation of our country above the groveling sensuality of mere material enjoyment. The want of a finished education, and a consequent deficiency of those sources of interest in life which come from the nobler motives of existence, are among the causes of the degraded position of our youth of fortune. With an abundance that places them above the necessity of laboring for the supply of the mere eating, drinking, and fine linen which are the sole objects of their desires, and with an ignorance which shuts out the prospect of loftier and nobler interests, they sink into a passive state of epicureanism, with which they intoxicate themselves until their minds become as besotted as their bodies.

Jonathan Jenkins is a model youth of wealth and fashion. His father was—but who cares what his father was, beyond the fact that he was enormously rich, and having died very conveniently for Jenkins Junior, left that young gentleman the sole possessor of his unlimited bank stock and countless lots of real estate? Our youthful Crœsus had become early conscious of his brilliant expectations. His respectable parent had been so busy in heaping up wealth, that he had found no time to spend it himself, or to teach his son its uses. The youth, however, caught with quick instinct a knowledge of the fact that the fortune he was to inherit would bring with it a freedom from the imprisonment of the counting-house, and a relief from what he was disposed to consider the by-no-means genteel associations of Pearl and Wall Streets. His father laid in the grave, and all recollection of his dry-goods, and his affections which were wrapped in them, being buried and forgotten, the young heir begins his career of doing nothing, and wasting his money in doing it. He sparkles as a brilliant of the first water in the eyes of fashion. Scheming mothers aim their quivers full of sharp-eyed and feather-trimmed daughters, at the very bull's-eye in the target of opulence—the rich Jenkins Junior. His tastes, however, do not run in the tranquil channel of domestic life. He prefers to satiate his youthful impulses with the luxurious banquet spread by vice and served by wantonness and pleasure, in the voluptuous forms and falling drapery of courtesans, such as in the decline of Rome poured out, at the Roman feasts, the Falernian wine into the brimming cups of the effeminate patricians of the imperial city.

He soon exhausts the pleasures of his own country, and goes abroad to revive his fatigued senses in the livelier air of Paris life. He is at once floating in the full tide of the voluptuousness of the modern Babylon. He is in raptures with France, and, beginning to be ashamed of being a republican, freely declares that the tyrant, Louis Napoleon, is the most beneficent of sovereigns, and vows that his own country would be improved by a *coup d'état*, which should result in driving President Pierce out of the White House, and turning the chair of Washington into a throne, substitute in the place of his Excellency our Chief Magistrate a crowned and sceptred monarch. We may be assured that the name of Jenkins Junior was high on the list of the Committee of the famous American ball which took place in Paris. His, doubtless, was the first voice raised to object to the admission of Dickens, who is only a man of genius; and his voice too, doubtless, was the first and loudest raised to welcome the admission of the De Mornys and other satellites of the bloody Louis, who are not men of genius, but what is loftier in the opinion of our denationalized Americans, men of bastard rank. A coronet, though it be of base metal, and its jewels either false or stolen, shines brighter in the snobbish eye of the Jenkins Juniors than the most glowing halo which surrounds the temples of genius. Paris even soon gluts our republican voluptuary. If he had a soul to appreciate the glorious monuments of the literature and art of Europe, he might never have tired of the worship of those emblems of the religion of the intellect, which, as they purify the heart of the earnest devotee, strengthen his devotion. But he never entered the Louvre except to gaze upon the throng of the gay and evanescent visitors. His eye was hardly upturned to cast even a hasty glance upon those noble works of art which will outlive many a passing crowd of gaping spectators.

Jenkins returns home a finished gourmand in all the sensual delights of the French capital, and his Parisian boots, perfected toilet, and

his traveled knowingness, spiced with the idiomatic Parisian slang, caught in the undress companionship of the *petites maitresses* of Paris, give him the air of a man of the world, which excites the admiration of Young America, and especially pleases his own self-complacency. But no sooner has the foreign aroma of the traveled Jenkins exhaled, than he sinks into his natural insignificance. Without food for his self-love, he begins to doubt, for the first time, his potency. He looks for relief to save him from ennui and total nothingness. He marries, perhaps, and without virtue to enjoy domestic life and resources to embellish it, his attention is morbidly directed upon his weakened nerves, and he becomes a querulous hypochondriac—a perpetual pain to himself and a nuisance to every body else. Or perhaps, not having acquired the art of spending money, he becomes a miser, devotes himself to the saving of it, and lives a life of money-grubbing.

There was once a poor cobbler of the East, who had the luck to draw an elephant as his prize in the lottery. Hassan was overjoyed at his success, and throwing aside his customer's sandals unmended, and putting on his best turban, mounted the elephant, and paraded his gigantic prize, with conscious pride of possession, through the streets of Bagdad. Hassan's humble friends, who had gathered "to see the elephant," raised their eyes in envious admiration to the lofty pinnacle to which the cobbler's luck had elevated him. Hassan continued his march of triumph from early dawn throughout the long day, and seemed never to tire of his glory. But as the sun began to decline behind the minarets of Bagdad, and the turbaned citizens to retire within their *cafés* to their pipes and coffee, leaving Hassan without an admiring spectator of himself and his elephant, he found that his sun was also set for the day. Night coming, Hassan was somewhat puzzled to dispose of his enormous beast. As his stall was hardly large enough for himself even when doubled up over his last, he of course could not make room for his elephant. Hassan accordingly tethered the beast in the street in front of his stall and retired himself for the night; but as the animal had not been supplied, in consequence of the poverty of his master, with its usual supper of a ton of hay or so, it passed an uneasy night, of which it gave very evident tokens in bellowing so loudly that not only Hassan but all his neighbors were kept in a state of sleepless agitation until the morning. Complaints were now laid before the authorities of Bagdad, and Hassan and his elephant were indicted as nuisances. The poor cobbler was in great despair, as he had no money to supply the fodder wherewith to appease the hunger and to quiet the vociferous complaints of his famished elephant. He would gladly have parted with the beast, and generously offered it as a gift to his neighbors. They, however, being as poor as himself and not such fools, refused the offer. Hassan's only alternative was now to kill the elephant, which he did. This for a time gave the desired relief to the neighborhood, as no more elephantine cries disturbed the quiet of the night. It was not many days, however, in the hot city of Bagdad, before the decaying carcass of the huge dead beast began to infect the whole neighborhood with an odor, in comparison with which the bellowings of the living beast would have been quite tolerable. Hassan and his dead elephant were now indicted as nuisances. The cobbler was in greater extremity than ever. He had neither the strength to remove the putrifying carcass himself, nor the money to pay others to do it. He was accordingly imprisoned, his stall seized, and he ruined forever.

Our men of fortune pride themselves upon the elephantine prizes they draw in the lottery of life, but without the capacity to use and enjoy their bulky wealth, find themselves very much in the fix of Hassan, the Bagdad cobbler, with his elephant. They become, by their folly, not only a nuisance to all about them, but a ruin to themselves.

FOSSIL REMAINS OF SCOTTISH SOCIETY.

FIFTY years ago there was a Review at Edinburgh—not a review of troops, but a quarterly periodical, full of sense and wit and logic and eloquence and learning. That *Review* was, at the time, one of the best known things in Scotland; and now that half a century has elapsed, the Edinburgh—one might almost say the Scotland—of the beginning of this century is best remembered by the *Review*. Nor is this unjust. It has exercised so wide an influence over public opinion every where—has done so much for liberal philosophy and sound doctrine in every branch of human learning—has achieved so wonderful a success, not only as regards principles, but also for the men who advocated them, that it is not unnatural it should absorb the attention of all who think of the Scottish capital half a century since. Thanks to recent works, such as Sydney Smith's Correspondence and the Life of Jeffrey, the early *Edinburgh Review* is as familiar to us as any of our own periodicals. We see fat little Jeffrey in his editorial chair pruning articles that are to change British policy; jovial Sydney Smith, the wisest wit and the wittiest sage that ever lived; immense Brougham, stalking like a giant through the field of human knowledge, and plucking the tallest flowers without exertion; learned Macintosh, virtuous Horner, exact Playfair; Allen, Leyden, Brown, Moncrieff, Cockburn, and a host of others, men of strong sense, undaunted minds, unyielding principle: all young, all poor, all frowned upon by the ruling powers, barely regarded as fit for the relations of society by respectable people, anathematized as little better than atheists by the Church; yet so wielding this quarterly weapon of theirs as not only to direct the legislation of Great Britain, but to advance the cause of humanity, justice, and popular rights in Europe, more in the

course of a quarter of a century than it had advanced in any two centuries before, to spread the fame of Edinburgh throughout the civilized world, and to conquer for themselves the highest rewards that ambition could desire or a grateful nation award. And this picture is so striking, so singular, so grand, that we seldom inquire whether there was any other worth seeing in the same place at the same time.

Yet Scotland was not all reflected in the *Review*, nor all the parts of her which it may be instructive or amusing to remember. Neither the *Edinburgh* nor Scott's novels give any picture of the real state of society in Scotland at the beginning of the century, or of the Courts of Session, with their monstrous abuses, their queer old judges, their racy anecdotes. For these we must delve into other sources, fortunate that something worth preserving can be unearthed.

Scottish society about the year 1800 appears amazing and incredible to American eyes. Until 1805, when police commissioners were elected in Edinburgh, there had never been a popular election in Scotland. There had never been a regular jury trial; the judges picked the juries, and it was not thought singular when a judge told the crown officers "to find him prisoners, and he would find law to hang them." Until 1799 colliers and salters were slaves, expressly exempted from the benefit of the habeas corpus act, as having no liberty to preserve. No free political institutions of any kind existed in the country. Members of Parliament were elected either by the Town Councils, which were self-constituted, or by a select circle of large freeholders, a majority of whom were in the pay or under the control of government. There was not in all the country a free organ of public opinion. No public meeting, except to applaud the government, was ever held. No public existed, except to be taxed.

Opponents of government could not express their views except at the risk of a sentence of fourteen years' transportation, pronounced by a corrupt judge on the finding of a judge-picked jury, on the evidence of careless or perjured spies. When the congregation of a church applied to government, on the death of their minister, to have his assistant appointed to the vacant post, a member of the cabinet replied that the simple fact of the people having expressed a wish was conclusive against the man they proposed, and another was appointed. Private dinner or supper parties were liable to be broken up by the police, on vague suspicions of treasonable discourse. Dr. Adam, the author of the Antiquities, a mild, gentle scholar, who lived in his books, risked his office of professor once or twice by reflecting on the conduct of the Tarquins of Rome, and suggesting that Brutus may have been a patriot.

About the year 1795, six or eight baker lads imbibed too freely of whisky, and ran through the streets of Edinburgh one evening singing and enjoying themselves. James Laing, one of the clerks of the Council, and the head of the police department, had them arrested, as they deserved. Next morning they were missed by their parents and employers; wind of their mishap reached their home, and Mr. Jardine, a friend of government, was persuaded to call on the authorities to intercede on their behalf. Before he had uttered a dozen words, Mr. Laing interrupted him by assuring him that he need give himself no trouble on the subject, as "they were all beyond Inchkeith by this time." In fact he had, of his own authority, sent the boys to sea; they had been shipped on board a vessel which sailed that morning at daylight.

Of course no such thing as political toleration was known. Individuals suspected of hostile views to the fierce Tory government of the day were marked. They were called Jacobins, in imitation of the Jacobin school of French revolutionaries, with whom they were charitably said to sympathize. If they were professional men, their prospect of practice was very slender; if they were traders, they were obliged to conceal their opinions under pain of losing their custom. Many of the leading men in Scotland refused to admit them to their houses, and spoke of them as though a hanging was their proper fate. That bigoted Tory, Walter Scott, urged his less responsible friends to libel them, to malign their private characters, and calumniate their public conduct; while the Great Unknown did not himself disdain to beguile his leisure moments with the composition of scurrilous pasquinades against men at least as virtuous as himself. Wilson poured forth his soul in the slimy current of the *Noctes*, half hiding his pearls under a turbid flow of filth. And other scribblers, with all the venom and none of the genius of these, spent themselves in trying to prove that a Liberal could be nothing but a scoundrel capable of the greatest crimes.

While these imputations were being cast on the Whigs, their adversaries were deserving them. The trial of Andrew M'Kinley for treason was the great event of its day. The crown mustered all its forces, spared no money, anticipated the verdict by exultations. On the side of the prisoners (there were several) were arrayed the ablest counsel in Scotland by far, though all young men—Clerk, Cranstoun, Thomson, Jeffrey, Grant, Moncrieff, Murray, and Cockburn. The Court "snorted with contempt" at the combination of learned gentlemen. The prisoners were charged with being members of an unlawful conspiracy, and administering unlawful oaths; it was perhaps a hanging matter. When the first witness was called, the usual formal question was put to him—Whether he had received any thing for giving evidence? and to the horror of the court and the by-standers he replied, without hesitation, that he had. Being asked from whom, he replied, "From that gentleman," pointing to the public prosecutor. The astounding discovery closed the case. The prisoners were set free; but so was the witness, and no inquiry was ever instituted into the matter.

It is not easy to realize such a state of things in the country of the Covenanters and of the modern Reviewers.

But Scottish society, as a whole, was a strange affair at this time. Drunkenness, habitual drunkenness, was the badge of the gentleman. When a cargo of claret—which, being not dutiable, was, with whisky, the staple beverage of the Scotch—arrived at Leith, a hogshead was sent round the city by way of advertisement, and every one was allowed to fill their jug for sixpence. Scott's Pleydell was the type of the lawyer and judge. Black bottles, with glasses and sugar, were placed on the bench, and by the close of a case the judicial noses were unusually rubicund, the judicial speech thick and confused. On the King's birth-day the city of Edinburgh gave a dinner to the people: every one who did not want to be called a Jacobin was present and drank. Most of the guests got drunk, and, according to the old fashion, broke their glass after drinking the King's health in it; so that by morning the floor was several inches deep with broken pieces of glass, on which the dead-drunk topers lay. Suppers were long the great meal for *bons vivants*. They began at nine o'clock, and lasted, with claret and whisky, till daybreak. Some of the best were given by jovial clergymen on Sunday nights. Old Scotchmen remember with emotion the broiled fowls and steaming brew of the pious and eloquent Reverend Sir Henry Moncrieff. A few famous characters were debarred from joining these entertainments by their tastes or their ailments. The genial Tory historian, Ferguson, "rioted in public over a boiled turnip;" and Dr. Black, the philosopher, died, as he had lived, with a bowl of milk on his knee, passing so gently away that not a drop was spilled when his spirit fled. But these were exceptions. The rule was deep, late potations. At dinner each draught was prefaced by sentiments such as we have still at political banquets; and woe to the youth, or even the lady, who tried to shirk either toast or sentiment.

Conversation was adapted to this sort of entertainment. In the best society swearing was usual. The parson apologized for swearing at his poor hearers, because he said they understood that sort of thing better than milder language; and a gentleman excused himself for a similar rudeness to his lady partner at whist by assuring her he fancied he was damning his wife. Many of the most eminent and really virtuous men habitually indulged in the coarsest talk.

Among the famous old ladies of the time, Mrs. Dundas, the mother of Sir David Dundas, held a conspicuous place. She was a fine old lady, of eighty or so, at the beginning of the century, and so enfeebled in body that she could not walk across a room, but with mind as strong and spirits as lively as ever. It is related of her, that on one occasion one of her granddaughters was reading to her from a newspaper a statement that a lady's character had suffered from some indiscreet remarks of the Prince of Wales. She sprang up, old as she was, and, with hand upraised, shrieked, "The dawmed villain! Does he kiss and tell?"

Another venerable dame of the same stamp was Suphy Johnson, an old maid. She was a woman of strong mind, ready wit, and free speech; eccentric in her habits to such a degree that she was suspected of being a man. She wore a man's great-coat, buttoned from the chin to the ground, a man's hat, and a pair of large coarse shoes with worsted stockings, in which attire she was a welcome guest at the best tables in Scotland. If any one in her presence made a remark which she did not approve, she would assail him fearlessly with a—"That's surely great nonsense!" though he was a stranger; and she was rarely wrong. She lived alone with a maid-servant, who had permission to go out on Sunday, and stay away all day. Miss Johnson sat at home with the door locked. When a visitor called, she conversed with him through a hole in the wall; and when she grew tired, told him to go.

Miss Trotter was another of the same social types. She also was an old maid; kept house, and that hospitably. Every fall she slew an ox, and ate it from end to end with her friends, beginning at the head; often urging a visitor to come soon to dinner, "For eh! Sir, we're terrible near the tail, noo!" It was one of the peculiarities of these venerable dames not to fear death, near as it was for them. Some of their allusions to the subject would seem irreverent now, though they serve to add a touch to the sketch of the times. Miss Trotter, for instance, once informed her friends that she had had a horrible dream: "Of all places in the world, I dreamed I was in heaven! And what d'ye think I saw there? De'il haet but thoosands upon thoosands and ten thoosands upon ten thoosands o' stark naked weans! That wad be a dreadfu' thing! for ye ken I ne'er could bide bairns a' my days!"

A contemporary of these rare old ladies was the reverend historian, Dr. Henry. He was very old, and had been failing for some time, when his friend, Sir Henry Moncrieff, received a letter from him: "Come out here directly. I have got something to do this week. I have got to die!" Sir Henry obeyed the summons, and sat with his friend and his wife, conversing cheerfully, for three days. On the last day they heard a horse's hoofs coming toward the door. Looking out, Mrs. Henry recognized a minister of the neighborhood who was noted as a bore. Dr. Henry implored them not "to let the cratur in;" but before he could be denied he was already at the door of the room. Hastily beckoning to his friends, the dying man shut his eyes and pretended to be in a profound sleep. When the minister entered he was not allowed to speak. After a few minutes, Sir Henry noticed the dying man peeping out of his half-closed eyes at his visitor, and, tired of the restraint, fairly turned the minister out of the

room. When he was gone, Dr. Henry set the example of a hearty laugh at his expense, and died a few minutes after.

But the best types of the time were to be found in the old Courts of Session and their judges.

Braxfield was the Jeffreys of Scotland. He was the most famous and the most terrible judge of his day. A large dark man, with rough manner and growling voice, he terrified culprits before their case had begun; and if he happened to take a dislike to them, as he always did to political offenders, evidence in their favor was thrown away. Lockhart, in his "Life of Scott," reports him replying to a prisoner who had made an eloquent appeal to the jury: "Ye're a vera clever chiel, man, but ye wad be nane the waur o' a hanging!" He was the judge who boasted to the crown lawyers, in reference to a prisoner about whose guilt there was some doubt, "Just gie me Josie Norrie (an experienced clerk) and a gude jury, and I'll doo for the fallow." The story of Lord Kames, who, in receiving the verdict of guilty against Matthew Hay, with whom he had been in the habit of playing chess, exclaimed to him: "That's checkmate to you, Matthew!" has been credited erroneously to Braxfield; but he was capable of more brutal speeches even than these monstrous samples of brutality.

Eskgrove, though scarcely more worthy of the position he held on the bench, was less offensive than Braxfield. Where the one was brutal, the other was simply ludicrous. He was a strange-looking old man, with a prodigious nose and chin, and a bluish-red face; when he walked he used his hands like fins, and seemed to be paddling with difficulty up stream. He spoke in a low, thick voice; accentuating the last syllable of his words with emphasis, and pronouncing his final *g*'s with extraordinary force. Like many men of his time, the French Revolution had filled him with an indescribable horror of every thing anti-monarchical; his feelings on this subject sometimes cropped out in a ludicrous manner. Thus, on sentencing a man to death for having murdered a soldier, he admonished the prisoner—"And not only did you murder him, whereby he was berea-ved of his life, but you did thrust or push or pierce or project or propell the lethall weapon through the belly-band of his regimen-tal breeches, which were his Majesty's!"

Another criminal, whom he was sentencing for burglary, he severely lectured for his gross violation of the laws regarding property, enumerating in succession each law that he had broken; then describing the acts of the prisoner, he added: "All this you did; and, God preserve us! just when the people of the house were sitten doon to their denner!"

A lady of great beauty was once summoned before him as a witness. Her vail was down when she entered the court. He addressed her severely: "Youngg woman! you will now consider yourself as in the presence of Almighty God and of this High Court. Lift up your vail; throw off all modesty, and look me in the face!"

Brougham was the plague of Eskgrove's life. He was not to be put down on any pretext, and bullied the poor judge till he was almost distracted. One day the court opened, and Eskgrove saw with delight that his enemy was not there. His face brightened, and he looked happier than the audience had ever seen him. But the gleam was transitory. Brougham came in. In his agony the poor judge was heard to exclaim: "I declare that man Broom or Brou-gham is the torment of my life!" By way of avenging himself, Eskgrove always called Brougham "the Haran-gue," and habitually insulted him in his charges to the jury. He would tell them that when "the Haran-gue said so and so, it was plainly wrongg and not intelligibill."

Brougham could afford to let poor Eskgrove say what he pleased, but others were not so strong. An unfortunate gentleman was once brought before him to receive sentence for some misdemeanor. Eskgrove began to give his reasons for fixing the amount of the fine at fifty pounds. The prisoner, who was as testy as the judge, and believed himself unjustly punished, could not catch what Eskgrove was mumbling, and exclaimed that they might as well have no judges at all as judges who could not be heard. Eskgrove inquired angrily what the fellow was saying? Some one charitably repeated the remark, whereupon the old judge bawled as loud as he could: "My lords, what I was sayingg was very simpell. What I was sayingg was that, in my humbell opi-ni-on, this fine could not be less than two hundred and fifty pounds sterlingg."

In his sentences on prisoners he was no improvement on Braxfield. It was a common thing for him to wind up a sentence of death with the words: "Whatever your religious persua-shon may be, or if, as I suppose, you be of no persua-shon at all, there are plenty of reverend gentlemen who will be most happy for to show you the way to yeternal life."

Another anecdote of Eskgrove—their name is legion, but the learned and witty Lord Cockburn has preserved the best—will be read with amusement by the American bench. It was the custom in Scotland for judges on circuit to give a public dinner to the bar; and for this expense they were allowed a sum of money by government. Eskgrove was very mean, and, to avoid being cheated by the landlord of an inn where one of these dinners was given, he made an arrangement that the waiter should keep the corks of every bottle of wine drunk. During the dinner he arose and went behind the screen where the waiter was, and began to count the corks. Finding them more numerous than he had expected, he flew into a rage with the waiter, and declared it was impossibill that so much wine could have been drunk. The waiter assuring him that the corks were all

correct, and that the guests were ordering more wine, he coolly replied: "Well, then, John, I must protect myself!" pocketed a handful of the corks, and resumed his seat at table.

A better judge, and a better man in every way, though still an original, was Judge Hermand. He was honest and fair, but so choleric that people seldom noticed any thing in him but his furious manner and violent gestures. When he was excited he foamed at the mouth, and to such a degree that, when he rose to plead at the bar of the House of Lords in an important case, the Duke of Gloucester, who was fifty feet from him, interrupted him to say: "I shall be much obliged to the learned counsel if he will be so good as to refrain from spitting in my face!" He once delivered judgment in a case in opposition to a recent statute. In alluding to it in his judgment, he said: "But then we're told that there's a statute against all this. A statute! What's a statute? Words; mere words! Am I to be tied down by words? No, my laards; I go by the law of right reason." This flagrant usurpation of legislative functions by a judge was brought before Parliament in a severe speech by Lord Holland. A friend of Hermand's read him the speech, omitting his name, and asked him what he thought of it. He agreed with Lord Holland entirely, and flew into a rage as usual. When asked who the judge could be, "Why, who could it be but that creature Meadowbank?"

Hermand was the prince of topers. He could sit up all night drinking, and go to court fresh and fit for business in the morning. He regarded drinking as a virtue; and when temperance began to make some progress, he used to cry in agony that he knew he would be left alone on the face of the earth drinking claret. He carried this principle to the bench with him. He sat once on a case of murder, to try a drunken man who in a brawl had killed his pot companion. In his charge he observed: "We are told that there was no malice, and that the prisoner must have been in liquor. In liquor? Why, he was drunk. He murdered the very man who had been drinking with him; stabbed him after drinking a whole bottle of rum with him! Good God! My laards, if he will do this when he is drunk, what will he not do when he's sober?"

One story of Hermand, however it may affect his reputation as a judge, does no injury to his character as a man. A little midshipman was attacked by a much taller boy, and by a sudden thrust of his dirk killed his assailant. He was arrested and brought to trial. Hermand took his side as though he had been his counsel. First, he refused to try "a child." The crown-lawyers having overcome this objection, when the indictment was read Hermand asked the lad—calling him "My young friend"—whether he was guilty or not guilty? The boy said, "Not guilty, my lord." "I'll be sworn you are not," was the reply of the bench. And when the jury brought in a verdict of guilty, Hermand contrived to make the punishment a short imprisonment.

This old Court of Session, indeed, must have been a weary concern; and one can only wonder how a sensible people like the Scotch submitted to it as long as they did. Want of publicity was, no doubt, its main protection. When accurate reporters were established the judges were speechless with indignation. Eskgrove spluttered in his rage, "The fallow taks doon ma vera words!"

They were, however, in keeping with the other Scottish institutions of the time. Not the least of Napoleon's injuries to the world was the damage he did to the cause of British progress by diverting men's minds at this time from the subject of their own condition to that of the prospect of a French invasion. Every thing was laid aside to prepare for defense. Walter Scott led his troop of horse every day to charge at imaginary cuirassiers, and made fierce sabre-cuts at a turnip on a pole, which stood for a Frenchman. Reformers were identified with the enemy. And the wretched state of society, of which we have exhumed a few fossils, was maintained in existence wholly by the terror of French bayonets and the bloodthirsty Jacobins.

AN ALIBI.

IN the autumn of 18— I had made my arrangements to retire from the practice of law, and preparatory thereto had gone up into the country for a vacation of a couple of months at the old place, out of the reach of business or clients.

But some way it happened that I could not keep away from a court-room, and one morning learning that Judge —— would hold a circuit in the town that day, I rode over to shake hands with some old friends, and gather the news of the county.

It was a brilliant morning. The mountains were covered with the tints of autumn, the sky was surprisingly clear and blue, every thing invigorating to a city man. The ride along the country road was so inspiriting that, as I reached the front of the old court-house and sprang from my horse, it was with a fresher and more lively flow of spirits than I had felt in years.

As I entered the room the Judge was standing near the stove, with a group of lawyers surrounding him, and, as I joined them, the sheriff entered with half a dozen prisoners.

"Criminal business to-day?" inquired some one.

"Yes," said the District Attorney. "We propose to try the two murder cases if we can."

"Who are the prisoners?" I inquired.

"A negro, Johnson—half the negroes in the county are Johnsons—is indicted for the murder of his wife; and a young fellow, named Randall, for killing old Solomon Davis. You ought to remember the old man?"

"I do, well. I remember hearing of the murder."

There was no interruption to the joking and laughing around the stove; the entrance of the solemn-faced prisoners had no effect on the group.

That scene, which is one of daily occurrence in our country, is worthy a pause here to sketch. It can not be possible that any man who has witnessed it as often as I have, can fail to desire the addition of some solemnities and formalities to our system of administering justice. There is a terrible carelessness in this custom of trying men for capital offenses in the same way that we discuss a dispute about fifty dollars, in the same court-room, with the same attendants, and no more form or dignity. I could almost ask to have the big wig and the black gown restored.

The sun shone pleasantly in at the windows and fell across the wooden seats, and chairs, and tables, and on the torn and worn carpet, from which a sparkling cloud of dust arose at every footstep.

The bench was occupied by a county judge, who was waiting to sit as associate judge in the Oyer and Terminer. He had not removed his hat, but sat leaning back in his chair, with his feet elevated to the wooden desk in front of him, exposing his soles to the examination of of all who chose to look at them, while he was leisurely chewing the stump of a half-finished cigar that had gone out a few moments before.

Three or four lawyers and clerks were busily writing at the table in the bar. Twenty or thirty jurors were scattered around the room, with their hats on, and the seats of the outsiders were beginning to be filled with a crowd of country folks, eager to be present at the murder trials. The Judge stood near the stove, twirling his hat in his hands, and talking of the weather, the prospect of frost, the price of grain, and sundry commonplaces of that sort, while a hum of loud voices filled the entire court-room.

In the midst of all this sat the prisoners. Four of them were indicted for minor offenses, and two for the highest known to our criminal law. I believe there is no higher grade of crime than murder, though treason precedes it in the statute.

The four who were to be tried for the lesser offenses were hardened-looking men. It is a melancholy fact that jail imprisonment has a hardening effect on most men, so that the months preceding trial are apt to unfit a man in personal appearance from making a favorable impression on the jury.

I could not see Randall. He kept his face down.

The colored man, Johnson, was looking around him on the court-room with wonderment.

He had now anticipated this day for months, and had supposed that to others it would have some of the solemnity it possessed for him. He could not understand this strange callousness to his fate. Was that comfortable-looking man, who was so keenly enjoying the passing joke, the judge who was to administer life or death to him? Was that the bar at which he was to stand, and from which he was to go to the bar of God if the jury should find him guilty? Were these men who were scattered around the room, talking, laughing, idling the golden moments of life, the men to inquire into his worthiness to live yet longer in this sunshine, and breathe, and move, and act as a man on the earth? This, certainly, was not what he had expected when the great question of life and death was to be decided.

At length the Judge went up to his seat. The county judge dropped his feet to the floor, and another associate, a shock-headed man of small mental calibre, as his bullet-shaped skull indicated, followed the presiding judge and sat down to doze by his side. The crier opened the court with his absurd "Oh yes," and the jurors answered to their names. The preliminaries were all finished, and the court announced that no civil business would be taken up until the calendar of criminal causes was disposed of. But no one left the court-room, which was now densely crowded by the sudden influx of outsiders, to whom the opening of court had been announced, for a murder trial was a novelty in the county, and hundreds had flocked into the town to attend on it.

And now for the first time I looked with some degree of attention at the prisoner Randall, who was charged with this terrible offense. He was a young man. He might have been twenty-five or seven. His complexion was exceedingly clear; his eyes were black and piercing. His air was calm and somewhat strange. He was well-formed withal, and the impression which his appearance created was far from unfavorable. He had broad and well-built shoulders, a firmly-knit and compact frame, a graceful waist, an upright carriage, and in general the *beau ideal* of a romantic murderer.

His dress was of the roughest and most common sort. It contrasted so strangely with his face that you were startled. Doubtless his own clothing had been taken from him; perhaps to be used in evidence against him. Certainly that man was not used to wear that style of dress. He was not that sort of person.

When the indictment was read, and he was called on to plead to it, he answered "Not guilty," in a firm, clear voice. I leaned forward to him with an involuntary feeling of sympathy that I could not restrain.

"Have you counsel?" asked the Judge.

"I have none."

"Why have you not employed any?"

He looked up at the Judge with a sort of half-comical, half-sneering smile, and without replying, glanced down at his clothing and back at the bench. I sat so close to him that I could see a smile, somewhat bitter, gradually coming over his face, and at length he spoke:

"Had the authorities permitted me to retain my own property, possibly I might have seen fit

to pay some one to see that I was condemned in due form of law. I wish no counsel."

"Are you a lawyer?"

The question fell from the Judge's lips as if involuntarily. Clearly he suspected, as I did, that the man was more than he seemed.

"I am not."

"It is my duty to urge you to take advice, and I do so most sincerely. The court will assign counsel to you if you are unable to pay for it yourself."

"I have said that I do not wish it."

The man's strange manner attracted my interest more and more. There was a sort of determination about him that led me to think he was some one in a desperate humor, resolved on taking the chances of life or death, with something of a preference for the more terrible fate. I had seen such cases before. It was not uncommon to find men thus reckless at the very moment when most of all they needed deliberation and cool judgment.

It was not that he sought a felon's doom. It was not that he wished to die. Possibly the near prospect of death would have appalled him. His plea of Not guilty showed that he was no suicide.

It was only that for some reason he was for the time utterly careless of the future, and was willing to stake his life on the toss of a copper, or the decision of a *petit* jury, which is much the same thing.

"Have you no friends?"

There was a flash of light across his countenance, and then a gloom fell on it that was absolutely appalling in its utter despair.

"I do not know that that concerns the matter now in hand."

I could stand it no longer, and while the Judge consulted a moment with his associates, I spoke to the prisoner.

"Will you permit me to advise you, Sir?"

"Do you ask as a lawyer, Sir?"

"As a lawyer or a friend, whichever you please."

"I must decline your kindness, Sir!"

"I appreciate your idea, but in this case you must forego it. The court will appoint some one to take care of your interests. Is it not better to accept my offer than the tender mercies of the court, who will consider its duty done by handing you over to some young attorney, who will make you ridiculous by his ignorance. Think quick, or I shall be superseded. Come, man, I speak as a gentleman to a gentleman. You can not refuse me. I will at least save you from the annoyance of a plea of insanity, or any other whim of a boy."

A momentary hesitation gave place to a free assent, and he accepted my proffer. Stating to the court my intention to appear for the prisoner, I requested a few moments' indulgence for conversation with him.

I led him from the box to a side window, and began to question him. I now observed an increased restlessness in his eye. I sought in vain to catch it. Five minutes of attempted conversation convinced me beyond a reasonable doubt that the man was not in his right mind, and I returned to the bar and stated my ideas, privately, to the Judge.

At his request two physicians who were present examined the prisoner, and reported, as their decided opinion, that the man was seriously ill, and in fact insane; but it was their opinion that the present insanity was the delirium of fever.

"The man is ill, very ill, and it is only the violent excitement of his fever that keeps him standing. He should be cared for instantly."

Such was the opinion of the doctors, and the court immediately remanded the prisoner, with orders that he should be attended to with the utmost care. The fever fit which had but just commenced, was already grown violent, and I followed him to the jail with an anxiety I could scarcely have believed possible an hour before. Having taken measures for his comfort, and obtained a nurse for him, I left the jail and returned home, for it was impossible to do any thing toward investigating the charge so long as he remained in this condition. The trial, of course, went off for the circuit, much to the disappointment of some hundreds of eager horror-seekers, who laid it partly to the Judge and partly to me that they had not heard the condemnation to death of a man of like passions with themselves.

And now let me return a few weeks and state the particulars of the crime imputed to my unfortunate client. A farmer of advanced years lived about seven miles from the county town in his old house, where he was born, and where he had seen the suns of nearly seventy summers ripen successive crops of grain in the broad fields. He had coined the sunshine into gold, and had grown richer than his neighbors, and harder of heart withal.

Solomon Davis was an iron-handed and stony-hearted man. No one loved him, not even the wife of his bosom, who had traveled the journey of life with him for more than forty years. But his wealth had won him some degree of respect, for that it will always do, and he was made a director of the bank in the county town when it was first established. But the old man never deposited money in the bank. It was for a long time a subject of wonderment to the neighbors what he did with his money between the time of receiving and the time of investing it, until some person revealed the fact that there was a strong box under the bed in the old man's bedroom, where he doubtless made deposit of his riches till such time as he could purchase lands or undoubted securities. It was, in fact, his own son that revealed this secret, for the old man had a son, a graceless boy, who had grown up into a wild and dissipated man, and who at length left home and had never been heard from. Doubtless he was lost at sea, or had died in some distant country, for ten years had passed and no tidings of him had reached any ear.

The wife of Solomon Davis was a woman of

remarkable character. Why she had married him no one knew. She was his exact opposite in every respect. In youth it was said she had been as beautiful as her daughter now was, and much the same gentle, lovely person. She had been a calm, quiet person—doubtless a sufferer from the harshness of her husband, but never complaining—and now, as old age had come on, and the end could not be very far off, she had grown more cheerful and pleasant than ever, and seemed to be getting somewhat of the sunshine of another country on this world's path.

Bessie Davis was a sweet girl—a gem in the county, known all over for her beauty and her loveliness. She was the child of her parents' old age, and as such she had been more the pet of the family; but as one and another went away by the dark road that never turns toward home again, and at last John was gone too, she was the sole stay of her mother's lonesome hearth in the long winter evenings, when the old man sat silently adding up the gains of his year's labors, or studying, in uncommunicative gloom, the prices current in his paper.

One evening Mrs. Davis and Bessie had gone to pass the night in a distant part of the county. They had driven the old horse with the gig themselves, and Mrs. Davis, having arranged every thing for her husband's supper, had permitted the servants to go to their friends also, with directions to return by daylight in the morning.

The morning never came to the old man. When the servants came back he was found lying dead on the floor, with a bullet-hole through and through his breast, and the bullet was found in the corner, where it had fallen from the wall, which it had struck but lightly. The old man had struggled hard before he died, for there was evidence of a fierce contest; the chairs and table were overturned, and the room thrown into confusion.

The strong box was standing on the floor in front of the bed, open, but how much had been abstracted it was impossible to say. Bills, gold, silver, and securities, lay scattered about in it, and the only possible estimate of the amount of the robbery that could be made was no better than a guess, and entirely worthless.

The moment that the discovery was made the news spread like light, and before noon half the county had heard of it, and three men had been arrested on suspicion of the murder.

The first was a hired man of the next neighbor of Mr. Davis, who was seized for saying that it was no loss to the county if the old man was dead. This was at first deemed very suspicious, but cool reflection led men to think it would hardly do to hang a man on such evidence, and he was discharged. The second was a half farmer, half horse-jockey, who was trading horses in the county town, and having rather an unusual quantity of gold about his person, was required to account for it—a requirement which proved somewhat embarrassing, for although he had not gotten it from Solomon Davis, he had cheated a near neighbor of the murdered man out of a hundred dollars on a horse trade, which had made him flush for the time, and he had no desire to meet the cheated farmer until the money was used up. But gold can no more carry evidence of murder on its shining face than it can carry the plague through quarantine, and the jockey escaped for a trifle paid to a lawyer to have him discharged on a writ of *habeas corpus*, there being no information or complaint against him.

The last arrest was made at about noon. A man of doubtful appearance was found in the forest, about four miles from the Davis farm. When found, he was walking and leading a horse that was somewhat lame, but otherwise a magnificent animal. He was well dressed, but his face was pale, and his eye roving and suspicious. They were poor physiognomists, but they knew enough to see that he was not an everyday character, and they questioned him.

His replies were wary, they thought, and guarded. A man of the world would have thought otherwise, and called them indignant.

"Where was he going?"

He replied to that question with a cool stare, and walked on.

"Where was he last night?"

"What mattered that to the questioner."

"Have you money about you?"

"Some. What business is that of yours?"

"Let us see it."

At that he started back, and looked up suddenly into the faces of his interrogators, and drawing a pistol, held it very much as if he intended to use it.

One might have thought that he took them for highway robbers, so cool was his air; but they thought differently, and advanced, whereupon he snapped the pistol at the head of the first. It did not go off. In point of fact, the pistol proved to be not loaded. He knocked down the first man with the butt of it, and the second with his fist, by a well-directed blow under the ear, and then sprang on his horse, and drove the spurs into him. But the poor horse was dead beat out, and stumbled with him a hundred rods off, throwing him into a pile of stones, where he lay senseless until his resuscitated opponents came up and made a peaceable capture.

His pockets contained a considerable amount of gold and bank-notes, but nothing to indicate his name or character or residence, nor did he communicate any thing to his examiners. There was blood on his coat, but that might have been from his own wounds on the stone-heap. He behaved singularly, refusing to answer any questions or to employ any counsel.

One curious fact appeared—one of those slight circumstances that often serve to support great consequences. The horse of the prisoner had been ridden hard, and died shortly after his capture. One of his shoes was broken, and the

half was missing. This half was found lying in the road near the Davis house, where it had doubtless been lost, and the track of the horse was distinct from that point to the fence in front of the door, where he appeared to have paused, and then gone at a long gallop into the back part of the county. The trace was lost a mile or two off, but he was doubtless returning toward the same place when arrested. It was supposed his object was to avoid suspicion.

From that day till the opening of the court he had lain in prison, waiting trial, and constantly in the same silent, listless state, which argued a determination to do nothing which could compromise his position, or else a pitch of desperation seldom met with in a young, strong man.

Such was the man whose destiny was in my hands next to God's. But for a long time it appeared that he would answer first at the bar of Heaven. I did not see him for a week after I met him in court. A message was sent to me from the sheriff that the physician thought he could not live during that night, and I rode into town to see him. They seemed to regard me as his guardian, for I was the only person who had taken a particle of interest in him, or who had been in any sense his friend since his arrest. As I entered the room to which he had been transferred after this attack of illness, the physician stepped back from his couch and whispered to me that he could not stand it much longer.

He lay at this time on his back. His wild eyes flashed hither and thither with eager haste, and yet saw none of us. Others surrounded his soul while we surrounded his body. He was looking at them, talking with them—now pleasantly, now bitterly, now furiously.

"Mother, she said she did not love me! Was not that enough? I tell you, Fred, I did all that man could do, said all that man could say. But she spurned me, nevertheless—drove me out by her coldness. Froze me out, I should have said."

I have always much the same feeling, when listening to the ravings of delirium, that a man has when forced to overhear a conversation intended to be strictly private. But there was no help for it now; and I began to get a little insight into the character of my client as I heard his first words, and I listened intently, thinking, indeed, that I was to lock all this up forever in my brain when he, poor fellow! should have ceased to rave.

The story soon came out, scarcely with more distinctness than in the words I have quoted. It was the old story of a mad love—a cold and haughty lady, an humble suitor, rejected firmly, dismissed, maddened, and driven away in despair.

In the mood which a passionate disposition was apt to fall into under such circumstances, he had come into the county, and gotten into the difficulty which now involved him.

I had readily seen that, in the combination of circumstances, there was really no evidence of guilt in a man of good character; but I had some doubts of being able to establish that in this case, if the evidences of passion were to be relied on which I now had.

I pitied him sincerely. That his whole life had been bound up in that love was manifest, and now all seemed over.

He had been silent for some moments, during which I was thinking, when he suddenly broke out in a voice of keen, imploring agony. It was like the call of a lost spirit. It rang through the walls of the old jail, waking the prisoners in their solitary cells, and scaring them into thoughts of unearthly visitors. I thought it was the last—that his soul was, in that wild cry, going out on the untried journey. But it died down to a low moan of exhausted suffering, during which I could detect the utterance of words, and suddenly they seemed to be words of pleasure, of delight; and he said, in a low, pleasant voice, "Ada! my Ada! my darling! Oh, I do so love and bless you, Ada!" and, murmuring her name over and over, he fell quietly asleep.

The struggle was over. I slept as long as he, in an arm-chair near him, and was roused by his first movement. That was when he woke in his right mind, and asked where he was. At first, as the recollection of his painful position came over him, he seemed much troubled; and as his memory carried him only to the court-room, and the plea of "Not guilty," he asked anxiously, and yet with a smile, "Guilty, or Not guilty?"

"Not tried at all. You were taken sick in the court-room."

"Ah! yes; I remember. You are the gentleman who volunteered to aid me. I remember talking with you, but nothing farther."

The physician forbade farther conversation, and I left him, hoping every thing from his improved state.

I called again a few days later, and the jailer told me to go directly to his room. "He don't want to see you, Sir, and told me to tell you so; but I reckon you'd better go in."

He received me politely, but coldly. He was growing better, but he was perfectly incommunicative at first, and I had great difficulty in persuading him to talk of his own position.

Most men who lock up their souls hide the key so carefully, that in their efforts to conceal it they direct attention to it. Not so my friend. He was impenetrable in his reserve.

Name, residence, history—all he avoided strictly. His appearance was good, his conversation brilliant at times, his manner polished, and he was evidently accustomed to the society of the refined and wealthy. All this he could not conceal. In relation to his own case, I at length persuaded him to give me the history of the night on which the murder was committed.

He said he had been riding through the county that night rapidly for urgent reasons.

He had paused at the farm-house of Solomon Davis, where he had thought to ask for a drink of water. This was early in the morning; but the silence and gloom of the house led him to suppose no one was up yet, and he rode on. He was returning by another road when he was apprehended. He had resisted instinctively, and but for the accident to his worn-out horse he would have escaped.

"Where were you the evening previous?"

"You must pardon me. I can not go into that."

"But, my dear Sir, it is necessary that you do so. It is clear that Davis was murdered long before daybreak; so that, if we can account for you elsewhere at or near that time, we shall clear you."

"That would be proving an *alibi*."

"Precisely."

"I wish it might be done; but it is impossible. Ask no further questions on that point. If a defense can be constructed on the facts I have given, I am content. If not, I must take my chance."

"But—"

"The matter is settled, Sir."

"I am afraid there is little chance for you, then, for juries in this county, to my certain knowledge, have an awful proclivity toward verdicts of guilty, and they will hang you on the slightest possible evidence."

"So be it, then! I am content."

"Content! You are content to die, and a dog's death at that?"

"What matters the way one dies? Will it make any difference in the profoundness of one's rest afterward?"

"Perhaps not. But to die! To die at all is hard, and few men can say that they are content with the prospect. This world is not so dismal after all."

"And why not? Is this a pleasant specimen of it?" and he looked around at the smoky walls of his room and the grated windows.

"But you might be free from this, and out yonder is a pleasant prospect. See how the sunshine gladdens every thing!"

"Every thing? Why, it seems to me there are many places in the shade yet. Sunshine does not reach every thing; and many persons besides prisoners look at it through bars."

"You are discontented. Is there not something in the world for such as you to do?"

"There are enough to do it without me."

"Have you no ambition?"

"None."

There was no disappointment nor misanthropy in the tone. It was cool, calm, and not expressive of any emotion.

"And why none? Surely the field for young and ardent souls was never more open or more broad. You might have a brilliant career."

"To end just here where I now stand, on the verge of the grave, and what richer should I be?"

"What richer? My friend, there are no riches of gold to be taken hence with you; but are you ready to go out now? I speak not alone of the preparation that all men need for the dark road. But have you gathered the only earthly riches men may take hence with them? Have you won love? Have you bound any true hearts to yours, so that their love will not be broken off by death? Will you carry any human love into the unseen world with you?"

"Thank God, none!"

His voice was calm; the tone as before; but he used three words in place of one. Had he said "None!" I should have been satisfied; but the gratitude he expressed led me to recall the night when I stood by his couch, and heard him murmur a name in tones of deep affection.

"Is there any one waiting your coming in that other world?"

"No! I go into it alone, if go I must. But no more if you please. I think it would have been better had I not accepted your offer of assistance. I should, doubtless, have been hung ere this. You but disturb me with vain questions."

"My friend," said I, rising as if to leave him, "I will leave you, since you desire it; but understand that I leave you to almost certain death. You seem to have chosen it. Be it so. But is there not now a memory of past joy that can win you back to some little love of life? Am I not right in believing that you remember faces that were once beloved; eyes that once gleamed with affection; lips that once whispered words of thrilling tenderness in your ears? I have seen men like you before, and I know that the despair of disappointed love is often terrible, is worse than any other; but there are thoughts, memories of joys lost—but whose soft and holy beauty lingers yet—that are enough to call back life to the dead soul; almost to revive the dead body. Think of these, and say if I must leave you."

"I have no such thoughts; no such memories. Excuse me. I am much exhausted."

And so I left him. I called the next day, and was denied admission; the next, and was again denied; and so I abandoned him, and returned to the city, leaving a note for him repeating my offer of services if he were disposed to accept them. But I did not hear from him.

The memory of the lonesome prisoner haunted me. I did not think I had felt so much for him. I could not get rid of the memory of his face that night I passed by his side.

One morning I was interrupted by the entrance of a client, who introduced a gentleman to me who wished some advice. He was an American by birth, who had passed the chief portion of his life abroad in the south of Europe, where he had married and brought up one child, a daughter, now nearly twenty years of age. On the death of her mother he had desired to return to America; but the great obstacle to this was the fact that his daughter was betrothed to a man of high standing, and the completion of her marriage would effect a

separation that he could not think of with any degree of satisfaction. He was not a man of very ardent feelings. He had not loved her mother very much; but the daughter had won a place for herself in his heart, and though the marriage had been contracted through the influence of wealthy relatives of his wife, he had found out the repugnance of his child to the proposed match, and had readily lent himself to her design to escape the fulfillment of her forced vows. Leaving covertly, he had brought her with him to this country. But he had been followed by the suitor, and though he had not been six months in America, he was already surrounded by persecutors who had convinced him that he must sacrifice one of two things, his daughter or her large fortune. He had unwisely written a great many letters acknowledging the betrothal, and there was thus abundant evidence of the contract of marriage. He wished to know whether the threats that had been made could be enforced, and whether it was so serious an alternative that was before him. His long absence from America had made him almost a foreigner in his ignorance of our laws.

My quiet laugh at his story reassured him more than words could have done, and he was altogether relieved when I explained to him that his choice was simply to consent to the marriage, or pay such damages as a jury might be induced to give for the breach of contract; and I added that, in my limited experience, I had never known an action of the sort brought by a rejected man, except in the renowned case of Wilkins *versus* Blake, which was a good precedent for all such cases.

The few words I spoke made a new man of him. He had been living in retirement, having no acquaintances but the foreigners who had tracked him out, and his bankers, who were my clients. He blessed the day which led him to ask the advice of the latter, and brought him to my office; and he begged me to go then instantly to his house and see his daughter—an honor I was forced to decline. But I yielded to his urgent entreaties, and promised that same evening to see her; and I did so.

She was a magnificent creature. Let me see now if I can describe her. No, I will not attempt it. Imagine her what you please, only full of life, and gentleness, and exquisite grace, and loveliness. She was one to make young men mad. I was a bachelor of fifty, and not apt to be crazy about women; but my partner laughed at me next morning when I described her to him, and told me I was growing young again.

In a few weeks I was on terms of remarkable intimacy with Mr. Walton's family, and found myself at his dinner-table almost as regularly as he was there himself. There were several reasons for this, the chief one being that the old gentleman's affairs required careful examination by a lawyer, and I devoted the evenings to him for nearly or quite a month. The second was, that he and his daughter afforded two interesting objects for an observing person to study. He was somewhat simple-minded, exceedingly warm-hearted and frank; while she was full of intelligence and feeling, and gifted with refined tastes and keen appreciation and love of the beautiful.

"By-the-way, my child," said Mr. Walton one day after dinner, "what do you suppose has become of Mr. Gaston? He has not been here in two months, or more."

"Upon my word I do not know, father."

"Do not be so serious about it, child. I did not think you did know. You speak as quickly as if you thought I suspected you of a secret correspondence with him."

She actually blushed at the suggestion, and looked reproachfully at her father, who continued to speak, but addressed himself to me.

"Mr. Gaston and his mother and brother crossed the ocean with us. They were pleasant acquaintances. Miss Walton enjoyed their society much. He has not been here of late, though Mrs. Gaston has called frequently. He must have left the city. I thought at one time that it was possible young Gaston might be a lover; but he seems to have vanished."

"We met them first in Italy."

"Ah! so we did. You remember it better than I."

"A lover for Miss Walton," said I, looking at her, and meeting her kindling eyes. "On my word, that is a strange idea. What say you to it, Miss Walton?"

"Why strange? May I not have lovers, Sir?"

"As many as you choose. But I can't imagine the man bold enough to think of winning you. You are rather one of the sort I should think of buying through your family, as our friend Count —— thought to do, rather than to be approached with idea of winning you."

She laughed, and our conversation ran on in a light, pleasant strain, about love, and love-matches, and similar subjects, until I was led, in some way I have since forgotten, to tell the incident of my late client in the jail of —— County.

At the first the countenance of my listener betrayed more than ordinary interest, and at my description of the night-scene, and his delirium, and the words he used, she sprang from her seat.

"Why, that is John Gaston!"

"Why, Ada, I am astonished!"

"Ada!" It was the first time her father had used the name. The whole truth, of course, crossed my mind immediately, without need for the explanation the brave girl gave instantly.

"Father," said she, in an excited tone, "I love John Gaston, and he loves me. I have rejected him three several times: once in Europe, once on shipboard, once here—each time because I knew not whether I was free. I treated him lightly, scornfully, because it seemed best to teach him to forget me. The last

time we parted he was in such despair that I was nearly wild with the agony myself. But I heard no more from him; and I hoped, for his sake and mine, that he had returned to Europe. But he went away that night on horseback, was apprehended for a murder, is lying in prison waiting his trial, is likely to die. I must go and save him. Let us go to-morrow. Will to-morrow do, Mr. Phillips?"

At that moment I recollected that the day for the session of the Oyer and Terminer for —— County, which would regularly occur in three months, was, by a new arrangement, changed to this very day. It might be already too late for the trial. At all events the only chance was for the next morning, and it was a long way to ride. But we laid our plans instantly. First a note was dispatched to the residence of Mrs. Gaston, explaining, as well as was possible, the circumstances of her son's case. She had supposed him in Europe, as he had sent a note to her to that effect, she being out of town. His long-continued silence had created no alarm, for he was always a wayward and unintelligible person, of violent passions, and given to long wanderings; and, indeed, he had not been so long absent that a letter from across the ocean could be expected. Then we mounted our horses, and rode all night, until the morning, up the country roads. It was nine o'clock when we reached the old place in the grove, and forgetting that the country courts open an hour earlier than we do in the city, we paused a little while for refreshment. It was after ten when we entered the court-room.

I shall never forget the appearance of the prisoner at that moment.

He deserved to hang for the deliberate suicide he was committing. But I had begun to pardon him. There was his own despair at the loss of such a woman, and then there was the impossibility of proving an alibi except by bringing her to the stand to testify to the humiliating circumstances of that night.

As we entered the court-room, the trial, which had occupied the court the entire day previous, was drawing to a close. The evidence had vastly increased in strength. The pistol-ball was found to fit the pistols which had been taken from the prisoner. Mrs. Davis had testified to the fact that the prisoner, whom she had not seen since the murder until the previous day, had been at the farm some weeks prior to the murder, and had conversed several hours with Mr. Davis, during which time the old man had opened his chest to take out title deeds, and might then have exhibited his gold. It was impossible to say how much had been stolen; but it was proved that Mr. Davis had received a considerable payment in foreign gold a few days previously, and ten pieces found in possession of the accused were of similar description. The horse's tracks were identified, the broken horseshoe, the empty pistol, the manner of arrest, the behavior of the prisoner, every thing was proved, and the case, which I had thought a very slight one, was actually magnified into very clear evidence of deliberate murder. But the worst testimony of all had been elicited in an unexpected moment. Bessie Davis was on the stand, proving some point of little importance, when she for the first time caught sight of the face of Gaston, and she started up with a cry of surprise that startled the entire court-room; the next instant she sank back, trembling and sobbing as if her little heart would break.

Bessie Davis was well beloved by every person in that court-room, and her conduct caused a universal sensation. The prosecuting officer, who was a clever enough lawyer, but a man of little fineness of feeling, blundered out a demand if she had ever seen him before.

Then the story came out. Bessie had seen him the same day her mother had mentioned, though not at the same time. She had met him every evening after that. He had appointed to meet her on the road near the house, in the gloaming, and he had come each time on horseback, and had walked for half an hour with her.

"What did he say?"

Ah, Bessie! it was hard to tell that crowded court-room the soft words he had whispered in her ears, the promises he had made, the vows they had exchanged. But so it was; and she gained courage to recount the whole.

It was just as this commenced that we entered, and the crowd gave way when it was said that we were witnesses. John Gaston was gazing at the beautiful girl on the witnesses' stand with open eyes and undisguised astonishment. Was he dreaming? Could he have made love so desperately as all that, and never have known it? The witness was telling truth beyond a doubt. No one could hesitate to believe that beautiful and simple-hearted girl, as she told the story of her own weakness. She wept, too, at intervals, and her tears told awfully against the accused, who now stood charged with winning that pure and gentle girl's love, with the cruel intent in his soul to murder her father.

"He left me at sunset the evening before he kil—before my father's death. He said I might not hear from him again in six months or more, but he swore on this cross which he gave me, that he would come back within the year, and I promised him—that—I—would—love—him—and wait—for him."

"Ah, John Gaston—John Gaston, how could you be so faithless!"

My vailed companion had, with myself, pressed up to the side of the prisoner's box, and she spoke these words in a low tone, but so full of fun, of keen enjoyment of a ludicrous scene, that it added to my bewilderment, while it startled him like a flash of lightning. He looked around, leaned over toward her, whispered a word or two, received a whispered reply, and then a light spread over his face that was totally new to me, and he seemed like a new man. He uttered a loud cry, and reaching out his hand to mine, grasped it with an energy that was posi-

tively painful. This sudden movement, and the approach of Mr. Walton, created so much confusion that the court ordered the noise to be suppressed, and I advanced into the bar toward the young lawyer who had been assigned for the defense during my absence. He recognized me immediately, and I begged permission of the court to consult a few moments with him before we opened the defense.

A few words from Miss Walton had put me in possession of the explanation to Miss Davis's testimony, and I now learned all that Mr. Stevens had proposed to do for his client. He was prepared to make a vigorous defense with no sort of evidence in his favor, but he had gotten up some ingenious plans, which were now entirely useless. I took the case up with confidence, and opened the defense by stating my ability to prove the entire innocence of the prisoner, and promised to astonish the court and jury and crowd in general, but Miss Davis in particular, whom I took occasion to compliment in terms that evidently secured favor from many who heard me.

The testimony was brief and clear. Mr. Walton remembered the day and the evening distinctly. He had himself exchanged his own foreign gold that day with Gaston (called Randall in the indictment), and he could identify the pieces though he had not seen them since. "All my gold was of one sort. English sovereigns of the reign of ——, and dated 18—. I brought them from London with me." On examination the ten pieces found on the prisoner proved to be the same. The evening before the murder he had left Gaston in his own drawing-room at nine o'clock, with Miss Walton, and he was sure he was there until much later.

Then Miss Walton took the stand. It was a splendid sight to see her. The contrast with Bessie Davis was noticed by every one. Bessie was white and dove-like; Miss Walton was dark, radiant, and queenly. Her beauty took the gazers by storm. No one could help loving and idolizing it. The whole court-room hung on the accents of her clear, musical voice, as if it were a superior being that spoke. She seemed in her element too. The embarrassment of Bessie Davis had prepared her for her story, and it was much easier to describe her own experience after listening to that simple and affecting history.

As she proceeded the court and jury began to lean toward the prisoner. She told first of all the facts as to his presence with her that night. Then the night previous, and each night for a month. He had never missed an evening since they had been in America. And then she laughed pleasantly, and said that she was sorry to contradict the young lady yonder, but she had a stronger claim on John Gaston than Miss Davis, and she was not disposed to yield it. "He could not have been making love to Miss Davis on those evenings, for the same promises that she says he was making to her, he made to me at those very moments, after dinner, in the twilight, in the drawing-room in ——, fifty miles from here."

A smile began to steal over all the faces in the room, except that of Bessie Davis, who was looking in bewilderment from the prisoner's box to the witnesses' stand. She was puzzled. She did not think for one instant that the beautiful girl who was testifying told aught but the truth. Her face and voice were too pure and guileless.

"I can explain Miss Davis's error. I am sorry it has happened, for she might have been spared the statement which has been drawn from her. Mr. Gaston has a twin brother, so like him that no casual observer can distinguish one from the other. But there is a difference. Mr. Phillips, please ask Miss Davis the color of Mr. Gaston's eyes."

It was out of order, but the excitement had become great, and all rules of testimony were forgotten. I asked the question, and Miss Davis replied with a blush that convinced us she had often observed them.

"I think they are blue."

"Can you not speak more decidedly?"

"They are blue."

"And Mr. Gaston's yonder could never have been mistaken for blue. They are of the blackest. That is almost the only distinction between the brothers. Miss Davis has known Frederick, not John Gaston, and that Frederick had nothing to do with this murder I am very certain."

"Of course he had not," said a voice in the crowd, and the exact copy of the prisoner forced his way into the bar and toward John Gaston. The meeting of the two brothers was a sight worth seeing.

Of course the trial was over.

And the same might have been said of Bessie Davis, who had nearly fainted when it at length became apparent that her innocent story and confession of the walks under the elm-trees in the gloaming, and all her heart's secret store of love, had, after all, nothing to do with the case, and had been brought out by a mistake.

But Miss Walton and both the brothers were at her side, and when a verdict was recorded, under direction of the court, and we went out to the carriages, the crowd greeted us with hearty cheers that seemed significant of their joy.

"The scoundrels!" said John Gaston, as he looked out of the carriage window. "Every man of them would rather see me hung than here. They would not have been here if they had supposed there would be an acquittal."

So my story is ended. I leave the reader to gather up the ends which I have failed to work in, and fasten them as he pleases.

They were married at the same time, and it was one of the pleasantest days in my professional history. For I called it a professional affair altogether, inasmuch as I lost sight of all of them immediately, and had no other acquaintance with any of them than this which I have sketched.

I should add, however, that the murderer of Solomon Davis was discovered many years afterward in the shape of a peddler, who betrayed himself in a drunken frolic, and who was convicted and hanged, to the satisfaction of the good people of the county.

SOLDIERING IN OREGON.

"SERGEANT JONES, Third Regiment U. S. Artillery," sends us a huge bundle of manuscript, with sundry rough sketches, from the "Camp at the Mouth of Rogue River, Oregon." It is a portion of his daily journal, written in camp on the top of a bread-box instead of a table; the sketches, which are any thing but artistic productions, having been made with the stump of a pencil about an inch and a quarter long, as the Sergeant tells us.

These rough jottings give us an idea of the life of our soldiers in Oregon, more accurate, probably, than we could gain from more pretending sources; and we must introduce the Sergeant to our readers.

"Uncle Sam makes a few soldiers go a great ways," he writes, in a desponding mood. This is true in more senses than one. Company B. had just returned to California from a scout up the Columbia River, a thousand miles and more to the north, where they had tramped over snowy mountains and forded icy rivers; and now, before they had done limping, orders came that they must set off for the Gila River, almost a thousand miles to the south, "across a desert plain where it is so hot that one can make the mercury in the thermometer *fall* by breathing upon the bulb."

Uncle Sam made these soldiers, at all events, "go a great way."

Just then Indian hostilities broke out on Rogue River, and Company B., with several other companies, among which was the "Third Artillery," were ordered to proceed thither at once. "That dreadful Rogue River country," exclaims the Sergeant, "away up in Oregon, among bleak forests and wild mountains and wily savages. I wish we had gone to the Gila instead."

In due time the troops, some hundreds in number, were packed away, as thickly as books on a library shelf, on board a little steamer, which was to land detachments of them at various posts from San Francisco to Puget's Sound. The Sergeant jots down a wish that it may not rain for a few days, as most of the men must sleep on deck.

The Third Artillery is dropped at Crescent City, a half-moon of shanties drawn up on the shore, with the eternal surf of the broad Pacific beating forever in front, and dense forests darkling in the rear. Six months before it had been a busy place. Long trains of mules set out thence for the diggings, some ten or twelve days' journey among the mountains. Then arose the quarrels with the Indians. Smith's Valley, the home of a coast tribe, was "taken up" by the settlers, who stole the squaws and ordered the men to betake themselves forthwith to other quarters. But there was no place to which the poor fellows could go. The Coast Indians are fish-eaters, and can not get a living by hunting among the mountains; besides, the mountain Indians kill them wherever they catch them. If they were to be killed, it might as well be in one place as another. So they took to threatening the whites, and slaughtering their cattle. The settlers retaliated by killing the greater portion of the tribe; and the miserable survivors came in and surrendered themselves to the soldiers, in order to save their lives—for a while at least. In the mean time the business of mining was ruined, the prosperity of Crescent City was destroyed, and the traders migrated to other quarters.

The Indians, naked and without weapons, were encamped on a rock near the city, where they received rations from the Government. The soldiers remained at Crescent City for a few days, in order to drill the fresh recruits. One day, while practicing with the howitzer, a shell burst in front of the Indian camp, and a fragment fell plump among a group of the savages, who were squatted on the ground, engaged in their gambling game, played with bits of stick. They thought that their last hour had come. It was affecting to see how hopelessly they crowded around the officer who had them in charge, crying, "We thought you told us you wouldn't kill us." They could hardly be persuaded that they were not to be massacred on the spot.

A detachment of the troops were soon on their march for Rogue River. A portion of the way lay through a forest of huge red-wood trees. "No one," says the Sergeant, "who has not seen them can form any idea of these wonderful forests. The ground is covered with great dripping green ferns upon which no sun has ever shone. Gray, mouldering columns fifty, sixty, seventy feet in circumference, tower up, choking the space above and around. The eye follows these columns for hundreds of feet aloft. Then they divide into great branches, and these again into hundreds and thousands of lesser limbs, upon the extremities of which grow millions of minute needle-like leaves—the only green thing in all the structure. I measured some of these trunks, and found them five-and-twenty feet in diameter, twelve feet above the ground. I counted the rings in a small tree, four feet in diameter, and found about one hundred and eighty; so that these giants must have been growing more than a thousand years."

In default of words, the Sergeant tries a sketch of one of these trees. The huge trunk occupies the whole breadth of the sheet of paper, and by it, as a sort of measure, is a horseman, depicted on as small a scale as his blunt pencil will permit. "It won't do," he writes under the picture, by way of note—"the tree doesn't look big enough." The trail through this forest was a bed of soft mud,

winding around the trees, through which the men plodded wearily, each loaded with rations for three days.

At length they came to a river which must be forded. When the thick woolen trowsers of the soldiers become saturated with water, they are so heavy as to interfere with the marching. So the Captain ordered every man to strip off his lower garments, keeping his coat on. Clothing, rations, and ammunition were then hoisted upon their shoulders to be out of the way of the water, which was waist-deep, running with great velocity, and as cold as ice. The Captain and another officer stationed themselves in the deepest part, so as to help any one who might be swept from his feet. In plunged the bare-legged troops, and with infinite plashing and oh-oh-ing buffeted their way across. A couple of the "little uns" lost their footing, and disappeared for a moment under the water; but were fished up by the officers. Only four men had their ammunition wet.

After a while they struck the coast, and marched along it, over cheerless bluffs and naked sand-hills. Near a small creek they found a spot where settlers had "located." The burnt rafters of the huts, the pigs and poultry running wild, and a new-made grave, told the story of the little settlement, and of its destruction by the savages. At another place, two graves were pointed out near a picket. Here a couple of squaws were buried. They had approached the post to talk with the whites, who, thinking they might be spies, had shot them on the spot. There is a fearful account in barbarity open between the settlers and the savages. Who can tell on which side the balance lies?

On the banks of the River Chetkoe the soldiers found the ruins of a hut. It had belonged to an adventurer who had established a ferry across the river. The Indians ferried people across at a lower price than he demanded. He maltreated them, and hence arose the troubles in this region. Here the troops happened to find a *caché* of potatoes and cabbages that had belonged to the late ferryman. "This was a God-send to us poor soldiers," says the Sergeant, "for Uncle Sam doesn't furnish them with any thing of the sort better than rice and tough old beans. Every man was busy at the *caché* in a moment, eager to lay in a stock of 'praties' for supper. The ferryman's fence, which made capital fuel, suffered some—and so did we, for it began to rain, and kept it up all night."

Hereabouts an express met them, urging the Colonel to hurry on to a point twenty-five miles distant, where fighting was going on. Twenty-five volunteers had fortified themselves on a sand-bank, where they were surrounded by the Indians. Off went the soldiers, up hills and down precipices. One of the mules slipped going up a steep ascent, and in his struggles to regain his feet, kicked a nugget of pure gold out of the hill-side. It was picked up by the man who happened to be next behind the long-eared quadruped. It weighed two and a half ounces.

They kept a sharp look-out for Indians—a little too sharp, as one fellow found to his cost. He saw something—or thought he did—and gave the alarm—"Indians!"

"Charge—double quick!" shouted the Colonel, and the soldiers dashed into the woods. But not an Indian was there, much to the wrath of the officer.

"Where's the man that cried Indians?" he exclaimed. "Send him here. So you are the fellow that saw Indians when there were none! How dare you give a false alarm? I'll give you Indians next time you play such a trick!—Move on!"

When they reached the volunteers, they found that they had had an unpleasant time of it. They had been shut up in a sort of pen, only two or three logs high, and these were stuck full of arrows and bullets. One man lay dead inside. The Indians had stolen all their horses, and kept up a constant firing from behind a row of sand-hills, fifty yards off. One cunning fellow annoyed them much. He would lift his hat over the ridge, and when he had drawn the fire of the whites, would spring up and discharge his piece. At last his trick was found out; one of the volunteers reserved his fire, while the others blazed away as usual at the hat. No sooner did the top of the Indian's head appear then a bullet from the unerring rifle "took the top of it clean off; next mornin' we saw the blood and har on the spot," said one of the volunteers. They thought they had picked off six or eight of the besiegers.

As they approached Rogue River, they now and then got a shot at a red-skin. At the mouth of the river they came upon the ruins of the huts and flumes which the miners had deserted. They had been attacked by surprise a month before, and those who had escaped crossed the river and built a mud fort, where they had held out against the savages. All around lay the proofs of attack: mangled and putrefying bodies, half devoured by crows and gulls. Some had been tied fast, and their throats had been cut; the heads of others had been crushed in by blows from hatchets; the bodies of others were riddled with bullets.

As the soldiers approached the deserted huts, they saw a few Indians running out, and making off for the woods, after having set fire to the buildings. They were about to pitch their camp, when the fog lifted from the river, and they saw a body of whites on the opposite bank. One of these swam across on a plank, and told the Colonel that it would be dangerous to encamp there, for the adjacent woods were full of Indians, who would be able to pick them off at pleasure. So they moved down to the beach and encamped on the bare shore.

The Sergeant happened to be peering at the distant woods through a spy-glass, when he caught a glimpse of a couple of dark visages,

half a mile off, rising from the bushes, and evidently on the look-out for something in the neighborhood of the camp. They remained as immovable as though cast in bronze, little dreaming that the whites had a "medicine" which brought them in full view. What they were looking at was soon apparent. There was an old miners' ditch running down from the hills to the neighborhood of the camp. This made a capital covered way, and a gang of the Indians had crept down in the hope of picking off a straggler or two, and their friends up in the bush were watching the execution of this plan. One of the whites had strayed off toward the ditch, when three or four simultaneous shots came near finishing him.

"Indians! Indians! Turn out, double quick time!" was the cry, and a party started for the ditch.

"Almost all our men were raw recruits," says the Sergeant, who, being a veteran himself, feels no little contempt for recruits and volunteers; "and when the bullets began to whistle about our head they would *dodge*. But dodging or no dodging, the Captain *cussed* us forward, and we ran at full speed for the ditch. But the Indians ran faster than we could, and got off."

"How the ugly, naked red divils run," said a Hibernian soldier to his comrade, as they made their way back to camp.

"An' did ye see that old sinner jump up as high as ever he could, an' make faces at us?"

"Yes, an' I got a pop at him, an' give him something to jump up for."

Night fell, and the only sound was the hollow beating of the surf upon the shore. The sentinels lay crouched under the bushes or in shallow pits dug in the sand. The mist fell coldly, and the Sergeant had given his blanket an extra fold, and was half thinking half dreaming of a bright fireside and loving faces far away—for peaceful visions will now and then flit before the memory and fancy of the sternest old veteran—when a shot, and another, and another, was heard from the direction of the line of sentries. In a moment one man and then another staggered forward and fell to the ground.

All rushed to arms, expecting an attack; but none came. The fallen men were brought in. The first proved to be the corporal of the guard. He had been making the round of the sentries, one of whom—a raw recruit, as the Sergeant is careful to mention—mistaking him for an Indian, had fired upon him, and given a mortal wound. The other fallen man was one of the sentinels, who had rushed toward the camp as soon as he heard the firing, and had tumbled down in sheer affright.

"So much," comments Sergeant Jones, "for sending recruits fresh from an emigrant ship, to fight Indians in the woods. This is the third corporal of the guard whom I have known shot by green sentinels."

The next day, after burying the corporal, the soldiers managed to rig up an old flat-boat, and crossed the river to the mud fort where the settlers had taken refuge.

"A queer place it was, and queer people they were in it," says the Sergeant, who was among the first to enter. The children were playing outside, glad of a chance to get out after their month's confinement. There were rough buckskin-clad miners and mule-drivers, thick-lipped flabby squaws, delicate-looking American women, and dirty, noisy children, and a general mixture of all the mongrel and nondescript races of the mines, crowded together in the little fort.

Entering the best looking cabin, he found it full almost to suffocation. The people had evidently got accustomed to close quarters. Some were smoking, some sleeping; one was frying pork over the fire. A pretty young woman in one corner was putting the finishing touches to her toilet. The white women, who had kept the squaws at a respectable distance, in a separate hut, were full of what they had suffered, and eager to tell all the news. There had been a succession of fighting and parleying. At one time a party of fourteen, who had gone out to dig potatoes, fell into an ambuscade, and had lost six of their number. A boat from Port Orford, which had attempted to bring provisions to the fort, had swamped in the surf, and six of the crew were drowned. Among the prisoners who had been taken by the Indians, was a Mrs. Geysel and her three daughters—her husband and three sons were killed. They had succeeded in inducing the Indians to give up Mrs. Geysel and her children, though they were loth to part with the eldest, as one of the chiefs wished to keep her as his wife.

Mrs. Geysel was there, a stout buxom woman, with a strong German accent and pronunciation. She and the others—three or four talking at a time—commenced telling what had happened.

"Dey give us blenty to eat, and blenty of hard work to do," said Mrs. G. "Dey kills ever so many cattle—sometimes two, dree in von day."

"Yes, *our* cattle every one of 'em; and a nice time the rascals had of it, too," chimed in another.

"An' they did'n't want to let Mrs. Geysel go," said a third; "an' they would'n't a-let her darter there off any way, if it had'n't a-been for Charley Brown an' his squaw."

"Charley an' his squaw went right out among 'em; an' the chiefs came up an' shook hands with Charley."

"Yes, an' Charley's squaw had to go out more'n once," broke in another good dame.

"She's a real good squaw, she is," certified a tall raw-boned dame, "a sort of a she-General Jackson in looks"—so the Sergeant describes her—who had seen much of life in the diggings, and hated squaws in general most devoutly. "Yes, *she's* a real good squaw, if there ever was one; an' Miss Geysel would a-had to stay with the Indians if it had'n't a-been for her."

"They c'enamost had a fight about it; an'

old Josh—he's one of the chiefs—like to got killed 'cause he wanted to let her go, an' the others didn't."

"We had to give 'em ever so much for her—more'n twenty blankets, and lots o' provisions an' clothes."

"Yes, an' a'ter all, they would have that handsome head-dress."

"They would have that," said the pretty young woman, who had by this time arranged her attire to her satisfaction. "'Twas a beautiful head-dress, with ever so many feathers and ribbons. One of the chiefs took a likin' to it, and wanted to wear it himself."

So the poor women gossiped, as though they had not been for a month shut up, in peril of their lives, in a little mud fort, with hundreds of wild Indians prowling around eager to get a shot at them. There was an aristocracy here as well as elsewhere. The white women were awfully severe upon the five poor squaws who had come to the fort with their mining protectors, who were contemptuously styled "squaw-men."

The General Jackson-looking Amazon, who had dropped a word in favor of Charley Brown's squaw, was especially severe upon the poor Indian women; and took an early opportunity to tell the Sergeant that she hoped they "were a-goin' to kill all the squaws and copper-colored young ones." She was hugely disgusted when she was informed that no such measure was in contemplation; and in Lady Macbeth style offered to do the bloody work with her own hands, "if they dass'n't."

Before long a little schooner from Port Orford came down, and the Colonel proposed to send all the women and children up by her. The squaws were to be sent to their tribe, who had "come in," and all were to go on a "reservation." Then came a storm. The women wouldn't go in the schooner if the squaws went—the good-for-nothing hussies. The Colonel said the squaws should go at any rate; and if the white women did not choose to go with them, they might stay at the fort.

The "squaw-men" were also unwilling to give up their dark favorites, and to suffer them to go back to their tribe. Foremost among these was Charley Brown. "His squaw was a good one—every body said so; she was, besides, the mother of his child, and before she should go on the reserve, he'd marry her off-hand. If he wouldn't he'd be —" We omit the clincher which honest Charley put to his determination, trusting that the Recording Angel performed for his expletive the same kindly service which he did for Uncle Toby's oath. Charley meant what he said, and did actually marry the woman. We must let the Sergeant describe the wedding:

"The five squaws were brought down to the camp. Three of them were young, and not bad-looking, and had learned to dress in frocks. Two were old and ugly, with blue tattooing around their mouths. One of them—Charley's squaw—had a child in her arms. These seemed sad at the prospect of being sent away; but the younger ones squatted down before the Colonel's tent, chattering and sewing, as though they didn't care whether they staid or went.

"Charley now made his appearance, accompanied by the guide, who happened also to be a member of the Oregon Legislature, and a justice of the peace. The pair held a short consultation with the Colonel; and then the woman was called forward, and there, on the banks of the Rogue River, by the shore of the great Pacific, with a circle of rough-looking miners standing around, the marriage ceremony was performed. Charley promised to have her, and her only, for his lawful wedded wife, and then translated the words of the ceremony for the benefit of his dusky tattooed bride. She grunted out some rough Indian gutterals in reply, and the knot was tied. There was no kissing the bride, and no wedding feast. Some of the by-standers were inclined to make light of the ceremony; but Charley, growling out an oath or two, dandled his baby, and looked defiance at the mockers and starers. I could not help thinking that his determination to cling to the poor brown woman for better or worse, while the prospect before them was all 'worse' and no 'better,' showed that there was some honest manhood in the rough fellow."

So says Sergeant Jones, and so say we.

After Charley's marriage, another hard-looking fellow stepped forward, looking terribly frightened, and was in like manner wedded to the other old woman. But the men to whom the three younger squaws pertained, declared, with more oaths than the occasion demanded, that they "would'n't marry 'em any how."

But there was fighting as well as marrying to be done. One day the Colonel determined to send an expedition some ten or a dozen miles up the river, to destroy "Mackanootenay's Town." Some hard fighting was anticipated, and the party was a strong one.

"Climbing up these hills," says the Sergeant, "with blankets, overcoats, muskets, ammunition, and two days' rations strapped on our backs, made some of the new hands swear as well as sweat." In course of time they came within view of the Indian village, hid away in a quiet and peaceful nook. Steep hills and thick jungle shut it in on three sides, the fourth being covered by the river, sixty yards broad, running with a rapid current. Thirteen huts stood in a row near the river. They were not the slight lodges of the nomadic tribes of the prairie, but were excavations six or eight feet deep, and eighteen or twenty feet broad, lined with boards and skins, and covered with clap-boards and thatching. The coast Indians do not wander from their own valley, for there is no unoccupied room, and if a tribe does not confine its fishing to its own home, a fight is the consequence. A few horses were quietly grazing on the green; but the village was deserted by its human inhabitants, though the embers still

smouldering in some of the huts showed that their occupants had but just left. A band of the Indians were seen on the opposite side of the river, watching the proceedings of the soldiers. Their suspense was of short duration. Orders were given to shoot the horses, and set fire to the huts; and in a moment all were in flames, the light thatch blazing up like paper. The sight of their burning homes decided the course of the Indians, and they began to cross the river, some distance up-stream, and advanced toward the troops. Then ensued a fight, which we must permit the Sergeant to tell in his own way:

"'Lieutenant D., face your company about, double quick, through the timber to the rear of the blankets!' (We had left our packs behind when we rushed into the village.) 'Captain J., face your company to the left, double quick, Sir, for the timbered ridge. Advance-guard, forward!' shouted the Captain, making for the mound and ridge which covered the village. The Indians were pouring down upon us. From rock, tree, and mountain-spur rang their war-whoops and cracked their rifles. As we ran, the advance-guard, with which I was, met the guard who had been left behind with the packs. The Indians had come down upon them, and they didn't like to stay. We turned the fugitives back with us, and drove out the Indians who had taken possession of the mound. Lieutenant D. had reached the packs just in the nick of time to save them, drove off the Indians there, and helped us to 'give fits' to those who ran from the mound. Captain J. had a harder road to travel; he had to run two hundred and fifty yards up-hill, over bare ground, and the Indians got to his station before he did; but we helped him drive them out. Luckily these Coast Indians are bad shots, and though the balls flew about us, and cups, canteens, and clothes suffered some, we had but one man tumbled over, and he made no fuss.

"When we had driven the Indians from this ridge, there was another mound which they still held. We turned this, and attacked them in front; and then the red scoundrels—(see how I abuse them for defending their village!)—ran down to the river, jumped into their canoes, and paddled off. Our position commanded the crossing, and we made out to kill three as they were crossing, besides the five that they left on our side of the river. Very likely we killed some on the opposite side, for we fired into the groups over there. One old woman kept up a terrible screeching. The guides said it was because we had killed her baby.

"When all was over, we gathered up our packs, and commenced our march back to camp. Tired and hungry were we, for we had fought an hour and a half, after marching for six hours over the roughest road I ever saw—and I have seen some rough roads in my time.

"When the excitement of the fight was over, the men began to give out. One fellow fell behind, and the sergeant stopping to help him, received a horrid wound from the woods. Broken-down man jumped up and ran for dear life. We had all to stop in the rain, and rest for a couple of hours. Then we mounted the wounded sergeant on a mule, with a man behind to hold him on. The poor fellow groaned in agony, and begged to be left behind to die. So fearful were his cries that the man with him on the mule grew nervous, and couldn't hold him on. Then we stopped in the dark and made a litter, and lugged the sergeant over the logs and through the bushes. His head soon got under the bar of the litter, and we had to stop again. The Captain then took the wounded man upon his mule, and so carried him, in spite of cries, entreaties, and fainting fits. Once going up a mountain the saddle slipped, and all came to the ground. It was a terrible night march—men every moment getting lost in the darkness. We made two and a half miles in five hours.

"Next morning we managed to get to our camp. The wounded are getting well; and soon we shall have another turn with the Indians. It has rained nearly all the time, and we are about as dirty and tired a set as ever dug on a canal.

"I can't help thinking," concludes the Sergeant, "that if a few adventurers will go so far ahead of all civilization, and scatter themselves through the labyrinths of these mountain fastnesses, where the elk, the grizzly bear, and the Indians have retired to make their last stand against gold-hunting, bear-shooting, and Indian-killing white men, that these said white men have no right to expect Government to send soldiers to war against such an awful country, and such well-wronged Indians. I wish Uncle Sam would end the war by putting all the gold-hunters on a reservation, and paying them roundly to stay there, leaving this God-forsaken country to the Indians. As for the economy of paying the gold-hunters to stay away, our one company costs the country 800 dollars a day. You may reckon up what the whole thirty-two companies now on the coast will cost at the end of the year—when this miserable Oregon War will hardly have begun! No one who has not traveled there can imagine the wilderness of mountains, jungles, and forests that covers all the country for hundreds of miles between the valleys of the Sacramento and the Willamette and the Pacific coast. Frémont had to go around it. There are no roads, and only here and there trails have been cut, where mining parties have found themselves near streams leading to the coast. They have spent months in cutting a track just wide enough for pack-mules. The names of some of the places will indicate the character of the country. There are 'Devil's Gulch, and 'Devil's Staircase,' and 'Jump-off-Joe,' and other break-neck designations. Ah, well; we poor soldiers have no votes, and must go where honor calls."

Such is a single glance at "Soldiering in Oregon," as it seems to Sergeant Jones, on the spot.



BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXX.—THE WORD OF A GENTLEMAN.

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Flintwinch panted up to the door of the old house in the twilight, Jeremiah within a second of Affery, the stranger started back. "Death of my soul!" he exclaimed. "Why, how did you get here?"

Mr. Flintwinch, to whom these words were spoken, repaid the stranger's wonder in full. He gazed at him with blank astonishment; he looked over his own shoulder, as expecting to see some one he had not been aware of standing behind him; he gazed at the stranger again, speechlessly, at a loss to know what he meant; he looked to his wife for explanation; receiving none, he pounced upon her and shook her with such heartiness that he shook her cap off her head, saying between his teeth, with grim raillery, as he did it, "Affery, my woman, you must have a dose, my woman! This is some of your tricks! You have been dreaming again, mistress. What's it about? Who is it? What does it mean? Come! speak out or be choked! It's the only choice I'll give you."

Supposing Mistress Affery to have any power of election at the moment, her choice was decidedly to be choked, for she answered not a syllable to this adjuration, but, with her bare head wagging violently backward and forward, resigned herself to her punishment. The stranger, however, picking up her cap with an air of gallantry, interposed in her behalf.

"Permit me," said he, laying his hand on the shoulder of Jeremiah, who stopped, and released his victim. "Thank you. Excuse me. Husband and wife I know, from this playfulness. Ha, ha! always agreeable to see that relation playfully maintained. Listen! May I suggest that somebody up stairs in the dark is becoming energetically curious to know what is going on here?"

This reference to Mrs. Clennam's voice reminded Mr. Flintwinch to step into the hall and call up the staircase, "It's all right, I am here, Affery is coming with your light." Then he said to the latter flustered woman, who was putting her cap on, "Get out with you, and get up stairs!" and then turned to the stranger, and said to him, "Now, Sir, what might you please to want?"

"I am afraid," said the stranger, "I must be so troublesome as to propose a candle."

"True," assented Jeremiah. "I was going to do so. Please to stand where you are while I get one."

The visitor was standing in the doorway, but turned a little into the gloom of the house as Mr. Flintwinch turned, and pursued him with his eyes into the little room where he groped about for a phosphorus box. When he found it, it was damp, or otherwise out of order, and match after match that he struck into it lighted sufficiently to throw a dull glare about his groping face, and to sprinkle his hands with pale little spots of fire, but not sufficiently to light the candle. Meanwhile, the stranger, taking advantage of this fitful illumination of his visage, looked intently and wonderingly at him. Jeremiah, when he at last lighted the candle, knew he had been doing this, by seeing the last shade of a lowering watchfulness clear away from his face as it broke into the doubtful smile that was a large ingredient in its expression.

"Be so good," said Jeremiah, closing the house door, and taking a pretty sharp survey of the smiling visitor in his turn, "as to step into my counting-house.—It's all right, I tell you!" petulantly breaking off to answer the voice up stairs, still unsatisfied, though Affery was there, speaking in persuasive tones. "Don't I tell you it's all right? Preserve the woman, has she no reason at all in her?"

"Timorous," remarked the stranger.

"Timorous?" said Mr. Flintwinch, turning his head to retort, as he went before with the candle. "More courageous than ninety men in a hundred, Sir, let me tell you."

"Though an invalid?"

"Many years an invalid. Mrs. Clennam. The only one of that name left in the House now. My partner."

Saying something apologetically as he crossed the hall, to the effect that at that time of night they were not in the habit of receiving any one, and were always shut up, Mr. Flintwinch led the way into his own office, which presented a sufficiently business-like appearance. Here he put the light on his desk, and said to the stranger, with his wryest twist upon him, "Your commands."

"My name is Blandois."

"Blandois. I don't know it," said Jeremiah.

"I thought it possible," resumed the other, "that you might have been advised from Paris—"

"We have had no advice from Paris respecting any body of the name of Blandois," said Jeremiah.

"No?"

"No."

Jeremiah stood in his favorite attitude, scraping his jaws. The smiling Mr. Blandois, opening his cloak to get his hand to a breast pocket,



MR. FLINTWINCH HAS A MILD ATTACK OF IRRITABILITY.

paused to say, with a laugh in his glittering eyes, which it occurred to Mr. Flintwinch were too near together:

"You are *so* like a friend of mine! Not so identically the same as I supposed when I really did for the moment take you to be the same in the dusk—for which I ought to apologize; permit me to do so; a readiness to confess my errors is, I hope, a part of the frankness of my character—still, however, uncommonly like."

"Indeed?" said Jeremiah, perversely. "But I have not received any letter of advice from any where, respecting any body of the name of Blandois."

"Just so," said the stranger.

"*Just* so," said Jeremiah.

Mr. Blandois, not at all put out by this omission on the part of the correspondents of the house of Clennam and Co., took his pocket-book from his breast pocket, selected a letter from that receptacle, and handed it to Mr. Flintwinch. "No doubt you are well acquainted with the writing. Perhaps the letter speaks for itself, and requires no advice. You are a far more competent judge of such affairs than I am. It is my misfortune to be, not so much a man of business, as what the world calls (arbitrarily) a gentleman."

Mr. Flintwinch took the letter, and read, under date of Paris, "We have to present to you, on behalf of a highly-esteemed correspondent of our Firm, M. Blandois, of this city," etc., etc. "Such facilities as he may require, and such attentions as may lie in your power," etc., etc. "Also have to add that if you will honor M. Blandois's drafts at sight to the extent of, say Fifty Pounds sterling (£50)," etc., etc.

"Very good, Sir," said Mr. Flintwinch. "Take a chair. To the extent of any thing that our house can do—we are in a retired, old-fashioned, steady way of business, Sir—we shall be happy to render you our best assistance. I observe from the date of this that we could not yet be advised of it. Probably you came over with the delayed mail that brings the advice."

"That I came over with the delayed mail, Sir," returned Mr. Blandois, passing his white hand down his high-hooked nose, "I know to the cost of my head and stomach—the detested and intolerable weather having racked them both. You see me in the plight in which I came out of the packet within this half hour. I ought to have been here hours ago, and then I should not have to apologize—permit me *to* apologize—for presenting myself so unseasonably, and frightening—no, by-the-by, you said not frightening; permit me to apologize again—the esteemed lady, Mrs. Clennam, in her invalid chamber above stairs."

Swagger and an air of condescension do so much, that Mr. Flintwinch had already begun to think this a highly gentlemanly personage. Not the less unyielding with him on that account, he scraped his chin and said, what could he have the honor of doing for Mr. Blandois to-night, out of business hours?

"Faith!" returned that gentleman, shrugging his cloaked shoulders, "I must change, and eat and drink, and be lodged somewhere. Have the kindness to advise me, as a total stranger, where, and money is a matter of perfect indifference, until to-morrow. The nearer the place, the better. Next door, if that's all."

Mr. Flintwinch was slowly beginning, "For a gentleman of your habits, there is not in this immediate neighborhood any hotel—" when Mr. Blandois took him up.

"So much for my habits! my dear Sir," said he, snapping his fingers. "A citizen of the world has no habits. That I am, in my poor way, a gentleman, by Heaven! I will not deny, but I have no unaccommodating prejudiced habits. A clean room, a hot dish for dinner, and a bottle of not absolutely poisonous wine, are all I want to-night. But I want that much without the trouble of going one unnecessary inch to get it."

"There is," said Mr. Flintwinch, scraping his jaws with more than his usual deliberation, as he met, for a moment, Mr. Blandois's shining eyes, which were restless; "there is a coffee-house and tavern close here, which, so far, I can recommend; but there's no style about it."

"I dispense with style!" said Mr. Blandois, waving his hand. "Do me the honor to show me the house, and introduce me there (if I am not too troublesome), and I shall be infinitely obliged."

Mr. Flintwinch, upon this, looked up his hat, and lighted Mr. Blandois across the hall again. As he put the candle on a bracket, where the dark old paneling almost served as an extinguisher for it, he bethought himself of going up to tell the invalid that he would not be absent five minutes.

"Oblige me," said the visitor, on his saying so, "by presenting my card of visit. Do me the favor to add, that I shall be happy to wait on Mrs. Clennam, to offer my personal compliments, and to apologize for having occasioned any agitation in this tranquil corner, if it should suit her convenience to endure the presence of a stranger for a few minutes after he shall have changed his wet-clothes and fortified himself with something to eat and drink."

Jeremiah made all dispatch, and said, on his return, "She'll be glad to see you, Sir; but, being conscious that her sick room has no attractions, wishes me to say that she won't hold you to your offer, in case you should think better of it."

"To think better of it," returned the gallant Blandois, "would be to slight a lady; to slight a lady would be deficient in chivalry toward the sex;" here he kissed his fingers; "and chivalry toward the sex is a part of my character!" Thus expressing himself, he threw the draggled skirt of his cloak over his shoulder, and accompanied Mr. Flintwinch to the tavern; taking up on the road a porter, who was waiting with his portmanteau on the outer side of the gateway.

The house was kept in a homely manner, and the condescension of Mr. Blandois was infinite. It seemed to fill to inconvenience the little bar in which the widow landlady and her two daughters received him; it was much too big for the narrow wainscoated room with a bagatelle-board in it, that was first proposed for his reception; it swamped the little private holiday sitting-room of the family, which was finally given up to him. Here, in dry clothes and scented linen, with sleeked hair, a great ring on each forefinger, and a massive show of watch-chain, Mr. Blandois waiting for his dinner, lolling on a window-seat with his knees drawn up, looked, for all the difference in the setting of the jewel, painfully and wonderfully like a certain Monsieur Rigaud who had once so waited for his breakfast, lying on the stone ledge of the iron grating of a cell in a villainous dungeon at Marseilles.

His greed at dinner, too, was closely in keeping with the greed of Monsieur Rigaud at breakfast. His avaricious manner of collecting all the eatables about him, and devouring some with his eyes, while devouring others with his

jaws, was the same manner. His utter disregard of other people, as shown in his way of tossing the little womanly toys of furniture about, flinging favorite cushions under his boots for a softer rest, and crushing delicate coverings with his big body and his great black head, had the same brute selfishness at the bottom of it. The softly moving hands that were so busy among the dishes had the old wicked facility of the hands that had clung to the bars. And when he could eat no more, and sat sucking his delicate fingers, one by one, and wiping them on a cloth, there wanted nothing but the substitution of vine-leaves to finish the picture.

On this man, with his mustache going up and his nose coming down in that most evil of smiles, and with his surface eyes looking as if they belonged to his dyed hair, and had had their natural power of reflecting light stopped by some similar process, Nature, always true, and never working in vain, had set the mark, Beware! It was not her fault if the warning were fruitless. She is never to blame in any such instance.

Mr. Blandois, having finished his repast and cleaned his fingers, took a cigar from his pocket, and, lying on the window-seat, again smoked it out at his leisure, occasionally apostrophizing the smoke as it parted from his thin lips in a thin stream, to this effect:

"Blandois, you shall turn the tables on society, my little child. Ha, ha! Bah, you have begun well, Blandois! At a pinch, an excellent master in English or French; a man for the bosom of families! You have a quick perception, you have humor, you have ease, you have insinuating manners, you have a good appearance; in effect you are a gentleman! A gentleman you shall live, my small boy, and a gentleman you shall die. You shall win, however the game goes. They shall all confess your merit, Blandois. You shall subdue the society which has grievously wronged you, to your own high spirit. Death of my soul. You are high-spirited by right and nature, Blandois!"

To such soothing murmurs did this gentleman smoke out his cigar and drink out his bottle of wine. Both being finished, he shook himself into a sitting attitude, and with the concluding serious apostrophe, "Hold, then! Blandois, you ingenious one, have all your wits about you!" arose and went back to the house of Clennam and Co.

He was received at the door by Mistress Affery, who, under instructions from her lord, had lighted up two candles in the hall and a third on the staircase, and who conducted him to Mrs. Clennam's room. Tea was prepared there, and such little company arrangements had been made as usually attended the reception of expected visitors. They were slight on the greatest occasion, never extending beyond the production of the China tea-service, and the covering of the bed with a sober and sad drapery. For the rest, there was the bier-like sofa with the block upon it, and the figure in the widow's dress, as if attired for execution; the fire topped by the mound of damped ashes; the grate with its second little mound of ashes; the kettle, and the smell of black dye; all as they had been for fifteen years.

Mr. Flintwinch presented the gentleman commended to the consideration of Clennam and Co. Mrs. Clennam, who had the letter lying before her, bent her head and requested him to sit. They looked very closely at one another. That was but natural curiosity.

"I thank you, Sir, for thinking of a disabled woman like me. Few who come here on business have any remembrance to bestow on one so removed from observation. It would be idle to expect that they should have. Out of sight, out of mind. When I am grateful for the exception, I don't complain of the rule."

Mr. Blandois, in his most gentlemanly manner, was afraid he had disturbed her by unhappily presenting himself at such an unconscionable time. For which he had already offered his best apologies to Mr.— he begged pardon, but by name had not the distinguished honor—"

"Mr. Flintwinch has been connected with the House many years."

Mr. Blandois was Mr. Flintwinch's most obedient humble servant. He entreated Mr. Flintwinch to receive the assurance of his profoundest consideration.

"My husband being dead," said Mrs. Clennam, "and my son preferring another pursuit, our old House has no other representative in these days than Mr. Flintwinch."

"What do you call yourself?" was the surly demand of that gentleman. "You have the head of two men."

"My sex disqualifies me," she proceeded, with merely a slight turn of her eyes in Jeremiah's direction, "from taking a responsible part in the business, even if I had the ability, and therefore Mr. Flintwinch combines my interests with his own, and conducts it. It is not what it used to be, but some of our old friends (principally the writers of this letter) have the kindness not to forget us, and we retain the power of doing what they intrust to us as efficiently as we ever did. This, however, is not interesting to you. You are English, Sir?"

"Faith, madam, no; neither born nor bred in England. In effect, I am of no country," said Mr. Blandois, stretching out his leg and smiting it, "I descend from half a dozen countries."

"You have been much about the world?"

"It is true. By Heaven, madam, I have been here and there and every where!"

"You have no ties, probably. Are not married?"

"Madam," said Mr. Blandois, with an ugly fall of his eyebrows, "I adore your sex, but I am not married—never was."

Mistress Affery, who stood at the table near him pouring out the tea, happened in her dreamy state to look at him as he said these words.

and to fancy that she caught an expression in his eyes which held her own eyes so that she could not get them away. The effect of this fancy was, to keep her staring at him with the tea-pot in her hand, not only to her own great uneasiness, but manifestly to his too, and, through them both, to Mrs. Clennam's and Mr. Flintwinch's. Thus a few ghostly moments supervened when they were all confusedly staring without knowing why.

"Affery," her mistress was the first to say, "what is the matter with you?"

"I don't know," said Mistress Affery, with her disengaged left hand extended toward the visitor. "It ain't me. It's him!"

"What does this good woman mean?" cried Mr. Blandois, turning white, hot, and slowly rising with a look of such deadly wrath that it contrasted surprisingly with the slight force of his words. "How is it possible to understand this good creature!"

"It's *not* possible," said Mr. Flintwinch, screwing himself rapidly in that direction. "She don't know what she means. She's an idiot—a wanderer in her mind. She shall have a dose, she shall have such a dose! Get along with you, my woman," he added in her ear, "get along with you, while you know you're Affery, and before you're shaken to yeast."

Mistress Affery, sensible of the danger in which her identity stood, relinquished the tea-pot as her husband seized it, put her apron over her head, and in a twinkling vanished. The visitor gradually broke into a smile, and sat down again.

"You'll excuse her, Mr. Blandois," said Jeremiah, pouring out the tea himself; "she's failing and breaking up; that's what she's about. Do you take sugar, Sir?"

"Thank you; no tea for me. Pardon my observing it, but that's a very remarkable watch!"

The tea-table was drawn up near the sofa, with a small interval between it and Mrs. Clennam's own particular table. Mr. Blandois in his gallantry had risen to hand that lady her tea (her dish of toast was already there), and it was in placing the cup conveniently within her reach that the watch, lying before her as it always did, attracted his attention. Mrs. Clennam looked suddenly up at him.

"May I be permitted? Thank you. A fine old-fashioned watch," he said, taking it in his hand. "Heavy for use, but massive and genuine. I have a partiality for every thing genuine. Such as I am, I am genuine myself. Ha! A gentleman's watch with two cases in the old fashion. May I remove it from the outer case? Thank you. Ay? An old silk watch-lining, worked with beads! I have often seen these among old Dutch people and Belgians. Quaint things!"

"They are old-fashioned too," said Mrs. Clennam.

"Very. But this is not as old as the watch, I think?"

"I think not."

"Extraordinary how they used to complicate these ciphers!" remarked Mr. Blandois, glancing round with his own smile again. "Now, is this D. N. F.? It might be almost any thing."

"Those are the letters."

Mr. Flintwinch, who had been observantly pausing all this time with a cup of tea in his hand and his mouth open ready to swallow the contents, began to do so; always entirely filling his mouth before he emptied it at a gulp; and always deliberating again before he refilled it.

"D. N. F. was some tenderly lovely fascinating creature, I make no doubt," observed Mr. Blandois, as he snapped on the case again. "I adore her memory on the supposition. Unfortunately for my peace of mind I adore but too readily. It may be a vice, it may be a virtue, but adoration of female beauty and merit constitutes three parts of my character."

Mr. Flintwinch had by this time poured himself out another cup of tea, which he was swallowing in gulps as before, with his eyes directed to the invalid.

"You may be heart-free in this affair, Sir," she returned to Mr. Blandois. "Those letters are not intended, I believe, for the initials of any name."

"Of a motto, perhaps?" said Mr. Blandois, casually.

"Of a sentence. They have always stood, I believe, for Do Not Forget!"

"And naturally," said Mr. Blandois, replacing the watch, and stepping backward to his former chair, "you do *not* forget."

Mr. Flintwinch, finishing his tea, not only took a longer gulp than he had taken yet, but made his succeeding pause under new circumstances; that is to say, with his head thrown back and his cup still held at his lips, while his eyes were still directed at the invalid. She had that force of face and that concentrated air of collecting her firmness or obstinacy, which represented in her case what would have been gesture and action in another, as she replied with her deliberate strength of speech:

"No, Sir, I do not forget. To lead a life as monotonous as mine has been during many years, is not the way to forget. To lead a life of self-examination and preparation, is not the way to forget. To be sensible of having (as we all have, every one of us, all the children of Adam!) offenses to repent and peace to make, does not justify the desire to forget. Therefore I have long dismissed it, and I neither forget nor wish to forget."

Mr. Flintwinch, who had latterly been shaking the sediment at the bottom of his tea-cup round and round, here gulped it down, and putting the cup in the tea-tray, as done with, turned his eyes upon Mr. Blandois, as if to ask him what he thought of that?

"All expressed, madam," said Mr. Blandois, with his smoothest bow and his white hand on

his breast, "by the word 'naturally,' which I am proud to have sufficient apprehension and appreciation (but without appreciation I could not be Blandois) to employ."

"Pardon me, Sir," she returned, "if I doubt the likelihood of a gentleman of pleasure, and change, and politeness, accustomed to court and to be courted—"

"Oh, madam! By Heaven!"

"If I doubt, I say, the likelihood of such a character quite comprehending what belongs to mine in my circumstances. Not to obtrude doctrine upon you"—she looked at the rigid pile of hard pale books before her—"(for you go your own way, and the consequences are on your own head), I will say this much: that I shape my course by pilots, strictly by proved and tried pilots, under whom I can not be shipwrecked—can not be—and that if I were unmindful of the admonition conveyed in those three letters, I should not be half as chastened as I am."

It was curious how she seized the occasion to argue with some invisible opponent. Was it with her own better sense, always turning upon herself and her own deception?

"If I forgot my ignorances in my life of health and freedom, I might complain of the life to which I am now condemned. I never do; I never have done. If I forgot that this scene, the Earth, is expressly meant to be a scene of gloom, and hardship, and dark trial, for the creatures who are made out of its dust, I might have some tenderness for its vanities. But I have no such tenderness. If I did not know that we are, every one, the subject (most justly the subject) of a wrath that must be satisfied, and against which mere works are nothing, I might repine at the difference between me, imprisoned here, and the people who pass that gateway yonder. But I take it as a grace and favor to the elected to make the satisfaction I am making here, to know what I know for certain here, and to work out what I am working out here. My affliction might otherwise have had no meaning to me. Hence I would forget nothing, and I do forget nothing. Hence I am contented, and say it is better with me than with millions."

As she spoke these words she put her hand upon the watch, and restored it to the precise spot on her little table which it always occupied. With her touch lingering upon it, she sat for some moments afterward looking at it steadily and half-defiantly. It was almost as if she had said, "I court remembrance of the debts of my soul, and strike my payments off, taking credit for every hour's enforced endurance here, and for every profession I make, and sacrifice" of other people—"that I offer up, according to my doctrine."

Mr. Blandois, during this exposition, had been strictly attentive, keeping his eyes fastened on the lady, and thoughtfully stroking his mustache with his two hands. Mr. Flintwinch had been a little fidgety, and now struck in.

"There, there, there!" said he. "That is quite understood, Mrs. Clennam, and you have spoken piously and well. Mr. Blandois, I dare say, is not of a pious cast."

"On the contrary, Sir!" that gentleman protested. "Your pardon! It's a part of my character. I am sensitive, ardent, and imaginative. A sensitive, ardent, and imaginative man, Mr. Flintwinch, must be that, or nothing!"

There was an inkling of suspicion in Mr. Flintwinch's face that he might be nothing, as he swaggered out of his chair (it was characteristic of this man, as it is of all men similarly marked, that whatever he did, he overdid, though it were sometimes by only a hair's-breadth), and approached to take his leave of Mrs. Clennam.

"With what will appear to you the egotism of a sick old woman, Sir," she then said, "though really through your accidental allusion, I have been led away into the subject of myself and my infirmities. Being so considerate as to visit me, I beg you will be likewise so considerate as to overlook that. Don't compliment me, if you please." For he was evidently going to do it. "Mr. Flintwinch will be happy to render you any service, and I hope your stay in this city may prove agreeable."

Mr. Blandois thanked her, and kissed his fingers several times. "This is an old room," he remarked, with a sudden sprightliness of manner, looking round when he got near the door. "I have been so interested that I have not observed it. But it's a genuine old room."

"It is a genuine old house," said Mrs. Clennam, with her frozen smile. "A place of no pretensions, but a piece of antiquity."

"Faith!" cried the visitor. "If Mr. Flintwinch would do me the favor to take me through the rooms on my way out, he could hardly oblige me more. An old house is a weakness with me. I have many weaknesses, but none greater. I love and study the picturesque, in all varieties. I have been called picturesque myself. It is no merit to be picturesque—I have greater merits, perhaps—but I may be, by an accident. Sympathy, sympathy!"

"I tell you beforehand, Mr. Blandois, that you'll find it very dingy, and very bare," said Jeremiah, taking up the candle. "It's not worth your looking at." But Mr. Blandois, clapping him in a friendly manner on the shoulder, only laughed; so the said Blandois kissed his fingers again to Mrs. Clennam, and they went out of the room together.

"You don't care to go up stairs?" said Jeremiah, on the landing.

"On the contrary, Mr. Flintwinch; if not tiresome to you, I shall be charmed!"

Mr. Flintwinch, therefore, wormed himself up the staircase, and Mr. Blandois followed close. They ascended to the great garret bedroom which Arthur had occupied on the night of his return. "There, Mr. Blandois!" said Jeremiah, showing it, "I hope you may think that

worth coming so high to see. I confess I don't."

Mr. Blandois being enraptured, they walked through other garrets and passages, and came down the staircase again. By this time, Mr. Flintwinch had remarked that he never found the visitor looking at any room, after throwing one quick glance around, but always found the visitor looking at him, Mr. Flintwinch. With this discovery in his thoughts, he turned about on the staircase to try him again. He met his eyes directly, and on the instant of their fixing one another, the visitor, with that ugly play of nose and mustache, laughed (as he had done at every similar moment since they left Mrs. Clennam's chamber) a diabolically silent laugh.

As a much shorter man than the visitor, Mr. Flintwinch was at the physical disadvantage of being thus disagreeably leered at from a height; and as he went first down the staircase, and was usually a step or two lower than the other, this disadvantage was at the time increased. He postponed looking at Mr. Blandois again until this accidental inequality was removed by their having entered the late Mr. Clennam's room. But then twisting himself suddenly round upon him, he found his look unchanged.

"A most admirable old house!" smiled Mr. Blandois. "So mysterious. Did you never hear any unexpected noises here?"

"Noises," returned Mr. Flintwinch. "No."

"Nor see any devils?"

"Not any," said Mr. Flintwinch, grimly screwing himself at his questioner, "that introduce themselves under that name and in that capacity."

"Ha, ha! A portrait here, I see."

(Still looking at Mr. Flintwinch, as if he were the portrait.)

"It's a portrait, Sir, as you observe."

"May I ask the subject, Mr. Flintwinch?"

"Mr. Clennam, deceased. Her husband."

"Former owner of the remarkable watch, perhaps?" said the visitor.

Mr. Flintwinch, who had cast his eyes toward the portrait, twisted himself about again, and again found himself the subject of the same look and smile. "Yes, Mr. Blandois," he replied, tartly. "It was his, and his uncle's before him, and Lord knows whose before him, and that's all I can tell you of its pedigree."

"That's a strongly marked character, Mr. Flintwinch, our friend up stairs!"

"Yes, Sir," said Jeremiah, twisting himself at the visitor again, as he did during the whole of this dialogue, like some screw-machine that fell short of its grip; for the other never changed, and he always felt obliged to relax. "She is a remarkable woman. Great fortitude—great strength of mind."

"They must have been very happy," said Blandois.

"Who?" demanded Mr. Flintwinch, with another screw at him.

Mr. Blandois shook his right forefinger toward the sick-room, and his left forefinger toward the portrait, and then putting his arms akimbo, and striding his legs wide apart, stood smiling down at Mr. Flintwinch with the advancing nose and the retreating mustache.

"As happy as most other married people, I suppose," returned Mr. Flintwinch. "I can't say. I don't know. There are secrets in all families."

"Secrets!" cried Mr. Blandois, quickly. "Say it again, my son."

"I say," replied Mr. Flintwinch, upon whom he had swelled himself so suddenly that Mr. Flintwinch found his face almost brushed by the dilated chest. "I say there are secrets in all families."

"So there are," cried the other, clapping him on both shoulders, and rolling him backward and forward. "Ha, ha! you are right. So there are! Secrets? Bah! There are the devil's own secrets in some families, Mr. Flintwinch!" With that, after clapping Mr. Flintwinch on both shoulders several times, as if, in a friendly and humorous way, he were rallying him on a joke he had made, he threw up his arms, threw back his head, joined his hands behind it, and burst into a roar of laughter. It was in vain for Mr. Flintwinch to try another twist at him. He had his laugh out.

"But favor me with the candle a moment," he said, when he had done. "Let us have a look at the husband of the remarkable lady. Ha!" holding up the light at arm's length. "A decided expression of face here too, though not of the same character. Looks as if he were saying—what is it—Do Not Forget—does he not, Mr. Flintwinch? By Heaven, Sir, he does!"

As he returned him the candle, he looked at him once more, and then leisurely strolling out with him into the hall, declared it to be a charming old house indeed, and one which had so greatly pleased him, that he would not have missed inspecting it for a hundred pounds.

Throughout these strange freedoms on the part of Mr. Blandois, which involved a general alteration in his demeanor, making it much coarser and rougher, much more violent and audacious than before, Mr. Flintwinch, whose leathern face was not liable to many changes, preserved its immobility intact. Beyond now appearing, perhaps, to have been left hanging a trifle too long before that friendly operation of cutting down, it outwardly maintained an equable composure. They had brought their survey to a close in the little room at the side of the hall, and he stood there scraping his dried cheek, and eying Mr. Blandois.

"I am glad you are so well satisfied, Sir," was his calm remark. "I didn't expect it. You seem to be quite in good spirits."

"In admirable spirits," returned Blandois. "I give you my honor, never in better. Do you ever have presentiments, Mr. Flintwinch?"

"I am not sure that I know what you mean by the word, Sir," replied that gentleman.

"Say in this case, Mr. Flintwinch, undefined anticipations of pleasure to come."

"I can't say I am sensible of such a sensation at present," returned Mr. Flintwinch, with the utmost gravity. "If I find it coming on, I'll mention it."

"Now I," said Blandois, "I, my son, have a presentiment to-night that we shall be well acquainted. Do you find it coming on?"

"N—no," returned Mr. Flintwinch, deliberately inquiring of himself. "I can't say I do."

"I have a strong presentiment that we shall become intimately acquainted. You have no feeling of that sort yet?"

"Not at present," said Mr. Flintwinch.

Mr. Blandois, taking him by both shoulders again, rolled him about a little in his former merry way, then drew his arm through his own, and invited him to come off and drink a bottle of wine like a dear deep old dog as he was.

Without a moment's indecision, Mr. Flintwinch accepted the invitation, and they went out to the quarters where the traveler was lodged, through a heavy rain which had rattled on the windows, roofs, and pavements, ever since nightfall. The thunder and lightning had long ago passed over, but the rain was furious. On their arrival in Mr. Blandois's room, a bottle of port wine was ordered by that gallant gentleman; who (crushing every thing he could collect, in the luxurious disposition of his dainty figure) coiled himself upon the window-seat, while Mr. Flintwinch took a chair opposite to him, with the table between them. Mr. Blandois proposed having the largest glasses in the house, to which Mr. Flintwinch readily assented. The bumpers filled, Mr. Blandois, with a roystering gayety, clinked the top of his glass against the bottom of Mr. Flintwinch's, and the bottom of his glass against the top of Mr. Flintwinch's, and drank to the intimate acquaintance he foresaw. Mr. Flintwinch gravely pledged him, and drank all the wine he could get, and said nothing. As often as Mr. Blandois clinked glasses (which was at every replenishment), Mr. Flintwinch stolidly did his part of the clinking, and would have stolidly done his companion's part of the wine as well as his own, being, except in the article of palate, a mere cask.

In short, Mr. Blandois found that to pour port wine into the cautious Flintwinch was not to open him, but to shut him up. Moreover, he had the appearance of a perfect ability to go on all night; or, if occasion were, all next day, and all next night too; whereas Mr. Blandois already grew indistinctly conscious of swaggering too fiercely and boastfully. He therefore terminated the entertainment at the end of the third bottle.

"You will draw upon us to-morrow, Sir?" said Mr. Flintwinch, with a business-like face at parting.

"My Cabbage," returned the other, taking him by the collar with both hands. "I'll draw upon you; don't you be afraid. Adieu, my Flintwinch. Receive at parting"—here he gave him a southern embrace, and kissed him on both cheeks, one after the other—"the word of a gentleman! By a thousand Thunders, you shall see me again!"

He did not present himself next day, though the letter of advice came duly to hand. Inquiring after him at night, Mr. Flintwinch found, with surprise, that he had paid his bill and gone back to the Continent by way of Calais. Nevertheless, Jeremiah scraped out of his cogitating face a lively assurance that Mr. Blandois would keep his word on this occasion, and would be seen again.

CHAPTER XXXI.—SPIRIT.

ANY body may pass, any day, in the thronged thoroughfares of the metropolis, some meagre, wrinkled, yellow old man (who might be supposed to have dropped from the stars, if there were any star in the Heavens dull enough to be suspected of casting off so feeble a spark), creeping along with a scared air, as though bewildered and a little frightened by the noise and bustle. This old man is always a little old man. If he were ever a big old man, he has shrunk into a little old man; if he were always a little old man, he has dwindled into a less old man. His coat is of a color and cut that never was the mode any where, at any period. Clearly, it was not made for him, or for any individual mortal. Some wholesale contractor measured Fate for five thousand coats of such quality, and Fate has lent this old coat to this old man, as one of a long unfinished line of many old men. It has always large dull metal buttons, similar to no other buttons. This old man wears a hat, a thumbed and napless and yet an obdurate hat, which has never adapted itself to the shape of his poor head. His coarse shirt and his coarse neckcloth have no more individuality than his coat and hat; they have the same character of not being his—of not being any body's. Yet this old man wears these clothes with a certain unaccustomed air of being dressed and elaborated for the public ways; as though he passed the greater part of his time in a night-cap and gown. And so, like the country mouse in the second year of a famine, come to see the town-mouse, and timidly threading his way to the town-mouse's lodging through a city of cats, this old man passes in the streets.

Sometimes, on holidays, toward evening, he will be seen to walk with a slightly increased infirmity, and his old eyes will glimmer with a moist and marshy light. Then the little old man is drunk. A very small measure will overset him; he may be bowled off his unsteady legs with a half-pint pot. Some pitying acquaintance—chance acquaintance very often—has warmed up his weakness with a treat of beer, and the consequence will be the lapse of a longer time than usual before he shall pass again. For the little old man is going home to the Workhouse; and on his good behavior they do not let him out

often (though methinks they might, considering the few years he has before him to go out in, under the sun); and on his bad behavior they shut him up closer than ever, in a grove of two score and nineteen more old men, every one of whom smells of all the others.

Mrs. Plornish's father, a poor little reedy piping old gentleman like a worn-out bird; who had been in what he called the music-binding business, and met with great misfortunes, and who had seldom been able to make his way, or to see it or to pay it, or to do any thing at all with it but find it no thoroughfare; had retired of his own accord to the Workhouse which was appointed by law to be the Good Samaritan of his district (without the twopence, which was bad political economy) on the settlement of that execution which had carried Mr. Plornish to the Marshalsea College. Previous to his son-in-law's difficulties coming to that head, Old Nandy (he was always so called in his legal Retreat, but he was Old Mr. Nandy among the Bleeding Hearts) had sat in a corner of the Plornish fireside, and taken his bite and sup out of the Plornish cupboard. He still hoped to resume that domestic position when Fortune should smile upon his son-in-law; in the mean time, while she preserved an immovable countenance, he was, and resolved to remain, one of these little old men in a grove of little old men with a community of flavor.

But, no poverty in him, and no coat on him that never was the mode, and no Old Men's Ward for his dwelling-place, could quench his daughter's admiration. Mrs. Plornish was as proud of her father's talents as she could possibly have been if they had made him Lord Chancellor. She had as firm a belief in the sweetness and propriety of his manners as she could possibly have had if he had been Lord Chamberlain. The poor little old man knew some pale and vapid little songs, long out of date, about Chloe, and Phyllis, and Strephon being wounded by the son of Venus; and for Mrs. Plornish there was no such music at the Opera as the small internal flutterings and chirpings wherein he would discharge himself of these ditties, like a weak, little, broken barrel-organ ground by a baby. On his "days out," those flecks of light in his flat vista of pollard old men, it was at once Mrs. Plornish's delight and sorrow, when he was strong with meat, and had taken his full halfpenny-worth of porter, to say, "Sing us a song, Father." Then would he give them Chloe, and, if he were in pretty good spirits, Phyllis also—Strephon he had hardly been up to, since he went into retirement—and then would Mrs. Plornish declare she did believe there never was such a singer as Father, and wipe her eyes.

If he had come from Court on these occasions, nay, if he had been the noble Refrigerator triumphantly come home from a foreign court to be presented and promoted on his last tremendous failure, Mrs. Plornish could not have handed him with greater elevation about Bleeding Heart Yard. "Here's Father," she would say, presenting him to a neighbor. "Father will soon be home with us for good, now. Ain't Father looking well? Father's a sweeter singer than ever; you'd never have forgotten it, if you had a-heard him just now." As to Mr. Plornish, he had married these articles of belief in marrying Mr. Nandy's daughter, and only wondered how it was that so gifted an old gentleman hadn't made a fortune. This he attributed, after much reflection, to his musical genius not having been scientifically developed in his youth. "For why," argued Mr. Plornish, "why go a-binding music when you've got it in yourself? That's where it is, I consider."

Old Nandy had a patron: one patron. He had a patron who, in a certain sumptuous way —an apologetic way, as if he constantly took an admiring audience to witness that he really could not help being more free with this old fellow than they might have expected, on account of his simplicity and poverty—was mightily good to him. Old Nandy had been several times to the Marshalsea College, communicating with his son-in-law during his short durance there, and had happily acquired to himself, and had by degrees and in course of time much improved, the patronage of the Father of that national institution.

Mr. Dorrit was in the habit of receiving this old man, as if the old man held of him in vassalage under some feudal tenure. He made little treats and teas for him, as if he came in with his homage from some outlying district where the tenantry were in a primitive state. It seemed as if there were moments when he could by no means have sworn but that the old man was an ancient retainer of his, who had been meritoriously faithful. When he mentioned him, he spoke of him casually as his old pensioner. He had a wonderful satisfaction in seeing him, and in commenting on his decayed condition after he was gone. It appeared to him amazing that he could hold up his head at all, poor creature! "In the workhouse, Sir, the union: no privacy, no visitors, no station, no respect, no speciality. Most deplorable!"

It was old Nandy's birthday, and they let him out. He said nothing about its being his birthday, or they might have kept him in; for such old men should not be born. He passed along the streets as usual to Bleeding Heart Yard, and had his dinner with his daughter and son-in-law, and gave them Phyllis. He had hardly concluded, when Little Dorrit looked in to see how they all were.

"Miss Dorrit," said Mrs. Plornish. "Here's Father! ain't he looking nice? and such voice he's in!"

Little Dorrit gave him her hand, and smilingly said she had not seen him this long time.

"No, they're rather hard on poor Father," said Mrs. Plornish, with a lengthening face, "and don't let him have half as much change

and air as would benefit him. But he'll soon be home for good, now. Won't you, Father?"

"Yes, my dear, I hope so. In good time, please God."

Here Mr. Plornish delivered himself of an oration which he invariably made word for word the same on all such opportunities. It was couched in the following terms:

"John Edward Nandy. Sir. While there's a ounce of wittles or drink of any sort in this present roof, you're fully welcome to your share on it. While there's a mouthful of fire or a handful of bed in this present roof, you're fully welcome to your share on it. If sb be as there should be nothing in this present roof, you should be as welcome to your share on it as if it was something much or little. And this is what I mean and so I don't deceive you, and consequently which is to stand out is to entreat of you, and therefore why not do it?"

To this lucid address, which Mr. Plornish always delivered as if he had composed it (as no doubt he had) with enormous labor, Mrs. Plornish's father pipingly replied,

"Thank you kindly, Thomas, and I know your intentions well, which is the same I thank you kindly for. But no, Thomas, until such times as it's not to take it out of your children's mouths, which take it is, and call it by what name you will it do remain and equally deprive though may they come, and too soon they can not come, no, Thomas, no!"

Mrs. Plornish, who had been turning her face a little away with a corner of her apron in her hand, brought herself back to the conversation again, by telling Miss Dorrit that Father was going over the water to pay his respects unless she knew of any reason why it might not be agreeable.

Her answer was, "I am going straight home, and if he will come with me I shall be so glad to take care of him—so glad," said Little Dorrit, always thoughtful of the feelings of the weak, "so glad of his company."

"There, Father!" cried Mrs. Plornish. "Ain't you a gay young man to be going for a walk along with Miss Dorrit! Let me tie your neckhandkerchief into a regular good bow, for you're a regular beau yourself, Father, if ever there was one."

With this filial joke his daughter smartened him up, and gave him a loving hug, and stood at the door with her weak child in her arms and her strong child tumbling down the steps, looking after her little old father as he toddled away with his arm under Little Dorrit's.

They walked at a slow pace, and Little Dorrit took him by the Iron Bridge and sat him down there for a rest, and they looked over at the water and talked about the shipping, and the old man mentioned what he would do if he had a ship full of gold coming home to him (his plan was to take a noble lodging for the Plornishes and himself at a Tea Gardens, and live there all the rest of their lives, attended on by the waiter), and it was a special birthday for the old man indeed. They were within five minutes of their destination, when, at the corner of her own street, they came upon Fanny in her new bonnet bound for the same port.

"Why, good gracious me, Amy!" cried that young lady, starting. "You never mean it!"

"Mean what, Fanny dear?"

"Well! I could have believed a great deal of you," returned the young lady with burning indignation, "but I don't think even I could have believed this of even you!"

"Fanny!" cried Little Dorrit, wounded and astonished.

"Oh! Don't Fanny me, you mean little thing, don't! The idea of coming along the open streets, in the broad light of day, with a Pauper!" (firing off the last word as if it were a ball from an air-gun.)

"Oh, Fanny!"

"I tell you not to Fanny me, for I'll not submit to it! I never knew such a thing. The way in which you are resolved and determined to disgrace us on all occasions, is really infamous. You bad little thing!"

"Does it disgrace any body," said Little Dorrit, very gently, though the tears were in her eyes, "to take care of this poor old man?"

"Yes, Miss," returned her sister, "and you ought to know it does. And you do know it does. And you do it because you know it does. The principal pleasure of your life is to remind your family of their misfortunes. And the next great pleasure of your existence is to keep low company. But, however, if you have no sense of decency, I have. You'll please to allow me to go on the other side of the way, unmolested."

With this, she bounced across to the opposite pavement. The old disgrace, who had been deferentially bowing a pace or two off (for Little Dorrit had let his arm go in her wonder, when Fanny began), and who had been hustled and cursed by impatient passengers for stopping the way, rejoined his companion, rather giddy, and said, "I hope nothing's wrong with your honored father, Miss? I hope there's nothing the matter in the honored family?"

"No, no," returned Little Dorrit. "No, thank you. Give me your arm again, Mr. Nandy. We shall soon be there now."

So she forced her tears back, and talked to him as she had talked before, and they came to the Lodge and found Mr. Chivery on the lock, and went in. Now it happened that the Father of the Marshalsea was sauntering toward the Lodge at the moment when they were coming out of it, entering the Prison arm in arm. As the spectacle of their approach met his view, he displayed the utmost agitation and despondency of mind; and—altogether regardless of old Nandy, who, making his reverence, stood with his hat in his hand, as he always did in that gracious presence—turned about, and

hurried in at his own doorway and up the staircase.

Leaving the old unfortunate whom in an evil hour she had taken under her protection, with a hurried promise to return to him directly, Little Dorrit hastened after her father, and, on the staircase, found Fanny following her, and flouncing up with offended dignity. The three came into the room almost together, and the Father sat down in his chair, buried his face in his hands, and uttered a groan.

"Of course," said Fanny. "Very proper. Poor, afflicted Pa! Now, I hope you believe me, Miss!"

"What is it, father?" cried Little Dorrit, bending over him. "Have *I* made you unhappy, father? Not I, I hope!"

"You hope, indeed! I dare say! Oh, you"—Fanny paused for a sufficiently strong expression—"you Common-minded little Amy! You complete prison-child!"

He stopped these angry reproaches with a wave of his hand, and sobbed out, raising his face, and shaking his melancholy head at his younger daughter, "Amy, I know that you are innocent in intention, my dear. But you have cut me to the soul."

"Innocent in intention!" the implacable Fanny struck in. "Stuff in intention! Low in intention! Lowering of the family in intention!"

"Father!" cried Little Dorrit, pale and trembling, "I am very sorry. Pray forgive me. Tell me how it is, that I may not do it again!"

"How it is, you prevaricating little piece of goods!" cried Fanny. "You know how it is. I have told you already, so don't fly in the face of Providence by attempting to deny it!"

"Hush, hush!—Amy," said the father, passing his pocket-handkerchief several times across his face, and then grasping it convulsively in the hand that dropped across his knee, "I have done what I could to keep you select here; I have done what I could to retain you a position here. I may have succeeded; I may not. You may know it; you may not. I give no opinion. I have endured every thing here but humiliation. That I have happily been spared—until this day."

Here his convulsive grasp unclosed itself, and he put his pocket-handkerchief to his eyes again. Little Dorrit, on the ground beside him, with her imploring hand upon his arm, watched him remorsefully, in a fit of weeping. Coming out of it, he clenched his pocket-handkerchief once more.

"Humiliation I have happily been spared until this day. Through all my troubles there has been that—Spirit in myself, and that—that submission to it, if I may use the term, in those about me, which—hum—has spared me—ha—humiliation. But this day, this minute, I have keenly felt it."

"Of course! How could it be otherwise!" exclaimed the irrepressible Fanny. "Careering and prancing about with a pauper!" (air-gun again.)

"But, dear father," cried Little Dorrit, "I don't justify myself for having wounded your dear heart—no! Heaven knows I don't!" She clasped her hands in quite an agony of distress. "I do nothing but beg and pray you to be comforted, and overlook it. But if I had not known that you were kind to the old man yourself, and took much notice of him, and were always glad to see him, I would not have come here with him, father—I would not indeed. What I have been so unhappy as to do, I have done in mistake. I would not willfully bring a tear to your eyes, dear love!" said Little Dorrit, the tears springing from her own, and her heart well-nigh broken—"for any thing the world could give me, or any thing it could take away."

Fanny, with a partly angry and partly repentant sob, began to cry herself, and to say—as this young lady always did when she was half in a passion and half out of it, half-spiteful with herself and half-spiteful with every body else—that she wished she was dead.

The Father of the Marshalsea in the mean time took his younger daughter to his breast, and patted her head.

"There, there! Say no more, Amy—say no more, my child. I will forget it as soon as I can. I"—with hysterical cheerfulness—"I—shall soon be able to dismiss it. It is perfectly true, my dear, that I *am* always glad to see my old pensioner—as such, as such—and that I do—ha—extend as much protection and kindness to the—hum—the bruised reed—I trust I may so call him without impropriety—as in my circumstances I can. It is quite true that this is the case, my dear child. At the same time, I preserve in doing this, if I may—ha—if I may use the expression—ha—Spirit, Becoming Spirit. And there are some things which are," he stopped to sob, "irreconcilable with that, and wound that—wound it deeply. It is not that I have seen my good Amy attentive, and—ha—condescending to my old pensioner—it is not that that hurts me. It is, if I am to close the painful subject by being explicit, that I have seen my child, my own child, my own daughter, coming into this College out of the public streets—smiling! smiling!—arm in arm with—O my God, a livery!"

This reference to the coat of no cut and no time, the unfortunate gentleman gasped forth, in a scarcely audible voice, and with his clenched pocket-handkerchief raised in the air. His excited feelings might have found some further painful utterance, but for a knock at the door, which had been already twice repeated, and to which Fanny (still wishing herself dead, and indeed now going so far as to add, buried) cried "Come in!"

"Ah, Young John!" said the Father, in an altered and calmed voice. "What is it, Young John?"

"A letter for you, Sir, being left in the Lodge

just this minute, and a message with it, I thought, happening to be there myself, Sir, I would bring it to your room." The speaker's attention was much distracted by the piteous spectacle of Little Dorrit at her father's feet, with her head turned away.

"Indeed, John? Thank you."

"The letter is from Mr. Clennam, Sir—it's the answer—and the message was, Sir, that Mr. Clennam also sent his compliments, and word that he would do himself the pleasure of calling this afternoon, hoping to see you, and likewise" (attention more distracted than before) "Miss Amy."

"Oh!" As the Father glanced into the letter (there was a bank-note in it), he reddened a little, and patted Amy on the head afresh. "Thank you, Young John. Quite right. Much obliged to you for your attention. No one waiting?"

"No, Sir, no one waiting."

"Thank you, John. How is your mother, Young John?"

"Thank you, Sir, she's not quite as well as we could wish—in fact, we none of us are, except father—but she's pretty well, Sir."

"Say we sent our remembrances, will you? Say, kind remembrances, if you please, Young John."

"Thank you, Sir, I will." And Mr. Chivery, junior, went his way, having spontaneously composed on the spot an entirely new epitaph for himself, to the effect that Here lay the body of John Chivery, Who, Having at such a date, Beheld the idol of his life, In grief and tears, And unable to bear the harrowing spectacle, Immediately repaired to the abode of his inconsolable parents, And terminated his existence, By his own rash act.

"There, there, Amy!" said the Father, when Young John had closed the door, "let's say no more about it." The last few minutes had improved his spirits remarkably, and he was quite lightsome. "Where is my old pensioner all this while? We must not leave him by himself any longer, or he will begin to suppose he is not welcome, and that would grieve me. Will you fetch him, my child, or shall I?"

"If you wouldn't mind, father," said Little Dorrit, trying to bring her sobbing to a close.

"Certainly I will go, my dear. I forgot; your eyes are rather red. There! Cheer up, Amy. Don't be uneasy about me. I am quite myself again, my love—quite myself. Go to your room, Amy, and make your face look comfortable and pleasant to receive Mr. Clennam."

"I would rather stay in my own room, father," returned Little Dorrit, finding it more difficult than before to regain her composure. "I would far rather not see Mr. Clennam."

"Oh, fie, fie, my dear, that's folly. Mr. Clennam is, I will say, a very gentlemanly man—very gentlemanly. A little reserved at times; but I will say extremely gentlemanly. I couldn't think of your not being here to receive Mr. Clennam, my dear, especially this afternoon. So go and freshen yourself up, Amy; go and freshen yourself up, like a good girl."

Thus directed, Little Dorrit dutifully rose and obeyed: only pausing for a moment as she went out of the room, to give her sister a kiss of reconciliation. Upon which, that young lady, feeling much harassed in her mind, and yet having for the time worn out the wish with which she generally relieved it, conceived and executed the brilliant idea of wishing old Nandy dead, rather than that he should come bothering there like a disgusting, tiresome, wicked wretch, and making mischief between two sisters.

The Father of the Marshalsea, even humming a tune, and wearing his black velvet cap a little on one side, so much improved were his spirits, went down into the yard, and found his old pensioner standing, hat in hand, just within the gates, as he had stood all this time. "Come, Nandy!" said he, with great suavity. "Come up stairs, Nandy; you know the way; why don't you come up stairs!" He went the length on this occasion of giving him his hand, and saying, "How are you, Nandy? Are you pretty well?" To which that vocalist returned, "I thank you, honored Sir, I am all the better for seeing your honor." As they went along the Yard, the Father of the Marshalsea presented him to a Collegian of recent date. "An old acquaintance of mine, Sir, an old pensioner." And then said, "Be covered, my good Nandy; put your hat on," with great consideration.

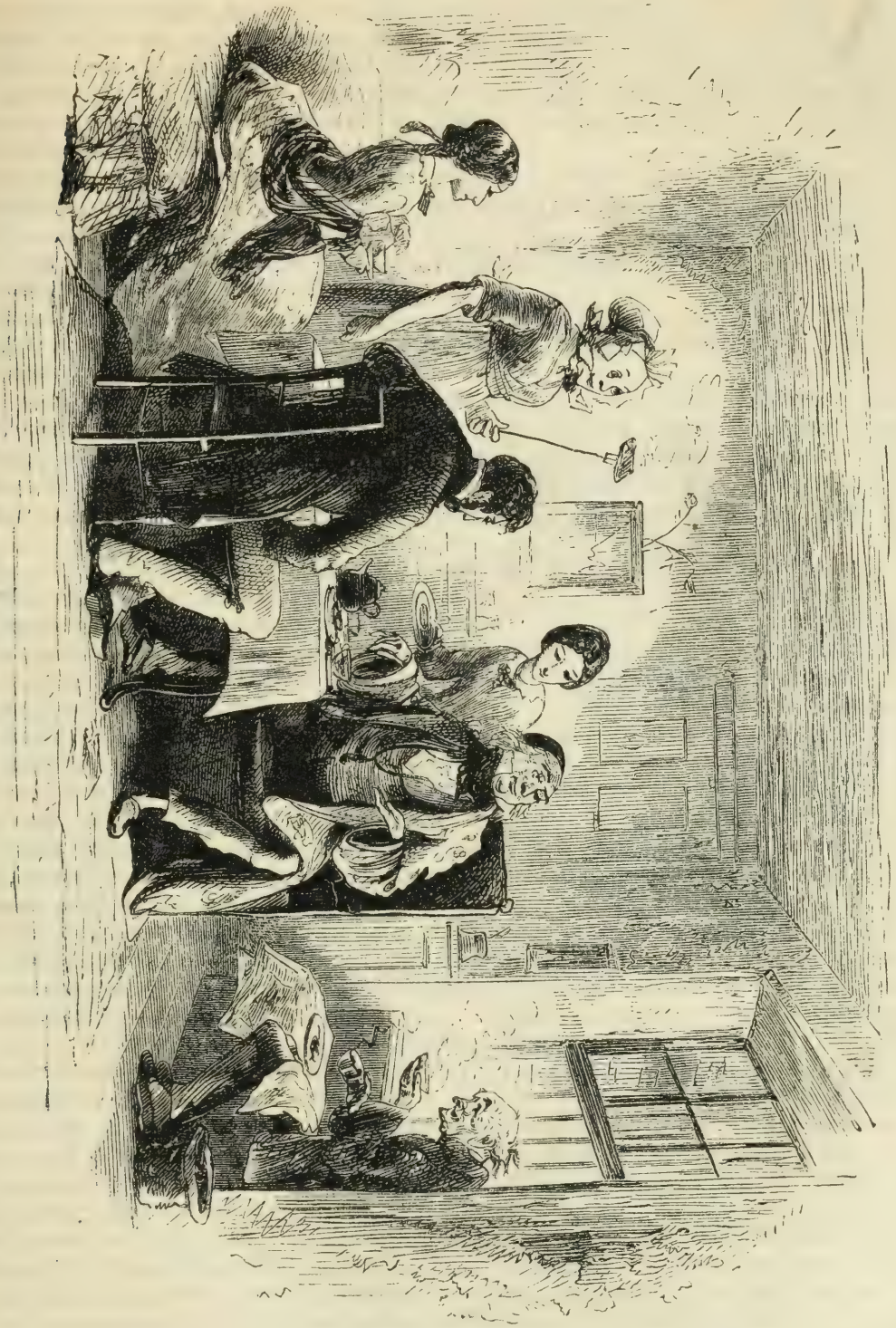
His patronage did not stop here, for he charged Maggy to get the tea ready, and instructed her to buy certain tea-cakes, fresh butter, eggs, cold ham, and shrimps; to purchase which collation, he gave her a bank-note for ten pounds, laying strait injunctions on her to be careful of the change. These preparations were in an advanced stage of progress, and his daughter Amy had come back with her work, when Clennam presented himself. Whom he most graciously received, and besought to join their meal.

"Amy, my love, you know Mr. Clennam even better than I have the happiness of doing. Fanny, my dear, you are acquainted with Mr. Clennam." Fanny acknowledged him haughtily and at a distance; the position she tacitly took up in all such cases being that there was a vast conspiracy to insult the family by not understanding it, or sufficiently deferring to it. "This, Mr. Clennam, you must know, is an old pensioner of mine, old Nandy, a very faithful old man." (He always spoke of him as an object of great antiquity, though he was two or three years younger than himself.) "Let me see. You know Plornish, I think? I think my daughter Amy has mentioned to me that you know poor Plornish?"

"Oh yes!" said Arthur Clennam.

"Well, Sir, this is Mrs. Plornish's father."

"Indeed? I am glad to see him."



THE PENSIONER—ENTERTAINMENT.

"You would be more glad if you knew his many good qualities, Mr. Clennam."

"I hope I shall come to know them, through knowing him," said Arthur, secretly pitying the bowed and submissive figure.

"It is a holiday with him, and he comes to see his old friends, who are always glad to see him," observed the Father of the Marshalsea. Then he added behind his hand, "Union, poor old fellow! Out for the day."

By this time Maggy, quietly assisted by her Little Mother, had spread the board, and the repast was ready. It being hot weather and the prison very close, the window was as wide open as it could be pushed. "If Maggy will spread that newspaper on the window-sill, my dear," remarked the Father complacently and in a half whisper to Little Dorrit, "my old pensioner can have his tea there, while we are having ours."

So, with a gulf between him and the good company of about a foot in width, standard measure, Mrs. Plornish's father was handsomely regaled. Clennam had never seen any thing like his magnificent protection by that other Father, he of the Marshalsea; and was lost in the contemplation of its many wonders.

The most striking of these was perhaps the relishing manner in which he remarked on the pensioner's infirmities and failings. As if he were a gracious Keeper, with a running commentary on the decline of the harmless animal he exhibited.

"Not ready for more ham yet, Nandy? Why,

how slow you are! (His last teeth," he explained to the company, "are going, poor old boy!")

At another time, he said, "No shrimps, Nandy?" and on his not instantly replying, observed, "His hearing is becoming very defective. He'll be deaf directly."

At another time, he asked him, "Do you walk much, Nandy, about the yard within the walls of that place of yours?"

"No, Sir; no. I haven't any great liking for that."

"No, to be sure," he assented, "very natural." Then he privately informed the circle ("Legs going.")

Once he asked the pensioner, in that general clemency which asked him any thing to keep him afloat, how old his younger grandchild was?

"John Edward," said the pensioner, slowly laying down his knife and fork to consider. "How old, Sir? Let me think now."

The Father of the Marshalsea tapped his forehead. ("Memory weak.")

"John Edward, Sir? Well, I really forget. I couldn't say, at this minute, Sir, whether it's two and two months, or whether it's two and five months. It's one or the other."

"Don't distress yourself by worrying your mind about it," he returned, with infinite forbearance ("faculties evidently decaying—old man rusts in the life he leads!")

The more of these discoveries that he persuaded himself he made in the pensioner, the better he appeared to like him; and when he got out of his chair after tea, to bid the pensioner good-by, on his intimating that he feared, honored Sir, his time was running out, he made himself look as erect and strong as possible.

"We don't call this a shilling, Nandy, you know," he said, putting one in his hand. "We call it tobacco."

"Honored Sir, I thank you. It shall buy tobacco. My thanks and duty to Miss Amy and Miss Fanny. I wish you good-night, Mr. Clennam."

"And mind you don't forget us, you know, Nandy," said the Father. "You must come again, mind, whenever you have an afternoon. You must not come out without seeing us, or we shall be jealous. Good-night, Nandy. Be very careful how you descend the stairs, Nandy; they are rather uneven and worn." With that he stood on the landing, watching the old man down, and when he came into the room again said, with a solemn satisfaction on him, "A melancholy sight that, Mr. Clennam, though one has the consolation of knowing that he doesn't feel it himself. The poor old fellow is a dismal wreck. Spirit broken and gone—pulverized—crushed out of him, Sir, completely!"

As Clennam had a purpose in remaining, he said what he could responsive to these sentiments, and stood at the window with their enunciator, while Maggy and her Little Mother washed the tea-service and cleared it away. He noticed that his companion stood at the window with an air of an affable and accessible Sovereign, and that, when any of his people in the yard below looked up, his recognition of their salutes just stopped short of a blessing.

When Little Dorrit had her work on the table, and Maggy hers on the bedstead, Fanny fell to tying her bonnet as a preliminary to her departure. Arthur, still having his purpose, still remained. At this time the door opened, without any notice, and Mr. Tip came in. He kissed Amy as she started up to meet him, nodded to Fanny, nodded to his father, gloomed on the visitor without further recognition, and sat down.

"Tip, dear," said Little Dorrit, mildly, shocked by this, "don't you see—"

"Yes, I see, Amy. If you refer to the presence of any visitor you have here—I say, if you refer to that," answered Tip, jerking his head with emphasis toward his shoulder nearest Clennam, "I see!"

"Is that all you say?"

"That's all I say. And I suppose," added the lofty young man, after a moment's pause, "the visitor will understand me when I say that's all I say. In short, I suppose the visitor will understand that he hasn't used me like a gentleman."

"I do not understand that," observed the obnoxious personage referred to, with tranquillity.

"No? Why, then, to make it clearer to you, Sir, I beg to let you know that when I address what I call a properly-worded appeal, and an urgent appeal, and a delicate appeal, to an individual, for a small temporary accommodation, easily within his power—easily within his power, mind!—and when that individual writes back word to me that he begs to be excused, I consider that he doesn't treat me like a gentleman."

The Father of the Marshalsea, who had surveyed his son in silence, no sooner heard this sentiment, than he began, in an angry voice:

"How dare you—" But his son stopped him.

"Now, don't ask me how I dare, father, because that's bosh. As to the fact of the line of conduct I choose to adopt toward the individual present, you ought to be proud of my showing a proper spirit."

"I should think so!" cried Fanny.

"A proper spirit?" said the father. "Yes, a proper spirit; a becoming spirit. Is it come to this, that my son teaches me—*me*—spirit!"

"Now, don't let us bother about it, father, or have any row on the subject. I have fully made up my mind that the individual present has not treated me like a gentleman. And there's an end of it."

"But there is not an end of it, Sir," returned the father. "But there shall not be an end of it. You have made up your mind? You have made up your mind?"

"Yes, *I* have. What's the good of keeping on like that?"

"Because," returned the Father, in a great heat, "you had no right to make up your mind

to what is monstrous, to what is—ha—immoral, to what is—hum—parricidal. No, Mr. Clennam, I beg, Sir. Don't ask me to desist; there is a—hum—a general principle involved here, which rises even above considerations of—ha—hospitality. I object to the assertion made by my son. I—ha—I personally repel it."

"Why, what is it to you, father?" returned the son, over his shoulder.

"What is it to me, Sir? I have a—hum—a spirit, Sir, that will not endure it. I—ha"—he took out his pocket handkerchief again and dabbed his face—"I am outraged and insulted by it. Let me suppose the case that I myself may at a certain time—ha—or times, have made a—hum—an appeal, and a properly-worded appeal, and a delicate appeal, and an urgent appeal, to some individual for a small temporary accommodation. Let me suppose that that accommodation could have been easily extended, and was not extended, and that that individual informed me that he begged to be excused. Am I to be told—ha—by my own son, that I therefore received treatment not due to a gentleman, and that I—hum—I submitted to it?"

His daughter Amy gently tried to calm him, but he would not on any account be calmed. He said his Spirit was up, and wouldn't endure this.

Was he to be told that, he wished to know again, by his own son, on his own hearth, to his own face? Was that humiliation to be put upon him by his own blood?

"You are putting it on yourself, father, and getting into all this injury of your own accord," said the young gentleman, morosely. "What I have made up my mind about has nothing to do with you. What I said had nothing to do with you. Why need you go trying on other people's hats?"

"I reply it has every thing to do with me," returned the Father. "I point out to you, Sir, with indignation, that—hum—the—ha—delicacy and peculiarity of your father's position should strike you dumb, Sir, if nothing else should, in laying down such—ha—such unnatural principles. Besides, if you are not filial, Sir, if you discard that duty, are you at least—hum—not a Christian? Are you—ha—an Atheist? And is it Christian, let me ask you, to stigmatize and denounce an individual for begging to be excused this time, when the same individual may—ha—respond with the required accommodation next time? Is it the part of a Christian not to—hum—not to try him again?" He had worked himself into quite a religious glow and fervor.

"I see precious well," said Mr. Tip, rising, "that I shall get no sensible or fair argument here to-night, and so the best thing I can do is to cut. Good-night, Amy. Don't be vexed. I am very sorry it happens here, and you here, upon my soul I am; but I can't altogether part with my Spirit, even for your sake, old girl."

With those words he put on his hat and went out, accompanied by Miss Fanny, who did not consider it spirited on her part to take leave of Clennam with any less opposing demonstration than a stare, importing that she had always known him for one of the large body of conspirators.

When they were gone, the Father of the Marshalsea was at first inclined to sink into despondency again, and would have done so but that a gentleman opportunely came up within a minute or two to attend him to the Snuggery. It was the gentleman Clennam had seen on the night of his own accidental detention there, who had that impalpable grievance about the misappropriated Fund on which the Marshal was supposed to batten. He presented himself as a deputation to escort the Father to the Chair; it being an occasion on which he had promised to preside over the assembled Collegians in the enjoyment of a little Harmony.

"Such, you see, Mr. Clennam," said the Father, "are the incongruities of my position here. But a public duty—no man, I am sure, would more readily recognize."

Clennam besought him not to delay a moment.

"Amy, my dear, if you can persuade Mr. Clennam to stay longer, I can leave the honors of our apology for an establishment with confidence in your hands, and perhaps you may do something toward erasing from Mr. Clennam's mind the—ha—untoward and unpleasant circumstance which has occurred since tea-time.

Clennam assured him that it had made no impression on his mind, and therefore required no erasure.

"My dear Sir," said the Father, with a removal of his black cap and a grasp of Clennam's hand, combining to express the safe receipt of his note and inclosure that afternoon, "Heaven ever bless you!"

So, at last, Clennam's purpose in remaining was attained, and he could speak to Little Dorrit with nobody by. Maggy, she counted as nobody, and she was by.

CHAPTER XXXII.—MORE FORTUNE-TELLING.

Maggy sat at her work in her great white cap with its quantity of opake frilling hiding what profile she had (she had none to spare), and her serviceable eye brought to bear upon her occupation, on the window side of the room. What with her flapper cap, and what with her unserviceable eye, she was quite partitioned off from her Little Mother, whose seat was opposite the window. The tread and shuffle of feet on the pavement of the yard had much diminished since the taking of the Chair; the tide of Collegians having set strongly in the direction of Harmony. Some few who had no music in their souls, or no money in their pockets, dawdled about, and the old spectacle of the visitor-wife, and the depressed unseasoned prisoner still lingered in corners, as broken cobwebs and such unsightly discomforts draggle in corners of other

places. It was the quietest time the College knew, saving the night-hours when the Collegians took the benefit of the act of sleep. The occasional rattle of applause upon the tables of the Snuggery denoted the successful termination of a morsel of Harmony, or the responsive acceptance by the united children of some toast or sentiment offered to them by their Father. Occasionally, a vocal strain more sonorous than the generality informed the listener that some boastful bass was in blue water, or in the hunting-field, or with the rein-deer, or on the mountain, or among the heather; but the Marshal of the Marshalsea knew better, and had got him hard and fast.

As Arthur Clennam moved to sit down by the side of Little Dorrit, she trembled so that she had much ado to hold her needle. Clennam gently put his hand upon her work, and said, "Dear Little Dorrit, let me lay it down."

She yielded it to him, and he put it aside. Her hands were then nervously clasping together, but he took one of them reassuringly.

"How seldom I have seen you lately, Little Dorrit!"

"I have been busy, Sir."

"But I heard only to-day," said Clennam, "by mere accident, of your having been with those good people close by me. Why not come to me then?"

"I—I don't know. Or rather, I thought you might be busy too. You generally are now, are you not?"

He saw her trembling little form and her downcast face, and the eyes that drooped the moment they were raised to his—he saw them almost with as much concern as tenderness.

"My child, your manner is so changed!"

The trembling was now quite beyond her control. Softly withdrawing her hand and laying it in her other hand, she sat before him with her head bent and her whole form trembling.

"My own dear Little Dorrit," said Clennam, compassionately.

She burst into tears. Maggy looked round of a sudden, and stared for at least a minute, but did not interpose. Clennam waited some little while before he spoke again.

"I can not bear," he said then, "to see you weep, but I hope this is a relief to an overcharged heart."

"Yes it is, Sir. Nothing but that."

"Well, well! I feared you would think too much of what passed here just now. It is of no moment! not the least. I am only unfortunate to have come in the way. Let it go by with these tears. It is not worth one of them. One of them? Such an idle thing should be repeated, with my glad consent, fifty times a day, to save you a moment's heart-ache, Little Dorrit!"

She had taken courage now and answered, far more in her usual manner, "You are so good! But even if there was nothing else in it to be sorry for and ashamed of, it is such a bad return to you—"

"Hush!" said Clennam, smiling and touching her lips with his hand. "Forgetfulness in you, and so much, would be new indeed. Shall I remind you that I am not, and that I never was, any thing but the friend whom you agreed to trust? No. You remember it, don't you?"

"I try to do so, or I should have broken the promise just now, when my mistaken brother was here. But you will consider his bringing-up in this place, and will not judge him hardly, poor fellow! I know." In raising her eyes with these words, she observed his face more nearly than she had done yet, and said, with a quick change of tone, "You have not been ill, Mr. Clennam?"

"No."

"Nor tried? Nor hurt?" she asked him, anxiously.

It fell to Clennam now to be not quite certain how to answer. He said in reply:

"To speak the truth, I have been a little troubled, but it is over. Do I show it so plainly? I ought to have more fortitude and self-command than that. I thought I had. I must learn them of you. Who could teach me better?"

He never thought that she saw in him what no one else would see. He never thought that in the whole world there were no other eyes that looked upon him with the same light and strength as hers.

"But it brings me to something that I wish to say," he continued, "and therefore I will not quarrel even with my own face for telling tales and being unfaithful to me. Besides, it is a privilege and pleasure to confide in my Little Dorrit. Let me confess, then, that forgetting how grave I was, and how old I was, and how the time for such things had gone by me with the many years of monotony and little happiness that made up my long life far away, without marking it—that forgetting all this, I fancied I loved some one."

"Do I know her, Sir?" asked Little Dorrit.

"No, my dear child."

"Is it not the lady who has been kind to me for your sake?"

"Flora. No, no. Did you think—"

"I never thought quite so," said Little Dorrit, more to herself than him. "I did wonder at it a little."

"Well!" said Clennam, abiding by the feeling that had fallen on him in the avenue on the night of the roses, the feeling that he was an older man, who had done with that tender part of life, "I found out my mistake, and I thought about it a little—in short, a good deal—and got wiser. Being wiser, I counted up my years, and considered what I am, and looked back, and looked forward, and found that I should soon be gray, found that I had climbed the hill, and passed the level ground upon the top, and was descending quickly."

If he had known the sharpness of the pain he caused the patient heart in speaking thus!

While doing it, too, with the purpose of easing and serving her.

"I found that the day when any such thing would have been graceful in me, or good in me, or hopeful or happy for me or any one in connection with me, was gone, and would never shine again."

Oh! If he had known, if he had known! If he could have seen the dagger in his hand, and the cruel wounds it struck in the faithful, bleeding breast of his Little Dorrit!

"Well! all that is over, and I have turned my face from it. Why do I speak of this to Little Dorrit? Why do I show you, my child, the space of years that there is between us, and recall to you that I have passed, by the amount of your whole life, the time that is present to you?"

"Because you trust me, I hope. Because you know that nothing can touch you without touching me; that nothing can make you happy or unhappy, but it must make me, who am so grateful to you, the same."

He heard the thrill in her voice, he saw her earnest face, he saw her clear true eyes, he saw the quickened bosom that would have so freely thrown herself before him to receive a mortal wound directed at his breast with the dying cry, "I love him!" and the remotest suspicion of the truth never dawned upon his mind. No. He saw the devoted little creature with her worn shoes, in her common dress, in her jail-home, a slender child in body, a strong heroine in soul, and the light of her domestic story made all else dark to him.

"For those reasons assuredly, Little Dorrit, but for another too. So far removed, so different, and so much older, I am the better fitted for your helpful friend and adviser. I mean, I am the more easily to be trusted, and any little constraint that you might feel with another may vanish before me. Why have you kept so retired from me? Tell me."

"I am better here. My place and use are here. I am much better here," said Little Dorrit, faintly.

"So you said that day, upon the bridge. I thought of it much afterward. Have you no secret you could intrust to me, with hope and comfort, if you would?"

"Secret? No; I have no secret," said Little Dorrit, in some trouble.

They had been speaking in low voices, more because it was natural to what they said, to adopt that tone, than with any care to reserve it from Maggy at her work. All of a sudden Maggy stared again, and this time spoke:

"I say! Little Mother!"

"Yes, Maggy."

"If you ain't got no secret of your own to tell him, tell him that about the Princess. *She* had a secret, you know."

"The Princess had a secret?" said Clennam, in some surprise. "What Princess was that, Maggy?"

"Lor! How you do go and bother a gal often," said Maggy, "catching the poor thing up in that way. Whoever said the Princess had a secret? *I* never said so."

"I beg your pardon. I thought you did."

"No, I didn't. How could I when it was her as wanted to find it out? It was the little woman as had the secret, and she was always a spinning at her wheel. And so she says to her, why do you keep it there? And so, the t'other one says to her, no I don't; and so, the t'other one says to her, yes, you do; and then they both goes to the cupboard and there it is. And she wouldn't go into the Hospital, and so she died. *You* know, Little Mother. Tell him that. For it was a reg'lar good secret, that was!" cried Maggy, hugging herself.

Arthur looked at Little Dorrit for help to comprehend this, and was struck by seeing her so timid and red. But when she told him that it was only a Fairy Tale she had one day made up for Maggy, and that there was nothing in it which she wouldn't be ashamed to tell again to any body else, even if she could remember it, he left the subject where it was: not to distress her bashfulness.

However, he returned to his own subject, by first entreating her to see him oftener, and to remember that it was impossible to have a stronger interest in her welfare than he had, or to be more set upon promoting it than he was. When she answered fervently, she well knew that, she never forgot it; he touched upon his second and more delicate point: the suspicion he had formed.

"Little Dorrit," he said, taking her hand again, and speaking lower than he had spoken yet, so that even Maggy in the small room could not hear him, "another word. I have wanted very much to say this to you; I have tried for opportunities. Don't mind me, who, for the matter of years, might be your father or your uncle. Always think of me as quite an old man. I know that all your devotion centres in this room, and that nothing to the last will ever tempt you away from the duties you discharge here. If I were not sure of it, I should, before now, have implored you, and implored your father, to let me make some provision for you in a more suitable place. But you may have an interest—I will not say, now, though even that might be—may have at another time—an interest in some one else; an interest not incompatible with your affection here."

She was very, very pale, and silently shook her head.

"It may be, dear Little Dorrit."

"No. No. No." She shook her head after each slow repetition of the word with an air of quiet desolation that he remembered long afterward; the time came when he remembered it well, long afterward, within those prison walls; within that very room.

"But, if it ever should be, tell me so, my dear child. Intrust the truth to me, point out the object of such an interest to me, and I will

try, with all the zeal, and honor, and loving friendship and respect that I feel for you, good Little Dorrit of my heart, to do you a lasting service."

"Oh thank you, thank you! But, oh no, oh no, oh no!" She said this, looking at him with her work-worn hands folded together, and in the same resigned accents as before.

"I press for no confidence now: I only ask you to repose unhesitating trust in me."

"Can I do less than that, when you are so good!"

"Then you will trust me fully? Will have no secret unhappiness or anxiety concealed from me?"

"Almost none—none."

"And you have none now?"

She shook her head. But she was very pale.

"When I lie down to-night, and my thoughts come back—as they will, for they do every night, even when I have not seen you—to this sad place, I may believe that there is no grief beyond this room, now, and its usual occupants, which preys on Little Dorrit's mind."

She seemed to catch at these words—that he remembered, too, long afterward—and said, more brightly, "Yes, Mr. Clennam; yes, you may!".

The crazy staircase, usually not slow to give notice when any one was coming up or down, here creaked under a quick tread, and a further sound was heard upon it, as if a little steam-engine with more steam than it knew what to do with were working toward the room. As it approached, which it did very rapidly, it labored with increased energy, and, after knocking at the door, it sounded as if it were stooping down and snorting in at the keyhole.

Before Maggy could open the door, Mr. Pancks, without a hat and with his bare head in the wildest condition, stood looking at Clennam and Little Dorrit over her shoulder. He had a lighted cigar in his hand, and brought with him airs of ale and tobacco smoke.

"Pancks the gipsy," he observed, out of breath, "fortune-telling."

He stood dingily smiling and breathing hard at them with a most curious air. As if, instead of being his proprietor's grubber, he were the triumphant proprietor of the Marshalsea, the Marshal, all the turnkeys, and all the Collegians. In his great self-satisfaction he put his cigar to his lips (being evidently no smoker), and took such a pull at it, with his right eye shut up tight for the purpose, that he underwent a convulsion of shuddering and choking. But even in the midst of that paroxysm he still essayed to repeat his favorite introduction of himself, "Pa-ancks the gi-ipsy, fortune-telling."

"I am spending the evening with the rest of 'em," said Pancks. "I've been singing, I've been taking a part in white sand and gray sand. *I* don't know any thing about it. Never mind. I'll take any part in any thing. It's all the same, if you're loud enough."

At first, Clennam supposed him to be intoxicated. But he soon perceived that though he might be a little the worse (or better) for ale, the staple of his excitement was not brewed from malt, or distilled from any grain or berry.

"How d'ye do, Miss Dorrit?" said Pancks. "I thought you wouldn't mind my running round and looking in for a moment. Mr. Clennam I heard was here, from Mr. Dorrit. How are you, Sir?"

Clennam thanked him, and said he was glad to see him so gay.

"Gay!" said Pancks. "I'm in wonderful feather, Sir. I can't stop a minute, or I shall be missed, and I don't want 'em to miss me. Eh, Miss Dorrit?"

He seemed to have an insatiate delight in appealing to her and looking at her; excitedly sticking his hair up at the same moment, like a dark species of cockatoo.

"I haven't been here half an hour. I knew Mr. Dorrit was in the chair, and I said, 'I'll go and support him!' I ought to be down in Bleeding Heart Yard by nights; but I can worry them to-morrow. Eh, Miss Dorrit?"

His little black eyes sparkled electrically. His very hair seemed to sparkle as he roughened it. He was in that highly-charged state that one might have expected to draw sparks and snaps from him by presenting a knuckle to any part of his figure.

"Capital company here," said Pancks. "Eh, Miss Dorrit?"

She was half afraid of him, and irresolute what to say. He laughed, with a nod at Clennam.

"Don't mind him, Miss Dorrit. He's one of us. We agreed that you shouldn't take on to mind me before people, but we didn't mean Mr. Clennam. He's one of us. He's in it. Ain't you, Mr. Clennam? Eh, Miss Dorrit?"

The excitement of this strange creature was fast communicating itself to Clennam. Little Dorrit, with amazement, saw this, and observed that they exchanged quick looks.

"I was making a remark," said Pancks, "but I declare I forget what it was. Oh, I know! Capital company here. I've been treating 'em all round. Eh, Miss Dorrit?"

"Very generous of you," she returned, noticing another of the quick looks between the two.

"Not at all," said Pancks. "Don't mention it. I'm coming into my property, that's the fact. I can afford to be liberal. I think I'll give 'em a treat here. Tables laid in the yard. Bread in stacks. Pipes in faggots. Tobacco in hayloads. Roast beef and plum pudding for every one. Quart of double stout a head. Pint of wine too if they like it, and the authorities give permission. Eh, Miss Dorrit?"

She was thrown into such a confusion by his manner, or rather by Clennam's growing understanding of his manner (for she looked to him after every fresh appeal and cockatoo demonstration on the part of Mr. Pancks), that she

only moved her lips in answer, without forming any word.

"And oh, by-the-by!" said Pancks, "you were to live to know what was behind us on that little hand of yours. And so you shall, you shall, my darling. Eh, Miss Dorrit?"

He had suddenly checked himself. Where he got all the additional black prongs from that now flew up all over his head, like the myriads of points that break out in the last change of a great fire-work, was a wonderful mystery.

"But I shall be missed," he now came back to that; "and I don't want 'em to miss me. Mr. Clennam, you and I made a bargain. I said you should find me stick to it. You shall find me stick to it now, Sir, if you'll step out a moment. Miss Dorrit, I wish you good-night. Miss Dorrit, I wish you good fortune."

He rapidly shook her by both hands, and puffed down stairs. Arthur followed him with such a hurried step that he had very nearly tumbled over him on the last landing, and rolled him down into the yard.

"What is it, for Heaven's sake!" Arthur demanded, when they burst out there both together.

"Stop a moment, Sir. Mr. Rugg. Let me introduce him."

With those words he presented another man without a hat, and also with a cigar, and also surrounded with a halo of ale and tobacco, which man, though not so excited as himself, was in a state which would have been akin to lunacy but for its fading into sober method when compared with the rampancy of Mr. Pancks.

"Mr. Clennam, Mr. Rugg," said Pancks. "Stop a moment. Come to the pump."

They adjourned to the pump. Mr. Pancks, instantly putting his head under the spout, requested Mr. Rugg to take a good strong turn at the handle. Mr. Rugg complying to the letter, Mr. Pancks came forth snorting and blowing to some purpose, and dried himself on his handkerchief.

"I am the clearer for that," he gasped to Clennam, standing astonished. "But, upon my soul, to hear her father making speeches in that chair, knowing what we know, and to see her up in that room in that dress, knowing what we know, is enough to—give me a back, Mr. Rugg—a little higher, Sir—that'll do!"

Then and there, on that Marshalsea pavement, in the shades of evening, did Mr. Pancks, of all mankind, fly over the head and shoulders of Mr. Rugg of Pentonville, General Agent, Accountant, and Recoverer of Debts. Alighting on his feet, he took Clennam by the buttonhole, led him behind the pump, and pantingly produced from his pocket a bundle of papers. Mr. Rugg also pantingly produced from his pocket a bundle of papers.

"Stay!" said Clennam in a whisper. "You have made a discovery."

Mr. Pancks answered with an unction which there is no language to convey, "We rather think so."

"Does it implicate any one?"

"How implicate, Sir?"

"In any suppression, or wrong dealing of any kind?"

"Not a bit of it."

"Thank God!" said Clennam to himself. "Now, show me."

"You are to understand," snorted Pancks, feverishly unfolding papers, and speaking in short High Pressure blasts of sentences—"Where's the Pedigree? Where's Schedule number four, Mr. Rugg? Oh! all right! Here we are. You are to understand that we are now virtually complete. We shan't be legally for a day or two. Call it, at the outside, a week. We've been at it, night and day, for I don't know how long! Mr. Rugg, you know how long? Never mind. Don't say. You'll only confuse me. You shall tell her, Mr. Clennam. Not till we give you leave. Where's that rough total, Mr. Rugg? Oh! Here we are! There, Sir! That's what you'll have to break to her. That man's your Father of the Marshalsea!"

IN MEMORIAM.

"Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
* * * * *
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine
And thou art terrible—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier;
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine."—HALLECK.

I OFTEN sit here, in an arm-chair, by my open window, protected from the scorching rays of the sun by a noble elm, and ponder over the past six months of my life, and wonder if it can be a reality, or only some strange dream. My only companions are a cigar—which I suffer to go out very often—and a ponderous volume which lies open upon my lap, but, somehow, I do not read. If I am aroused suddenly from my reverie, I find that my head has been resting on one hand, while the other holds my cigar, with half an inch of ashes. The fire is all dead, like my spirit.

And why is my spirit dead? Read on.

Sometimes I am convinced that the history of this half year, which I am about to write, is real; but very often my recollections are so strangely confused and intermingled, that I hardly know whether to believe them or not.

There is one melancholy proof of its reality. As I sit here, a brilliant portrait hangs opposite me upon my library wall. When I gaze at this picture I often feel my eyes filling with tears, so that I can not see until I wipe them away. As I sit looking at her face now, I am convinced that what I am going to write is a true history. In my better moments I can readily realize the truth of what the noble poet has written:

"'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all;"

for whether this story be a true one, or only a dream, I feel that I am a better man than I was three short months ago.

It has not been a great while since I made

the acquaintance of one of the noblest girls that man ever saw. With genuine purity of heart she combined extraordinary wit and beauty; with youth she possessed wonderful discretion. She was but seventeen years of age when I first knew her, and altogether, I think, the most perfect creature I ever had the happiness to behold.

I took a great fancy to Lily after our first minute of social intercourse, and made frequent visits to her at her father's residence in the country. I lived in the city at this time, some dozen miles from Bellegrove, but this distance was nothing to me, when well mounted, some lovely spring evening, and so I was there often. I delighted in Lily's society, and she plainly showed that she liked my company by her vivacity, and the interest which she displayed in making my time pleasant. There is a vast difference, though, between liking and loving, and and I did not feel certain that she loved me by any means. I very soon satisfied myself—and her, too, I believe—that I loved her, but it was a considerable time before I made any communication of the fact. Her father was wealthy, and I was comparatively poor, and I was afraid I might be called a fortune-hunter. I have since accused myself of libel upon Lily for having any such feeling, for you could not look upon her without losing sight of her fortune altogether in your admiration of its possessor.

After a time I made up my mind to address her, fortune or no fortune; and accordingly I did so one beautiful evening in the "blithe time of spring." I must confess that it was not without great misgiving on my part, for I was by no means satisfied that Lily loved me; and it was quite a surprise to me when she accepted me without any provisos whatever.

Of course my love doubled on the spot; that is, if an infinite quantity can be doubled, and I thought Lily never seemed such a treasure before. There is something delightful in the mutual confidence which immediately springs up between a newly-engaged couple. Lily made me her chief adviser in all matters ten minutes after we were engaged, and I believe she sought counsel from me upon every subject under the sun. It is pleasant to be looked up to by a being you love with such devotion as I loved Lily, and so I was supremely happy.

After two months of happiness, during which my business suffered by my absence, the wedding-day came. There was a vast assemblage of neighbors and friends, and relatives from a distance, at Bellegrove, that moonlight night in June.

The two spacious drawing-rooms were thrown into one, by withdrawing the folding-doors, and every window was open, making the rooms—in spite of the gathered crowd—quite cool. From the front windows of the rooms a beautiful river-view was spread out, and many persons were quietly gazing upon the scene, rapt in admiration. The broad river could be seen for six miles, and its calm surface, but slightly rippled by the gentle zephyrs, reflected back the moonbeams from thousands of little diamond mirrors. Scattered over the broad expanse of water were steamers and sailing craft, displaying lanterns of many different brilliant colors.

From the smoke-stacks of the steamers endless streams of fiery sparks stretched out to the westward. Between the river and the portico of the house the whole extent of the grounds was dotted with lamps. Every embowered rustic seat had a lamp suspended near it, and the fountain in front of the hall-door was all illuminated with many-colored lamps, whose colors were distributed through the water-jets, until the whole presented a strange medley, embracing every tint in all the brilliancy of the rainbow.

It was eight o'clock when I led Lily to the centre of the front drawing-room. We were nearly surrounded with groomsmen and bridemaids. The ceremony was performed very solemnly by Dr. ——, from the neighboring city, and then the festivities of the evening commenced. I hardly think the happiness I enjoyed that evening can be the common lot of mankind. My heart was as light as down. I often found myself abstracted from the company around me, and my eyes resting on my wife at the opposite side of the room. My happiness was rendered more *intense* by meeting her eye fixed upon me nearly every time I looked.

I lift my eyes to her picture there, and I seem to be carried back to my wedding-night. She is painted in her wedding-dress, and has the very expression she had there in the drawing-room, when I so often met her gaze.

After dancing, promenading over the smooth graveled walks of the lawn, and a little music now and then, supper was announced. I must hasten over this joyful evening, for it is painful to me to recall a period of so great happiness in my present frame of mind.

It was at an early hour in the morning that the last carriage rolled away from the door. Many guests from a distance remained at Bellegrove, intending some to leave in the morning, and others to accompany us upon a bridal tour which we intended to make in a few days.

Lily rose in the morning with a considerable hoarseness, which increased so as to prevent her from speaking above a whisper. Toward evening, though, it passed off nearly altogether. We gave up the idea of traveling for a month, and then came a continual round of dinners and evening parties. I think it was in returning from the eighth or ninth of these parties that Lily caught an additional cold, rendering the slight one she had next to intolerable. I kept her in the house after that day, positively refusing to allow her to go out, and so the parties ceased. Her sickness, I thought, was nothing serious, and I went to the city to transact a piece of business, which would probably take me a day and a half to finish.

At nearly dusk in the evening a negro from Bellegrove came to my office with a note. It

was from the Colonel, Lily's father, and ran thus:

"DEAR JAMES—Being a little worried about Lily, I have concluded to send in for you, and I wish you to bring Dr. —— out with you. She constantly asks for you, and inquires whether you have come, whenever she hears a footstep. I believe Dr. Hendree is nonplussed, and too obstinate to call in assistance. You had better come at once.

"BELLEGROVE, *July 22d.*"

This note startled me. I thought the dear old Colonel was very uneasy, and was trying to conceal it from me. In ten minutes I was on the road to Bellegrove with Dr. —— beside me. My servant was with the Doctor's, who followed with his chaise. Dr. —— was, and still is, a man in whom I reposed the most implicit confidence, and I knew he would never deceive me about Lily's condition. He was a gentle, kind-hearted old gentleman, who always entered a sick room with as little noise as is made on a Brussels carpet by the velvety paws of a cat.

I described to the Doctor how I thought the case originated; that Lily had taken cold, and then by imprudence had caught another. I asked him if he thought any thing very serious was the matter with Lily. He supposed it could be little more than an obstinate and aggravated cold, and told me not to alarm myself. I asked him, as the Colonel's family physician, if Lily's constitution was a good one, or whether it was weak.

"Well," he said, for I remember his reply," her constitution is not very strong, but her health has generally been pretty good." Then he added, "Do not alarm yourself, James, there is no necessity for that."

In little more than an hour we reached Bellegrove, and the old Doctor, by my assistance, was soon in the hall with his medicines. I grasped the old Colonel's hand, and begged him to tell me if there was danger. He looked much worried, and told me to wait until Dr. —— had seen her. "Can't you see the perplexity in Hendree's countenance?" he said to me, in a low tone.

I followed Doctor —— up stairs, and entered the room with him. A single light was burning behind a screen, and Lily's mother and a black nurse were seated in the room, the latter by the side of her daughter's pillow. My heart sank as I beheld these arrangements. By order of Dr. —— I did not allow Lily to see me as I entered.

The extreme silence and caution about the room told my heart plainly that my wife was very ill. Hendree here came up, and the two physicians whispered a long time together. I thought I saw a momentary flash of excitement upon Dr. ——'s countenance, once as I looked at them in consultation. Certainly the old man's hand trembled violently as he took her wrist. He sat some moments holding her arm, looking most intently at her calm features, and listening with suspended breath to hear her respirations.

I never shall cease to remember the old Doctor's appearance as he left the couch and drew Hendree over to a corner. He seemed to be in great excitement, almost in a flurry, and the shortness of the consultation, and his quick movements, told me that the case was urgent—that my wife, my bride Lily, was in danger. Hendree came to me and insisted upon my going down stairs, that it was very important that the room should be kept quiet. I suffered him to lead me out, and I went down stairs with a heavy heart. I could see no one. The Colonel had shut himself up in his room. I went into the library and threw myself upon a sofa; but how could I lie still while Lily was suffering up stairs? I jumped up and sat down, then I wandered about the house, and at last I sought my wife's room again.

I was refused admittance, but Dr. —— came out and we sought the library together. When we got there I seized his hand, and begged him to tell me Lily's true condition.

"Be calm, James," he replied, solemnly; "you must bear up like a man. Your wife is ill, and in some danger, but I trust she may recover; it is a matter almost of life and death now to keep away every exciting cause, and I not only want you to behave like a man, and bear up yourself, but do not suffer the least noise to be made down stairs. The Colonel has the upper part of the house in charge;" and then he added, after several minutes pause, "I would have given one thousand dollars to have seen this case twenty-four hours ago."

He left me very soon, and went up stairs. I went into the dining-room and drew a cup of coffee from the urn. Nobody seemed to have thought of eating, though the table was covered with refreshments.

I gave strict orders that not a word above a whisper should be uttered by any of the servants. Poor things! they needed no repetition of the order. It was only necessary to say, "Miss Lily is very ill," as their noiseless tread and sad countenances showed. I went into the library, and lying down, I soon fell into a sort of morbid sleep, which fatigues rather than refreshes you. I started frequently from the cushion, and had a great number of awful dreams. I would not have slept at all but for the fact that hard work and worry in the morning, and great anxiety in the evening, combined to break me down.

I must have slept this troubled sleep for several hours, for the next time I heard the clock strike its muffled bell it was two o'clock. I was in that half-dreamy state when we hear and hardly know what it is we hear. In a few minutes I heard a footstep. Old Doctor —— entered as I rose from my sofa. I endeavored to read his countenance, but it was calm and unmoved.

"How is she, Doctor?" I whispered, almost choking.

"Better, I trust; she is sleeping."

The old man had come down to refresh himself with coffee, and soon I heard his soft slippers upon the stairs. His words quieted me somewhat, and I tried to read. I opened the family Bible and turned to John xiv., and read that sublime chapter over twice. "*Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.*" What tenderness and love these words of our Saviour convey! I found much comfort in what I read, and I prayed to God to take away all wickedness from my heart, and to spare me my Lily. After a while I slept again.

The next time I was awakened it was by a loud peal of thunder. I rose, and putting on my hat, sought the front portico. It was about half-past three in the morning, and a terrific thunder-storm was pouring out the vials of its wrath. The lightning was intensely vivid, and each flash seemed to wind around and embrace the columns of the portico, as if it would tear the structure to the earth. Almost simultaneously with the flashes came the most terribly deafening rolls of thunder I ever listened to.

I knew that the invalid could not sleep through this awful clamor, and still I feared to seek her room, lest I might render her condition more precarious by my presence. In a few moments the old nurse came down, and, with tears streaming down her face, called me to my darling's room. I went immediately, and my heart beat wildly as I opened the door. The Colonel, half-dressed, in slippers and dressing-gown, was behind me. As we entered we saw in a moment that she was going.

Doctor Hendree was leaning upon the edge of a toilet, with his face buried in his hands; and dear old Doctor ——, with his head resting on his right hand, was sitting beside the table, gazing at my dying bride. His bronzed and furrowed cheek was wet with tears. I drew a chair beside her pillow, and took her hand.

"My husband!" she said, in a weak voice, and she gently pressed my hand.

"God bless your noble heart for that!" I said, and, for the first time, tears came to my relief.

The wild thunder and awful lightning shook the old house, and made it seem a mass of fire.

"Pray, father," said Lily.

The dear old Colonel knelt, and we all followed his example, and between his sobs he put up a grand, touching prayer to the throne of Christ, that he would take this pure heart and guileless soul to his bosom.

Lily's mother was kneeling beside me, and I held her hand.

"Amen!" said Lily, and every heart echoed the word.

Every eye in that chamber of death was wet.

"Do not weep, mother; be cheerful, my husband; rejoice, father; for I go to Jesus." And she gave me a long gaze, full of angel-like love.

The storm was going over. The thunder rolled at a greater distance, the lightning seemed further off.

The spirit of my child-wife waned with the storm. As the storm waned away far over the woodlands, and it became calmer, we could only hear the tinkling of the water-drops in the tin pipes from the roof. As her spirit grew weaker, we could only hear the heavy breathing, and see the long efforts she made to regain the breath as it left her lips.

For five minutes no word was spoken; but there in the silent chamber the tears fell fast.

A long, faint roll of thunder, as if the storm king was not yet satisfied, broke from the heavens. Lily revived.

"Even so, come, Lord Jesus!" and she breathed very hard. "To God, my husband!"

With these words, all that was mortal of my child-wife ceased to exist, and her spirit took its flight to the outstretched arms of her Saviour.

"Gone from earth to bloom in heaven," said old Doctor ——, with a sigh which came from his heart.

The old man insisted upon my retiring to my bed, where I only remained until the sun poured its light into my chamber.

The funeral did not take place until the second day after her death. She was buried at the family grave-yard at Bellegrove.

After staying a week longer with the kind old Colonel, I left Bellegrove to try and find diversion from my grief in travel. I can not tell the desolation which I felt, and yet feel, for but two months have elapsed. I have returned to the city, and strive to submit to an all-wise decree of Providence—but thy ways are inscrutable, O Father! I am a widower at twenty-one.

Such a lesson has often been the salvation of an immortal soul, and I trust, through the example and influence of my lost darling, to find that Saviour who was her joy.

A WAY TO REMEMBER.

MOST self-educated men, who for the most part have to win their bread and their information together, feel that the pressing and material business of life has a tendency to interfere with the memory of the scientific facts or of the philosophical truths which, in the intervals of leisure, they have been at pains to acquire. Now, there are many every-day familiar things which, by any one sincerely in earnest, may be made powerful helps to the memory, and to habits of reflection, through the association of ideas. It may be useful to illustrate this position by a few examples.

There are few readers who have traveled by any sort of carriage, who could have failed to remark the appearances of motion impressed upon the landscape. These are due, not to the landscape, but to the carriage. Such simple phenomena are easy of association with the motion of the earth and the immobility of the sun; they read many lessons to us on the difference between real and apparent motion.

Among the highest truths in nature, is the

now confessed universality of motion. The fixed stars are no longer fixed in the ordinary sense, and the belief of thousands of years that they were absolutely fixed, is now proved to have arisen from an illusion of the senses. All are now conceded to be moving around each other with marvelous velocity; though, from the distance, the motion appears to us to be remarkably slow. The sun himself has his circuit of travel, measured by ages. In the words of a modern astronomer, "mutation and change are every where found; all is in motion; orbits expanding or contracting, their planes rocking up or down, their perihelia and nodes sweeping in opposite directions round the sun." It is well that we are likewise told that "the limits of all these changes are fixed; that these limits can never be passed, and that at the end of a vast period, amounting to many millions of years, the entire range of fluctuation will have been accomplished, the entire system, planets, orbits, inclinations, eccentricities, perihelia, and nodes, will have regained their original values and places, and the great bell of eternity will have then sounded One!"

Now among many things which we have not mentioned, but which are nevertheless involved in the above statement, there are not a few that are extremely difficult to be remembered, but which it would be serviceable to retain in memory by the aid of familiar associations. Recurring again to the phenomena of travel (for earth is to man none other than a magnificent chariot wherein he rides around that great central luminary, the sun, in the midst of planetary systems without end), we may again refer to the apparent motion of the objects through which the passenger on the railway progresses. While passing in a direct line through a forest of trees, those trees toward which he is moving will appear to open out or separate from each other, while those left behind will appear to close up. Now this same opening out, and this same closing up, are actually the criteria employed to determine the astronomer touching the direction in which man on this earth is traveling through the starry forest in the skies. Borne along by the movement of the sun, the astronomer accordingly seeks a point in the heavens where the stars appear to be increasing their mutual distances. Finding this point, he next looks behind him in the opposite direction, and there perceiving the stars to close up on each other, he concludes that he has found the direction in which he is moving. In this manner it was, in fact, that Herschel determined that the solar system is traveling through space toward a point in the constellation Hercules. Now, many minds acting on this simple association, like the actor who receives the cue of a word or two from the prompter and then remembers his whole part, may, from the mere force of such a system, remember the whole of the discoveries of Argelander and Maedler. The sun, with its planets, will be seen sweeping toward the north pole of the heavens—in fact, toward the star marked π in the constellation Hercules—with a velocity which causes it to pass over a distance equal to thirty-three millions three hundred and fifty thousand miles every year. The star, Alcyone, will be recalled as the principal star in the group of the Pleiades, now supposed to occupy the centre of gravity, and to be at present the sun about which the universe of stars composing our astral system are all revolving; the light from Alcyone requiring a period of five hundred and thirty-seven years to traverse the distance of the sun, from the central orb about which he performs his mighty revolutions; and the enormous term of eighteen million two hundred thousand years being required to be accomplished, if we may rely on the angular motion of the sun and system, as already determined, before the solar orb, with all its planets, satellites, and comets will have completed one revolution around its grand centre.

Still keeping to the incidents of travel, and the phenomenon of forest trees. Who has not observed, while journeying along a railway, how the trees of a forest apparently whirl around each other—an appearance produced by the rapid speed of the carriage? This incident, familiar as it is, may serve to raise habitually in the mind the notion of the parallax of the fixed stars. Parallax is the apparent change in the place of an object, occasioned by the real change in the place of the spectator. Since the parallactic motion of the forest trees becomes less and less perceptible as the velocity of the traveling beholder diminishes, or as the distance of the seemingly moving object becomes greater, it is evident that to measure the distance of the fixed stars is equivalent to determining the amount of the parallactic change in their relative positions, occasioned by the actual change of the positions from which they may be viewed by a spectator on the earth's surface. The spectator will, on the prompting of this remarkable suggestion, probably remember that when the orbitual motion of the earth was first propounded by Copernicus, and it was asserted to revolve in an ellipse of nearly six hundred million miles in circumference, and with a motion so swift that it passed over no less than sixty-eight thousand miles in every hour of time, the opponents of the great philosopher exclaimed, that this doctrine could not be true; "for," said they, "if we are sweeping around the sun in this vast orbit, and with this amazing velocity, then ought the fixed stars to whirl round each other, as do the forest trees to the traveler flying swiftly by them." To the unassisted eye this, which was the case in fact, did not appear; and the Copernicans were without a satisfactory reply. They could only venture a suggestion that, owing perhaps to the enormous distance of the fixed stars, no perceptible change was operated by the revolution of the earth in its orbit; in other words, that the pole of the heavens revolved in a curve of two hundred million miles in diameter, but that such was the distance of

the spheres of the fixed stars, that this curve was reduced to an invisible point. After a contest of three hundred years' duration, the truth uttered by Copernicus, but not sufficiently illustrated, is at length indisputably established.

Sometimes things of a grosser sort will serve to make those of a finer quality not only more appreciable, but more intelligible. Questions in regard to the subtle essence Light are difficult because of their fineness; but it has been found possible to make them clear by resembling the subjects they regard to tangible objects, such as gun-boats, and rifle-balls, and gun-barrels. One of the last-named articles is supposed to be placed on a moving boat, and it is proposed so to direct a rifle on shore as to fire a ball down the said barrel. Now, let the two rifles be on the same exact level, and the axes of the barrels be made precisely to coincide—would the ball from the one pass down the other, in case the fixed one were fired at the exact instant the muzzles came precisely opposite to each other? The uninstructed would be apt to answer Yes; while the scientific would very confidently reply, No; it is necessary that the fixed rifle should be fired before the moving one comes opposite, and the rifleman must make an allowance for the time the ball requires to move from the one gun to the other, and also for the velocity with which the moving piece is descending the stream. In order so that the ball from the shore may be caused to enter the muzzle of the moving rifle, this computation must be accurately made. But further conditions have also to be considered. For instance, it must be recollected that while the ball is progressing down the barrel, the barrel itself is progressing down the tide, and that, in order to avoid the pressure of the ball against the upper side of the barrel, the latter must be fixed in an inclined position, and that the bottom of the barrel must be as far up the stream as it will descend by the boat's motion during the progress of the ball down the barrel; in fine, that the direction in which the barrel of the rifle which should receive the ball must be placed, is determined both by the velocity of the ball and the velocity of the boat which bears the rifle.

But what has this very material parable to do with the theory and properties of light? First of all, we liken the particles of light that are shot from the fixed stars to the balls that are shot from the fixed rifle. The gun-barrel on the moving boat represents the tube of the star-gazer, and the boat represents the earth which bears him while itself sweeping around in its orbit. Down the axis of that tube the particles of light, like the aforesaid rifle-balls, must pass, in order to reach the eye of the observer. As the velocity of the earth's motion has been ascertained, and as the amount by which the telescope must be inclined to cause the light to enter has been determined, the velocity of the light itself becomes known from these two data; and thus the previously determined value of this incredible velocity is satisfactorily confirmed. For the rest, the reality of the earth's motion is absolutely necessary to render the phenomena at all explicable. Such an illustration may serve to explain to the grossest understanding how it is that, owing to the progressive motion of light, and the revolution of the earth in its orbit, the celestial bodies can not occupy in the heavens the places which they appear to fill. The particles of light from Jupiter take nearly forty minutes in passing from the planet to the observer's eye. Meanwhile the earth has progressed in its orbit some thirty-seven thousand miles, and the spectator borne along with it must see the planet, not where it actually is, but where it was in appearance some forty minutes before. The same effect in kind is produced on the places of the fixed stars, and is called aberration. To bring all this to mind with clearness and precision, it needs only to think of the gun-boat, the rifle-barrel, and the rifle-ball.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

CONGRESS is to adjourn on the 18th of August. Our Record embraces the most important proceedings until the 5th.—The House bill admitting Kansas into the Union with the Topeka Constitution was sent to the Senate, where it was rejected, the Senate adhering to its own measure. Several bills appropriating money for internal improvements, which had passed both Houses and been vetoed by the President, have been passed by the requisite majority of two-thirds.—In the House, Mr. Oliver presented a minority report on the affairs of Kansas. It represents the report of the majority of the Committee as entirely *ex parte;* that many of its statements are unsupported by testimony; that no violence was used to prevent voters from exercising their right; that the anti-slavery party were in a minority in 14 out of 18 election districts; that Mr. Whitfield was legally chosen as Congressional delegate; and that all the disturbances in the Territory are to be ascribed to the revolutionary movements of those who got up the Topeka Convention.—The House voted that neither Whitfield nor Reeder were entitled to a seat.—To the Army Appropriation Bill an amendment was made providing that no part of the army shall be employed to enforce the laws passed by the Territorial Legislature of Kansas, until Congress shall have decided whether that was a valid Legislative Assembly; that the President shall use the military force in Kansas to preserve the peace and protect persons and property from seizure in the Territory and upon the national highways in the State of Missouri; that the President shall disarm the organized militia of the Territory, and prevent armed men from going there for the

purpose of enforcing or resisting real or pretended laws. This amendment was adopted by a vote of 91 to 86, and the bill passed the House by 89 to 80. The House also, by a vote of 88 to 74, passed a bill for re-organizing the Territory of Kansas. Besides the usual provisions for officers and elections, the bill provides for the maintenance of freedom of speech and of the press; prohibits test oaths and unusual punishments; dismisses all prosecutions now pending for violations of the Territorial laws; subjects all laws to be passed by the Legislature to the approval of Congress; and finally restores the Missouri Compromise. These two bills have been sent to the Senate for concurrence. ——Acts have been passed making large appropriations of public lands, mostly alternate sections, to aid in the construction of Railways in various Southern and Western States. The principal appropriations are the following: In Iowa, 1,200,000 acres; in Florida and Alabama, 2,500,000 acres; in Louisiana, 1,000,000 acres; in Wisconsin, 2,000,000 acres; in Michigan, 1,300,000 acres. Among the most important bills already passed are the following: Appropriating $300,000 for restoring and maintaining peaceable relations with the Indians in Oregon; appropriating more than $3,000,000 to supply the deficiencies of the last fiscal year; amending the Acts granting bounty lands for military service so as authorize parole testimony in proof of service; authorizing the construction of a military road from Fort Ridgely in Minnesota, to the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains in Nebraska.——In the Senate Mr. Butler presented a report providing for filling any vacancy in the Presidency in certain supposed cases. By the Act of 1792, in case of the default of the President and Vice-President, the office devolves upon the President of the Senate; or, if there be no such officer, upon the Speaker of the House. The Bill of Mr. Butler provides that if neither of these officers exists, or if they are for any reason ineligible, the Chief Justice of the United States shall be the President; and if a vacancy exists in that office, the Presidency shall devolve upon the Associate Justices, in the order of their seniority, until the Electoral College can be assembled.

The resolution for expelling Mr. Brooks from the House failed to receive the requisite majority of two-thirds; the vote was 121 for expulsion, 95 against it. The resolution censuring Mr. Keitt passed by 106 to 96; that censuring Mr. Edmonson was rejected, by a vote of 136 to 60. Messrs. Brooks and Keitt thereupon resigned their seats; but have been re-elected by their respective constituents, without opposition. The debates growing out of these proceedings were very exciting. Mr. Brooks took personal exception to some remarks from Mr. Burlingame, of Massachusetts, who declared himself "responsible" for what he had said; and in reply to a request that he would indicate some place out of the District where a "negotiation" might take place, he named the Canada side of Niagara Falls. Mr. Brooks refused to accept the proposed place of meeting, on the ground of its distance and the inconvenience and danger to which he would be exposed in passing through the Free States.

General Persifer F. Smith has been appointed to the military command of the Western Department; his head-quarters will be at Leavenworth. John W. Geary, of Pennsylvania, has been appointed Governor of Kansas, in place of Mr. Shannon, removed.——The body claiming to be the State Legislature of Kansas assembled at Topeka on the 4th of July, but were dispersed by the United States troops under command of Colonel Sumner, who said that he was then compelled to perform the most unpleasant duty of his life, under the authority of the President's proclamation; but that he should, if necessary, use all the force under his command to carry out his orders. In answer to an inquiry from the Senate, whether orders had been sent to any military officer in Kansas to disperse any unarmed meeting of the people, or to prevent any such assemblage, the Secretary of War replied that no such orders had been given; and that Colonel Sumner had been informed that the Department was not satisfied that he was justifiable in dispersing the meeting at Topeka; and that he would be called upon for explanations in respect to his proceedings upon that occasion. ——The Criminal Court of Washington imposed a fine of $300 upon Mr. Brooks for the assault on Mr. Sumner.——Mr. Herbert, Member of Congress from California, who killed Thomas Keating, a waiter in a hotel at Washington, a few months since, has been tried for murder and acquitted. The Court held, that when an affray arises, if one party, believing himself to be in great bodily danger, kills the other, it is justifiable homicide.—— The Conventions of the two sections of the Democratic party met at Syracuse on the 30th of July. The two bodies united, and proceeded to nominate candidates for State officers and Presidential electors. Hon. Amasa J. Parker, "Soft," was nominated for Governor, and Hon. John Vanderbilt, "Hard," for Lieutenant Governor; the candidates for electors were taken in about equal numbers from both divisions of the party.——We have to record an unusual number of railroad and steamboat accidents during the month: A train upon the Washington branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was thrown from the track, July 3, killing two persons, and severely wounding thirteen.— A wharf at the foot of Reed Street, Philadelphia, gave way on the 7th of July; more than a hundred persons were precipitated into the water, twenty or thirty of whom were drowned.—On the 16th, an excursion train, filled with the scholars and teachers of St. Michael's Church, left Philadelphia by the North Pennsylvania Railroad. The train having lost time, the conductor neglected to wait for the regular down train. The two came in collision while rounding a curve, both running at great speed. Five cars of the excursion train were shivered into fragments and were set on fire from the engines; many of those who were imprisoned in the wreck were burned to death, and a still larger number were killed outright or dreadfully wounded by the collision. The total loss of life was not less than sixty, while many more were seriously injured. The sufferers belonged almost wholly to the excursionists. The coroner's jury attribute the collision to the criminal carelessness of Alfred Hoppel, the conductor of the excursion train.—On the 17th, the Lake Erie steamer, *Northern Indiana*, caught fire while on her passage from Buffalo to Toledo, and in a few moments was burned to the water's edge. In attempting to launch the life-boat, which was filled with passengers, the cranes gave way, and all the occupants were plunged into the water. A large number of passengers, who had leaped into the water to escape the flames, were drowned. The total loss of

life was not less than thirty or forty.—On the same day the propeller *Tinto*, on Lake Ontario, took fire. The life-boat was filled, but capsized at once, and seventeen persons were drowned.—On the 26th, a steam-pipe in the steamer *Empire State*, plying between New York and Fall River, exploded, and the steam made its way to the deck, scalding a number of the crew and passengers. Eighteen persons were fatally injured, mainly by inhaling the steam.—On the 29th, the Lake George steamer, *John Jay*, caught fire, and was speedily burned, with a loss of six lives.—By these and other railway and steamboat accidents of less magnitude, about 170 persons have been killed and as many more seriously injured during the month of July.

From *California* our intelligence comes down to the 5th of July. The Vigilance Committee still maintained their position. The Governor's proclamation, calling upon the militia to hold themselves in readiness for actual service, was faintly responded to, while the forces at the disposal of the Committee were largely increased. Their rooms have been converted into a fortress, which is known as Fort Vigilant, and a regular system of discipline has been established. The Constitution of the Committee has been published. It charges that, under the present order of society and administration of the laws, there is in San Francisco no security for life and property, and that the organization of the Committee is the only means by which these can be made secure. The members of the Committee, therefore, bind themselves by solemn oath to see to it that order is preserved, the laws faithfully administered, and all criminals and ballot-box stuffers brought to punishment. The rooms of the Committee shall be open at all times to receive complaints; and if, in the judgment of the members present any action is demanded, the Committee shall at once be assembled. All matters of detail to be regulated by a code of by-laws; no political or sectarian matters to be discussed in the rooms, and the action of the Committee to have no respect to sects or parties; all orderly citizens may become members of the association; no punishment to be inflicted without fair and impartial trial; the decision of the majority of the Committee to be binding upon the whole, except that a vote of two-thirds of the members present is required to authorize the infliction of death. The members pledge their "sacred honor to defend and sustain each other in carrying out the determined action of the Committee, at the hazard of their lives and fortunes." In an address to the public the Committee declare that they have no friends to reward and no enemies to punish, and that they have no desire to interfere with the details of government farther than is necessary to punish and expel those who have "outraged the peace and good order of society, violated the ballot-box, overridden law, and thwarted justice;" that they will "continue, peaceably if they can, forcibly if they must, this work of reform;" pledging themselves, when this is accomplished, "to resign their power into the hands of the people from whom it was received." On the 19th of June the Committee received intelligence that a quantity of arms belonging to the State were coming on board a schooner from Benicia, to the order of the Governor. An expedition was fitted out to intercept the schooner; this was accomplished, and the arms fell into the hands of the Committee. Among those who were engaged in conveying the arms was James R. Maloney, and upon his arrival at San Francisco the Committee gave orders that he should be arrested by Sterling A. Hopkins, one of their officers. The accused was found at the office of Dr. Ashe, the United States Naval Agent, where also, among others, was Judge David S. Terry. Resistance was made to the arrest, and Hopkins retiring for assistance, those in the Navy Agent's office endeavored to retreat to the armory of the San Francisco Blues. They were intercepted by the Vigilance officers, and in an affray which ensued Hopkins was stabbed by Judge Terry, who with the others made their way to the armory. This was immediately surrounded by the forces of the Committee, and those within were summoned to surrender. This was complied with, and the arms also were taken. Similar proceedings took place at the other armories occupied by the "law and order" party. A large number of prisoners were made, of whom the greater number were soon released, with a warning against taking up arms again. Judge Terry was retained in confinement, and Mr. Maloney was sent from the State. Thus far the Committee have been wholly successful, and as far as we can judge from the tone of the California press, the feeling of the public is altogether in their favor, not only in San Francisco, but in all the principal places. The only executions that have taken place are those of Casey and Cora, unless, as is suspected by many, Sullivan was put to death, instead of having committed suicide. They have, however, sent away some twenty-five or thirty individuals of notoriously bad character.—The mining and agricultural intelligence is decidedly favorable.—The passengers who left New York for California in April, by way of Nicaragua, suffered severely in the passage. They found the transit across the Isthmus closed, but about three hundred determined to push on. At Granada they were detained a month, during which 79 died. Proceeding at length across the lake, a number more perished. The survivors reached San Juan del Sur, and embarked on board the steamer for San Francisco. Sickness broke out among them, and 33 died on the passage. Nearly half of the whole number died between Granada and San Francisco.

In *Oregon* the Indian war still continues, especially in the neighborhood of Rogue River. The Indians fight with great desperation, and the losses of our troops have been severe, while those of the Indians are still greater. What with fighting and treaties, strenuous attempts are being made to clear the country of the savages; but there seems little prospect that the work will be speedily accomplished.—In *Washington Territory* some of the Hudson's Bay Company's people, who had married Indian women, were suspected of giving aid to the savages. Martial law was proclaimed by Governor Stevens, who arrested Chief Justice Landey for attempting to hold a court after the proclamation of martial law.——Indian troubles have broken out afresh in *New Mexico*, and preparations are making for a vigorous campaign.——In *Florida*, also, several fights have occurred between the Indians and the whites.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

In *Nicaragua* affairs have taken a new turn. President Rivas appears to have grown jealous of the Americans, and suddenly abandoned the seat of government, and pronounced against Walker, who at once appointed Don Fermin Ferrer Provisional President, and proclaimed as traitors all

who should adhere to Rivas. An election for President was held on the 24th of June, when two-thirds of the popular vote was cast in favor of Walker, who was publicly inaugurated on the 12th of July. In his inaugural address he lays down in somewhat general terms the principles upon which the government is to be conducted. The utmost liberty of speech and action compatible with order is to be his leading idea; while trade is to be encouraged, with the view of making Nicaragua the highway for commerce between the two oceans. A general league of all the Central American States against Walker appears to have been consummated, with the intention of commencing active operations as soon as the rainy season is over. Rivas and his adherents hold a number of important points, including Leon, and avow their intention of joining the Confederates, and driving Walker from the country.

A new Constitution has been adopted in *New Granada*, by which the Republic is organized into eight sovereign States.——In *Peru* revolutionary symptoms are of constant occurrence, and the general aspect of affairs is discouraging.

In *Mexico* the new Constitution is under discussion, and will doubtless be adopted. Its principal provisions are as follows: The President to be elected for four years; the Legislature to consist of one House. Religion to be free, but the Catholic faith to be specially protected. Persons, property, and papers not to be molested except by competent judicial authority. The right to carry arms for defense guaranteed. The military to be subject to the civil power, and no soldier to be quartered in time of peace upon any house without the consent of the owner. No imprisonment for debt, no monopolies, no violation of the Post-office to be allowed; no hereditary honors or titles of nobility to be established; and no passports or letters of security to be required. Slavery is prohibited, and no slave escaping into the country is to be surrendered.—A decree of the Government has been promulgated which virtually deprives the Church of its immense real property, compelling the ecclesiastical bodies to execute mortgages for it in favor of those who now occupy it under lease. The Archbishop of Puebla has formally protested against this decree with little apparent effect. The indirect operation of this measure will put a considerable amount of money into the hands of the Government.—The Spanish fleet has withdrawn from before Vera Cruz, and amicable negotiations have been resumed for the payment of the debts due Spanish subjects.—In the northern part of the Republic opposition has arisen to the government of Comonfort, who is charged by General Vidaurri with a great variety of misdemeanors and offenses; and armed resistance is threatened in case the President pursues his obnoxious measures.

EUROPE.

From *Great Britain* there is little of special importance. The negotiations in relation to Central America are in progress, with every prospect of a speedy and satisfactory conclusion, upon a basis which will insure the perfect freedom of the route across the Isthmus, and the abandonment of all British occupation or special protection. Some conversation, and many sharp strictures, upon "American manners," have been occasioned by a very trifling incident. Professor Mahan, of West Point, presented himself for admission to the Queen's levée in a costume which varied slightly from that established by rule. The Chamberlain refused to admit him. When the Queen learned of the affair she gave directions that he should be permitted to make his appearance. In the meanwhile he had taken his departure, accompanied by Mr. Dallas.——The "Guards," on their return from the Crimea, were received with great éclât on their arrival in London.——The hero of the day appears to be General Williams, the "Defender of Kars," who has made an almost triumphal march through the kingdom. He has been returned to Parliament, and announces that he shall strenuously advocate the maintenance of the army in a state of efficiency.——The Duke of Cambridge has been appointed to the chief command of the army, which has been vacated by Lord Hardinge on account of ill health.——The deposed King of Oude is about to visit England to petition the Queen for his restoration to his kingdom.——A treaty of marriage has been arranged between the Princess Royal and Prince Frederick William, the heir to the Prussian crown. The Prince has for some time been a visitor in England.——A serious riot took place at Nenagh, in Ireland, July 6, occasioned by an attempt to disband the Tipperary Militia, without paying the bounty which had been promised them on enlistment. The soldiers were called in, and the rioters were subdued. Four persons were killed and a number wounded.

A formidable insurrection has broken out in Spain. It grew out of the resignation of the "Liberal" ministry of Espartero, and the formation of a new cabinet with O'Donnell at its head. In Madrid the National Guards and the citizens fraternized, and a bloody combat ensued between them and the troops, of whom a large body had been concentrated in the capital. The outbreak commenced on the 15th of July, and the fighting continued for about thirty hours. The insurgents were at length defeated at all points, and abandoned the contest. The National Guard was disbanded, and the whole country formally pronounced by the Government in a state of siege. Insurrectionary movements were made in various other parts of the kingdom; but at the latest arrival it was impossible to speak with certainty of the result. The Liberal members of the Cortez have retired to Saragossa, where it is anticipated that a final and determined stand will be made against the Government.

Italian affairs present the same uncertain aspect as heretofore, and the danger of a rupture between Austria and Sardinia is increasing. The Sardinian Government has demanded a large credit for the purpose of erecting fortifications. The question as to the probable interference of England in the affairs of Naples excites much interest. Lord John Russell made a motion of inquiry for information as to the intentions of Government in this respect; to which Lord Palmerston replied that it was not expedient at the present time to give any definite answer. Symptoms of revolt are not wanting in Naples, and discontents are reported to have manifested themselves in the army. Austria has concluded an alliance with Naples, Rome, Modena, and Tuscany; so that, in the event of a war, Sardinia can look for no support upon the Peninsula, and must rely solely upon herself, with such support as may be gained from England and France.

Literary Notices.

A Memorial of the Life and Character of John W. Francis, Jun. The subject of the brief memorials which have been gathered in this volume by the hands of pious affection, was a young man, whose richly gifted nature made his early death an occasion of tender regret even beyond the wide domestic circle into which his departure has brought an almost unmitigable grief. He was born in this city on the 5th of July, 1832, and died on the 20th of January, 1855, in the twenty-third year of his age. His father is the eminent New York physician of the same name, whose literary tastes and genial manners, no less than his medical experience and skill, have given him an honored rank in the profession with which his fame is identified. Young Francis was educated at Columbia College, where he was remarkable for his ability and diligence, his versatility as a student, and his manly and generous personal qualities. Upon the completion of his academic course he devoted himself to the study of medicine, and was on the eve of graduating in that profession, when he was attacked by the disease which terminated in his death.

His taste for literature was developed at an early age. Every new book that appealed to his sympathies formed an epoch in his life. He would become absorbed in the perusal of his favorite author, and make his companions the sharers of his admiration. One of the first works that produced a powerful impression on his mind was Boswell's Life of Johnson. He fully entered into the spirit of the communicative biographer, and was in the habit of quoting the most characteristic anecdotes and sayings, and the striking specimens of style that are found in the life and writings of the English sage, enforcing his recitations with humorous emphasis. Subsequently, he became deeply interested in the history and character of the aborigines of this continent. He made himself master of the facts on this subject reported by the early American travelers, and enriched his memory with a store of curious ethnological knowledge. The records of maritime and pioneer adventure possessed singular attractions for his mind. His love of the sea was a passion. With a fine natural sense of humor, he took pleasure in the admirable specimens of that kind, in Irving, Hawthorne, Lamb, Hood, and Goldsmith. He was a critical reader of Dickens, De Quincy, Prescott, Bryant, and Longfellow, and often made their peculiar merits a theme of comment and discussion. Knight's Shakspeare and Walton's Angler were his constant companions. Sterne's Sermon on the Pharisee and Leigh Hunt's Essays were among his favorite models of didactic composition. In history, he had carefully studied Hume, Robertson, and Macaulay, and was well prepared to defend his views of their relative claims.

For so young a man, Mr. Francis had attained an extraordinary ripeness of character. The vigor of his intellect and the elevation of his moral aims were in advance of his years. His physical development was so mature, that no one who observed his personal appearance would have thought him under thirty. A sense of justice was one of his strongest feelings. His devotion to duty had the strength of an instinct, fortified by enlightened principle. This was exhibited in the eminent loyalty of his nature. No one ever cherished a deeper sentiment of obligation to his profession, his friends, his parents, his religion. Whatever conviction, principle, or character he had deliberately adopted, never failed of his support on all appropriate occasions. No one kindled with a keener sense of indignation at every base or unworthy suggestion. His nature had no affinity with the spirit of compromise. In every relation he aimed at the genuine, the real—with a cordial aversion to affectation and pretense. The noble sincerity of his character formed a powerful tie between him and his friends, for they knew that the trust which they reposed in his virtues was free from every chance of disappointment. The kindly elements of his composition finely balanced his sterner qualities. His friendships were singularly generous and devoted. His benevolence was no less glowing and active than if it had been quickened by a wide experience of personal suffering. He had numerous dependents on his bounty, who only revealed their obligations by grief at his loss.

His death, indeed, was occasioned by his yielding to an impulse of benevolence, in connection with his loyalty to duty. When convalescent from a serious illness, he felt bound to give his services to a poor boy, away from home, who had been his patient with Chagres fever. On returning from his visit dangerous symptoms soon made their appearance, the fearful typhoid supervened, and in about three weeks he passed beyond the reach of human aid. The volume from which we have taken the above details, though printed for private circulation, presents too beautiful a portraiture of youthful excellence not to demand a wider publicity. It consists of a just and delicate biographical sketch from the pen of Mr. Henry T. Tuckerman, and numerous appreciative tributes to the deceased by eminent persons among his acquaintance. The felicitous portrait of Mr. Francis, by Wenzler, of which a well-executed engraving forms the frontispiece to this volume, presents an interesting delineation of his noble and expressive countenance.

Atlas of the World. By George H. Colton. (Published by J. H. Colton and Co.) For completeness of design, fullness and accuracy of detail, and beauty and clearness of execution, this new Atlas surpasses any similar work hitherto prepared. The vast amount of information gradually collected by geographers, explorers, and statisticians, is faithfully collated and reproduced. The American portion contains separate maps on a large scale of every State in the Union, and of every country in North and South America, compiled from the latest and most authentic sources. We may therefore consider this as the only complete American Atlas, and as such it is honorably distinguished from the best European Atlases, which are singularly meagre and inaccurate in respect to this continent. While this deficiency is abundantly and satisfactorily supplied, this Atlas is fully equal in its representations of the Old World to the best of those published abroad. Besides the usual geographical and topographical details, the main lines of internal communication are laid down, railways, canals, and highways being appropriately distinguished. In respect to the more unknown portions of the globe, the in-

formation embodied in the narratives and charts of travelers and explorers has been carefully collated, so that this Atlas forms a perfect representation of the present state of geographical knowledge. The whole number of maps and charts is nearly two hundred. The Physical Charts are of very great value. They show at a glance the distribution of animals and plants, the isothermal and tidal lines, the direction of the great oceanic and atmospheric currents, the comparative heights of mountains, length of rivers, and size of islands and lakes. The value of the maps is greatly enhanced by the copious and accurate Geographical, Historical, and Statistical Notes, furnished by RICHARD SWAINSON FISHER, M.D. This work is every way creditable to its authors and publishers, and should find its place as a work of reference into every College, Academy, and School library; while it is almost indispensable to the counting-room of the merchant, and the library of the scholar.

The History of the United States, by GEORGE TUCKER. (J. P. Lippincott and Co.) The development of our political institutions is the point of view assumed by the author in the composition of this history. It is to consist of four volumes, the first of which is now issued, and embraces the period from the commencement of American colonization to the accession of General Harrison to the Presidency in 1841. The materials of the work are derived, in a great measure, from contemporary documents, while little use has been made of the labors of other historians. In the present volume, which extends to the close of Washington's administration, the qualities of conciseness, simplicity, and fairness of statement are every where noticeable. The annals of the country prior to the Revolution are related with great brevity, while sufficient prominence is given to the events which succeeded the Declaration of Independence. The details of legislation in regard to the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and the struggle of the great conflicting parties into which the country was soon divided, are minutely described, though without a tedious elaboration of particulars. To the general reader, the execution of the work will seem too meagre and unadorned, too destitute of varied illustration, too skeleton-like in its rigid, unyielding frame-work; but to the political student it will be valuable as a guide to the progress of constitutional liberty, and the origin and early position of many of the vital questions which now agitate the land. Mr. Tucker has few of the qualities which give success to the popular writer. He makes no pretension to the graces of rhetoric. He never colors the exposition of facts by the glowing tints of imagination. His intellect is tranquil and unimpassioned, rarely ascending even to the moderate standard of blood-heat. But he impresses one with a sense of his literary integrity and candor; his sagacity is unquestionable; his knowledge is extensive and well-ordered; his diction is as free from obscurity as from pretension; his comments on the course of events, which are indeed rarely interposed in his simple narrative, if not always marked by philosophical depth, are usually appropriate and suggestive; and hence his work, if completed according to the present specimen, will find an honorable place among the collections of references on American history.

The Life and Adventures of James W. Beckwourth, written from his own dictation by T. D. BONNER. (Harper and Brothers.) One of the anomalous characters to whom the teeming life of frontier civilization gives birth, has here attempted a record of his marvelous adventures among the inhabitants of the forest. By turns a trapper, a mountaineer, a scout, he was thoroughly initiated into the mysteries of savage life, was adopted into a powerful tribe, and became a chief renowned for his shrewdness in council and his audacious courage in war. After a residence of more than twenty years among the Indians, whose appearance and customs he had made so entirely his own that he was not recognized as a white man, he returns to civilized life, settles upon a farm in California, and has amused his declining days by this copious narrative of his extraordinary experience. The natural romance of his history needs no embellishments of fancy. Many of the incidents which he relates doubtless show a Robinson Crusoe aspect; but his descriptions of Indian character and habits have an air of unmistakable reality, and do not essentially differ from the reports of previous travelers. His volume will be read with avidity by all who have a taste for the relation of strange and exciting adventures.

The Lays of Ancient Rome, by THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. (James Munroe and Co.). The brilliant success of Mr. Macaulay as a writer of English history has very properly suggested a new edition of these remarkable historical poems. They admirably illustrate the historical character of his mind, his passion for the delineation of picturesque scenes, his profound and various learning, the keenness and subtlety of his critical judgments, and his singular command of the resources of the English language. Adopting the theories of Niebuhr in regard to the composition of Roman history, Mr. Macaulay traces the origin of the charming legends which animate the pages of Livy to the influence of early popular ballads, such as abound in the infant literature of every nation. While rejecting their value, as materials for history, he is fully sensible of their adaptation to poetical effect. There is nothing in Latin literature so strongly tinged with romance as the traditions of the primitive Roman history. "The loves of the Vestal and the God of War, the cradle laid among the reeds of Tiber, the fig-tree, the she-wolf, the shepherd's cabin, the rape of the Sabines, the death of Tarpeia, the fall of Hostus Hostilius, the struggle of Mettus Curtius through the marsh, the women rushing with torn raiment and disheveled hair between their fathers and husbands, the nightly meetings of Numa and the Nymph by the well in the sacred grove," are but a few of the beautiful legends which were woven into inartificial verse in the mythical age of Roman heroism. In the admirable preface to this volume, Mr. Macaulay discusses the subject with consummate ability. He clearly shows that the received history of Rome has taken its coloring from these poetic fables. In the narrative of Livy, they retain much of their genuine character. They shine through the meagre and prosaic pages of Dionysius, in spite of his dreary pedantry. They enrich the most superficial modern compendiums of Roman history. Even in the age of Plutarch, there were not wanting acute men who regarded the popular account of the foundation of Rome, less as a history than a romance. In modern times, as is well known, the subject has been fully elucidated by Niebuhr, who, however, was anticipated in his theory by Perizonius, one of the most accomplished antiquaries

of the seventeenth century. With regard to the disappearance of these legendary poems, it should be remembered that the later Latin literature was fashioned almost entirely on Greek models. The Latin metres were of Greek invention. The best epic poetry in the Latin language is but the echo of the Iliad and Odyssey. But the genuine Latin literature had perished long before the classical age of Rome. This sprang up in accordance with a universal law. Every nation, whose intelligence is in advance of its cultivation, gives birth to rhythmical legends, which represent the events of the past in an imaginative costume. With the progress of society and the increase of knowledge, these rude lays lose their value; the homely diction of the old bards becomes obsolete; and foreign models of composition are studied and imitated. Thus despised by the learned and polite, the ancient legends linger in the memory of the common people, and at length pass out of notice altogether. The fate of the legendary ballads of Rome is not peculiar to that literature. In spite of the invention of printing, there can be no doubt that many of the early popular songs of England and Spain have been irrecoverably lost. Sir Walter Scott was but just in time to save the minstrelsy of the Scottish bards. In Germany, the Lay of the Nibelungen was utterly lost sight of until, for the first time in the eighteenth century, it was printed from a manuscript in an old library. The Greeks, in fact, were the only people who, in the advancement of civilization, retained a genuine love for their antique popular ballads.

But the loss of the poetical legends of early Rome is not supported only by probable evidence. Ennius, the father of the classical school of Roman poetry, makes direct mention of the bards who chanted in the olden time, before any one had yet ventured on the sacred mountains of Grecian song. Fabius, a contemporary with Ennius, refers to the ancient Latin poetry in his account of the early life of Romulus and Remus. Cato the Censor alludes to this primeval literature in his lost work on the antiquities of his country. "Would," exclaims Cicero, "that we still had the old ballads of which Cato speaks!" Valerius Maximus and Varro both mention the ancient national poetry, and their statements are incidentally confirmed by Horace.

The manner in which Mr. Macaulay has embodied the most striking of the Roman legends in English verse gives a splendid illustration of the versatility of his powers. With a nice poetical instinct he has seized the true spirit of those spontaneous effusions of the old Roman heart. His diction is in accordance with the theme, varying from the simplicity of pure narrative to the stately and sonorous strains of the patriotic appeal. No more remarkable specimens of vigorous English versification can any where be found than in his most happily wrought stanzas. If he does not possess the creative imagination that would entitle him to the name of an original poet, his fine sense of the dramatic and picturesque in action, and his rare mastery of expression, will always clothe this volume with peculiar interest, and entitle it to a place among the choice productions of English literature. The work is introduced by a brief preface from the pen of Professor Felton, of Cambridge, who remarks that "the Lays will live as long as Roman history shall be read, and the heroic spirit of the genuine epic ballad shall stir the soul of the reader like the sound of a trumpet."

Religion in America, by ROBERT BAIRD (Harper and Brothers), is founded on a previous publication by the author on the same subject, but now brought out with large additions, and numerous changes, to adapt it to the present condition of the Churches in this country. It treats of the religious character of the early European colonists; the state of ecclesiastical affairs at the epoch of the Revolution; the connection of the State Governments with the Churches; the voluntary system in the United States; the discipline of the Churches; the character of American preaching; revivals of religion; the organization and doctrines of the different Christian sects; and the operations of missionary societies in behalf of the heathen. The work is constructed on a unique plan, and, we believe, embodies an amount of information which is not elsewhere to be found on the subject within the same compass. In connection with its principal theme, it presents an ample summary of facts relating to the history, geography, statistics, and social condition of the United States, which possesses great interest for all classes of readers, and imparts a collateral value to the volume as a work of reference. Dr. Baird has written especially for the information of Christians in Europe respecting the religious condition of America. This purpose, however, does not interfere with its adaptation to general instruction. It enhances the liveliness of the discussion by giving it a practical application, and doubtless has added to its clearness and accuracy as a literary composition. The author has endeavored to do equal justice to all the evangelical branches of the Church; and, we should judge, with singular success; though he never attempts to disguise or conceal his aversion to what he considers the various forms of religious error.

Saratoga is the title of a story illustrating the local characteristics of American life at the epoch immediately succeeding the Revolution. The characters brought upon the scene bear the decided marks of individuality, showing that they are not merely the productions of fancy, but have been suggested by actual prototypes. Jim M'Carty, the garrulous groom of Colonel Belden, and Brigham, an old Continental soldier, play an important part among the subordinate personages of the plot, and their racy dialect presents a genuine specimen of the rustic vernacular of that time, numerous traces of which are still to be found in the locality of the tale. The scene would be incomplete without a leading part by an Indian, and the half-breed Joe, accordingly, enacts that *rôle* with excellent effect. It is clear that the writer has made himself perfectly at home with Cooper by sympathy and admiration, but he has also taken many lessons in the school of nature, and has evidently profited by his instruction. (W. P. Fetridge and Co.)

The third edition of *The Recent Progress of Astronomy in the United States*, by Professor ELIAS LOOMIS, is issued by Harper and Brothers, containing a detailed report of the astronomical discoveries of the last fifteen years, a description of the observatories in the United States, and a general view of the present condition of the science throughout the world. The statements of the volume are remarkable for their lucidity, and bring the complicated facts of the subject within the comprehension of the intelligent reader, though he may not be familiar with the principles of the science.

Editor's Table.

OUR COMMERCIAL AGE.—It is an age of commercial civilization. A man not only hears this truth from the lips of every orator on the platform, and from every philosopher in the lecture-hall; it not only reaches him through the press and from the pulpit, but his eye reports the fact along the streets and wharves of every city. The whole country, indeed, is a gigantic advertisement of this commercial character of the age. The great world itself owns a common brotherhood in this new spirit of modern life; and unlike as tribes and nations are, the productions of their soils and the manufactures of their hands are uniting them closely together. Some find fault with it; others vehemently condemn it; while not a few, rising above the mere materialism of commercial phenomena, see therein the sure prophecy of a higher humanity. One thing, however, is certain; viz., intercourse is the law of the age. If men themselves will not travel, their skill, inventions, and products can not remain with them. The industry of the world is all in motion, floating over the ocean, hastening over the land, breaking through all barriers, penetrating every solitude, and entering into the daily thought and living of mankind. Each part of the globe is fast becoming a necessity to every other part, and, at last, Selfishness serves Benevolence by executing the commands of Universal Sympathy.

It is not a new lesson. Divine Wisdom taught it long since. The sentiment of race and brotherhood, revealed in the early ages of the world, illustrated by prophets and confirmed by Christ, was always a truth for reverence and love. But it slumbered in beautiful parables, and lay hidden in mystic figures, until the slow working of time brought it forth and enthroned it in the practical creed of obedient men. Step by step religion has advanced on the intellectual and social convictions of human society; step by step it has mastered one interest after another; so that now, trade and commerce are exerting their wondrous agency in behalf of the reign of universal peace. Beneath all this interchange, then, there lies a great principle; viz., the original, permanent, exalted idea of the unity of the race; and whatever trade and commerce may accomplish in the pursuit of their temporal ends, there are other and grander results to follow. Business is not confined to dollars and cents. It involves intercourse of mind with mind —the action of one nature on another nature—the influence of life on life; and hence, the foundation of all general progress is laid in the operation of its laws. Thanks for its mighty instrumentality! Men, if worthy of the name, must advance their fortunes. They are called to conquer the world, and resume their sovereignty over its rebellious circumstances. They need homes for their hearts, and altars by the fireside for their worship. Heaven has given them the instincts of property, and they must be gratified. But even here, no man can serve himself alone. The whole world must help him to be a man, and he must help the whole world in return. And hence it is wisely ordered that, in acquiring wealth, we should promote the welfare of the human family. Let any one look into his home and see how much of the distant, the remote, the civilized and the semi-civilized sections of other continents is gathered within its walls. The carpets on his floors; the glass in his windows; the mirrors on his walls; the ornaments of his table; the wardrobe of his wife and children; the luxuries of his dinner; the tasteful pleasures of his evening hours; how many climes and climates, how many hands and machines, have contributed to this comfortable condition! If an English cottage had nothing in it but what was English, what a poor inventory its treasures would make! Or if our American homes, whether showing the massive proportions of Fifth Avenue or nestling their rural green and white among the hills of the Hudson and the Potomac, were limited to the products of native labor, they would be little else than gaudy editions of the aboriginal wigwam. The humblest child in the lowliest cottage of the land is to-day no mean debtor to the industry that toils on the other side of the globe. The flannel that warms it; the delicate food that kindness prepares to nourish it; the gentle opiates that soothe its pains, are the gift of other suns and the tribute of unknown ingenuity. We, in turn, send our productions abroad. Strangers share our harvests and enjoy our fruits. Thousands know us through the bread they eat and the clothes they wear. Our reapers mow their fields; our clocks measure their hours; our breadstuffs load their tables; our tobacco adds to their luxuries; and our ice moderates their summer heat. North, south, east, and west thus meet abroad; and forgetful of their petty bickerings at home, and jealous no more of sectional rivalries, go forth from the warehouses and factories of the old world to execute the will of that providence which holds the race of man to its bosom, and compels its myriad hands to serve one another. It is thus that commerce becomes a powerful agent of civilization, acting at home to encourage intelligent industry and energetic habits, and acting abroad to promote prosperity and progress. Foremost among the conservative forces of the age, it is a statesmanship that dictates wisdom to legislatures and prudence to rulers; it is a diplomacy that solves difficult problems and adjusts conflicting questions; it is the international code of the world, representing the common sentiments and hopes of mankind. It feeds armies and equips navies. It replenishes wasted exchequers, and regulates the exchanges of London, Paris, and New York. Further than the railroad it stretches its mighty metallic bands, and unites remote provinces to its great centres; while along the telegraphic nerves of millions of throbbing hearts it conveys its daily messages of exciting intelligence. Oil from the whale; furs from animals of the Northwest; coral from the South Sea; insects from tropical latitudes; gums from distant islands; woods of every hue and texture; precious stones and precious metals; marble and iron; fruits of summer and fruits of winter; necessities and luxuries; are all organized into its magnificent ministry. And every year its dominion enlarges. A new discovery, a new invention, and it instantly adopts them, and hastens to diffuse their benefits. Science and art find their reward at its hands, and neglected genius at last meets with its Mæcenas in its friendship. Whatever flag floats from its masts, the white sail is its true banner of peace; and by this common emblem

it pictures the common heart and hope of the world.

If any thing were needed to illustrate the growing strength and influence of commerce, its recent history would afford instances sufficient to satisfy the most skeptical thinker. Within twenty years we have seen ice, guano, and other articles creating a new trade. The unprecedented demand for ships has developed the highest order of constructive talent, so that now the architecture of the seas, whatever may be the decay of art on land, rises to the dignity of the noblest mechanism. Great ships, not splendid edifices, now show the genius of the age. The "frozen music" may be in the old cathedral; the "petrified religion" in the Gothic church; but the living anthem of the world is on the surging sea, as the strong-ribbed ship sounds its march through the yielding waves. Not only are science and art present in it, but the barn of the farmer, the gin-house of the planter, the warehouse of the merchant, and the factory of the capitalist, are all united in its capacious hold. Nothing is so much of an epitomized humanity. Industry was ennobled in this floating temple before it put on its coronation robes in the Crystal Palace; and the eloquence of labor was written in the log-book long ere Ebenezer Elliot wrote his songs, or Carlyle his philosophy, or Channing his discourses in behalf of toiling artisanship. Nor is this its only glory; for while it has thus exemplified the triumphs of mechanical skill and productive energy, commerce has fulfilled the best offices of society. It has mediated between different nations, reconciled their antipathies, executed treaties, and opened their ports to the enterprise of one another.

Alive to the impulses of a generous benevolence, it has sought a lost Franklin amidst Polar seas, and in the same spirit planted the school and the church in barbarous regions. It has studied the winds and the waters until their movements are obedient to mathematical calculations. Ships are no longer "common carriers," but observatories, in which the practical philosophy of the day seeks for new conquests over nature. Steam has already encircled the globe; other wonders will soon follow; the cable of the telegraph will reach from continent to continent, and men's thoughts will speed their lightning-course through realms where neither light nor sound has ever penetrated. Viewed in these aspects commerce is much more than a distributor of harvests and manufactures. It is much more than a pacificator among conflicting interests—a peace-maker that may claim some humble share in the blessedness of righteous service. It is nothing less than a Providential agency—a co-worker in its way with the benign spirit of Infinite Goodness. All that the Psalmist could say in his age was, "The sea is His and He made it;" but how much more might an inspired poet now utter? The power of Christianity, working through the industrial and commercial interests of modern life, has recovered the sea to the purposes and plans of Divine Wisdom. It is no more a waste—a wilderness of waters—but a portion of a habitable world, teeming with moral significancy. A beautiful system of "Natural Theology," as interpreted by Revelation, might now be drawn from the ocean, and a library of "Bridgewater Treatises" could be constructed on the part it is so faithfully performing in the economy of God's earthly government. "The sea is his" to feed the bountiful clouds that water the thirsty ground; to replenish the rivers that girdle the land with their watery zones; to equalize the temperature of different climates, as far as may be consistent with variety and utility—"the sea is his" to moisten the atmosphere, and make it fit food for animal lungs—"the sea is his" that dense forests and luxuriant vegetation may be nourished by it—"the sea is his" that the firmament may wear the vail that its vapors wreathe to screen it from the intense light of the sun; but yet more, "the sea is his" that one section of the globe may learn to serve another; that man may look across its separating distance and hail his brother-man, and that truth and virtue, borne over its circling pathways, may, like its waters, embosom the earth.

If these views are true, commerce is to be regarded as one of the most prominent and effective results of that Divine law of labor which Providence designs to be the great means, under Christian influence, of elevating the human race. It is difficult to say whether this beneficent institution acts the more favorably on the outward condition or inward state of man; but obvious it must be, that it accomplishes both these ends in such a way as to vindicate the wisdom and benevolence of its Author. Contemplated in this light, commerce is nothing else than the final expression of this fundamental law of labor, and in it we are permitted to see the full measure of these benefits which it has been ordained to bestow. It is the aggregated fruit of human toil, wherever and however that toil has been directed. Sagacity, prudence, thrift, as well as the more intellectual qualities of industry, are here consummated in a direct bearing on the welfare of society. Such is commerce, as it presents the sublime spectacle of science meeting science, art meeting art, skill meeting skill, on one common ground, and uniting their varied gifts in one common stock.

The intelligent and upright merchant is the representative of commerce. He is the living exponent of its offices. Whatever commerce is, will appear in him; and whatever it does, will be effected through him. The different departments of industrial activity centre in him. The plowman in the field; the smith at his anvil; the miner in the earth; the operative in the factory; the manufacturer in the midst of his machinery; the banker behind his desk; are all connected with him so closely as to be a vital part of his being. Through him, each man contributes his surplus to the general revenue of trade, and in return, obtains what he needs. Through him, one nation exchanges with another nation; through him, the four quarters of the globe serve one another. The social medium through which the great principle of compensation operates, he fulfills a task that matures human strength by atoning for human weakness. If, in one division of the globe, we find a continental climate, and in another an oceanic climate, the merchant supplies the deficiencies of each by the advantages of the other. And hence, while he is the foremost agent of Providence in keeping up the natural distinctions of race and position, he is equally efficient in turning them to good account. His creed is, that men are not to be antagonists, but friends. Differ they must in tastes, habits, and pursuits; differ in institutions and usages; but, according to his belief, they differ, not that they may be separated, but for a truer sympathy and a more intimate union. Mountains

and seas insulate; language and religion compel men to dwell apart; but commerce converts these things into the elements of genuine brotherhood. The position of the merchant is, therefore, full of responsibility and dignity; for the fortunes of the world, so far as delegated to human care, are in his hands. His private gains are identified with the public good. The peaceful progress of society is blended with his personal prosperity. Nations rest their wealth and security on his shoulders; and consequently, if any one man more than another is under the most sacred of earthly vows to be an example of the highest integrity, the most exact justice, the noblest virtue of thought, word, and action, it is the merchant of this age. No feudal baron, no courtly knight, ever had the power that may now be exercised by him. Although society has not advanced beyond the malignant influence of vice and corruption, yet it is certain that it has reached a point where honest worth and Christian excellence are essential to stability and progress. Our present civilization pledges us to the sway of moral principle; we have no option between it and any other authority; its rule is imperative, because we have assumed the title of men, domesticated our hearts amidst the sanctities of home, and accepted the religion of Christ. Mercantile life participates in this moral spirit of the age and hence, business is now a moral power. It is a means of forming character—a potential discipline for the acquirement and practice of the best sentiments of life. Whether it be viewed, then, as a conservative agency, or in its more private and personal relations, the conclusion holds good, that mercantile life only answers its legitimate ends by faithful obedience to the cardinal principles of moral rectitude. Talk as we may of other educational instruments, what is forming our public mind and our private manners like the intercourse of trade? What university is impressing its image on the world like the exchange? What human book is as mighty as the ledger? Where are there seen so many ambitions—such eager aspirations—such conflicts of opinions and passions, as in the marts of commerce? A battle is decided in a day—a great siege terminates in a year, but the struggle for money is an enlistment for life, with no provision for a truce, and no contentment even in victory. The motives to gain wealth were never as strong as now; the passion for speculation was never so intense; the opportunities of pecuniary profit are extraordinarily great; and hence, as the dangers are equally threatening, there never was such a necessity for a strict and unswerving subjection to the just principles of mercantile life.

The position of mercantile life in the United States, affected as it is by the peculiar circumstances of our national condition as well as by our general relations to the world, is one of those subjects to which public attention can not be too thoughtfully directed. Our virtues and our vices are probably exhibited on a more striking and impressive scale in mercantile character and conduct than in any thing else. The distinctive features of the American are pretty sure to show themselves just here. The average mind and heart of the country are nowhere to be seen as plainly and palpably as in this vast sphere of activity. No sensible citizen of the United States can think that our politics afford a reliable test, at all times, of the real state of public opinion, and much less can we depend on our newspapers and current literature for safe indications of popular will and purpose. But in trade, where, as with us, the field is wide open, and the prizes are both numerous and tempting, the native bent, energy, and principles of our nature will be certain to demonstrate themselves fully. It can not be doubted that already we have displayed more of our peculiar characteristics in this line of action than in any other. Nor is this at all surprising, for our activity has flowed in this channel. The mere fact that we had a new world almost entirely to ourselves; its wealth of forest, field, and flood in our grasp; and, at the same time, an old world to trade with; is sufficient to explain the breadth and force of our movements. Owing to these causes, we have developed trade and commerce with all the freshness, impulse, and vigor that might have been expected from men who had no traditions beyond their instincts, and no restraints except the safeguards of self-imposed institutions. We have, therefore, been ourselves—to the full height of our stature—on this wide arena. May we not, then, see ourselves mirrored in our past and present mercantile history?

First of all, it would be exceedingly interesting and instructive to point out the bearing of mercantile pursuits on the practical working of our national economy. Such an inquiry, however, would take us over too large a surface for the plan in hand. Suffice it to say, that the war of 1812, the opening of the Mississippi Valley, the purchases from France and Spain, the acquisition of new territory from Mexico, have all combined to stimulate mercantile activity to its utmost limit; while, in turn, the reaction of trade and commerce from the settlement of new lands and the organization of new States, the subsequent development of State sovereignty in its protection of State interests, and its efficient restraint on Federal authority in maintaining the principles of the Constitution, have exerted a prodigious influence in the formation of our policy. Parties, as they have risen and fallen, have done much to develop this policy, but nevertheless, it may be truthfully said that trade and commerce have done far more. Physical laws and circumstances, fresh lands, vast prairies and broad savannas, majestic rivers and mountains, have taught our legislation its wisest lessons; and to-day the physical geography of our country, and its close connection with our capital and industry, are much better represented in our statesmanship than at any former period. The value of liberty is in what it enables man to be and to do; and certainly, taken in this sense, our institutions never were so valuable as now. Nor must another fact be forgotten. Mercantile life has contributed greatly to the progress and power of our Union, by the internal improvements which it has devised and executed. And, yet again—by the earnestness with which it has acted in the past crises of our national history—by its patriotic devotion to the Constitution—by its conservative temper, in resisting fanaticism and discord—it has shown itself a watchful guardian of the momentous trust confided to our keeping. Fortunately for us, money is a more conservative power in a republic than under any other government; and yet more fortunate is it that the wealth of mercantile life, collected in large cities, and sensitive to all those influences which affect credit and capital, should be so thoroughly enlisted on the side of law and order. The two leading agencies that have practically moulded our national

life are the merchant and the agriculturist. Standing as these do for city and country—commanding our monetary resources and forming public opinion—it is instructive to observe how each of these great divisions of society has contributed to the strength and grandeur of the whole. The merchant has studied the operations of our government, the agriculturist has looked more to abstract principles. The former has advocated consistency, stability, and security in legislation; he has watched diplomacy; he has pleaded for the faith of treaties; he has especially guarded the institutions of the land, and upheld them as the embodiment of our doctrines and hopes. The latter has been more concerned about personal and State sovereignty; the traditions of the nation have been in his keeping, and with an ever-active jealousy of encroachment, he has not disguised his fears of centralization. We shall not attempt to show the obligations of the country to these two classes, nor try to balance the account of patriotic services between them. But we may say, that while our agricultural mind has probably impressed itself more distinctly and fully on the theory of our government, the mercantile interest has exercised more influence over its administration, and directed its policy to the wise ends which have been attained. Imperfect as this generalization is, we trust that it is sufficient to indicate where the controlling thought and will of the country are located—what channels they must run through, and to what results they must tend. One fact would appear obvious; viz., the mercantile intellect of our nation is fast multiplying our inter-relations, and, at the same time, it is creating a sound and substantial foreign policy. Irrespective of all party ties, it is slowly, but surely working out the grand problem of domestic union and foreign peace.

If the position of the mercantile class in our country is such as it has been described, it becomes an interesting inquiry, "What are its indications of character and progress for the future?"

Among us it is now an organized department of life. It is a thorough and established system, erected on a solid and permanent foundation. It has its code, usages, and habits. But, despite of all this, it has a vast work to do for itself. It is a work of intelligent and moral training for the great future that awaits its activity and enterprise. We say, *the great future*—for the words mean more in American language than any where else. Look over the gigantic resources of this far-stretching land, and the future expands beyond the measurement of imagination. There is here a capacity for commerce that it is not possible to comprehend; but in the midst of these opportunities, the signs are patent enough that merchants will be dependent on intelligence for their ability to improve them. To trade with the world as no other people have ever done is their destiny. To have the means of selling and buying as no other people have had—this is assuredly their futurity. If so, they must know the world, and they must know their business. Commerce can not extend without becoming a complicated affair. It is not a mere transaction of business, but a severe task of mind; a profound study of opinions, circumstances, and prospects. It is an analysis to tax a philosopher, and no jurist ever had to weigh testimony more carefully than a great merchant has to balance probabilities, and decide on the investments suitable to meet them. Such intelligence is absolutely necessary to all enterprise; for rash adventures and blind speculations are not enterprise. No: enterprise is energy directed by wisdom; and every year of our history it is shown more and more conclusively that this sort of enterprise is the only mercantile valor that wins the day. The growth of society, acting on the interests of trade, demands the highest culture of the merchant. A hundred things now affect the prices of wheat, rice, cotton, that once had no influence over them; and as civilization advances, the various relations of mankind will act more potently on one another, and operate on the life of business. Such results are inevitable; and hence the want of that mature and comprehensive mind which will place the merchant abreast with the rapid movements of the age. Looking to this immense expansion of the mercantile interest, there should be a preparatory training for its arduous duties. Its scientific principles should be mastered; and having acquired them, the details of business might be safely trusted to supply the other qualifications. Business alone can make business-men. Nothing is truer than that; and yet it is equally true that certain acquirements and habits of mind ought to be previously secured, if practical contact with life is to yield its full benefit. If individuals would bring more wisdom to their business, business would bring more wisdom to them. Experience is a capital thing, but it requires sense to profit by its lessons. Intelligence is, in great part, a prophet to anticipate experience. It is a substitute for much of the knowledge gained in the school of experience. We insist, therefore, that there ought to be this preparatory training. Not, as already stated, that it, by itself, can form merchants; but it can put them intellectually and morally in a position to form mercantile character and enjoy success.

That the time has come for our standard of mercantile education to be raised can not be questioned. Intelligent and sharp-sighted as our merchants are, it is not to be denied that many—perhaps most of them—attach a greater importance to shrewdness than to genuine sense, and rely more on tact than on a comprehensive knowledge of the laws of trade. Hitherto our circumstances have been such as to exaggerate the power of minor qualities of intellect; and as the basis of many fortunes among us has been laid in what is called Luck, there has been a sort of prestige connected with that kind of ability which displays itself in simple dexterity and a prompt use of present advantages. Blunders, too, are repaired comparatively easily, and thus too many have failed to cherish that acute apprehensiveness, which is so vital an attribute of a well-ordered business mind. Excessive confidence in our versatility, in our capacity of self-transfer from one pursuit to another, in our fertile ingenuity, has likewise tended to lower that tone of culture which really marks the discreet merchant. A few years more and things will be different. The chances of success by jumping from one calling to another will be diminished, and business will approximate more and more to the ideal of a profession. Matters are now clearly moving in this direction; mere sagacity will soon be at a discount; and the mental and moral qualities that characterize a developed manhood elsewhere, will be found absolutely essential to the career of mercantile life. A reform here is certainly needed. How many men of wealth are at the

mercy of those extravagant advertisements and false representations that dazzle the eye at every turn of the street! How few are able, by virtue of their own superior judgment, to discriminate between profitable and ruinous schemes of investment! We are magnificent speculators; and yet go around the eager throng, and see how small a number have any idea of the difference between gambling and speculating; between trusting to accidents and faith in the true principles of a business venture! In the world of trade men must suffer for a want of sense as well as for a want of virtue. A business-fool is the most dangerous of fools—a very prince of stupidity. A whole magazine of mischief is in him, and he blows up with such complacency that you can hardly divest yourself of the idea that it is a picturesque entertainment, in the way of Fourth of July fire-works.

Looking to the future history of our mercantile life, there are some signs of cheering promise. The character of the true merchant is steadily rising, and his influence is widening. No small share of our best mind is seeking this sphere, and its success is honorable distinction. Whether a man ought to be appreciated for his fortune, depends entirely on *how* it has been acquired. Foxes are successful traders on the property of farm-yards, and beasts of prey do a large financiering business on a cheap capital of teeth and claws; and men there are who ravage the world like them, and leave bleached bones to tell their triumphs. But genuine success, springing from the joint exercise of intelligence and activity, is a token of no ordinary merit. The true merchant aims at this success, and whenever it is attained the world is not niggard in its acknowledgment of his merits. Modern society has fixed the status of such a man, and it will not be changed. Nowhere is it more freely accorded than here, and nowhere has it done more to vindicate its claims to admiration. But aside from the mere fact of success, there are causes at work to strengthen and elevate the position of mercantile life. If an inventory of the benevolence of this country could be taken—such an inventory as would fairly represent what has been done for moral and Christian institutions—we should see that our merchants are the main supporters of these philanthropic enterprises. Not a few of them have built palaces—not such as pride and luxury revel in—but palaces in which mind may be educated, want be relieved, poverty be fed and clothed, and piety worship God. Nor should we forget what literature is doing for mercantile life. Here we have mercantile biographies, merchants' magazines, commercial reviews, commercial discourses, mammoth newspapers, all enlisted in their service. A few years since, what demand was there for such books as Arthur's "Successful Merchant," Hunt's "Mercantile Biography," Freedly's "Essay on Business? The "Maxims of Dr. Franklin" and "Poor Richard's Almanac" were about equal to the wants of the day. We happened to know, a short time since, of nearly one hundred copies of an admirable work of business having been sold in a small town. And the taste that seeks such books is not a mere business taste. It is a sensibility to the inherent dignity of business, and an anxiety to make it a means of personal growth and improvement. One of the most cheering signs of advancement, in this respect, is the recognition of business as a moral and Christian element of society. Amidst all the corruption and wickedness of the age, there is a clearly-defined movement toward a Christian theory and practice in mercantile pursuits; and, thanks to Heaven, instead of the spirit of Mammon desecrating, as of old, the temple of divine truth, the spirit of that temple begins to find its way into the seats of trade and commerce. The leaven of "stewardship," as Christ taught it, is working, and a conscience—not the worldly conscience of mere honesty, but a conscience that has regard to the high and sacred offices of business—is growing in the hearts of men. One is not now ridiculed who quotes "Dymond on the Moral Limits of Accumulation;" nor is a sermon considered impertinent and irrelevant that discusses the habits of the counting-room. Abuse the sordidness and carnality of the age; is there not something beneath the surface that your scorn has not detected? The shaft of the lightning soon reaches its limit in the bosom of this great, good earth, and costly treasures rest unharmed below it. It were hard to tell whether money has been more abused in our fine oratory or in our domestic follies and commercial recklessness. If persecution and all sorts of bad treatment can redeem a thing, money ought to show symptoms of improvement. Somehow it has managed to keep up its respectability. It still builds splendid houses and works all manner of genteel wonders. And, despite of adversities innumerable, this much-scandalized money begins to lay claim to a soul. Money with mere intellect in it—with pride, passion, and pomp in it—is a cheat and a lie; but money that industry has coined and benevolence sanctified, is a kingly power in the hands of virtue and goodness. Why should men forget that it is but the sunshine of the tropics, the spices of the islands, the jewels of the mine, the harvests of summer fields, and the glory of Nature's munificence transformed into another shape? It is this divine thought that business needs to elevate it above drudgery, and so preserve it from degrading our better being. And with what force ought it to come home to us? Can we feel too deeply that we have a social work as well as a political office to perform for ourselves and the world? That social work is to employ our agriculture, our mechanical and manufacturing skill, our mercantile life in such a manner as to embody the spirit and end of civil liberty in a higher form of Christian civilization. If from this citizenship of large freedom and liberal opportunity there should rise a nobler manhood than the past has recorded in history or celebrated in song, then, indeed, our homes and altars will be remembered when our battle-fields and their conquests have been forgotten.

Editor's Easy Chair.

"WHO cares?" says Young America, and straightway he goes on chewing his tobacco-quid, thrusting his feet through hotel windows, burning his vitals with coarse brandy, smashing excursion-trains, roaring about destiny, bludgeoning all who think differently, and pushing his way to the Queen's levee in a black leathern stock.

Stranger travelers say that we are very much slaves to opinion in America; that ladies follow fashions by herds; that a dress gone-by is a character gone-by; that town houses are built and furnished after one standard; that even religionists follow the lead of some clerical bell-wether; and

that voters take all their opinions from the "Central Committee."

How shall we reconcile this with the crazy recklessness which drives Young America into the extravagances we have hinted at? If amenable to opinion among ourselves, have we not a very sublime indifference to opinions having start outside of us?

If Wyman or St. John cut their Shanghais down to the boot-top, what does the free and independent American citizen, who goes flapping those skirts down Broadway, care for what Stultz may be doing? If Ward Beecher cracks a joke at our sins, and whips the devil with a political thong, what do the Plymouth worshipers care how the Bishop of Durham or his Grace of Canterbury may view the matter? What boots it to the Californians that the Londoners hang their culprits according to law and order; or to the Kansas statute-makers that in free England a man may think as he chooses to think, or read what he chooses to read?

And yet we will wager a handsome sum that even Ward Beecher's people, with all their contempt for outside influences, are very coy of shocking the elders; their daughters dare not dance in the eye of the "elders;" and the "wee-bit" they keep for cool days is kept in a very close cupboard. Dinners and dress are under the *regulum* of a very tyrannic corps of opinions; and all their free-thinking has its channels marked out by some master opinion, which absorbs and guides the little ones.

Just so the Californians, having effervesced into great turbulence of thought about law and order, compel every body to accept the turbulence as a normal and commendable thing; and the cool side-thinker, who dares to question the propriety of the Vigilance code, must hide his daring, or quit the arena. Our worst slavery is the slavery to ourselves.

To come back now to our start-point: Who cares? Do you, or Brooks, or Smith, of Bunkum, care what may be thought or said of us, or of all our dare-deviltry?

Is it worth one's while to care? Are there things we do, or do not do, about which we might safely ask the advice of even other-side cousins? Have we absorbed, by our quick, succulent growth, all the best dicta of the moral atmosphere of the world? Have we, in our rough leap into a business and political ripeness, leaped also into fullness of all knowledge? Can Young America learn any thing he does not already know, which might be of profit to him?

We think he might; and the first thing to learn is his own need of learning. Let us take from our foreign *repertoire* of gossip the first illustration that comes to hand. Did Mr. Dallas or Professor Mahan inform themselves sufficiently about the sort of dress in which Queen Victoria was ready to see her friends? Or did a certain "Young America" sparkle of self-satisfaction declare the black stock and orange-peel vest (by the American standard) all right? Was the Professor among his tight-laced boys at the Point, or among the free and independent citizens of his own country?

Not one bit of it; but a guest, anxious to get a peep at the great hostess; and in accepting her invitation accepted her rules. If the Lord Chamberlain, or whoever he might be, said his dress was not fitting, was it worth while to bandy words? was it not better to regret the oversight, and retire quietly?

Suppose Mrs. P——, a female flunkey, a—what you please—full of whims, even to dressing her doorkeeper in crimson waistcoat and saffron shorts, invites me to a *bal costumé;* and I, out of curiosity, love, madness, or any other motive, accept the invitation; but, from indifference or lack of wardrobe, wear my swallow-tail blue, with brass buttons; and suppose that, on the door-step, the saffron-bottomed flunkey meets me with—"I'm very sorry, Sir, but none out of costume can see Madam P——."

Shall I stand on the door-steps bandying words with him, and insisting that, in my Ward (the Sixth), the swallow-tail blue is considered the very heighth of costume? And finding the flunkey very persistent, shall I pray my friend (and bosom friend of Madam P——), who is fully equipped as *debardeur*, to join me in turning back upon the mansion?

Are we so run mad that we must carry our political independence into every non-essential of life? Shall we pour vinegar into our raspberries, because some tongue-tied underling of a count chooses to dress his with sugar? Can we not give some pliancy even to our coat-tails?

Nay, is it beneath our dignity to admit that the people of older countries may have given to dress, embroidery, perfumery, and courtly ceremony, somewhat more of study than we, and so are better qualified to suggest the coloring of a neck-tie, or the quantity of hogs' lard to a given pomade?

How far we shall run after those ceremonious forms, which belong, by inheritance and the conservation of authority, to the other-side people, is indeed quite another question. It is a question if the mass of American out-goers do not manifest an overdue zeal to edge their way into royal or imperial presences; it is a question if they are not over-anxious to put a little tattered feather from princely trains into their republican bonnets; it is a question if our sweet American girls do not manifest a strange proclivity toward titled names and titled whereabouts—a proclivity which would have seemed over-wicked to the eyes of such as Rose Standish or the Huguenot dames of the old time.

We remember, in our Paris days, that, on the eve of any royal reception, the American Minister's books were crowded with names of ticket applicants; and we remember that a waggish official in the palace, who had knowledge of this, suggested that the only relief for the swarming petitioners would be to arrange an American *queue* to pass in at one door of the palace and out at the other during the whole period of the royal *fête*.

The Pope has had his Vatican jokes over the plethoric companies of American visitants. We do not know if all this is attributable merely to an oppressive curiosity, or to a kind of instinct of Republicanism, which wishes to assert itself by appearance—if nothing more—in the eyes of monarchy.

To whichever cause it may be attributed, we trust that our touring king-seekers will not forget that gentlemanly courtesy is as honorable to a Republican as to the subjects of a monarch.

Who cares—again? Does Mr. Bowie-knife, on a tour from Arkansas to the interior of Switzerland, carrying his tobacco-spittle with him, and damning (in language happily unknown to those parts) the Romanish waiters at hotels? Will he ever learn to care, not for what others may think of his brutality, but for the credit of his country,

as belonging to an enlightened nation, or, haply, for the feelings and wishes of others? We put the question, and we make the allusion, not because any Mr. Bowie-knife has latterly been amusing himself by making an assault in any foreign hotel, but because European feeling is just now in a nervous state of expectancy of such things; and because Mr. Bowie-knife is reckoned, not as Colonel Bowie-knife of Arkansas, but as an American traveler; and because you and we, when we go under the protection of the American eagle, will be looked upon as men capable of such things.

There is an unfortunate conviction in the minds of a great many of our fast men—we might say, in the minds of Young America generally—that the feeling they entertain of being "as good as any body" is to be asserted by bluster and bravado. Granted, that you are as good as any body, Mr. Valorous. Why repeat it in a way that makes us suspect you are not? Why insist so loudly upon what would be granted if you were quiet? Why force that militia sword upon our attention? We might have imagined you a brigadier in the army. Why throw that tobacco-juice so offensively near us? We might possibly have imagined you a gentleman.

Is Republicanism always to be proclaimed in Europe by those whose breath is fetid? Is it never to assert itself with those accompaniments of civility and gentle courtesy which will win for it a hearing where it most wants a hearing? we mean with the well-informed, and the close-observing men who think. Will social odium always attach to the name we love? Will the manner of doing things bravely and freely always make Republican bravery and freedom things suspected?

Are we setting up wind-mills to thwack upon? or is it not true that those American travelers most odious in manner, most blustering, most forgetful of the feelings of others and all the courtesies of life, are precisely those who are rampant with Republicanism? and that those, on the other hand, whose education and breeding are such as would win them a hearing and esteem, are only too apt to sink their Republicanism in a miserable toadyism of all that smacks of rank or monarchic dignity?

Can not a man be true to himself and true to others? Can not sincere convictions be entertained and uttered on all reasonable occasions—that the great experiment we are trying on this side is a glorious one, offering to every man fullness of development? and not demanding every-day illustration by bludgeons and Vigilance Committees. Can not the life correspond with such utterance, and the manner simple, frank, courteous?

We change our topic into newsmonging. Prince Oscar of Sweden is still regaling himself in the British Court upon the charms of the Princess Mary of Cambridge, and the Princess Royal has bidden adieu (tearfully, we dare say) to the handsome Prince Frederick William. The King of the Belgians has latterly crossed the Channel for a fêting bout in England, and for a quiet talk with Prince Albert and Palmerston about the affairs of the Continent.

Our whilom hero of Astor Place, the Signor Beneventano, has been reaping honors at the Queen's Theatre of Song, and winning the admiration of all the dowager ladies of the Court. Mistress Goldschmidt, with the heart and voice of Jenny Lind strong in her yet, has been making a new farewell to crowded houses, and retires, they say, to a Swedish home as happy as the happiest!

A pretty little Signorina Piccolimini, who plays the Figlia del Reggimento, has been bewitching every body with her graces and her artlessness, and has won the hard position of a London pet.

Ristori, too, in the department of tragedy, has been drawing showers of tears over her terrific Medea; while Albert Smith, at his Egyptian Hall, still attracts all country visitors to his pictures of Holland and his story of Mont Blanc.

General Sir Fenwick Williams is, meantime, enjoying a kind of triumphal march, laying foundation-stones of hospitals, and receiving banquets; but people question if, being taken into the lap of aristocracy and nursed with some treasury pap, the energy that distinguished him as a people's man will not exude in obeisance to his titled protectors. The people of England can not keep a hero to themselves; if the hero qualities shine too brightly, they are tempered presently by that vail of exclusion with which the great company that governs England knows how to enfold them.

Speaking of this hero of Kars reminds us of the course of speech-making to which, in the progress of his ovation, he has been compelled to submit. And there is a matter-of-fact and common-sense bluntness about it which is quite charming; and which, to our mind, contrasts most favorably with those splendid efforts which a fêted general or civilian thinks it necessary to make to an American crowd. That a practiced orator, or a man whose tongue has been cultivated at the bar, or in the pulpit, or even by the pen, should make fine periods, and lengthy ones, is to be looked for; but that a new man, whose life has had other development, should think it necessary to ape oratoric graces, seems to us very pitiable.

Look, in contrast, at this opening of General Williams's speech which he made the other day at Harrow. What a charming absence of pretension to a fine speech! How it smacks of a brave, single-hearted man, who has done his duty, and whose duties have not been oratorical!

"My Lords and gentlemen," he said, "Dr. Vaughan asked me to come down here; I wrote back accepting the invitation, and saying that I hoped I should not be doing wrong in bringing with me some of the men of Kars. (Cheers.) In the first place, here is Colonel Lake, a Harrow man (Cheers)—an officer who did his duty day and night—working by day and watching by night. (Applause.) Again, here is Captain Teesdale, my aid-de-camp, who distinguished himself in every instance during the siege, and on the memorable 14th of September he kept the key of the position for fourteen hours. (Applause.) And then here is my secretary, Mr. Churchill (and, laying his hands on that gentleman's shoulder, the gallant General said, "Come forward, Churchill!" and drew him forward, he himself appearing much affected). Mr. Churchill has (continued General Williams), though a civilian, done great good in the service of his country. (Applause.) Of the list that Dr. Vaughan has read of those Harovians who fell in the war, it was my honor to know two or three well. Among others, there is Major-General Estcourt, whom I always knew to be one of the best officers. Then there was Captain Pechell, who had title and fortune, was the only son, and yet

he preferred honor and glory to staying at home to enjoy that; and after he had many times distinguished himself he was offered by his Sovereign to come and join some regiment at home, very likely her Majesty's Guards, where he might have enjoyed some rest. But no, he preferred to stay where he had gained his laurels." (Cheers.)

The General and his triumph reminds us that the Guards have come home, and that the papers have been full of the details of their triumphal entry through the Strand. Housemaids have looked hard for lovers, and wives for returning husbands. But in comparing accounts with those which made us acquainted not long ago with the return of the Imperial Guard and the "Line" soldiers of France, we are struck by the larger enthusiasm which gave welcome to the French veterans. French soldiers are held nearer to the heart of France than British soldiers ever were or can be to the heart of England. Sweethearts and wives are the same thing the world over; there are the same showers of tears, the same radiance of smiles, over the "man come home," whether he wear blue or red; but the street people, who have no home heart-beat in the the soldiers marching, look tamely in London on what would make a *vivat*, or call a tear in Paris.

Those Guards, in their bear-skins, are fine-looking fellows to be sure, and march like platoons of pendulums; every body (in London or England) knows the Guards, admires the Guards, is glad to see the Guards again. But no Londoner or Englishman thinks of running forward to embrace them, or broaches a cask of ale out of pure affection.

Turning from England, where we leave the men just entering upon the 12th August campaign upon the moors—that glorious annual episode of English country life—we find Parisians relieving the summer heats at the springs of Plombières, on the shores at Dieppe, under the linden trees of Passy, or among the new-growing copses of the Bois de Boulogne.

Let us look at them by turns. The Emperor has gone to Plombières; so every body wishes to know where is Plombières? so the fashionable waifs have floated thither till the baths are full.

Plombières is a little town of the old province of Alsace, lying in the east of France, not far from Strasbourg. The Vosges Mountains rise blue upon its landscape, and pretty walks and drives in the forest relieve the tedium of those who go thither for its baths, both hot and cold. In winter, if you go there, you see the spring streams steaming through the valleys, and you find only the very poor inn of "The Bear." But in summer the lodging-houses are open, where you can find, in ordinary seasons, a comfortable room for ten francs a day—a price which has gone up, under the influence of the Emperor's visit, to some twenty or thirty.

The neighborhood has its historic associations with the old Polish king, Stanislas, who founded some charitable institution thereabouts; and the *valets de place* will show you haunts full of Polish memories, and rocks carved over with Polish inscriptions.

The bath-houses are the property of Government, and the Emperor is enjoying his own. Glorious beeches and firs cover the mountains you see from the inn door of "The Bear;" and with Burgundy so near for wine, and the woods so near for game, the pockets of the lodgers can command princely fare.

Every body knows Dieppe, with its shore of flint and shingle, and its picturesque bathing-huts lying under the shadow of the castle. And passers-by from England to Paris have seen the queer figures of the bathers—men and women together—disporting like porpoises in the surf.

We speak of Passy only as a type of suburban villages, such as St. Germain, and Sceaux, and Poissy, where the bourgeois mothers take their bourgeois children, and revel under the shade of grape-vine trellises and interlacing linden or beech-boughs, drinking beer, or *vin du pays*.

You can have a snug room at any of these outlying towns at half the price of Paris rooms; and if the bread they give you with your *café* is not so good as Paris bread, the wine is better. The rolls, too, are larger, the appetite sounder, the air cooler, the waiting-maid less *fanée*, and you hear the cry of frogs in the river.

As for the Bois de Boulogne, it changes as we write. The lake which seemed to promise so little upon that arid stretch of chalky land, is filled by the machine whose chimney you see over the copses, even in the dryest weather. The trees take artificial growth from the artificial water, and are grown into thickets of luxuriance in a pair of seasons. But the most amazing change in the wood is the new fête-ground upon the old Catalan meadow. We will not dare to say how many acres are enclosed in this garden spot, or how suddenly it has been planted and laid out into arbors, with dancing ground, with quiet temples of refreshment, with brilliant billiard saloons, with American "bars," with Russian mountains, with shooting galleries, and a theatre and concert hall. It is, in short, a leafy epitome of Paris, buried in the centre of the great park, around which you may drive with no sound of the gayety reaching you. The lease of this charming fête-ground to the Parisian purveyor is for a period of forty years. If its attractions have grown so great in three months of labor, what may not be hoped for when years shall have given dignity to the laurels, and mossiness to the grottos and tree trunks?

A word about the name Catalan. An old stone cross stood upon the meadow, and gave its name to the place. A tradition (of Dieudonné) gives the reason. In the far-away times of Philip le Bel, when troubadours sang sweetly all through Provence, and kings sought every where sweet ballad singers to adorn their feasts, there was a troubadour, young, noble, and sweeter voiced than any, who lived in the south country of the olives, and whose name was Catalan.

The women were all crazy for Catalan, and the fame of his rare doings with the lute and with Provençal rhymings came to the ears of King Philip le Bel. So the King Philip sent his messengers to summon the famous troubadour to his court, and the Catalan set off, putting weary months of foot-journey over the country, which a man may now traverse in a day. Finally, he came to a city near the King's court, and the King sent him an escort, and the way of the troubadour and his escort lay across the forest where the garden is now made.

The troubadour had his esquire with him, and when they had set off from their night quarters on the last day of the march, the Catalan asked his esquire if he had forgotten nothing, and if he still bore with him his presents for the King?

The esquire said Yes. The guards listened, and at noon conspired together to get possession of these royal gifts. They slew the squire and the Catalan on the spot where the cross was set up.

They went back to the court and reported that the troubadour was not to be found. A lost man was not long looked after in those days, and the Catalan was speedily forgotten.

But one day it happened that an officer of the King, who had been reared in Provence, and knew of the rare herbs which grew there, perceived about one of the guardsmen a perfume which he remembered as belonging only to the southern gardens. He asked him how and where he found such? The guardsman could not answer straightly, and the questions were pressed upon him, until he made full confession of the murder of poor Catalan; and told how the royal gifts, which they had hoped would be gold and jewels, were only a few silken bags of perfume.

The King, Philip le Bel, ordered the murderers to be slain, and a cross to be set up on the spot where the murder was done, and where the grisettes now dance to a new Catalan music.

The American summer voyagers—of whom the number is myriad—will surely visit the Catalan garden, among the other wonders and charms of the metropolis. Let them seek for the cross where the troubadour was murdered; or will they forget it all, as they sit in the shady recesses of the paradise of Monsiéur Bars, and forget the past and the present in the charming indulgences of this new fête-ground of the capital?

What a charming capital it is, indeed, whose attractions bud and unfold with successive decades of years, like flowers with showers!

How it—its image and its memory—sits a-glow upon our thought, as we swelter under the sun, streaming through our eastern, cobwebbed windows. There are no trees in Franklin Square—no pleasant relief of shade spangles (leaf-made), which arrest our thoughts excursive, and tending toward coolness and quietude. Away they whisk over the houses, the river, the Brooklyn that bridges into the ocean, and float billowy with the tide of old remembrances to the lindens and chestnuts that throw their shadows upon the ground and groups of the Tuileries garden! We see the boys, in light tunics, and girt with leathern bands, romping around the tree-trunks, which are mossy with shade and age; we see the lithe figures of little girls, in Leghorn flats and admirable *chaussées*, frolicking with ball or hoop, or wearing for the nonce an assumed seriousness of look, and mimicking with covert glee the sober steps of some mincing grandame. We see the Guards, with heavy cocked hats and hands joined behind them, pacing up and down the avenues, bestowing here a glance upon some audacious boy who threatens to leap the barrier that protects the little plateau of verbenas, and there another upon some coquettish maid, of lithe figure, who glances away under the chestnuts with a grace that quickens the memory of his youth-days.

We loiter, or seem to loiter, under the shadows of those tall chestnuts which flank the Rivoli; we seat ourselves in one of the old ladies' twopenny rush-bottomed chairs, and in the charm of what passes around us—in sight of the frolicking boys, the nymph-like girls, the picturesque old ladies; in hearing of the rustling of the leaves, the rattle of the equipages without, the murmur of a distant drum-beat, the prattle of eager voices, the tinkling dash of the garden fountains—we relapse into that humor of content, which, like a syren, "comes over" one in the capital of Europe.

Is it morning? The day is before us in the shady alcoves of the Imperial Library, upon the waxed floors of the Imperial Gallery, or upon the evergreen turf of the terraces of St. Cloud. Is it noon? Lo! a *glacier* is at our elbow. Is is mid-afternoon (the most difficult of all hours to deal with)? There (near by) is your French bed for a siesta, or the shady side of the Boulevard for an hour's study of civilization—through shop windows. Is it five—the charmed hour—never hanging heavy? There is the *Café Anglais*, the *Trois Frères Provençaux*, the—what you will! Is it seven, the hour of the *fainéant*? Lo! the Gymnase, with the ever-fresh Rose Cheri; the Varietés, with Hoffmann and the piquante Mademoiselle Schriwaneck; and the Français, with Samson, with the memory of Mars. Or, if you love it better, the loitering along the Champs Elysées, watching the brilliant equipages—listening (from without) to the café concerts—throwing a penny to some poor flageolet-player with wooden legs—watching some adroit legerdemainist, or suffering your eye to dwell composedly upon the sheaf of waters which gushes at the *Pond-Point*, and sparkles with the last rays of daylight coming through the great *Arc de l' Etoile*.

If we have filled our paper with memories, it was because there was no gossip; or if there were, how, in this "heated term," can we entertain the sharp piquancy of gossip, or forego the lingering, quieting remembrances of old-time enjoyment?

Give us only a breath of cool northwest wind—a murmur of leaves to wake us from this August lethargy, and we will spin you scandal by pages; but now, we are the creatures of the weather.

—So much so, that we must throw down our pen here, and find relief in some quarter where the sun beams less strongly, and where the sight of an iced pitcher, begrimed with dew-drops, will regale us.

Editor's Drawer.

THOMAS H. BENTON has a way of telling a story that the wits of the day might be proud of, if they could beg or borrow it. But it is Benton's own, and he needs no copyright to protect him in his exclusive use of it. Reading some of his recent stump speeches, interspersed with frequent piquant passages of humor, we were reminded of a sudden explosion of his magazine of ridicule, when, in the year 1841, the famous John Tyler Bank Bill was introduced into the United States Senate with the protracted title of "An act to provide for the better collection, safe keeping, and disbursement of the public revenue, by means of a corporation, to be styled the Fiscal Corporation of the United States."

Instantly on the title being read, Mr. Benton exclaimed,

"Heavens, what a name! long as the moral law. The people will never stand it. They can not go through all that. Corporosity! that would be a great abridgment; but still it is too long. It is five syllables, and people will not go above two syllables, or three at most, and they often hang at one. I go for short names. The people will have them, though they spoil a long good one to make

a short one. There was a most beautiful young lady in New Orleans some years ago, as there always has been, and still are many such. She was a *Creole;* that is to say, born in this country of parents from Europe. A gentleman, who was building a splendid steamboat, took it into his head to honor this beautiful young lady by connecting her name with his vessel; and he bestowed upon it, in golden letters, the captivating designation of *La Belle Creole.* The vessel was beautiful, and the name was beautiful, and the lady was beautiful; but all the beauty on earth could not save the name from the catastrophe to which all long titles are subjected. At first they called her the *bell*—not the French *belle*, which signifies *fine* or *beautiful*—but the plain English bell, defined in Scripture to be a tinkling cymbal. This was bad enough, but worse was coming. It so happens that the vernacular pronunciation of *creole* in the Kentucky waters is cre-*owl;* so they began up there to call this beautiful boat the *Creowl.* But things did not stop here. It was too extravagant to employ two syllables when one would answer as well and be so much more economical, so the first half of the name was dropped and the last retained; and thus *La Belle Creole*—the beautiful Creole—sailed up and down the Mississippi all her life by the name, style, title, and description of The Owl."

Roars of laughter in the Senate followed this story, and on went Benton with two or three more, but we will repeat but one of them; the last, and with which he concluded his remarks.

"I do not pretend to impose a name upon this bantling; that is a privilege of paternity, or of sponsorship, and I stand in neither relationship to this babe. But a name of brevity—of brevity and significance—it must have, and if the fathers and sponsors do not bestow it the people will, for a long name is abhorred and eschewed in all countries. Remember the fate of John Barebone, the canting hypocrite in Cromwell's time. He had a very good name, John Barebone; but the knave composed a long verse, like Scripture, to sanctify himself with it, and entitled himself thus: 'Praise God, Barebone, for if Christ had not died for you, you would be damned, Barebone.' Now this was very sanctimonious, but it was too long—too much of a good thing—and so the people cut it all off but the last two words, and called the fellow '*damned Barebone*,' and nothing else all his life after. So let this corporosity beware; it may get itself damned before it is done with us, and Tyler too."

Dr. Johnson tried his hand at an epigram, and wrote:

"If the man who turnips cries,
Cry not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father."

Lord Chesterfield perpetrated something much better when he saw a full-length portrait of Beau Marsh placed between the busts of Newton and Pope:

"Immortal Newton never spoke
More truth than here you'll find;
Nor Pope himself e'er penn'd a joke
More cruel on mankind.

"The picture placed the busts between,
Gives satire all its strength;
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly at full length."

Peter Pindar was without a peer in the art of epigrams: here are two of the best. The first "On a stone thrown at a very great man, but which missed him:"

"Talk no more of the lucky escape of the head,
From a flint so unluckily thrown;
I think very different, with thousands, indeed,
'Twas a lucky escape for the stone."

The second was on the death of Lady M—— E——'s favorite *pig*, and is exceeded by nothing in the annals of impertinence:

"Oh, dry that tear, so round and big,
Nor waste in sighs your precious wind,
Death only takes a single pig—
Your lord and son are left behind."

This is an extract from an "Essay on the Understanding:"

"'Harry, I can not think,' says Dick,
'What makes my *ankles* grow so thick.'
'You do not recollect,' said Harry,
'How great a calf they have to carry.'"

The Bishop of Western New York has signally failed in learning to sing. At a recent ecclesiastical meeting, when the subject of church music was up for discussion, he related his own experience for the purpose of showing that it was not in the power of every one to become a live singer. He said that when he was a student in Yale College, he heard a sermon preached there which declared it to be the duty of *every* man to learn how to sing. He accordingly went to a singing master, who, after some lessons, gave him up, telling him, "Sir, you have no *ear!*" (Laughter.) Fearing, however, that it might be incompetency on the part of that teacher, he went to another, who tried him patiently for some time, but at length told him, one day, "My dear Sir, I do not wish to hurt your feelings; but really I do not think it is worth your while to go on: you have *no voice.*" (Laughter.) Still remembering the fervent exhortations of the sermon, and determined to try once more, he went to a third, who concluded *his* exertions at length with the testy, but perfectly correct declaration, "Sir, you have *neither voice nor ear*, and never can learn music if you should live to the age of Methuselah!" (Long laughter.) So the Bishop gave it up as a bad job, and has never resumed the pleasing task of tuning his pipes from that day to this. We have heard some persons on the stage who were not as well advised in their youth as was the Bishop of Western New York.

A correspondent sends to the Drawer an epigram of his own; it is very fair, certainly from fair to middling:

CUPID AND HYMEN.

"When the young world was in its prime,
Then love for itself was sought,
But Cupid now, by lapse of time,
Of former virtue hath left nought.
Rich love is sought with much avidity,
And *Cupid* merged in base *cupidity.*

"And Hymen, with his honored banns,
Was not then sought for sordid lucre,
Now naught will do but house and lands,
Which makes our matches '*eau de sucre.*'
Alas! indeed, that all this love and honey
Of *matrimony* should be *matter of money.*"

The ruling passion strong in death had never a more impressive illustration than in the case of an elegant and much admired lady in the city of Paris.

She was gently passing away from life under a malady that gave no hope of relief, and though she was both young and beautiful, she quietly yielded to the embrace of her destroyer. Several of her friends having called upon her one morning, she was sitting in her drawing-room and gayly conversing with them, when her maid entered and softly delivered a message in her ear. The invalid smiled.

"It is my dress-maker," said she, "who has called to fit me a new dress. Will you walk into my boudoir and see me try it on?"

What was the surprise and distress of her fair friends to see a *shroud* laid out upon the cushions. But it was, of course, a beautiful shroud of *bois de rose*, doubled, with white satin. She tried it, calmly admired its make, suggested here and there an alteration to improve its fit, and within a fortnight she was clad in it, taking her last ride to the house appointed for all the living.

"THAT neatest of all neat things in the Drawer, the story of the Widow Lambkin, of whom Dr. Meadows took so much toll when they crossed the bridge on a sleigh-ride, reminds me," writes a Down-East friend, "of one of our Maine young fellows, who thus describes his battle, and final victory, in a fair fight for a kiss of his sweetheart:

"'Ah, now, Sarah dear! give me a kiss—just one—and be done with it.'

"'I won't! so, there now.'

"'Then I'll have to take it, whether or no.'

"'Take it if you dare!'

"'So at it we went, rough and tumble. An awful destruction of starch now commenced. The bow of my cravat was squat up in half of no time. At the next bout, smash went shirt-collar, and at the same time some of the head-fastenings gave way, and down came Sally's hair like a flood in a mill-dam broke loose, carrying away half a dozen combs. One plunge of Sally's elbow, and my blooming bosom-ruffles wilted to the consistency and form of an after-dinner napkin. But she had no time to boast. Soon her neck-tackling began to shiver, parted at the throat, and away went a string of white beads, scampering and running races every way you could think of about the floor. She fought fair, however, I must admit; and when she could fight no longer, for the want of breath, she yielded handsomely; her arms fell down by her side—those long, round, rosy arms—her hair hung back over the chair, her eyes were half shut, as if she were not able to hold them open a minute longer, and there lay a little plump mouth all in the air! My goodness! Did you ever see a hawk pounce on a robin? or a bee on a clover-top? Even so I settled; and when she came to, and threw up those arms, and seized me around the neck, and declared she would choke me if I ever did so again, and had a great mind to do it now, I just ran the risk over again, and the more she choked me the more I liked it; and now she puts her arms around my neck, and puts her own lips in the way of mine every day, and calls me her John, and don't seem to make any fuss about it at all. That was a very sensible girl, and she makes a good wife too, as I am not ashamed to say any where.'"

Quite different, but not less satisfactory, was the first osculatory experience of Dominie Brown. He had reached the mature age of five-and-forty without ever having taken part in this pleasant labial exercise. One of his deacons had a very charming daughter, and for a year or two the Dominie had found it very pleasant to call upon her three or four times a week. In fact all the neighbors said he was "courting" her; and very likely he was, though he had not the remotest suspicion of it himself.

One Monday evening he was sitting, as usual, by her side, when a sudden idea popped into his head.

"Miss Mary," said he, "I've known you a long time, and I never thought of such a thing before; but now I would like you to give me a kiss. Will you?"

"Well, Mr. Brown," replied she, arching her lips in a tempting way, "if you think it would not be wrong, I have no objections."

"Let us ask a blessing first," said the good man, closing his eyes and folding his hands. "For what we are about to receive, the Lord make us thankful."

The chaste salute was then given and warmly returned.

"Oh, Mary, that *was* good!" cried the Dominie, electrified by the new sensation. "Let us have another, and then return thanks."

Mary did not refuse, and when the operation had been repeated, the Dominie ejaculated in a transport of joy:

"For the creature comforts which we have now enjoyed, the Lord be praised, and may they be sanctified to our temporal and eternal good!"

History says that the fervent petition of the honest Dominie was duly answered; for in less than a month Mary became Mrs. Brown.

And now, while on this subject, we find a very fair retort which a young lady at Saratoga Springs sends to the Drawer. An impertinent youth had been amusing himself by exhibiting the following lines to some of the ladies at the 'States:

"Men scorn to kiss among themselves,
And scarce would kiss a brother;
But women want to kiss so bad,
They kiss and kiss each other."

Whereupon Miss Carrie May penciled this reply on the back of an envelope, and left it for the fool's instruction:

"Men do not kiss among themselves,
And it's well that they refrain;
The bitter dose would vex them so,
They would never kiss again.

"As sometimes on poor woman's lip
Is applied this nauseous lotion,
We *have* to kiss among ourselves
As a counteracting potion."

THE last joke of that joking Matthews was made on his death-bed, when his attendant, in giving him some medicine, took the wrong bottle, and gave him some ink.

"Good Heavens!" cried the affrighted man, "I have given you a dose of ink!"

"Never—never mind, my boy—never mind," said Matthews, faintly; "I can swallow a bit of blotting-paper!"

But this was his last joke. Before the blotting-paper was brought he began to cough, and in a few minutes it was all over with him.

"AT the village of Kingston, New Jersey, just before you come to Princeton, from New York," writes a student in the college, "a tavern was once kept by a man whom I shall name Byce, for his real name ought to be suffered to sleep quietly in

the grave to which the tongue of his wife drove him in despair. Mrs. Byce was a Tartar—more, and worse, she was two Tartars done up in one. She had been nursed in infancy by a wild-cat, and fed on vinegar when she took to the spoon, and growing up with such a disposition as such sweet fare might be expected to produce. Poor Byce! the plague of his life was his vinegar-fed and vinegar-faced wife. His only refuge from her tongue was his bar and his bottle; he became his own best customer, and managed to drown himself in his own liquor. His disconsolate widow soon had the pleasure of putting the sot under the sod, and of carrying on the business at the old stand.

"The schoolmaster of the village was an amorous Irishman, who whaled the boys in the daytime, but made love to the widow and the widow's liquor in the evening. She repelled his advances toward herself, but made advances toward him with the liquor, for his money was as good as any body's. The colder she grew to MacShiney the deeper he drank, and in the course of the winter he often lost the control of his tongue, and his wit flowed out as the whisky ran in. One evening he was gloriously high, and she was sourer than ever, which is saying something very dreadful of Mrs. Byce, when he turned upon her with one of his most persuasive Irish smiles, and said,

"'And ah! Mrs. Byce, I had such a dream about you and I—that's myself—last night, and I did.'

"'Well, what was it, eh?' she snapped out in a way of her own, as if she would bite him if she were hungry.

"'And I dreamed—I did—that I died entirely, and went to the bad place.'

"'Of course you did; where else would you go?'

"'And I knocked at the door, and they said right out, "Who's there?" and I answered so bold like, "Its Mister MacShiney, from Kingston, in the Jarseys." "You can't come in." "And why not?" says I. "We've got one from there, and that's more than we can stand. She makes it too hot for all of us." "Who is it?" says I, and he said, "*It's Mrs. Byce, the old tavern-keeper's widow*," and I waked up straight.'

"Mrs. Byce never spoke. Her feelings were too big for utterance. With one hand she took the red hair of the Irishman and dragged him to the floor, and opening the door with the other, she sent him forth with such an energy of motion as forbade his return to that paradise again."

A Dog Story is furnished to us by "E.," which, if true, throws light upon some dark points in relation to "Animal Instincts" and "Domestic Economy." We give the salient features of the story, for the benefit of whom it may concern:

E. was the happy owner of a spaniel of the feminine gender, named Flora, who was the delight of himself, Mrs. E., and all the little E.'s. Great was their joy when one day Flora became the happy mother of half a dozen little images of herself, only more beautiful, if such a thing were possible. But their joy was turned to lamentation when, not long after, the juvenile canines were missing. "Where are they?" cried father and mother and children, but Echo only replied by a mournful "Where?" The mother sobbed, the children wept, and the father cursed the cruel dog-law, which it was supposed had caused their death by the offer of fifty cents reward for every unmuzzled dog found in the streets.

Weeks passed. Poor Flora still mourned the loss of "all her pretty ones," and the eyes of the juvenile E.'s filled with tears whenever they thought of their loss. The father one day thought that he would try and tempt the appetite of his children by some delicacy which might induce them to forget their loss.

So he brought from the market a parcel of fresh "country sausages."

"Oh, what beautiful sausages!" exclaimed Mrs. E.; where did you get them, my love?"

"Oh, what nice sausages!" exclaimed the little E.'s."

"It's genuine country sausages, they are, an' no mistake," chimed in Biddy, the cook, into whose charge they were given. "They smell like daisies. I can't bear city sausages. Nobody knows what they make 'em of. But them are sausages fit for the Queen an' all the little princes."

Biddy soon departed to the kitchen with special directions as to the cooking of the sausages. Not long after, she made her appearance in the parlor in great perplexity.

"I can't think, Ma'am, what's the matter with Flora. She's been whinin' an' cryin' as though her heart would break, ever since the poor puppies—" and here kind Bridget's utterance was interrupted by sobs. "But now she's in the kitchen a-jumpin' an' friskin' about like she was mad with joy."

Down to the kitchen rushed Mr. E., Mrs. E., the little E.'s, and Bridget.

"Why, where's Flora?" cried they all in a breath.

"An' where's the rest of the sausages?" screamed Biddy. "There was ten of them, I'm sure, for I counted 'em on the dresser, jist before Flora came in an' disturbed me with her joy."

All rushed out to Flora's kennel; and there they saw the poor spaniel in an ecstasy of gladness fondling and nursing those six missing sausages.

The question in Animal Instinct to which this incident gives rise is: How did Flora know that those sausages were composed of the bodies of her offspring? This suggests the further question: Is there a natural maternal instinct enabling all mothers to recognize their offspring under *all* circumstances?

The question in Domestic Economy is: Do spaniels make better sausages than any other species of the canine family?

If so, the practical lesson to be derived from the story is: It would be advisable for all manufacturers of "country sausages" to follow the example of the maker of this lot, and not mix the spaniel sausages with those made of more ordinary materials.

Lord Byron, as is well known, was much galled by some severe strictures made by Southey on his character and writings, and announced his intention of demanding "the satisfaction due to a gentleman." For some reason the challenge was never sent, but in anticipation of it, the Laureate prepared the following reply, which was found among his papers:

"Sir,—I have the honor of acknowledging the receipt of your letter, and do myself the pleasure of replying to it without delay.

"In affairs of this kind, the partners ought to meet

upon equal terms. But to establish the equality between you and me, there are three things which ought to be done; and then a fourth also becomes necessary, before I can meet you on the field.

"*First*—You must marry, and have four children; please to be particular in having them all girls.

"*Secondly*—You must prove that the greater part of the provision which you make for them depends upon your life; and you must be under a bond of £4000 not to be hanged, not to commit suicide, and not to be killed in a duel—which are the conditions upon which I have effected an insurance of my own life for the benefit of my wife and daughters.

"*Thirdly*—I must tell three direct falsehoods concerning you, upon the hustings or in some other not less public assembly: and I shall neither be able to do this, nor to meet you afterward in the manner you propose, unless you can perform the fourth thing—which is—

"That you must convert me from the Christian religion.

"Till all this be accomplished, our dispute must be carried on without the use of any more iron than is necessary for blackening our ink and mending our pens: or any more lead than enters into the composition of the *Edinburgh Review*. I have the honor to subscribe myself,

"Sir, yours, with all proper consideration,

"ROBERT SOUTHEY."

"No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid," was conspicuously displayed in the "Terms" of the "*H—— Democrat*," as in many other country newspapers. Therefrom grew the annexed correspondence between the Editor and a delinquent subscriber:

"*Office of the H—— Democrat.*

"COL. W. B. M.—DEAR SIR,—Enclosed you will find your account for ten years' subscription to the *Democrat*, amounting to Forty Dollars, for which please remit.

"*July* 10." "Yours, etc., P. W.

"*H——, Ala., July* 12.

"P. W., ESQ.—DEAR SIR,—Stop my paper.

"Yours, etc., W. B. M."

"*Office of the H—— Democrat.*

"COL. W. B. M.—DEAR SIR,—By reference to the 'Terms' of the *Democrat*, you will perceive that 'no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid.' We shall be compelled to adhere in your case to our rule.

"*July* 14." Yours, etc., P. W.

"*H——, Ala., July* 16.

"P. W. ESQ.—DEAR SIR,—Consider me a subscriber for life. Yours, etc., W. B. M."

We apprehend that the delinquent subscriber had the law on his side.

IN the good old times in Kentucky, when "substantial justice" was administered in a log-cabin, after a very free and easy manner, a suit was brought to recover certain moneys of which it was alleged plaintiff had been defrauded by the ingenious operation known as "thimble-rigging." In the course of the trial, plaintiff's counsel, who happened to be an "expert," undertook to enlighten the Court as to the *modus operandi* of the performance. Putting himself into position, he produced the three cups and the "little joker," and proceeded, suiting the action to the word:

"Then, may it please the Court, the defendant placing the cups on his knee *thus*, began shifting them *so*, offering to bet that my client could not tell under which cup was the 'little joker'—meaning thereby, may it please the Court, this ball—with the intention of defrauding my client of the sum thus wagered. For instance, when I raise the cup *so*, your Honor supposes that you see the ball."

"*Suppose* I see!" interrupted the Judge, who had closely watched the performance, and was sure that he had detected the ball as one of the cups was accidentally raised, "Why, any derned fool can see where it is, and bet on it, and be sure to win. There ain't no defraudin' *thar*."

"Perhaps your Honor would like to go a V on it," insinuated the counsel.

"Go a V? Yes, and double it too, and here's the rhino. It's under the middle cup."

"I'll go a V on that," said the Foreman of the Jury. "And I, and I," joined in the jurors one after the other, until each one had invested his pile.

"Up!" said his Honor.

"Up" it was, but the "little joker" had mysteriously disappeared. Judge and jury were enlightened, and found no difficulty in bringing in a verdict in favor of the plaintiff, on the ground that it was the "derndest kind o' defraudin'." His Honor adjourned the court, and "stood for drinks all round," in consideration of being "let off" from his wager.

JOHN A. HAMILTON relates a remark made by his illustrious father, ALEXANDER HAMILTON, which rings in the ear of the true-hearted like a voice from the land of glorious as well as glorified spirits. He says that, as his father was returning to his home in the country, *the last time he went there*, a friend, Mr. Boyd, who lived on the way, rode with him. After expressing his opinions upon certain events then brewing, tending to endanger the Union, he paused a moment, and then in a deep and solemn tone, as he struck his hand on the knee of his friend, he said, "Boyd, *to break this Union would break my heart!*"

And are there not millions to say the same, and save the Union? In this connection, we are glad to find in the Drawer a splendid passage from the oration pronounced by the Rev. GEORGE W. BETHUNE, D.D., on the morning of the last Fourth of July, at the inauguration of the Washington Statue in Union Square:

"God made Washington, and gave him to us, in himself the type of what our republic should be, in all his elements great, even consistent—each vigorous in its own action, yet all held in harmonious balance by the unity of a single purpose. No wonder his work survived him. Survived him? No. He still lives, though his mortal frame has long been dust. God, who gave, keep that life with us! for when that spirit is lost—when our elements revolt from their oneness, and, like the maniac among the tombs whose devils were legion, we cut and tear ourselves—this fair confederacy will soon lie beneath the heavens the most mangled, loathsome corpse that ever polluted the breath of humanity with its putrefaction. Some of the devils are in us now. Oh, for the God of our fathers to drive them out and down into the sea of an infamous oblivion!"

GENERAL QUITMAN is reputed to have said a good thing on the morning of the battle of Monterey. He was observed to go into the field in full uniform. A friend remonstrated with him, urging that he would make himself a very conspicuous mark for the enemy. The pages of ancient and modern history are challenged to produce a more heroic reply than he made: "*The more balls aimed at me, the less will be directed at my men!*"

THAT "they who dance must pay the piper," is a saying well illustrated in the following anecdote,

sent to us by a friend for preservation in the Drawer: "It may not be new," he says, "where the parties are known; for the story has been told in print before, by one who was at one time a resident of the county where the circumstance occurred; but it *will* be new to the great majority of your readers."

Sam —— happened to arrive at the pleasant village of S——, one mild autumn evening, and "put up" at its only tavern; and as he entered he heard "music and dancing in an upper chamber." The landlord, who was an old acquaintance, told him that a ball was going on in the hall above: "Come, Sam, go up: there'll be fun, and good music."

"Can't *do* it," said Sam: "haven't the trimmings (he was a hatter, and knew the *value* of trimmings): look at my shirt. 'Twouldn't *do*."

"Never mind *that*," said his friend the landlord, "*I* can give you a shirt of my own;" and stepping into an adjoining room, he brought out a shirt big enough for Daniel Lambert. Holding it up, he said:

"There, now, is a comfortable, roomy shirt for you."

"Oh, *that* won't do—I should lose myself in it entirely."

"Well," said the old good-natured Boniface, "I guess after all I can do better for you. One of the girls in the kitchen is ironing some shirts for the boarders, and I can get you one that *will* fit, *any* how; jest you hold on."

He presently re-appeared with a nice shirt, of quite another pattern, into which having thrust himself, in an adjacent bedroom, he made a hasty toilet, and entered the ball-room.

Being young and good-looking, he found as many partners as he wanted, and had a selection from the prettiest girls in the room.

The other rustic beaux and the homely belles "didn't seem to like it" much. One jealous lover went so far as to say:

"I'll cut the comb of *that* conceited cock mighty quick, if he don't mind his eye!"

Meanwhile Sam —— felt that he was the "observed of all observers;" and his pride was not a little elated.

Presently there came the toot! toot! of an old-fashioned stage-horn in the distance. The coach lumbered up to the inn; the driver threw out the mail, and went into the bar-room, it being his stopping-place at the inn for the night.

"Won't you go up stairs and join the dancers?" asked the landlord; "they're having a great time up there: don't you hear the fiddle, and the floor a-tremblin'?"

In those days stage-drivers were of the most "popular" class of the community; and our hero, knowing this, readily consented. He called the maid for his clean shirt.

She came in with the answer that the landlord had lent it to Sam —— to dance in to-night, not knowing, or not thinking, that the stage-driver would "want to *use* it that night!"

Here was a "pretty kettle of fish!" his only clean "sark" loaned to a stranger to take *his* place in the ball-room, to which the landlord had just invited him! He was "tearing mad," and after a few observations, which were rather more nervous than elegant, he entered the ball-room, his face flushed, and his voice somewhat husky with passion, and strode into the middle of the hall.

The music stopped, and the driver broke the ensuing silence with the sudden question:

"Is there a man of the name of Sam —— here?"

"That's *me!*" said Sam, stepping forward, evidently expecting some new evidence of his sudden popularity.

"Oh! *you* are Sam —— then, are you?"

"Yes; and what do you want of me?"

"Nothin' in partik'ler, only *when you've got through with that shirt of mine that you've got on your back, and are struttin' round in, I'd jest thank you to leave it at the bar!*"

A loud laugh followed this exposure; the cock's-comb *was* cut; his feathers drooped; and amidst much cackling he evanished from the "gay and festive scene."

Dr. Jones, of New York, told the subjoined exceedingly laughable story at a recent celebration of a Welsh society, the authenticity of which had been vouched for:

"Editors," he said, "like other shrewd men, had to live with their eyes and ears open. I have heard related a story of an editor who started a paper in a new village at the West. The town was infested with gamblers, whose presence was a source of annoyance to the citizens, who told the editor if he did not come out against them, they would not take his paper. He replied that he would give them 'a smasher' the next day. And surely enough, his next issue *did* contain the promised "smasher," which did not belie its name.

"On the following morning the redoubtable editor was seated, scissors in hand, in his sanctum, cutting out news, when in walked a large man, with a club in his hand, and asked,

"'Is the editor in?'

"'No, Sir,' was the reply, 'he has stepped out. Take a seat, and read the papers; he will return in a few minutes.'

"Down sat the indignant man of cards, crossed his legs with his club between them, and commenced reading a newspaper.

"In the mean time the editor quietly vamosed down stairs, and at the landing below met another excited man, with a cudgel in his hand, who asked him, a second time,

"'Is the editor in?'

"'Yes, Sir,' was the prompt response; 'you will find him up stairs reading a newspaper.'

"The latter, on entering the room, finding the 'editor' prepared to meet him with *his* club, with a furious oath commenced a violent assault upon the former, which was resisted with equal ferocity. The fight was continued until both had rolled down to the foot of the stairs, and pounded each other to their hearts' content!"

This was "equal and exact justice" all round; and it is to be lamented that all attacks upon honest and free-speaking editors against great evils should not result in a similar manner.

There was "some fun" and satire in the olden time as well as now, and much of it was very sharp and biting. Witness the following:

"Dr. Byles was a famous Boston punster, but he sometimes met with more than his match. A lady whom he had long courted unsuccessfully, married a man by the name of Quincy.

"'So, madam,' said the unsuccessful suitor, 'it appears you prefer a Quincy (quinsy) to Byles.'

"'Yes, for if there had been any thing worse

than *Byles*, God would have suffered Job to be afflicted with them!"

COUNT D'ALEMBERT, in his "Tour en Amerique," gives the following laughable incident:

"Far away from the great cities, half hidden in the foliage, was the modest log-hut of a man, half trapper, and half fisherman, and *more* than half savage; of course his name is Smith. He was married, and he and his wife, in this one little chamber, led the happiest of existence; for on occasion she would not object to go twenty miles to hear the Baptist minister preach.

"One evening about sundown they were both together in their little log-cabin, both busy, and neither uttering a syllable.

"By degrees a dull but regular sound breaks upon the silence of the wilderness. The steamer is ascending the river, making the best of its way against the stream. But neither Smith nor his wife pays any attention; he goes on cleaning his gun, and she knitting her stockings.

"The air, however, darkens; a thick smoke rises upon every side; a formidable explosion was heard, like the discharge of several canons at once. The boiler had burst; the vessel had sunk; and every thing was destroyed.

"Smith and his wife were interrupted by the splitting in two of the cabin roof, and something heavy descending through the aperture. This something was *a man*, who dropped between the pair, without, however, disturbing either; he still cleaning his gun, she still knitting her stocking.

"But the traveler, so rudely introduced, seemed rather astonished at his descent. After a few moments, however, he resumed his coolness, and began to look about him, fixing his attention at last upon the hole through which he had just dropped.

"'Ah! my man,' said he, at length, 'what is the damage?'

"Upon this, Smith, putting aside his rifle and looking up to estimate his loss, answered, after some little reflection,

"'Ten dollars.'

"'You be hanged!' exclaimed the traveler. 'Last week, in an explosion which I happened to be at in another steamer, I fell through *three* flights, into a *new* house, and they only charged me *five* dollars. No, no! *I* know what "the figure" is in such cases. Here is a couple of dollars; and if that won't suit, go and sue me as quick as you like!'"

This has only to appear in *Galignani* to be indorsed by all its credulous readers.

THE following is well worthy a place in the Drawer, if for no other reason, for the important moral which it conveys and enforces:

Sydney Smith, the late lamented prelate and pre-eminent satirist of the follies and vices of his time (and the present), while traveling in a stage-coach one day, was long annoyed by a young man who had acquired the polite art of swearing to such an extent, that he could not help interlarding his discourse with it, as though it were a constituent part of the language. As there happened to be a lady present, the matter was doubly annoying.

After enduring the young man's display for some time, Smith asked the company to be permitted to tell them a little anecdote, which he thus commenced:

"Once upon a time (boots, sugar-tongs, and tinder-boxes) there was a king of (boots, sugar-tongs, and tinder-boxes), who, at a grand ball (boots, sugar-tongs, and tinder-boxes), picked up the Duchess of (boots, sugar-tongs, and tinder-boxes) Shrewsbury's garter (boots, sugar-tongs, and tinder-boxes), and said: 'Honi soit qui mal y (boots, sugar-tongs, and tinder-boxes) pense,' which means in English, 'Evil be to him, who (boots, sugar-tongs, and tinder-boxes) evil thinks.' This was the origin of (boots, sugar-tongs, and tinder-boxes) the order of the garter."

When the witty clergyman had concluded, the young gentleman said,

"A very good story, Sir—rather old—but what the d—l has '*boots, sugar-tongs, and tinder-boxes*' to do with it?"

"I will tell you, my young friend," answered Sydney, "when you tell me what 'd—n my eyes,' etc., have to do with your conversation. In the mean time, allow me to say, that is *my* style of swearing."

The young blasphemer at once "dried up."

This anecdote forcibly illustrates the remark, that of all vices profane swearing, in a mere worldly point of view, is the most foolish. Other vices may have some sensual pleasure to palliate them; but the profane swearer gains nothing by *his* indulgence.

"GIVE us a plate of beans!" said a countryman, in a Boston eating-house, the other morning, taking his seat in stall No. 2.

"Beans, No. 2," called the waiter.

"Not by a darned sight!" cried the countryman. "Don't want any of your No. 2 beans—want the first best—A No. 1. I've got money enough, I can tell you!" and he swung in the air a pocket-book of about the largest and greasiest description that the keeper of the eating-house had ever seen.

Vouched for by the Boston *Herald*.

SPEAKING of full pocket-books; was there ever a more forcible expression, in the way of a simile, than that given by the Yankee, when he said,

"When I left *hum* to come to 'York,' my pocket-book was as full as a swelled cow in a wet clover pasture; but when I *came away* in the steamboat, a-gittin' on near *hum* again, it looked *jest as ef an elephant had stomped onto it!*"

A ROUGH common-sense pervades the following, in which there is certainly "more truth than poetry:"

"Great men never *swell*. It is only your 'three-cent individuals,' who are salaried at the rate of two hundred dollars a year, and dine on potatoes and dried herring, who put on airs and flashy waistcoats, swell, puff, blow, and endeavor to give themselves a consequential appearance. No discriminating person need ever mistake the spurious for the genuine article. The difference between the two is as great as that between a barrel of vinegar and a bottle of the 'pure juice of the grape.'"

THE scene recorded below occurred in a court in Mississippi. A prisoner, who had been convicted, was asked by the Judge to stand up for sentence:

"Prisoner at the bar," said the Judge, "you have been tried by a jury of your own selection, and found guilty of a high crime, that must send you to the penitentiary. What have you to say why the sentence of the law should not be passed?"

To which the prisoner replied:

"I admit, Judge, that I shot the man; but when

he says I was lying behind a log when I done it, he lies. I was squatted down behind some high grass, and shot at the *bulge* of him with my rifle. You see, Judge, he had no coat or 'spenders on, and his shirt stuck out 'bove his britches. I made the worst shot I ever made in my life. I am one of the best rifle-shots in the swamp; never miss a bar, hog, turkey, or deer. I was very much skeered when I shot, and trembled a good deal, or I would have killed him—and I shot at the bulk of him. I did it in self-defense, and always said so. He called my wife bad names, shot a pet pig we had, that my wife loved very much, and threatened to kill me. I'm a naturalized, native-born, native American, and he's an Englishman, and I had a right to shoot him; he can't vote, and I shot him in self-defense. If you'd just let me off this time, Judge, I'll take a Bible oath right here, never to shoot any body in this State. I never *did* shoot any body in this State before, and I never will again. Just let me off *this* time, Judge, and I'll go home and see my dear wife."

"You made a most fortunate shot," interrupted the Judge, "in not killing the man."

"Well, you see Judge, I was badly skeered. I could have killed a squirrel every shot. I'm the best rifle-shot in the swamp—but you see I shot at the *bulge* of him. Just let me off this time, Judge, and I'll take a Bible oath never to do so again."

"You were fortunate," repeated the Judge, "in not killing your man—your intended victim. Had you done so, you would have been guilty of murder. Such depravity as the evidence shows on your part, is rarely witnessed in a court of justice, and imperatively demands that you shall have the heavy hand of the law placed upon you, as a punishment for the high crime of which you have been guilty, and as an admonition and warning to others. In this manner the laws are vindicated, and public justice established and venerated. The sentence of the court is, that you be imprisoned in the penitentiary of this State for the full end and term of *ten years* from this day!"

"Lor' a-mighty, Judge! can't you let it down a little? I have suffered mightily in jail; just let it down a little, and I'll never shoot any body again—I'll take a Bible oath I won't."

"Sheriff," said the Judge, "remand the prisoner to jail, to await the demand of the keeper of the penitentiary."

And as you peruse this, reader, "our hero" is working out his fate in the Mississippi state prison—and all for shooting at the "bulge" of a neighbor!

This capital legal anecdote, connected with the New Hampshire bar, we clip from a California newspaper of a recent date:

"Two of the great guns of the New Hampshire bar, Jeremiah Mason and Ichabod Bartlett, had been battling all the week, and the most important cases had been disposed of. The judge was half asleep, the jury was in scarcely a better condition, and cases were decided before the parties interested hardly knew which way to turn. At about four o'clock an old man was placed at the bar, accused of passing counterfeit money. There were but a few persons in the court-house—the lawyers, who had finished their business, had gone home, and the old fellow seemed in a fair way to be rapidly consigned to the State prison. Mr. Bartlett, the young *gun*, sat with his arms folded, and his feet upon the edge of the table, apparently asleep, while the attorney-general was examining two or three witnesses. Never was justice hurried through in a more summary manner. The evidence was direct and conclusive, and as witness after witness left the stand, the old prisoner's face grew paler and paler, and he trembled at the certainty of his fate.

"By-and-by Mr. Bartlett opened his eyes, cast a glance at the gray hairs of the culprit, yawned gently, and, turning to the attorney-general, said audibly, 'I'll defend this man.' He asked no questions of the witnesses, and took no notes, but when the evidence was through, he rose and delivered one of the most beautiful arguments ever heard. The testimony, which appeared as clear as noon day, he pulled all to pieces; he made discord of harmony, nonsense of sense, discrepancy of the most exact agreement, and when he touched upon the old man's unjust sufferings, he even drew tears. Without leaving their seats the jury declared the prisoner 'Not Guilty!' The weeping man, with clasped hands, leaned forward, seeming to invoke a blessing upon the head of his defender. 'Let him out, constable,' said Mr. Bartlett; '*and now, you old rascal, go about your business, and never let me catch you counterfeiting money again.*' The jury stared in wonder, and we left the court-house laughing, yet sorrowful."

The mock-heroic legend of Heinz Von Stein runs on this wise:

Out from the dark wild forest
Rode the terrible Heinz Von Stein;
And paused at the front of a tavern,
And gazed at the swinging sign.

Then he sat himself down in a corner,
And growled for a bottle of wine;
Up came, with a flask and cork-screw,
A maiden of beauty divine.

Then he sighed with a deep love longing,
And said, "Oh damsel mine,
Suppose you just give a few kisses
To the valorous Ritter Von Stein."

But she answered, "The kissing business
Is not at all in my line;
And surely I shall not begin it
On a countenance ugly as thine."

Then the knight was exceedingly angry,
And he cursed both coarse and fine;
And he asked her what was the swindle
For her sour and nasty wine.

And fiercely he rode to his castle,
And sat himself down to dine;
And this is the fearful legend
Of the terrible Heinz Von Stein.

It was a beautiful thought of a little girl in the streets of our city, hungry and ragged, taken by a kind-hearted lady and led into a cake-shop, and fed as she had never been fed before. And when the angel-woman had given the little child all she could eat, and some cakes to carry home, she took her into another store and gave her a nice warm shawl and other matters that the girl needed, and was dismissing her, when the child looked up into her face, and with all simplicity said, "*Are you God's wife?*" She had heard that God gives good things, and the gifts of the good lady seemed to be such only as could come from him, or one like him. It was not profane—it was simple and sublime.

Advertisements—Illustrated.



AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN, just arrived in this country, wishes Board in a Private Family, where he can enjoy the comforts of a Home.



A LADY wishes a few additional Pupils in Music. Her method of instruction is eminently pleasing and successful. Rapid improvement guaranteed.



YOUNG LAWYERS would find it greatly to their advantage to have a careful analysis of their Phrenological Developments.



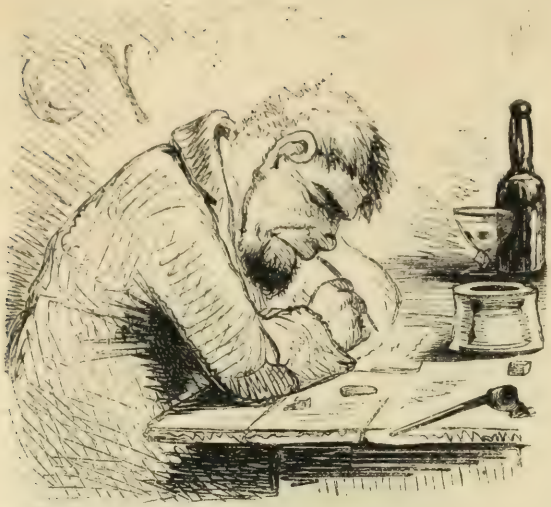
A GERMAN GENTLEMAN wishes to enter an American Family, where his Society will be considered an equivalent for his Board.



$5 REWARD.—Lost, an ENGLISH BULL-DOG. Any one who will return him will receive the above reward.



PLEASANT BOARD in a very desirable location. HOT, COLD, and SHOWER BATHS, at all times without extra charge.



TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.—A retired Clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used.



BOOK AGENTS.—Young men out of employment can make from Five Hundred to Three Thousand Dollars a year by selling our valuable and popular publications. Each Agent will have a district exclusively to himself. With a Capital of Ten Dollars a fortune can be secured.



$15 FOR A FARM of 20 Acres. A very desirable opportunity for those who wish to avoid the noise and dust of the city, and to secure a pleasant Home in the Country.



BOARD.—A few families can be accommodated with Board in a desirable location. Number limited. References exchanged.—N.B. A separate Table for Children.



IF the gentleman who addressed a note to "Julia" will be at the corner of St. John's Park and Varick Street at nine o'clock this evening, he will hear of something to his advantage.



DORA. How I long for the promised interview! I will not fail to be at the place appointed. Do not disappoint me. I shall count the moments till we meet.—ALPHONSE.

Fashions for September.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 51 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figures 1 and 2.—Equestrian Habit and Walking Costume.

FROM among several varieties we select a very elegant and graceful RIDING HABIT. Any of the darker shades of color may be employed, and ladies would do well to consult, in this connection, their individual complexions. In order that the character of the style might be more obvious, the engraving is purposely made lighter than its color should have, comparatively, been made; it represents a dark Polish green, trimmed with velvet ribbon of a very dark green color. Black may be employed wherever the cloth is of the darker shades. The corsage, like that of all riding habits, adjusts itself to the figure; it terminates in a deep basquine, with square-cut fronts. The sleeves fit easily to the elbows, but gradually become wider from above. They are rather short, and spread upon the fore-arm very considerably. They are rounded upon the outside, and slit up boldly almost to the elbows, the parts being held together by fancy buttons, or loops and *brandebourgs;* similar buttons, with tassels or drops, adorn the front of the corsage. The under-sleeve is as represented below, except that the smaller puff is omitted at the wrist, and its place supplied by a band of about an inch-and-a-half width. This avoids the crushing from the riding-gloves. The hat is of straw, trimmed with velvet; these will be far more comfortable than those of felt during the sultriest portions of the season. We trust that the gracefulness of the plumes will render them so popular that no attempt will be made to supersede them.



FIGURE 3.—UNDER-SLEEVE.

WALKING COSTUME.—Bonnet of corn-colored *glacé*, with ribbons and *bavolet* of the same. The bonnet is diamonded with a very narrow velvet ribbon, and trimmed with miniature fruits and aquatic grasses, and with wide blonde. It comes somewhat forward upon the head, rolls outward at the cheeks, and sits well into the chin. The under-curtain stands out almost horizontally, especially upon the sides, and is very deep behind. This form is repeated by the second frill of blonde which encircles the bonnet, the upper half of which resembles some amber-colored sea-shell floating in snowy foam amidst sea-flags and luscious fruitage. The shawl is too early for the commencement of the month, but our readers are not displeased to be kept aware of the modes in anticipation. It presents a simple shawl shape, with a cape pointed to match the garment. The material is the richest description of *moire antique*, with a border of heavily-embroidered velvet, and finished by a crochet-headed fringe. Another beautiful variety of this garment consists of the same materials. The shawl is joined into a *yoke*, which is perhaps a trifle shorter than the cape overlap; the shawl, however, is composed of alternate broad stripes of moire and velvet, running up and down, instead of following the outlines, as in our illustration. The velvet is also embroidered, or, as in another variety, trimmed with transverse frills of black lace, one just covering the top of the other.

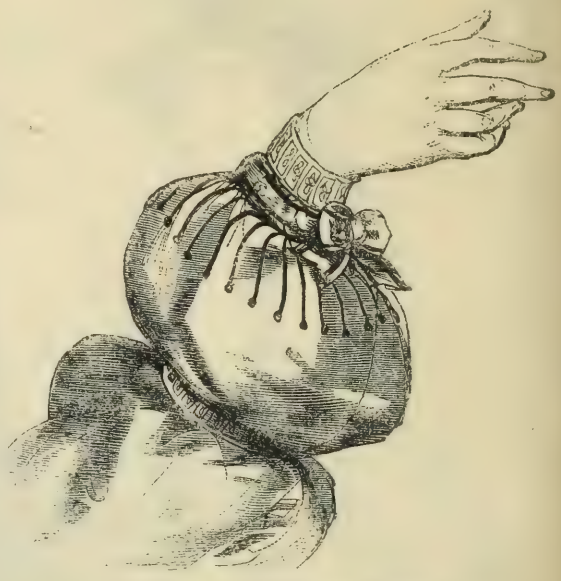


FIGURE 4.—UNDER-SLEEVE.

The beauty of another riding-dress deserves notice, or more especially its *sleeve;* this is made open upon the front of arm, almost from top to bottom. The sleeve is short, reaching only midway between the wrist and elbow, but quite full, in order to allow room for the puffed under-sleeve; a cross-lacing of cord joins the opening of the sleeve. The under-sleeves may be made of any desired style, so long as they are closed at the wrist. Figure 4 is well adapted for this sleeve. The body of this dress is very similar to the one we give.

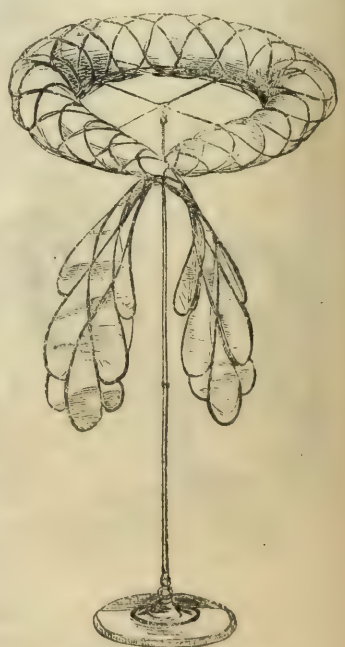


FIGURE 5.—FICHU.

The FICHU and Under-sleeves are of muslin, with velvet ribbon; pink or blue satin may be substituted. The transparent in the under-sleeves, with the flat bow, is of pink taffeta.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. LXXVII.—OCTOBER, 1856.—Vol. XIII.

COOKING OF MEN.

COOKING of men! why that's cannibalism, exclaims the reader. I hope you are not going—

Well, listen a moment. Cooking is certainly not eating. You have seen boys standing at a confectioner's window; they can tell you that there's a difference.

I know that; but some of the faces here look as if they belonged to people that had a practical knowledge of the business. That Australian below knows more about it than he ought.

To put an end to all mistakes, we shall take leave to say, that it is not an artificial but a natural process of cookery that we are going to speak of. And this we are entitled to do, since the most eminent philosophers assure us that Nature does every thing—therefore she cooks. The universe is her kitchen.

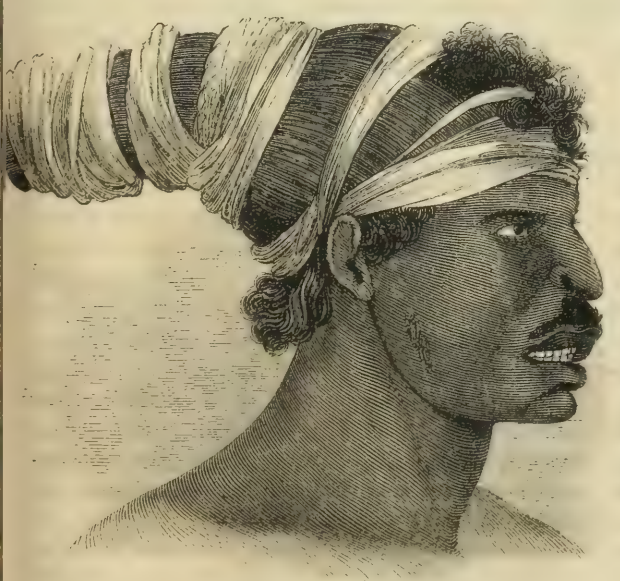
Why does a lobster, when you boil it, turn red? That is a mystery, which it will be profitable for you to consider. The Honorable Mr. Boyle, a most pious and learned man, who founded William and Mary College in Virginia, for the purpose of converting the Indians then living in that State (the Indians are all gone, but the College is still flourishing), thought very profoundly on this topic, and among other facts, ingenuously mentions, that he had been credibly informed by a seafaring man, who had seen the experiment tried in Jamaica, that a black man, if put into hot water, turns red! Hence he was led to entertain particular views touching the Indians, in which we don't coincide.

Our present inquiries are not concerning such hasty cooking, but of one of a more gradual kind.

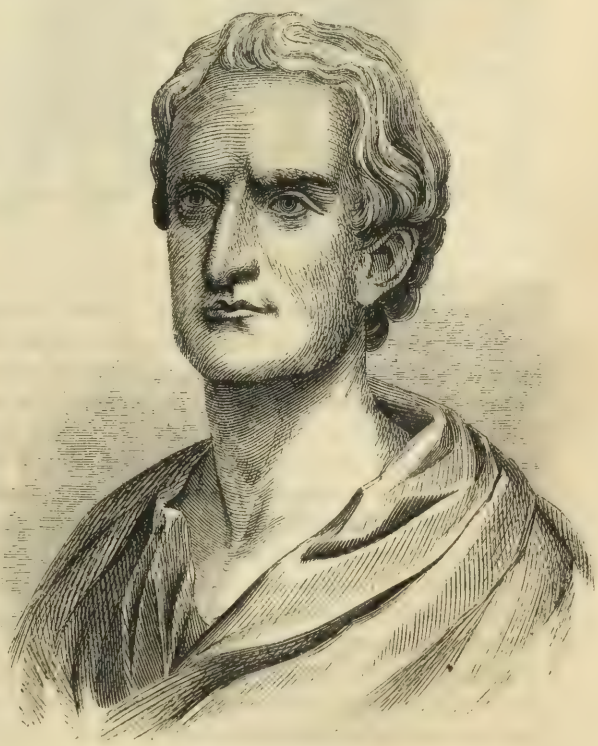
"There are great differences in the aspect of men!"

"The portrait of Newton is from the frontispiece of his immortal 'Principia.' 'Does he eat, and drink, and sleep, like other people?' asked the Marquis de L'Hôpital, himself a great contemporary French mathematician. 'I represent him to myself as a celestial genius, entirely disengaged from matter,' and truly transcendent intellect shines out in every lineament of that noble countenance."

"What a contrast between the astronomer, of whom the human race may be justly proud, and the Australian savage, whose portrait Dr.



AUSTRALIAN.



SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

Prichard has furnished. This man lives in a hollow tree, which he has in part excavated by fire, and obtains a precarious support from shell-fish or bruised ants and grass. He can make a hook of a piece of oyster, and can fasten a line to it. He is lost in filth and vermin. His life is like that of a beast; it is concerned only with to-day. The early navigators accused him of cannibalism. We can not say that his features acquit him of the charge."

"History teaches us that a nation may pass through an ascending or descending career. It may, by long-continued mental culture, exhibit a general mental advance, and under such circumstances may produce, here and there, an intellect of the first order. Or it may go through a course of degradation, until it reaches conditions inconsistent with its continued existence, and then it dies out."

"Man is accordingly distributed over the face



AUSTRALIANS.

of the earth in various conditions. Here he presents the civilization of the European, there the abject misery of the Australian. What more humiliating spectacle could be offered to us than the above engraving from M. D'Urville. Even a negro of Guinea might look down on such a specimen of human imbecility and weakness with contempt, and refuse to recognize such a being as a man at all."

"What is it that has brought this man and his companion to such a pass? An almost tropical sun, a pestilential climate, starvation, nakedness, the want of shelter, personal fear. These have done their work on the successive generations of his miserable ancestors, who have been forced from step to step in a descending career, and here is the result."

The preceding paragraphs are quoted from a chapter on the "Influence of Physical Agents on the Aspect and Form of Man," in Dr. Draper's recently published book on "Human Physiology."* We propose to take advantage of it to explain the philosophical principles of the cooking of men.

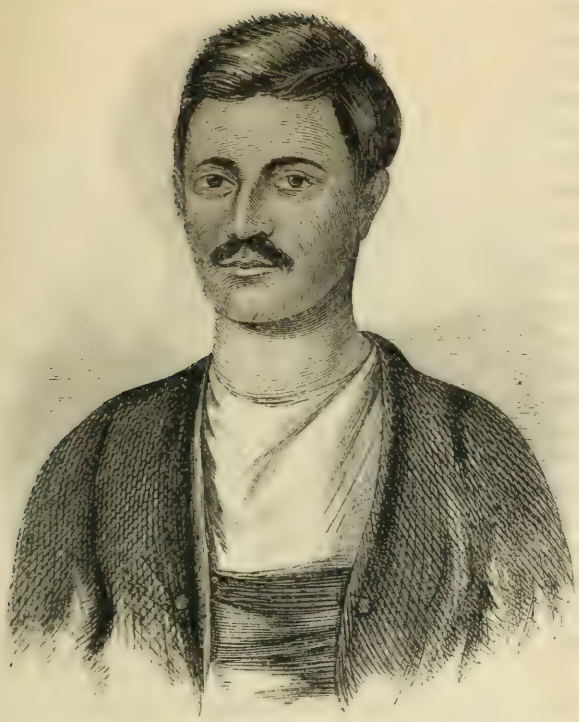
The portraits which illustrate this chapter are derived from various sources, several of them from Dr. Prichard's work "On the Natural History of Man." They have been reduced to a suitable size in photographs, and the engraver has attempted to indicate the fairness or darkness of the complexion in correspondence thereto. This, perhaps, is the best that could be done under existing circumstances, for the illustration of this interesting subject, though we doubt not that the time will arrive when engravings will be made from photographs of individuals—selected samples of the various nations.

We have learned in our school geographies that there are four continents—Europe, Asia, Africa, and America—and that the native inhabitants of these differ strikingly in complexion; the Europeans being white, the Asiatics yellow, the Africans black, the Americans red. It is necessary for us to correct, at the outset, the error into which these otherwise useful books have led us, and to understand that this geographical distribution of color, as indicated by the names of continents, is altogether an illusion.

The race to which the European belongs is not confined to Europe, but reaches from the northeast to the southwest, in one unbroken column, from Iceland to tropical India. This fact is proved beyond all controversy by the affinity that exists among the different languages they speak, which appear all to have descended from an idiom still preserved in India—the Sanscrit. It is the sacred dialect of the Brahmins, of whom we should judge, from the portrait given by Mr. Branwhite, that they are quite an intelligent people; and, indeed, their history proves that in mental endowments they are entitled to be considered on an equality with any Europeans. Birds of the same kind always sing the same notes, although they may be carried to different countries, and their plumage may differ a little. Upon the same principle, the original identity of this Indo-European race, as it is called, though it reaches across so many thousand miles, is satisfactorily proved.

But how is it as regards complexion? The farther north we go, the lighter the color; the farther south, the darker. At the two extremes respectively, the men are auburn-haired,

* *Human Physiology, Statical and Dynamical, or the Conditions and Course of the Life of Man; being the Text of the Lectures on Physiology delivered in the University of New York, by* JOHN W. DRAPER, M.D., LL.D., *Professor of Chemistry and Physiology.* Published by Harper and Brothers.



BRAHMIN.

blue-eyed, and very fair; dark-haired, black-eyed, and brown. In the Alpine countries, where the temperature is always low, they are of the former, in the hot valleys, of the latter kind. Of this race, any family taken and transplanted here and there will correspondingly change its complexion. So the Jews, who have lived for any length of time in a cold climate, are red-bearded and blue-eyed; but in India they are brown-black.

The reader will bear in mind that cold climates may be met with either by traveling toward the pole, or by ascending mountains. Thus even in the torrid zone there are mountains high enough to be covered with snow all the year.

It is not correct, therefore, to assert that there is any direct connection between the geography of a place and the complexion of its inhabitants; but it is correct to assert that there is a connection between color and heat. There are fair races in the torrid zone, because there are upland countries in the torrid zone in which the climate is cold.

So complete is the control which heat has over complexion, that we can actually cause the latter to change by artificially changing the former. Now we are going to touch on a subject in which some of our readers will doubtless take a personal interest. We have spoken of red and black bearded men: in like manner, there are among ladies two kinds, blondes and brunettes. The blondes will perhaps learn with alarm, that they belong to a race which is fast dying out; the brunettes will hear with pleasure, that they are in a corresponding way replacing their fairer and (we will make a frank confession of it at once), to our taste, more beautiful sisters. What is it that the black-bearded men and the brunettes have been doing, thus to get the better of the red-bearded men and the blondes? Let us listen to what the Roman authors say of the inhabitants of Europe 2000 years ago. One declares of the Gauls that they are very fair and red-haired, horrible from the fierceness of their eyes, and haughtily insolent. He adds, that in their brawls they are sure to be aided by their powerful blue-eyed wives. Another speaks of the Germans as singularly broad across the forehead, red-haired, and blue-eyed. Another says of the Scotch, that they all have yellow hair. The conversion of the Britons to Christianity was undertaken through the incident of the exposure of some beautiful blue-eyed children for sale in the slave-market at Rome. "*Non Angli sed angeli forent si essent Christiani*"—"They would not be English, but angels, if they were Christians," said a passer-by. "We ought to try to convert them," remarked his friend, and convert them they did, and the fruits of that conversion have extended through many centuries, and may be traced among the millions of a Christian community across the Atlantic Ocean.

But we are wandering from our subject of the battle between the brunettes and the blondes, and how the latter have been vanquished. That vanquished they have been, nobody can doubt; though in this war, as in a good many other wars, the first appearances were all the other way. The Roman authors, without exception—we are almost afraid to write it, for among our friends we happily count many blondes—the Roman authors, then, and not the editors of *Harper's Magazine*, observe that the blondes are distinguished by a most characteristic pugnacity. Ammianus certifies to us that they "bite, scratch, and even kick." Yet, notwithstanding these ample endowments, they have got the worst of the battle, their antagonists having been aided by a powerful auxiliary, of which we shall now speak.

Why, then, is it that the Europe of the nineteenth century is no longer the same as respects the aspect of its inhabitants as the Europe of the Christian era? Why is it that the descriptions of the Roman authors can no longer be received as true? Have the darker complexioned people been *improving off* the lighter ones, in the manner that we have *improved off* the Indians of this continent.

Now recall what was said a few lines above about the influence of climate, that is to say, warmth. What does it matter how a man warms himself, so long as he makes himself warm? He may go out in the sunshine, which is one way of doing the thing; or he may build a comfortable house, make a good fire-place in it, lay in a good stock of blankets. That is another, but just as effectual a way; and it is what Europeans have been doing. The sun shone as bright and no brighter in the days of Cæsar, but in the days of Cæsar all Europe was vagabond, half-naked, half-starved. The cottages

which have risen all over it, the cheerful winter fires, the warm clothing, the blankets, these have ameliorated the climate. They have literally raised the mean temperature of winter all over Europe, and, therefore, the mean temperature of its year. The weapons with which the brunette is extinguishing the blonde are tongs, pokers, and feather-beds. If this spread of domestic comforts and keeping of people warm in the winter is persisted in much longer, the time will soon come when not a fair face will be seen. It is not a process of extermination, but rather of conversion, and is, therefore, at once similar and yet unlike that formerly applied for the extinction of another class of enchantresses and witches, in certain countries that we might speak of if it were worth while, by the aid of the faggot and stake. But this is all the more insidious, since the martyrs themselves do not seem to be aware of what is going on. The brunettes are roasting the blondes until they have done them as brown as themselves—a gentle roasting, to be sure.

Now we are going to make good the assertion that if you will warm a nation it will turn brown, and if you cool it it will turn fair, just as surely as that if you heat water it will in due time boil, and if you cool it it will freeze. Ladies who take an interest in domestic economy—as all ladies ought to do—know very well that when the fire is low the cooking takes a longer time; and since, in this case, the heat is very gentle, it will require a good many years to produce the proper effect—say ten or a dozen centuries; and since that is longer than any body lives, it clearly ought to require, as is actually the case, several successive generations to complete the operation.

This being thoroughly understood, and taking as our guide the celebrated work of Mrs. Glass on Cookery—a work to be found in every kitchen, or, if not there, the sooner it is provided the better—we give the following receipt:

Take an Asiatic woman, one of the tawny yellow people described in the school geographies, put her for a sufficient time in the bottom of one of the valleys in the Philippine or Spice Islands, which is a very excellent substitute for a stew-pan. It is not necessary to add any thing. When done, she should look like the following cut. Before removing from the fire, be particular to see that the lips, the nose, and the hair are right.

"But this is a Guinea Negro!" observes a friend. Nothing of the sort, Sir. A native of a place half as far again from Guinea as you are. It is only an Asiatic, overdone.

You will now be pleased to accompany us to the north of the Spice Islands, and, entering the portals of the Chinese wall, survey the Central Flowery Kingdom. From hence you may take a Mandarin—whom you may know by a certain dreaminess about the eyes, produced, they say, by his spending all his nights in fighting cockroaches in a porcelain bowl, with a few choice spirits, his companions, and losing heavily on the



GIRL OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

bets he has made. The dreaminess of his eyes we can account for on the cockroach theory, and smoking opium; but their obliquity we can not so perfectly explain. That will be a subject for your profound contemplation. Now for Mrs. Glass.

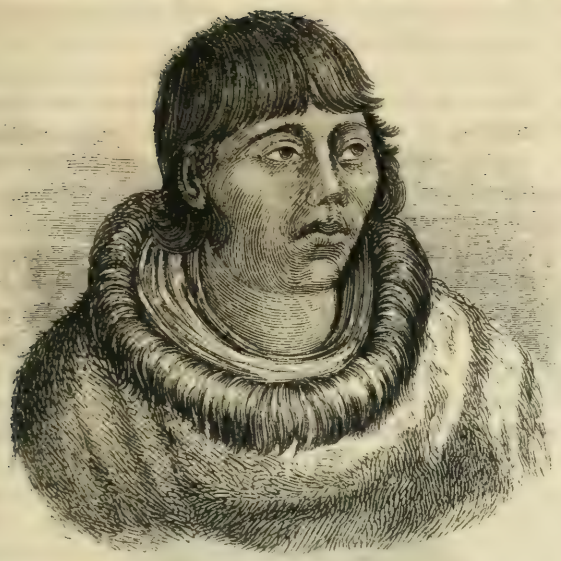


CHINESE.

Take such a Mandarin, put him in a refrigerator, stuff him with whale blubber and train oil. Let the cooling be gradual. Serve him up as a Kamtschatkan as soon as you find that he looks like the cut at the head of the next page.

In this case, there may be some difficulty in ascertaining the desired appearance, unless you follow the philosophical example of certain sailors, who hired one of these fish-feeding people, for a dram of train oil, to wash his face. Hereupon they observed, with surprise, that his complexion was fair, his eyes straight, and his cheeks ruddy—a surprise which was evidently reciprocated on his part, as they judged by the incessant inquiries he made why they had been so indelicate as to cut off their coat-tails.

Now on comparing the Kamtschatkan, the



KAMTSCHATKAN.

Chinaman, and the Philippine negro together, we are drawn inevitably to the conclusion that this so-called yellow type of men in cold countries is fair, in hot countries is dark. Every thing, therefore, depends on heat.

If this is denied, let us next take a turn into Africa. And if in our journey we are provided with a thermometer, let us examine the temperature now and then as we walk from the Mediterranean to the Cape of Good Hope. We shall observe that it rises degree by degree as we go to the equator, and descends degree by degree therefrom to the Cape. Upon the whole, however, the difference is not great, and we shall run no risk of being contradicted if we declare that the whole place is most uncomfortably hot. It is like the saucepan of the Spice Islands, above mentioned, on a larger scale.

Again, we may make our examination in another way. Starting from the east coast, we may travel westwardly across the centre of the country. Our thermometer will show us that the heat is increasing all along the journey, and has attained its maximum at the Gulf of Guinea. Doubtless we shall have noticed the sable tribes as we passed along. The Egyptians can, however, hardly be said to be of more than a tawny red tint; the Abyssinians of a brown olive. Of these people it is interesting to remark, that their language, the Amharic, approaches more closely to the ancient Hebrew than any other existing one. Dr. Draper has had something to say respecting their Christianization and civilization, to which we may refer the reader. Their northern neighbors, the Egyptians, will ever form a most interesting and delightful subject of study to every intelligent man, since it is now universally conceded that among them human civilization first arose.

To the south of the Abyssinians, in the torrid zone, the nations become black, and present the features of a barbarism from which they are only now emerging. If the following portrait of a native of Mozambique may be taken as a fair specimen of this people, we should judge unfavorably of their moral qualities, more particularly of their benevolence.



NATIVE OF MOZAMBIQUE.



ABYSSINIAN.



NATIVE OF MADAGASCAR.

And, indeed, upon this and on all other points we should wholly decline any personal controversy with them. Out at sea, at some distance from the coast, we should find ourselves much more at home, and in considerably greater quietude of mind, in the large and comparatively temperate island of Madagascar, the inhabitants of which have already made a great intellectual advance. Though we never could understand what was the use of that portion of the dress of our own people, we perceive that, in this case, the shirt-collar is the index of a civilized state—a test which, if we apply it to the native of Guinea, at once indicates to us his condition of intellect. Of his bodily state we may say, Clearly a case of over-



NEGRO OF GUINEA.

cooking—burnt to a coal—and the hair singed and frizzled. These are evidently they who, according to the proverb, have jumped from the frying-pan into the fire.

For Africa it is, therefore, the same as for Europe and Asia. There are various shades of color among the nations, and the depth of the complexion increases with the quantity of the annual heat.

Now we may cross the Atlantic, and come to our own America. Here, of course, we have nothing to say repecting the intrusive Indo-European race; our remarks are limited to the literal and proper "Know Nothings," the original owners of the soil. Respecting these, although they are living side by side with us, and indeed among us, the most singular error prevails. We shall credit the blunder to our school geographies before-mentioned, and proceed to correct it. All Indians are not red men. Here, for example, is one of the olive-black natives of California, whose portrait (as also that



NATIVE OF CALIFORNIA.

of the sketch below, indicating their occupation) is taken from Choris's "Voyage Pittoresque." The appearance of these Indians is a very good evidence of the truth of what that author says, that "the climate is very dry and hot." Forewarned, forearmed! If parasols and Panama hats have any virtue in them, one would decline



INDIANS OF CALIFORNIA.

to look like that man, even if it does take a thousand years to come up to his standard.

No one would surely confound these black Californians with the regular redskins. All America is not equally hot, and all Indians, therefore, can not be equally dark. Besides, it is one thing to spend one's life stark-naked on the hot sea-shore, catching fish, with the blazing reflection from the waves to boot, and another to be in the cool umbrageous woods, with one's wife doing the drudgery. It is no more to be believed that, under such different circumstances, two men would bake alike, than it is to be believed that two sides of a piece of toast will brown at the same time. The Sac chief whose portrait is here furnished, can not be said to be more than half-done. His companion, the Cherokee, is even a turn lighter. Mr. Catlin, from whom these portraits are taken (if we are not mistaken), says of the former that he was a high-minded and gallant warrior, and a polished gentleman. From his looks we should have scarcely thought so; however, we will not contest the point, recollecting that it is impossible to guess how good even a baked potato may be until you have got off the skin.



SAC CHIEF.

The American continent, compared with Africa, nowhere exhibits an intensely high, long-continued temperature. The former can only stew people, the latter can grill them. The Gulf of Mexico is very different from the great sandy deserts of Central Africa—it moderates the equinoctial climate. In its coterminous highland districts, in Mexico and Peru, the altitude is so great that a comparatively moderate temperature prevails; and here, accordingly, were found, at the time of the Spanish discovery, the germs of indigenous American civilization. Throughout both continents, north and south, the complexion is in correspondence with the climate, and the Indian races are no more homogeneous in different latitudes than are the mean temperatures thereof identical. At the extremes, north and south, the complexion is paler, and it deepens as the advance is made toward the foci of greatest heat.

From all these various facts we come to the conclusion, that the color of the skin of man corresponds to the temperature of the locality occupied by the nation to which he belongs.



CHEROKEE CHIEF.

It is not alone in the matter of color that men differ; they differ also as respects the shape of their skulls. A low, retreating forehead, with the brain, as it were, at the back of the face, and a projecting muzzle, is invariably the indication of animality. So close, indeed, is this connection, that many eminent anatomists—as, for example, Camper—have applied it even to the measurement of the capacity of various animals. The reader should not suppose that because the skull is hard and the brain soft, that the former is a sort of mould for the latter. In reality just the reverse is the case—the shape and size of the skull are determined by the degree of development of the brain. Moreover, any part of the body which is constantly used undergoes expansion; if disused, it diminishes. The brain and its different regions are no exception to this rule.

In very hot and in very cold climates the skull will have a base form from want of development of the brain; for the simple reasons, that in the former man can not think, and in the latter, because of the hardships under which

life is maintained, he has something else to do, or, at all events, his thinking will be limited to the consideration of where his next meal is to come from. The popular notion that a projecting muzzle is an outward and visible sign of an inward appetency of the jaws for food, which have gathered this shape from their perpetually reaching forth in an anticipatory way, is altogether erroneous, or only to be defended upon the theories of Lamarc, or perhaps by the "Vestiges of Creation." The jaws appear to project only because there is a lack of brain to expand the upper part of the face.

If these principles are understood, it will easily be seen that a base form of skull may occur with any complexion. Its existence is an indication of social degradation and physical want. Though one would scarcely suppose so, variations in the shape of the skull are much more easily occasioned than changes of complexion; that is, they do not require so long a period of time. Thus the European Turks no longer exhibit the base form of the skulls of their ancestors; and the opposite state of things, the acquisition of a base form of skull, may be every day noticed in the degraded and vagabond population of many European cities.

Having now given our physiological views respecting the cooking of men, we ought next to describe their qualities in the cooked state, according as they have been parboiled, boiled, parched, toasted, baked, roasted, or, alas! grilled to a coal. We prefer, however, to abstract from Dr. Draper's book some statements on these points:

"We can not read the histories of Europe and Asia, we can not examine the present condition of those continents, without coming to the conclusion that the people inhabiting them possess a distinct mental constitution. After what has been said respecting the influence of physical circumstances on the organization of man, it is unnecessary for us to inquire here in what that distinction has originated. It is, perhaps, most significantly expressed, if we say that the mind of the Asiatic is essentially synthetic, that of the European analytic. The former is the creator of systems of theology, law, science, some of which have endured for thousands of years, and have been adopted by a large portion of the human race. The latter pursues his course in a way less grand, but which, since it has a better ascertained foundation, leads to more certain, and, in the course of centuries, will show more powerful, wide-spread, and equally lasting results. The intellectual peculiarity of the Asiatic has been attended with the advantage of producing an almost definite social state. In Asia the customs remain invariable; every thing is in a state, as we might term, of stagnation, or, as they consider it, of repose. On the other hand, the analytical tendency of the European has led to the intellectual and political anarchy of our times, when fundamental doctrines of every kind are called in question, and scarce two men can be found whose views on religious, political, and social questions coincide. In Asia there are no questions, but only affirmations. Europe, except when the Church for a thousand years enforced the Asiatic system, has ever been prone to ask questions. Since the fourteenth century, when she returned to this propensity, she has been passing through a chaos of doubt in the innumerable answers she receives.

"With an intellect of this analytical kind it may be doubted whether the European could ever have spontaneously entered on the career of civilization. The contact of the Asiatic was essential to him, as giving him the material on which to work. Nor was it of importance whether the basis from which he thus started, and the additions which from time to time he has received were true or false, they furnished him with the essential condition that was wanted. The dissector must have his subject. The history of Europe, whether as regards philosophical, religious, or political affairs, bears the impress of the analytical mind of the white man. In Asia, on all these points, they tend to the homogeneous; in Europe, every day makes us more and more heterogeneous.

"Thus, compared with that of the Asiatic, it can not be denied that the mind of the European is of the higher order. Moreover, though our moral qualities are not equal to our intellectual, the manner in which we act under the conditions in which we are placed asserts our superiority even in that regard. The instances are many in which we do not dare to carry our convictions into execution, and each of these illustrates the inequality here set forth. To be content with the chances of things, to suffer the events of life uncomplainingly, is surely not so worthy a character as to demand a reason, and to accept the consequences of resistance.

"The intellectual superiority of the European over the Asiatic is strikingly illustrated by their relative power over the African, who is confessedly, in this respect, beneath them both. To go no farther back than the last ten centuries, both have, in their special way, exerted their influence. Here and there, on the outskirts of that great continent, the European has made a faint, but at the best only a transitory impression. The Asiatic has pervaded it through and through. Of the promising churches which in the early days of Christianity fringed the Northern coast, scarce any vestige now remains. The faith of Arabia has not only supplanted them, but is spreading even to the Cape of Good Hope, and this, as it would appear, spontaneously. On the other hand, the European, with that universal charity which is his noblest attribute, has spared no exertions and no expense to diffuse the blessings which have been conferred by Providence on him. And yet it would seem to be in vain, though enforced by the great example of his civilization and physical power. In this we see the affinity of the mind of Africa with that of Asia, of which it is an exaggeration, and its incongruity with that of Europe. It can not, in

its present state, appreciate our manner of thinking, it can not embrace our conceptions of truth, but delivers itself unresistingly to the dogmas of the East, with all their errors of faith and all their imperfections of polity.

"Since I have been drawn into a psychical comparison of the Asiatic and European in the foregoing particulars, it may not be amiss to consider the two races in another respect—the condition of their females. In the barbarous state, the woman is the slave of the man: the Mohammedan makes her his toy, the European his companion. The avarice of the former for beauty is replaced in the latter by an avarice for wealth. The treasures of the one are placed in a harem; those of the other are perhaps invested in the public stocks.

"The natural position of the female sex in this respect is indicated at once by the relation of numbers. In Europe, for every 106 male births there are 100 female; and as the sex of offspring is influenced by the relative ages of the parents, the older parent giving a tendency to its own sex, we may reasonably suppose that in the infants born of polygamy the males will preponderate, reversing the result which is observed in the great cities of Western Europe, in which the ratio of female births rises above its true mean by nearly four per cent. when the births are illegitimate. In that term of the market—four per cent.—what a volume of information is here conveyed! It tells us that the European female does not fall at once; that there intervene years of resistance to temptation—a struggle of virtue against penury and distress; but it also reveals the precocious wickedness of man.

"Considering, therefore, the near equality of male and female births, we may truly assert that monogamy is the proper condition of our species, and that, apart from its social evils and criminality, polygamy is an unnatural state. I shall pass, as unworthy of notice, the assertion of those who, in this Christian country, practice so shameful a vice, that we might as well divide the number of square acres on the face of the globe by the number of its inhabitants, and declare it immoral in any one to possess a larger estate than corresponds to the quotient thereof. Acknowledging the natural depravity of the human heart, I accept with humiliation the rebuke that the most enlightened communities exhibit, in these respects, a deplorable spectacle; and that the vices of the Mohammedan harems find their full counterpoise in the general, the awful, and, in many places, the legalized prostitution of Christian cities.

"Europe has adopted, as the fundamental basis of its religious system, the grand Asiatic truth of the Unity of God, but in its family system has rejected the immemorial and widespread Asiatic practice of polygamy. That circumstance has made it what it is. The monogamous habit has tended to draw the family tie more firmly, and has led to the accumulation and transmission of wealth from generation to generation in the same house. With this has arisen a liability to concentration of power in castes, and the use of surnames, which have perpetuated family interests and family pride. In Europe, the career of improvement is in the society; in Asia, it is in the individual—the unknown, starving, illiterate, but strong-willed soldier of to-day, is the pasha, the emperor, the caliph to-morrow. The castes of India form but a trifling exception to the fact that, in the midst of a universal despotism, the primest democratic element is concealed, for the career is open to talent. Through this, Asia has asserted her superiority again and again. Europe has never produced a great lawgiver. Asia has produced many. Generations of three hundred millions of men have followed the maxims of Confucius for more than two thousand years; three hundred millions are the followers of Mohammed. The faiths which govern the daily life of two-thirds of the human race may well be an awful spectacle to us—the more awful because we know that they are a delusion. The only approach to these great results in the Western continent is in the supremacy of the Italian Church. But Rome owed the origin of her system to Asiatic missionaries; nor was it the completed work of the hand of one man—it was the offspring of centuries, the joint issue of a long line of illustrious sacerdotal kings. In military life the highest qualities shine forth. If the talent for command and the capacity of a statesman are to be measured by the grandeur of undertakings and their success, it still remains for Europe to produce a soldier the equal of Jenghis Khan, and a king like Tamerlane. These great captains held almost all Asia in their iron grasp. The opinions we commonly hold respecting these illustrious men have come to us through perverted channels. Such prodigious successes as theirs imply the highest intellectual powers. Their true character appears when we compare them with their European contemporaries. At the same time that Charles VII. of France was mystifying his people with the imposture of Joan of Arc, and Henry VI. of England was engaged in the burning of necromancers who had attempted his life by melting an enchanted wax image before the fire, Ulug Beg, the grandson of Tamerlane, was determining with precision the latitude of Samarcand, his capital, with a mural quadrant of 180 feet radius, and making a catalogue of the stars from his own observations, which, more than two hundred years subsequently, was printed at the University of Oxford!

"If the European wishes to know how much he owes to the Asiatic, he has only to cast a glance at an hour of his daily life. The clock which summons him from his bed in the morning, was the invention of the East, as were also clepsydras and sun-dials. The prayer for his daily bread, which he has said from his infancy, first rose from the side of a Syrian mountain. The linens and cottons with which he clothes himself, though they may be very fine, are inferior to those which have been made time immemorial in the looms of India. The silk was

stolen by some missionaries for his benefit from China. He could buy a better razor than that with which he shaves himself in the old city of Damascus, where steel was first invented. The coffee he expects at breakfast was first grown by the Arabians, and the natives of Upper India prepared the sugar with which he sweetens it. A schoolboy can tell the meaning of the Sanscrit words, *sacchara canda*. If his tastes are light, and he prefers tea, the virtues of that excellent leaf were first pointed out by the industrious Chinese. They also taught him how to make and use the cup and saucer in which to serve it. His breakfast tray was lackered in Japan. There is a tradition that leavened bread was first made of the waters of the Ganges. The egg he is breaking was laid by a fowl whose ancestors were domesticated by the Malaccans, unless she may have been—though that will not alter the case—a modern Shanghai. If there are preserves and fruits on his board, let him remember with thankfulness that Persia first gave him the cherry, the peach, the plum. If in any of these delicate preparations he detects the flavor of alcohol, let it remind him that that substance was first distilled by the Arabians, who have set him the praiseworthy example, which it will be for his benefit to follow, of abstaining from its use. When he talks about coffee and alcohol, he is using Arabic words. A thousand years before it had occurred to him to enact laws of restriction on the use of intoxicating drinks, the Prophet of Mecca had accomplished the same object; and what is more to the purpose, has compelled, to this day, all Asia and Africa to obey it. We gratify our taste for personal ornament in the way the Orientals have taught us, with pearls, rubies, sapphires, diamonds. Of public amusements it is the same; the most magnificent fire-works are at this day to be seen in India and China. And as regards the pastimes of private life, Europe has produced no invention which can rival the game of chess. We have no hydraulic constructions as great as the Chinese canal; no fortifications as extensive as the Chinese wall. We have no Artesian wells that can at all approach in depth some of theirs; we have not yet resorted to the practice of obtaining coal gas from the interior of the earth; they have borings for that purpose more than 3000 feet deep.

"Similar observations may be made if we examine the Asiatic contributions to science. While the learned of Europe were forbidding, as a heresy, the doctrine of the globular figure of the earth, the Caliph Al-Maimon was measuring the length of a degree along the shore of the Red Sea. He and his successors repeatedly determined the obliquity of the ecliptic. A Saracen constructed the first table of sines, another explained the nature of twilight, and showed the importance of allowing for atmospheric refraction in astronomical observations. Algebra itself was invented and brought into Europe by the Mohammedans, who gave it the name it bears. The same may be said of chemistry. It is needless to pursue these statements, for whoever will take the trouble to look into the history of any branch of science existing in the seventeenth century, will find how deep are its obligations to Asia. I shall, therefore, add but one fact more; the invention of the figures of arithmetic, which in reality gave birth to that science, and laid knowledge and commerce equally under obligations. For its simplicity, beauty, and universality, this invention alone is enough to command the gratitude of the human race. The manner of using the cipher, and placing the figures, is one of the happiest suggestions of the genius of man.

"I shall not contrast with these statements a catalogue of the contributions of the European. We know our own doings well enough. But such facts as the preceding may serve to remind us that the European is no more justified in ignoring the obligations he is under to the Asiatic, than the Asiatic is justified in regarding him as a barbarian. In the advance of our common humanity both have taken, and still are taking their share. The European has brought to the new continent he discovered his religion, his laws, his literature, his science, and it may be a profitable subject of reflection to him, that under them the Indian is dying away! The Asiatic has likewise carried the Koran into Africa. Our prejudices and education ought not to conceal from us that there must surely be some adaptedness, even if it be in a sensual respect, between its doctrines and the ideas of many climates, many nations, many colors. The light of the Arabian Crescent shines on all countries, from the Gulf of Guinea to the Chinese wall. In those pestilential and sun-burnt forests under the equinoctial line, cities are springing up, with their ten, their twenty, their fifty thousand inhabitants. That implies subordination, law, civilization. It may be that this is not a course of events which would have been chosen by the French on the north with their military colonies; the English on the south with their commercial establishments; the Americans on the west with their political institutions; but it is the course of Providence. Let us be thankful if the African be rescued from the abyss of barbarism, and brought to a knowledge of our higher morality and holier religion, as brought he will be at last, even though it be by the hand of the Prophet.

"From these considerations on the effect of Asiatic civilization upon Africa, we may profitably turn to a brief statement of that of Europe upon the red races of America. This result in the two continents, north and south, is, that in the latter, out of almost 1,700,000 aborigines, nearly 1,600,000 have embraced Christianity, less than 100,000 remaining in the savage state. No such favorable impression has been made upon the aborigines of the northern continent, who, as is well known, are steadily diminishing in numbers, and many tribes that were once numerous have disappeared. This has taken place notwithstanding the care which has been

manifested by the Government of the United States for all those who are within its territories. It does not appear that the conclusion which has been drawn by some eminent authors, in view of these facts, can be maintained; that 'this consideration, if we can separate it from the events of the Spanish conquest, for which it is to be hoped that the soldiers, and not the ministers of religion, are responsible, must be allowed to reflect honor on the Roman Catholic Church, and cast a deep shade on the history of Protestantism.'

"That this conclusion is incorrect, is shown at once by the very tables that are relied on for its support. Out of the 100,000 of the aborigines of South America who remain heathen, more than 66,000, that is to say two-thirds, belong to the Araucanian and Patagonian branches, who are the counterparts, for that continent, of the Indians of the United States and British American territories in this. Upon these it may be truly said that no impression whatever has been made. Of the Patagonian branch, estimated at more than 32,000, only 100 individuals are stated to have embraced Christianity, and of the Araucanian branch, consisting of 34,000, not one. It is by bringing into these discussions the singular and wide-spread error, that all the aboriginal American tribes are alike, and by not making due allowance for their habits of life, their physical and mental endowments, that this mistake has arisen. But whoever will consider the facts as they actually stand, must come to the conclusion that there are just as well marked differences among these people as there are in the climates and circumstances in which they live. Intellectually there is even a greater difference between the Indian of the United States and the Indian of Peru than there is in their physical aspect; the one is an intractable savage, the other docile and easily led; the one has never yet been enslaved, the other prospers and increases in numbers, though he has sustained all the consequences of the atrocities of the Spanish conquest. By chance, or, perhaps, as we should more truly say, through Providence, the field of Catholic labor has been among the more docile races, that of Protestant among the more untamable. And the result is exactly such as under those circumstances a philosopher would be led to expect.

"I can not here avoid recalling to the attention of the reader what I have said respecting the comparative progress of Christianity and Mohammedanism in Africa, for we find upon our own continent a repetition of the facts which were presented to us there. The chances, if such a term can on this occasion with propriety be used, of the diffusion of Christian civilization are directly proportional to the existing intellectual development of the community among whom the attempt is made. Mohammedanism has diffused itself in Africa, for precisely the same reason that Catholicism has succeeded in America, because its operation was commenced upon those tribes best prepared to receive it.

"We can not have a more striking instance of the effect of climate on civilization than that which is offered by the American Indians. As is well known, throughout all those latitudes in which life is maintained with difficulty, by reason of their inclemency, all the tribes both of the north and south continent were in a barbarous state; yet in those more pleasant countries toward the tropics, in which, by reason of the natural fertility of the soil and a higher mean temperature, the inhabitants had little occasion to work, and passed their lives in comparative plenty and ease, a special civilization had arisen. It is of no little interest to observe how the main features of Asiatic and European civilization were presented in this case, doubtless without any communication with those continents, for it shows how the human mind is ever prone to unfold itself in the same way, to give birth to the same ideas, and to the same inventions. The civilized Americans of Mexico and Peru were organized in communities not unlike those with which the white man is elsewhere familiar, living in cities which were regulated by municipal laws also familiar enough to us, maintaining among their social institutions fixed ideas respecting property and family rights, having a national religion, an established priesthood, and the means of recording events, which, though imperfect, were not unlike those which obtained in the earlier periods of our own civilization. If they had not a knowledge of iron and the plow, they had already fallen upon the early Asiatic plan of subjugating and domesticating such animals as were suitable to their purposes. Civilization arose among these people in similar localities, and under similar circumstances of life, as it had arisen among our ancestors in the old world, and, such is the sameness of constitution of the human mind, was advancing in exactly the same way.

"Although for a time, among the degenerate descendants of the Spaniards, the South American Indian may maintain himself, but little doubt can be entertained that the same destiny awaits him which has befallen his North American brother. He can not withstand the enterprise and activity which are leading to the extension of the white invaders of his native soil. Even though the age of cruelty to these unfortunates has passed away, never more to return, and enlightened governments, animated by sentiments into which no mercenary consideration enters, interest themselves in their welfare, it is not to be supposed that nations depending on such an artificial support can long continue to exist. In this inevitable decline the tropical races may far more worthily excite our commiseration than those of the higher latitudes. Nor is their departure unavenged. They leave behind them two curses—tobacco and syphilis."

So much for the cooking of men and the consequences of it. We commend the whole subject to the consideration of our readers. They will find it full of interest, and very well worthy of their time and attention.



CHETKOE INDIANS.

WILD LIFE IN OREGON.

BY WILLIAM V. WELLS.

EARLY in October, 1855, with an old companion of my peregrinations—one of those golden-tempered, delightful traveling-companions with whom to associate is a perpetual treat—I found myself on board the stanch steamship *Columbia*, bound from San Francisco to Oregon.

On the evening of the second day we came in sight of Trinidad, a little hamlet situated about two hundred miles north of San Francisco. It was quite dark as the steamer came to, near a black, sea-beaten rock, through whose caverns the sea roared with a dismal moan. An inhospitable coast is that of California and Oregon, where, from San Diego to Puget Sound, a distance of thirteen hundred miles, there is found but one port—that of San Francisco—to which the dismantled ship may fly for refuge in a gale from seaward. Trinidad is a "port;" but justly regarded with terror by the mariner in times of tempest. The fog limited our observations from the quarter-deck to a few dimly-discerned huts far up the bank, and the only sound of civilization was the distant crying of a child ever and anon mingling with the surf's roar. Freight was discharged, and a speedy leave taken of sorry-looking Trinidad.

On the following morning the discharge of a gun from the bows brought us to the deck, when we found the steamer heading into the bay or roadstead of Crescent City. This, like most of the harbors on this coast, can only boast of its capacity. It extends from the houses of the inhabitants entirely across the Pacific. It is proposed to build a breakwater here, and so form a natural harbor. An indefinite number of millions of dollars are named as an estimate of the cost. Crescent City is three years old, situated on the sea-beach, backed by a dense mass of pine and cedar forest, inhabited by several hundred traders, packers, Indians, dogs, and mules. A brisk ride to Cape St. George, taken during our stay here, satiated our curiosity. The country becomes uninteresting after the forest and green undergrowth of coast-trees have ceased to be novelties. The men were mostly "Pikes" of an exceedingly rough cast, and the Indians, who were the first specimens of the Oregon savage we had met with, were decidedly to us the lions of the town. Wandering out toward a rocky promontory north of the town, and designated as the Battery, we found an encampment of the Chetkoe tribe. Three old women among them were quite blind, and, squatting in the sand, were feeling nervously around for some bits of willow which they were fashioning into baskets—time out of mind the Indian's occupation. Several young squaws accosted us in broken English. One of them was really pretty, and but for some barbarous tattooing, nose and ear pendants, and a villainous smell of decayed salmon, would have been a very Fayaway. This young lady was in *dishabille* as we passed, and, though making her toilet with otter fat, glass beads, and shells, did not shrink at the unexpected visit. The entire party wore a dress composed of equal parts of cheap blankets, cast-off coats and shirts, and

the usual savage finery. The men sported the bow and arrow armor with a *coyote* or fox-skin for a quiver. All had the ears or nose slit, and one or two coquettish young jades of squaws wore fish-bones through their nostrils, and were otherwise scarified and marked.

On the same afternoon we bade adieu to Crescent City, and were quickly again on our way to the northward. On the following morning the ship's reckoning showed us to be opposite Port Orford, and this being our proposed landing-place, we watched with some curiosity for the lifting of an impenetrable vail of fog which shut out all view of the coast. The speed was slackened, and the "blue pigeon" kept constantly moving. Suddenly, on our starboard bow, appeared a lofty rock looming out of the mist. It was a grand and startling spectacle. Though the sea was comparatively calm, the ground swells surged up around its base in piles of boisterous foam, roaring among the caverns and gulches, and rushing up to the height of forty feet; then, as the swell receded, the whole surface presented a bold front of yeasty rivulets, white as milk, and trickling down the rough sides of the rock in hissing cascades, as one might imagine they would down the furrowed cheeks of some awful giant of Scandinavian romance. Clouds of birds hovered around the peak, screaming and dipping down to the waves, and scolding at our sudden intrusion. Our new acquaintance disappeared astern almost as soon as we had descried it. It is the southwestern point of Port Orford harbor, and is one of the enormous boulders rolled by some convulsion of nature from the steeps of Humbug Mountain, which rears its head far above the surrounding country. We could now run with some degree of certainty, and heading boldly in, a gun was fired, the echo of which had scarcely done rattling through the coast-range when it was answered from on shore. A moment after the shrill scream of a rooster came across the water, and the fog lifting, opened to our view a bluff bank, perhaps forty feet high, upon which was situated a small town, with some forty houses, half-deserted, and standing at the verge of a bank of lofty foliage, forming the great fir and pine region which skirts the Oregon coast from the California line to Puget Sound.

From under the lee of a promontory known as "Battle Rock," and the history of which we shall presently review, a boat put forth through the surf, into which we bundled, and grasping the hands extended in kindly parting, we had soon made our first landing on the Oregon coast. As we rounded the point we looked back upon the steamer heading out to sea, and pursuing her way to the Columbia River.

We landed at a little lumber wharf, whence a short walk brought us to the United States Barracks; and entering the house of Dr. Glissan and Lieutenant Kautz, we were soon engaged in conversation with a party of educated gentlemen, whose cultivated talents shone the more conspicuously in the wild region that duty had made their place of residence. About three hundred yards from the Government reserve, and hidden from it by an intervening range of hills, is situated the little town of Port Orford. Its history is that of the sudden and too ephemeral growth of the coast villages of Oregon.



PORT ORFORD ROCK.



PORT ORFORD.

In 1851 a party of men from Portland, Oregon, selected this spot for the site of a town, depending upon its roadstead and the facility of communication with the interior for the basis of its success and growth. The discovery of the auriferous sands of Gold Bluff, which were found to extend along the entire coast, from Rogue River to Cape Arago, also augmented the progress of the place. The original party consisted of eighteen men; but finding their stock of provisions becoming exhausted, and there being no means of supplying the deficiency, half returned to Portland, leaving nine of their number to await their return. At that time the character of the country between the Californa line and the Columbia River was unknown. Its deep rivers, bays, tribes of Indians, and topography, were a sealed book, save to a few venturesome old hunters and trappers who had wandered down the coast even to the Humboldt; but their accounts, vague and uncertain, were unknown.

This section of Oregon contained about two thousand Indians, divided into numerous tribes, who soon became aware that the whites had settled their country, and, with savage hostility, determined to crush the band at Port Orford. Their rapidly increasing numbers alarmed our little garrison, who retreated upon what is now known as "Battle Rock"—a natural fort showing three precipitous sides toward the ocean, and only accessible from land by a regular causeway. The parapet of this fortification stands not less than fifty feet above the tide. Here they encamped, and barricading the only vulnerable point, they directed a brass six-pounder field-piece from a port-hole left for the purpose, and, loading their rifles, prepared for the worst. The precaution was well timed. The day following this removal, the tribes from the Umpqua, Coquille, and Rogue River, congregated, and mustered nearly a thousand braves. Armed with bows and arrows, and ignorant of the deadly qualities of the American rifle, they advanced up the passage-way with yells that made the little band within quail with apprehension. The besieged were under the command of a Tennessean, who restrained the men until their tattooed assailants had approached in an irregular mass, four or five deep, to within a few yards of the field-piece, when the order to fire was given. My informant, who was one of the party, described the scene in Texan vernacular, which I regret I am unable to repeat. It would depict the scene a thousand-fold more graphically than I could write it.

In loading the gun, which was done with slugs, stones, and bits of iron, to the muzzle, they had exhausted their slender stock of powder to two rounds of pistol and rifle charges. As the eyes of the savages gleamed through the chinks of the brushwood barricade, the death-dealing discharge tore through their ranks. This, followed by a well-directed volley from the rifles and revolvers, of which every shot told, sent such of the Indians as were not wounded pell-mell back. What with the roar of the cannon, the cracking of the fire-arms, and the yells of the wounded, the whole mass took to their heels and fled affrighted into the forest. Numbers were dashed into the boiling surf below, or killed among the rocks in their descent. This was the first and last volley. No estimate was made of

the slain. Indeed they staid not to count, but after a hurried consultation, and fearful of the return of the Indians in still greater force, and knowing their own want of ammunition, they abandoned the fort, and, taking to the forest, traveled for several weeks, entering the Willamette Valley, and so reaching Portland.

It was a bright sparkling morning, the sun pouring down a flood of radiance after the rain of the previous night, when we mounted two shaggy but strong Indian ponies, and set out for Empire City, at Coos Bay. Every leaf seemed to glitter in the light, and dew-drops sparkled in every bush. It was a morning to make one "love to live," as the lungs expanded with the respiration of the cold and bracing air. One rides through the undulating country of Oregon with an exhilaration of spirits like that following the inhalation of laughing gas. The characteristic dryness of the autumn months of California is not found among these verdant woods. Green and fragrant heath-blossoms adorned the sides of the road, and at times we crossed some noisy rivulet, scolding its way toward the sea, half concealed by an overhanging drapery of verdure fed by its waters.

This continued for some miles, when we came out upon the sea-shore; and now, joined by a couple of horsemen bound to some point above, we scampered over a hard sand beach, until we reached the Elk River. H—— having passed this way about a year before, and anxious to display his knowledge of the route, selected the ford, and dashed in, but was soon up to his middle, and reached the opposite banks, having partaken of a cold bath much against his will. The rest, more cautious, mounted the tops of their saddles, and escaped with only wet feet. This river during the winter months is impassable. The distance from a log-house standing on the bank to the Sixes River is some six miles, the road leading through a thickly-wooded country. On the route we crossed Cape Blanco, which, until the completion of the recent coast reconnoissance, was supposed to be the most westernmost point of the United States. Cape Mendocino, however, in California, is believed to be a mile or two farther seaward. Our new friends had left us, and we galloped along the verge of the beetling cliff, where we paused to "breathe our horses," and gaze off into the blue ocean beyond.

Here, since the creation, these foaming breakers have chafed, and the rocks skirting the base of the precipice have dashed them defiantly back. From the pitch of the Cape a dangerous reef of rocks, standing high above the water, stretches out to sea; the rocks, as we stood and held our hats on in the face of the sea-breeze, were sometimes hidden in the toppling foam. A line carried directly west from where we stand would nearly touch Jeddo, and meet with no impediment on the way. All is "deep blue ocean" between. Here the footsteps of Young America must pause a while. From this point we may look back upon the continent. The Cape is a prominent landmark to the mariner, and from here the land trends away to the northeast, giving to the headland the appearance of a shoulder thrust far into the sea. The bluff, crested with pine-trees, standing almost upon the very brink, and sloping thence inland, forms



FIGHT ON BATTLE ROCK.



CAPE BLANCO.

a plateau, or piece of table-land, finely wooded, across which the sharp sea gales whistle with unchecked fury. From the Cape to "the Sixes" is about two miles. The country slopes to the northward, forming a valley through which the river flows to the ocean. The Sixes has not yet been traced to its source, though it takes its rise not above forty miles in the interior. It can be ascended with canoes about twelve miles, and is said to wind among fertile bottoms and reaches of prairie land hitherto only traversed by Indians and wild beasts. It empties into the ocean under the lee of a huge rock, but the bar is impassable even for a canoe. From seaward no entrance can be discerned. At its mouth stands Dan's cabin.

"Dan" is an old Norwegian sailor, whose half century of adventures have carried him thrice around the world. He has sailed under every flag in Christendom, has fought in numerous naval engagements, and has been often wounded. Among the otter and bear hunting community in which he is now located, and who never saw salt-water or ship until their journey across the continent to the Pacific shores, he is regarded as a curious ocean monster, to be listened to respectfully, and heeded with more than ordinary awe. His fearful oaths—almost unintelligible, from the Dutch jargon with which he mingles them—his rough, outlandish appearance, his undisputed courage, and kind simplicity, have made him notorious, and the traveler along the coast looks forward with sharpened appetite to the roasted salmon or broiled bear-steak at "Dan's."

We arrived at the ford at dead low-water, and H—— determined to push across, though the quicksands are said to be dangerous at that point. However, we plunged in, and by dint of spurring and shouting, reached the opposite side. Dan's hut is about two hundred yards from the northern bank. We rode up to the door of a log-cabin situated at the mouth of a ravine, and partly embowered in its tangled foliage. From this issues a rivulet discharging into the river; and here the old Northman has decided to pass the rest of his days, within hearing of the ocean's roar—just near enough to be reminded of his many adventures, and yet secure from its dangers.

Dismounting, we tied our horses to a post, while the door opened, and a long-haired, sober-faced trapper, with a face like leather and with the seriousness of a parson, gazed out upon us with Indian stoicism. He was about thirty-five years of age. Around his head was a dirty handkerchief, the ends of which hung negligently down his face. Slashed buckskin pants, hunting-shirt, and moccasins, made up his apparel, while the short black pipe, which he held firmly between his teeth, showed that our arrival had disturbed him in the enjoyment of the hunter's elysium. He regarded our operations with silent indifference, and when we inquired for Dan, replied by throwing open the door, which hung on wooden hinges, and re-entered the cabin, leaving us to follow if we pleased. After fastening our animals we entered, and found the trapper already stretched before the fire, gazing immovably at the smoky rafters, and pulling gently at the digestive pipe. It was evident that an attempt to disturb our new

acquaintance again would be useless, so we shouted, "Dan! Hallo there, Dan!" whereupon a savage growl from one of the hide beds in the corner announced that the lord of the manor was taking an early snooze.

"Can you get us something to eat, Dan?" said I, in my blandest tone.

"Are you Coos Bay people?" asked the voice from the bed.

It flashed across me that a slight fib in such a strait would be excusable, and thinking that the Norwegian might have a peculiar regard for the denizens of Coos Bay, I replied "Yes!"

"Well, get out o' my cabin den, you bloody sneaks! Da don't no Coos Bay man get no grub in my cabin—they're mean enough to pack their own grub!"

It was evident I had made a mistake, and I hastened to explain, when H——, who had known Dan, came to the rescue.

"Dan! don't you know me? It's the Doctor; Dr. H——, that cured you of the rheumatics last year. Don't you remember me, old fellow?"

At this the heap of bed-clothes began to move, and the old Norwegian, grunting with pain, came out of his lair. He speedily knew the Doctor, and welcomed him, but without deigning me a word or look. The sight of a fat haunch of elk hanging from the ridge pole obliged me to smother my feelings.

Without a dozen words he got to work, and in another ten minutes was roasting several fine steaks before the fire, which crackled in a huge chimney of mud and stones. Silence seemed the order of the day in this hermit's abode, so, without saying, By your leave, I stepped over the prostrate body of the trapper, and took down from the fire-place notch a soot-begrimed pipe, half filled with the "dear weed," coolly lit it by an ember, and puffed away.

Dan said nothing. Thus encouraged, I addressed a few words to him with a view of opening a conversation, but without success, and a garrulous attempt upon the still motionless trapper was equally without avail. Foiled so far, and determined to draw the old fellow out, as I learned he had a fund of anecdote, I produced a flask of brandy, saved as a precious relic of San Francisco, and taking a swallow to prove it was not poisoned, passed it silently to the old sailor. He smelt at the mouth, and immediately took a strong pull at its contents, uttering a prolonged and satisfactory "A—h!" as he returned it. The fountains of his loquacity were opened at once, and turning a curious glance toward me, he observed,

"You didn't get dat at Port Orford, no how!"

"You say right," replied H——.

And therewith commenced a conversation of an hour's duration; but the trapper, though paying his respects to the flask, said nothing. Throughout this class of men it will be observed, that being alone and in the silent forests or mountain solitudes the greater part of their lives, they acquire a taciturn habit, which seldom leaves them.

We found, by actual experiment, that the sand in the bottom of the rivulet near the house contained gold in fine particles. Dan hobbled out and washed a pan of earth, in which were hundreds of minute specs of the precious metal.



DAN'S CABIN.

The whole ocean beach of Oregon is thus impregnated with gold, to a greater or less extent. Among other facts, Dan stated that a law went into operation last winter in Oregon, prohibiting the sale of liquors except by the payment of a quarterly license of fifty dollars. No sooner had the law gone into effect than the deputy sheriff started from Coos Bay, and traveling rapidly through the country before the law could become generally known, had taken every place in his route where liquor was sold, and imposed the fine for selling without a license. Dan's was among the proscribed number, and to this day he heaps anathemas on Coos Bay and its entire population, not one of whom need apply at his door for entertainment. This explained his ominous question on our entrance,

"Are you Coos Bay people?"

We gradually grew to be good friends with both Dan and the trapper, and both took particular pains to direct us on our route. By the time our horses were rested we had learned all the necessary facts regarding the country, and paying our score, we mounted and started away to the northward, Dan's old white mare breaking away as we dashed past, and he and his companion performing a series of indescribable gyrations to arrest her evident intention of following us. We soon reached the ocean beach, where the nature of the sand admits of no faster motion than a walk. The sky to seaward began to thicken, and soon we were riding through a fog so dense that the banks of surf, a few hundred yards from us, were scarcely visible. After an hour H——'s black beard was sparkling like hoar-frost—the glittering drops standing upon his mustaches as in a winter's morning in New England. The fog was driven inland by a keen wind that searched every seam and opening. It was like riding in the rain. Such weather may be counted on two-thirds of the year along the Oregon beach.

While on the route we met Ben Wright, the sub-Indian agent, an experienced hunter and trapper, whose life has been passed in the mountains and on the Western frontier. He was a man of some thirty-two years, with black curling hair, reaching, beneath a slouched Palo Alto hat, down to his shoulders; a Missouri rifle was slung across his back, and he rode a heavy black mule with bearskin *machillas*. Altogether, he was a splendid specimen of a backwoodsman, of noble stature, lithe as an eel, of Herculean strength, and with all the shrewdness and cunning acquired by a lifetime passed among the North American Indians. Almost disdaining the comforts of civilized life, and used to the scanty fare of the hunter, he seemed peculiarly fitted for the office he held. I am thus particular in the description of Ben Wright, as his name has just been published among those who were butchered by the Chetkoe tribe at Rogue River in February last. He was in company, when we met him, with several others, any one of whom would nearly answer to this description. Some of them have shared his fate in the massacre above referred to.

Our next crossing was at Flores Creek, which we now easily forded; but in winter it becomes a formidable stream, and during the heavy rains is impassable. The ford is two miles above the mouth. This crossed, we again struck the monotonous ocean beach. The route for many miles is one of the most uninteresting that can be imagined. The scenery is the same for twenty miles. A shouting conversation must be maintained to be intelligible against the high wind. Even the romantic associations attending the tumbling in of a heavy ocean surf is in part denied—the mist often entirely hiding the outer breakers, and leaving one to imagine their force by the half acre of foam, which, rushing up the slant of the beach, expends itself in tiny ripples around the horses' hoofs. Presently we observed something in the distance resembling machinery, and a nearer inspection introduced a veritable gold-beach washing apparatus in full operation, under the brow of a tall sand-bank, and superintended by three stout, contented-looking fellows, who assured us, in answer to our queries, that they were making from $12 to $25 per day "to the hand." Not unused to the "tricks of the trade," as practiced in the California gold regions, we were disposed to be incredulous until, by a few fair "prospects" of the gold sand, and an explanation of the *modus operandi*, we were finally convinced of the truth of the statement. In a word, the entire sea-beach, from Rogue River to Cape Arago, is more or less impregnated with fine gold sand, much of it an impalpable dust, and only to be extracted by the use of quicksilver. It is precisely the same thing as quartz mining—minus the labor and expense of crushing the rock preparatory to the amalgamating process. A stream of water, conducted from a neighboring ravine, is led through wooden flumes to the "tom heads," and the workmen "stripping," or clearing away the drift, leave nothing to do but shovel tons of the black sand into the sluices, the trickling stream performing the process of separation, the fine dust escaping over these miniature *riffles* being arrested and amalgamated in a series of quicksilver deposits below. The greater part, however, is caught in the upper *riffles*. The stream was stopped a few minutes for our accommodation, and we found the bottom of the trough sparkling with innumerable minute specks of gold, and in half an hour the quantity had so increased that we could distinguish the fine gold sand glittering through the volume of water. It was a crystal brook, with golden pavement.

The sand from the beach, however, drifted rapidly over their works, urged by the diurnal gales which sweep with full force across the place, and obliging the miners to erect high brush and board fences to prevent being buried by a slow process. I had often heard and read of these diggings; but until now had never realized the fact of a "golden ocean beach." The Oregonians assert that, notwithstanding the constant working of these sands, they are found to be quite as rich



BEACH GOLD DIGGINGS.

the succeeding year—a fact which we could scarcely doubt when we learned that the present is the third working over of the "Stacy claim."

Bidding adieu to our friends, and leaving them to their solitary fate of washing gold, we spurred onward, and another two miles brought us to the famous Coquille River, discharging from the southeast into the ocean. An abrupt descent brought us to the bank, where we found two log-houses of considerable pretensions, and owned by a Yankee and an Englishman, who have here established a ferry "for man and beast."

Descending the bank, we stopped at the house—a couple of blooded dogs issuing from the yard and smelling suspiciously around our horses. The owners of the establishment made their appearance directly after, and the scow being hauled to the beach, we entered, horses and all, and were soon ferried across the river, which is above one hundred yards in width. The bar has about seven feet at low water. Availing ourselves of the directions given us by the ferrymen, we pursued our journey along a bluff bank overlooking the sea some fifty feet—occasionally getting close to the brink, where we looked down upon abandoned claims and gold-washing machines until, at nightfall, we came to the now deserted town of Randolph.

A few lines will suffice to narrate the rise and fall of Randolph. Captain Smith, U. S. A., while on a visit to this part of Oregon, in the winter of 1853, discovered gold mingled with the sands of the beach. The story got wind, and thousands crowded from all parts of Oregon and California to these shores of the latest El Dorado. On the bluff immediately above the most thoroughly worked claims, a town (Randolph) was commenced in the following June, and by the next winter about two hundred persons were located here, awaiting the breaking-up of the southeast gales to prosecute their labors. Their efforts, however, were not crowned with the success they anticipated. Some abandoned the place and left for California; others went to Rogue River, and soon the place was deserted.

We found two or three disconsolate families collected in the public pound, or corral, making an "arbitration," as a very talkative lady informed us, of the cattle of a couple who, having been married a year, had found the hymenial chains to hang heavily, and were about separating for life. Leaving nearly the entire population, consisting of nine men and women and a number of children, to this occupation, we drew up at the door of the least ruined house, and dismounted, to the satisfaction of a flock of flaxen-haired urchins, to whom our arrival was evidently a matter of great moment. A very pretty and interesting woman welcomed us, and was soon busily engaged preparing our supper. Meanwhile we strolled out to see the lions of Randolph. Several vacant lots in a "streak" of deserted pine dwellings attracted my curiosity enough to inquire what had become of the houses; when our hostess responded that they had fallen a sacrifice to the fuel-gathering hands of the remaining population—in a word, they had been used up as fire-wood. What a picture! A town springing from nothing—growing—culminating in its career of prosperity, and burned as fuel in its decadence!

In another year not a clapboard will remain

to tell the whereabout of Randolph. Our hostess—whom we thought far too pretty to be wasting the bloom of her beauty in this bleak corner of Oregon—soon spread before us an excellent supper, to which we did such extreme justice that even she, not unused to the voracity of her Oregon visitors, stared up from her sewing at the rapid disappearance of the edibles. The master of the house announcing that our beds were ready, we tumbled into our blankets and slept soundly until daybreak, when the adjacent frizzling of some elk-steaks operating upon the olfactories of H——, he opened his eyes, sprang out of bed, and hastened to array himself. Breakfast dispatched and the bills paid, we remounted, and leaving the silent town to its requiem of the eternal surf, we struck off from the coast, and plunged directly into the woods. The most interesting part of our ride had now commenced.

The forest we were entering extends along the Oregon coast from Rogue River to Washington Territory, except where broken by rivers or belts of other timber. It is composed of spruce, fir, and yellow and white pine, and forms a mass of motionless woods of giant growth and dark as a Gothic cathedral. Five minutes took us beyond the sound of the restless surf, and even the waving of the pines, as they wagged their tops in the gale, ceased as we penetrated deeper into the solemn silence of this grand old forest. The path, which had been cut through it at public expense, just wide enough to admit a horseman, was crossed in every direction with gnarled and crooked roots, forbidding our passage at a rate faster than a walk. The view, unobstructed by jungle or shrubbery, was bounded on every side by a perspective of great trunks, not twisted into knees, or protruding unsightly branches like the oak, but straight as arrows, and reaching, in some instances, an altitude of nearly three hundred feet.

No sound save the rustling of our stirrups against the low whortleberry bushes and blackberry vines disturbed the impressive stillness of the scene. Here and there lay the decayed form of some ancient monarch of the glade, and of such age that the twisted roots of pines not far from a century old were straddled athwart their trunks, and which had evidently sprung into life since the fall of the older tree. We thus estimated the age of several fallen cedars, which must have been growing centuries before Columbus discovered the continent. The soil over which we were passing was a rich loam, extending to an unknown depth, and the face of the country slightly undulating, not unlike the surface of the Pacific still heaving with the long swells of a past tempest. Occasionally, in the deepest of these dells, appeared a growth of oak or myrtle, among whose more extended foliage the sunlight glimmered in fine contrast to the darkening woods around; but every tree grew straight upward, as if shunning the deep shadows below, and following their instincts by stretching their arms toward the only point where sun and blue sky were visible. As we got deeper into the timber we gradually ceased conversation, and each occupied with his own thoughts was speculating, perhaps, upon the probable time when the advance of civilization should sweep away this cloud of foliage, when we came suddenly upon a large tree lately fallen across the trail, its broken limbs piled high before us, and offering an impassable barrier to our further progress.

An impenetrable growth of thickly-matted bushes prevented our tracing the trunk to the stump, and thus regaining the path on the opposite side, while toward the left the path, having been cut along the edge of a steep glade filled with young myrtle and hemlocks, gave little encouragement for our passage by that route. While we were calculating the chances of forcing a way through to the right, H——, who had ever prided himself upon his woodcraft, discovered a newly-made path to the left, which he at once pronounced to be the track of two horsemen whom our hostess at Randolph informed us had gone to Coos Bay some days before. "It is evident," said he, with a peculiar logical accent common to most professional men—"it is evident that this tree has fallen previous to the passage of these two men, and, depend upon it, we shall come out right if we follow their trail."

H—— was generally right in his conclusions, and as this appeared a reasonable one, and none better suggested itself, we spurred the unwilling horses down the descent, slowly breaking our way through the thick bushes, and following as near as possible the direction of the road. We were soon at fault, however, as the opening disappeared after a few yards, and my companion, who was in front, had just signified his intention of retracing our steps, when his horse suddenly started, and, with a snort of terror, reared into the air, and plunging up the hill at a pace which defied the impediments of bush or briars, dashed into the road, and back in the direction to Randolph, H—— shouting,

"Good G—d, see that bear! Whoa! Look out! Whoa, boy! Look out for yourself W——! he's coming this way!"

The whole occurred so quickly, that before I could collect my thoughts my horse had sprung up the hill, and now the animals, somewhat removed from the immediate vicinity of his bearship, stood facing the jungle, and with nostrils distended and ears erect, stared wildly at the spot where Bruin had been seen.

Neither of us were bear-hunters or trappers, and as little acquainted with the method of attacking so formidable an animal as any good citizens alone in an Oregon forest. In the few bear stories I could recall at the moment, the main feature which presented itself to my recollection was climbing a tree, but the enormous trunks around offered very dubious facilities for such an operation.

"Now then," said H——, "we must pass that tree, and how to avoid a fight is the question. I'd certainly rather retrace our steps than



AN UNWELCOME ENCOUNTER.

hazard a pistol battle with the monster I just saw."

For my part I had not yet seen the enemy, and with my rifle ready in my hand, was wondering where he would next make his appearance, when the crackling of the bushes showed that he was on the move. With eyes fixed upon the copse, we awaited his appearance. Luckily, however, Bruin was as little disposed for a battle as ourselves, and probably overrating our forces, made his way out above us, and disappeared in the woods.

By noon we had penetrated fourteen miles into the forest, sometimes crossing elk and bear trails, now cantering along an even tract of country, bereft of shrubbery, and overshadowed by the same huge trees, or plodding slowly through green copses of underbrush, the vines clambering up the mighty trunks, hanging in long green festoons from the branches, and forming natural arbors through which the path was barely discernible. A small log-hut, erected in an open space, and nearly in ruins, is known as the "Half-way House," and is the only sign of civilization along the route. Here we dismounted, and tying our horses by their *riattas*, allowed them to nibble a while at the grass, while we attacked the whortleberries, hanging in profuse clusters upon the bushes.

We were a month too late for the blackberries, the vines of which spread in all directions, and showed traces of the visits of numerous beasts, who are decidedly epicures in their taste for fruit. Here we began to discover evidences of the great coal deposits, which are eventually to make this section of Oregon the Newcastle of the Pacific, and as effectually terminate the importation of that article around Cape Horn as has already nearly been done with flour.

Remounting, we struggled along through the labyrinth of trunks, until at sundown a slight rise in the ground gave us a glimpse of daylight through the forest. A citizen of Empire City suddenly appeared, and paused aghast in his route at sight of two strangers. The grip on his trusty rifle was a little tightened as we approached, but seeing we were immigrants, and probably not connected with any of the local issues of the Coos Bay country, he shouted,

"Dern my skin, but when I heered the brush a-crackin', I thought I had ketched that cow at last. How are ye strangers—bound to Coos?"

We replied, and after a brief interchange of news, we pursued our way. He pointed out, as we parted, the graves of five children who had been crushed by the falling of a tree some twelve months before.

After the discovery of the coal deposits, there was "a rush" of some twenty families to the mineral region, most of whom cleared and claimed, under the law of 1847, six hundred and forty acres of land each. To avoid the danger of falling trees, it is necessary to burn and fell all suspicious ones within a few hundred yards of the dwelling. One night the father heard an ominous crackling in the direction of a giant pine which had been steadily consuming under the action of fire for a week past. The family was asleep, but like lightning the danger flashed upon the settler, and arousing his wife, they

seized two of the children, and hurried the bewildered little flock into the night air. But the warning had come too late. As they issued from the hut, the tree—a monstrous pillar of wood, little lower than the cross of Trinity Church in New York—toppled from its centre and fell to the earth. The cabin was directly in a line with its descent, and was smashed to atoms. A little mound, over which clamber a few blackberry vines, marks the lonely grave.

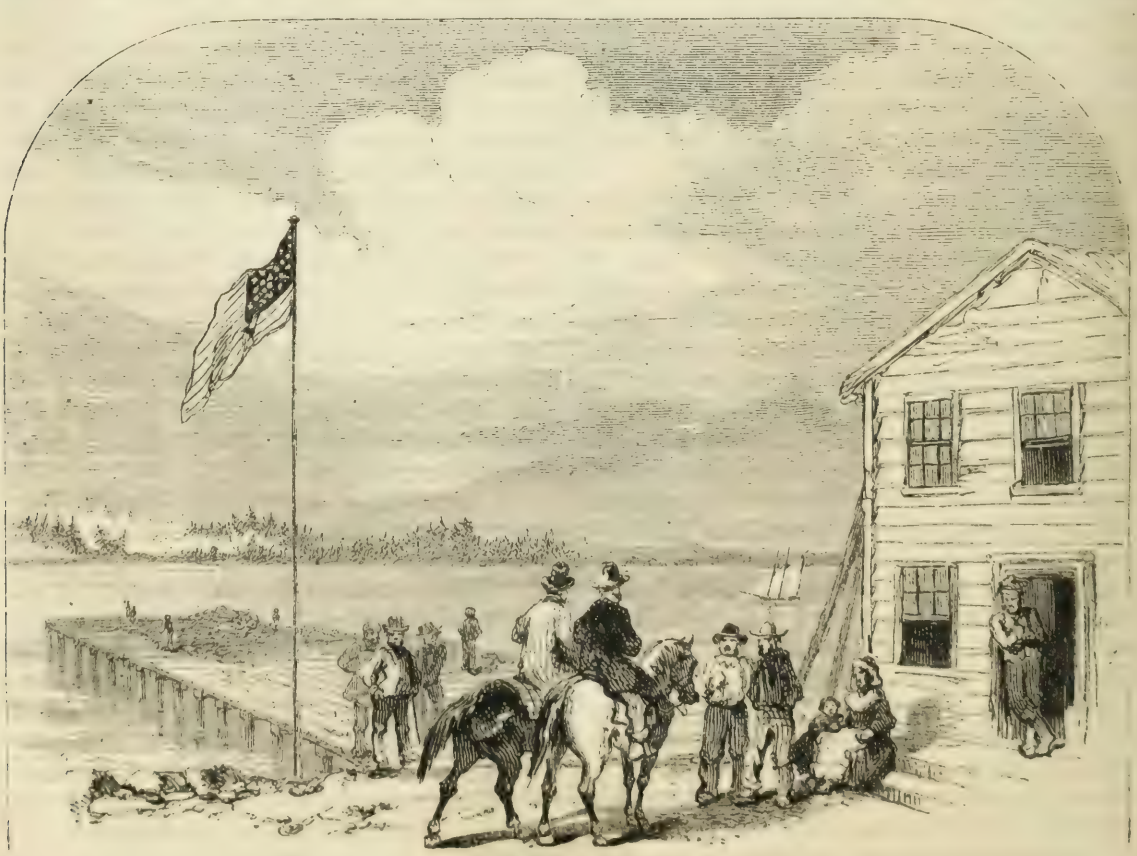
As we neared the edge of the forest, the regular strokes of an ax resounding in echoes through the shadowy silence, showed we were nearing our place of destination. The horses, now quite worn down with the wearisome route, pricked up their ears at the sound, and quickening their pace, we issued from the woods upon the banks of a beautiful and spacious bay, stretching some three miles directly beyond us, and about five to the right and left. The surrounding woods were clearly depicted in its glassy surface, while the swelling tide swept nobly up to the spot where we stood. It was the famous Coos Bay, of which some indistinct accounts had reached San Francisco, but which, passed over in the reconnoissance of the United States Coast Survey, had remained unexplored and almost unknown. Indeed, no maps or charts, save the one afterward made by myself from rough sketches, exist of this fine sheet of water.

To the right lay the little town of Empire City—every collection of dwellings in Oregon and California is a city—composed of some thirty houses, mostly of boards, and from the midst of which a half finished wharf projected into the bay. A hasty glance at the scene sufficed; for our animals were already gazing wistfully at the place, with visions of corn or barley, doubtless, rising in the dim perspective. So with as brisk a gait as we could assume, we entered the town—the entire population completely electrified by our arrival, and crowding around us as curious specimens of humanity, which, in truth, we were.

Our friend, Mr. Rogers, hastened out to meet us; and, rescuing his visitors from the crowd, hurried us into his store, where we were not long in making ourselves at home.

Behold us now before a crackling fire of pine-knots, alternately sipping the contents of a copious bowl of whisky-punch—and such whisky, shade of Bacchus!—and detailing to the attentive listeners the news from "Frisco," as San Francisco is here familiarly termed. The mail facilities between Coos Bay and the great commercial metropolis of the Pacific are extremely uncertain and by no means regular; so our arrival was a matter of the greatest moment.

Mr. Rogers's store is the commerical and political head-quarters of Coos Bay. The stout proprietor himself, a rosy-cheeked, educated Vermonter, has held some of the most important offices in the gift of the people, and his hearty manners and good-natured laugh have won for him the reputation of the most popular man at Coos. The store is the resort of the inhabitants for many miles around on Sundays; when, seated on the counter, they discuss the most important topics, and select goods from the assortment of our host. A glance around the shelves revealed the extent of his stock, which, as a racy informant remarked in answer

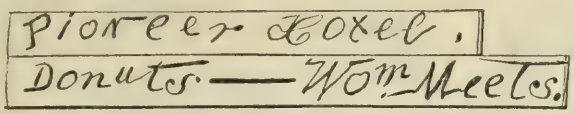


EMPIRE CITY, COOS BAY.

to my look of inquiry, consisted of "green groceries"—*i. e.*, black thread and vinegar!

As the fire lighted up the interior of the rough dwelling, and brought into bold relief the stalwart forms of men whose tastes and occupations had led them into this corner of the world for a livelihood, it was difficult to realize that four years ago the bare existence of such a place as Coos Bay was unknown.

The evening wore away with songs and stories; jolly great pipes of tobacco black as "sooty Acheron" were smoked and refilled; more logs were piled upon the fire, and rough jokes flew around the merry circle. At last, weary with the ride, and perhaps a little overcome by the hospitality of our entertainers, we were shown to a species of shed, the sign over the door of which read thus:



and denoted the sole public house of Empire City. Here we addressed ourselves to sleep, and, after a round twelve hours, came out on the following day, brisk as larks and prepared to see the lions.

Coos Bay is about twenty miles in length and from three to four in width. It is entered from the ocean—or, rather, the ocean discharges into it, as the inhabitants affirm—by a narrow channel, perhaps half a mile wide from land to land. The navigation is somewhat intricate, but not dangerous. There is depth of water for vessels loaded to ten or twelve feet, and numerous cargoes of coal have been taken to San Francisco—a distance of about four hundred miles. The mines are some twenty miles from the bar or entrance, and facilities already exist for the rapid loading of vessels. The coal, which extends over a country some thirty miles by twenty, is abundant, accessible, and of good quality. As yet only a few banks have been opened. An immense trade—that of supplying the Pacific coast with coal—is destined to spring up between this point and California.

During our four months' stay at Coos and vicinity, we took frequent advantage of the numerous offers of our acquaintance to make excursions across and up the bay—sometimes to join in the excitement of the chase, salmon-fishing, or surveying the interesting country about us. The scenery around the bay is made up of deep, silent pine and fir forests, often relieved with the gayer-tinted foliage of the birch and maple. Toward the ocean, where the northwest winds prevailing in the summer months have heaped up symmetrical mounds of sand, all traces of vegetation disappear, and a desolate expanse of white mingles in the horizon with the blue line of the sea. An incessant roar, mellowed by the distance into a hoarse murmur, marks where the surf chafes among the rocks skirting the entrance to the bay.

Days and weeks may pass away, and if you go beyond the small circle of civilization around the town, you will meet with no living thing but the passive Indian squaw dragging her load of fish to the cabin, or some startled wild beast, quickly darting out of sight into the depth of the woods.

Early one morning I was roused out by appointment, to join in a tramp to the South Heads in search of otter. This trade has already assumed an importance among the whites of Lower Oregon, who purchase these and other peltries of the Indians. We made a party of three, and taking a narrow path, which to me became utterly lost in five minutes, we were soon traversing a dense mass of woods, in which the crinkling of our steps among the leaves were the only disturbing sounds. An hour's walk brought us out upon the coast, which here makes into numerous tiny inlets and bayous, formed by the large rocks around, and among which the sea lashes with resistless fury. Beyond us the surf made out in high successive banks of foam, any one of which would have proved the death-warrant of the stoutest ship afloat. A stiff breeze blew from seaward, and as the roaring walls of water toppled inland before the increasing gale, I could scarcely imagine how otter or any other living creature could be shot, much less captured in such wild commotion.

My companions, among whom was an Indian known as Chu-wally, bid me have my rifle in readiness. Cautiously descending toward a battlement of dripping rocks, serving to break the force of the sea, but still streaming with thousands of milk-white rivulets of foam, we halted, while Chu-wally, stripping himself to the buff, crawled to the ledge and looked over into the little calm space of water under the lee of the rocks. For some moments he remained motionless, and then, without changing his position, raised his hand in signal to us. "Down! close down!" whispered Billy Romanes, the best rifle-shot in the country, as we moved silently toward the spot. Slowly we crept up the steep crags, the booming surf wetting us to the skin as we ascended.

We reached the summit, and peering over the brink, gazed down upon four beautiful otter sporting in the little nook beneath. A single unguarded motion would have alarmed these timid creatures, and the utmost caution was necessary; for while the deafening roar of the ocean is a noise they are accustomed to, the click of a lock, or the bungling hitting of a rifle-stock against a rock, sends them out of sight in an instant. There were apparently two old females, each with a young one, though the difference in size was scarcely perceptible to a novice. At times, in the long smooth swell of the cove they would gracefully throw their entire forms out of the water; but this is rare, and the hunter is only too glad to get a moment's sight at the head above the surface. These appeared to be in a frolicsome mood, chasing each other about, now swimming rapidly on their backs, and disappearing to shoot up again in another moment. We lay perfectly quiet until



OTTER HUNTING.

both could bring our rifles to bear, when, as the two appeared together, they received our fire. Simultaneously with the flash of our rifles they disappeared, but leaving a streak of blood to prove the accuracy of one or both of us.

After a few moments we were gratified to observe one of them floating dead upon the water, and scarcely had we reloaded when a second, badly wounded, showed his head; both fired, and the game was our own, and Chu-wally plunged in and dragged them successively to the shore. They were of the silver-gray species, the most valuable fur, except that of the marten, taken in this section of Oregon, and worth in San Francisco about $35 each. We soon had them skinned, and throwing away the flesh, which is unfit for eating, we trudged homeward, quite satisfied with our good fortune. These furs, which, when dressed, are extremely beautiful and soft, are fast becoming rare and more valuable. The Chinese in San Francisco pay the highest price for them for shipment to the celestial regions, furs being a mark of dignity and power in China.

On the smooth ocean beach the marksmen of Oregon sometimes shoot the otter through the surf. As the bank of water moves majestically toward the shore, the otter, who understands better than all other animals how to manœuvre in the breakers, spreads himself flat on the outer or seaward side, and moves rapidly in to the land. His form is plainly visible through the thin water, as through a plate of glass. The hunter stands beyond the force of the surf, and when the game has been borne to within rifle-shot, the unerring bullet cuts through the transparent element, and it is rarely that the shot is not rewarded with the much-coveted prize. The land otter has a smaller and less valuable fur, and, like the beaver, is often taken in traps on the Coquille, Umpqua, and Rogue rivers. The rifle, however, that unfailing reliance of the frontiersman, is the common weapon used against the entire brute creation in Oregon.

The world offers no better hunting-grounds than these wild woods of the north. Here are found a variety of deer, and the brown and black bear (the grizzly is not seen north of the California line). The stately elk, with such antlers as the hunters of the Eastern States have no conception of, runs in bands of hundreds in the interior; the black, gray, and white wolf, and the numberless little delicately furred creatures who are made to contribute their soft coverings to the rich robes now so fashionable in the Northern United States, are all found in this region.

In mid-winter, when the huntsman plods his way amidst the world of pines, bending their lofty tops beneath a continuous roof of snow, the muffled echo of a rifle will sometimes indicate the presence of man, when no other sound than the hungry howl of the wolf, or the sudden rush of the elk, disturbs the silence. Let the wanderer issue from the forest, and climbing the nearest hill, gaze through the rarified atmosphere toward the north. If he is beyond the Sciusclaw, he will see a blue cone far away, rising into the clouds, and traced in feathery outline against the sky. It is Mount Hood, the fourth loftiest peak in the world. Apparently near by, but yet weary days' travel apart, as the traveler will find, should he make the journey,

stand two others, Adams and Jefferson. At early dawn these huge landmarks present a deep indigo color; but as the ascending sun flashes against their steep declivities, the blue suddenly changes into a glitter of eternal ice, white as a glacier, and of all spectacles in the great north the most splendid. But let not my unworthy pen desecrate these grand old mountains with an attempt at description. Descend we again to the game.

Partridges, quails, woodcocks, or prairie hens have never yet been seen, but the clouds of curlew, snipe, teal ducks, and geese, greedily feeding along the marshes and river banks are incredible. Some sportsmen deny the existence of the canvas-back duck on the Pacific coast; but the *punt loads* which our party slaughtered last winter would soon convince them of their error.

The Indians of this section of country are by no means the fierce and warlike race found further to the northward in Upper Oregon and Washington Territory. Although viciously disposed, they have long since learned to estimate the character of the whites at its proper value. Under the protection or rule of the Indian agents they are furnished with a certain amount of blankets and food throughout the year, and from their association with the whites, have lost much of their savage ferocity.

An Indian dance or merry-making having been announced near the bay, the whole available population turned out to "assist" at it. Entering an open space in the woods toward midnight, we found about thirty braves and squaws gathered around an immense fire of pine logs, the flames from which lit up their grotesque accoutrements and hideously painted faces, while the surrounding forest echoing their monotonous chants, was dimly illumined with the red glare. For a space of twenty yards around the fire the scene was a blaze of light, but from that point the woods receded into an impenetrable gloom. We dismounted, and fastening our horses to the limbs, entered at once among them. Here an old squaw, whose leathern hide, naked from the waist up, lay like the folds of oiled parchment over her attenuated form, sat rocking herself to and fro, mumbling an indescribable jargon. She was stone blind. There a bevy of young ones, tattooed and bedaubed beyond all description, joined their voices to a jumping, jolting dance, hand in hand, back and forth, toward and away from the fire. Beyond, were seated as near to the flames as the heat would allow, a row of Indians all fantastically dressed, beating time to the chant with sticks, which they held crossways in their hands, and at given signals rattled nervously together.

Several old chiefs seemed to act as leaders in the festivities, and at their signal a wild, unearthly yell arose, which, but for the presence of my companions, I might easily have construed into a war-whoop. All were in motion; rocking, dancing, jumping, or stepping, in uncouth gait, to the time of the music or chant. Perspiration flowed in streams, and the decidedly careless display of female animated nature would have driven less interested, and perhaps more scrupulous, spectators than ourselves from the scene. As the flames roared their chorus with the hideous noise of these creatures, it



INDIAN DANCE.



ELK HUNT.

seemed like a dance of fiends incarnate in some orgie of Pandemonium. Hanging up in elongated wicker-baskets, so closely woven as to be water-proof, were some dozen papooses strapped to the straight back of these portable cradles, and nothing but the head of the little imps visible from among the firs and dirt.

An Indian burial is scarcely a less remarkable scene. Formerly the body was burned, and the wife of the corpse killed and interred with the body. This, and numerous other like horrible practices, have been summarily abolished by the settlers. When one of the community begins to show signs of dissolution (which is usually hastened by the sweating or other sanitary process to which the sick are submitted), the whole tribe commences a terrible outcry, which generally lasts through the dying agony of the sufferer. The body is then stretched upon the ground and sprinkled with sand and the ashes of sea-weed or kelp. The legs are forcibly doubled up toward the head, and the ankles tied as closely as the rigidity of the corpse will permit, to the neck. The relatives of the deceased shave their heads and place the hair upon the body—thus rolled into a heap—together with some shells and nutritive roots for the dead to subsist upon. The body is then lowered into the grave, which is made of a length to accommodate the diminution of size to which the defunct has been submitted. The earth being thrown in, the whole tribe jump alternately upon it until the ground becomes quite solid. The baskets, clothing, spears, and all personal property, is formed into a heap, packed upon the grave, and covered securely with sticks and stones. With a chief, the ceremonies are more impressive and lengthy.

The wolf of Southern Oregon is the fiercest animal—not even excepting the bear—to be found in the country. These prowling fellows, when driven to extremities, will approach a herd of cattle, and a band of three or four spring upon a cow, and in a short time completely devour the victim. The white wolf, which is considered the most dangerous, is about five feet in length, and nearly as high as a yearling calf. The strength and ferocity of this beast is wonderful, and many a mortal struggle has occurred between the wounded white wolf and the hunters. On two occasions, while at Coos Bay, we heard of the depredations of wolves, and joining parties to start in chase, were disappointed by the incredible cunning which seems to guide them from all pursuit. Once a party of four left Empire City, in a small sail-boat, for Wappalo, or Isthmus Creek, in the upper part of the bay, where two large wolves had been seen for several days.

With plenty of provisions and ammunition, we shot away from the wharf, and, giving the sail to the wind, were soon scudding "like mad" before a staggering westerly breeze, rapidly passing the wood-crowned headlands, and awakening the echoes with an occasional rifle-report, at which some doomed pelican or eagle came tumbling from their proud elevation. Arrived "at point proposed," we found a couple of friends awaiting us, and swelling our number to six. The chase lasted all night, but was un-

successful. We had just seated ourselves under an immense pine, and had commenced an assault upon the eatables with all the earnest vigor of hungry men, when F——, one of the best hunters in the bay, suddenly sprang up and whispered "Silence!" But we needed no such admonition, for already the ground began to tremble beneath us with the tread of an approaching band of elk. Quick as thought we had dispersed to a distance of two hundred yards apart, and, squatting low in the underbrush, had scarcely time to breathe free before the low growth of trees toward the mountains separated, and the form of a noble elk appeared, advancing proudly toward the stream we had just left. He stopped as he thrust his head from among the leaves, snuffed and stamped impatiently, and evidently smelt danger; but he had already passed our most distant outpost, and to return was equally hazardous. With daintily lifted feet and nose protruded he brushed past, and in an another moment was followed by a herd, one, two, six, ten—it was impossible to count them. I had determined to await the signal of F——'s shot, and had my own target singled out when the sharp ring of a rifle awoke the forest echoes. The herd started and dashed past the ambush, while the woods resounded with five reports in quick succession. Like light the beautiful animals vanished, but with the thundering tread of a troop of cavalry. Two of their number lay plunging on the earth, and a third, grievously wounded, was making a succession of agonizing springs to follow in the path of his companions. Another shot brought him down, and now dispatching the others, we felt that at least our wolf-hunt had not been in vain.

My companions had promised me a shot at an elk, but even they had not anticipated such luck. The meat was soon packed to the boat, and at midnight we were again in Empire City.

Marsh bird-shooting is mere slaughter, though J—— was "innocent of duck blood" to the last. We once loaded a boat with water-fowl, the result of but two hours' shooting. Starting at early dawn, we sailed rapidly toward a creek extending several miles inland from the bay, and reaching its head-waters, drifted leisurely down. The stream, some two hundred yards wide, dimly reflected in its bosom the sombre shadows of the pines and firs skirting its margin. An intense silence reigned. The cry of the sedate crane, as he stood "knee-deep" in some shallow pool watching patiently for his prey, or the quick twir-r-r of a flock of blue-winged teal or mallard cutting hurriedly through the air, and settling quietly upon some reedy shore below, alone disturbed the stillness. We landed on a grassy meadow, and leaving one in the boat to follow the stream, the others occupied the space between the two lines of woods. The first shot fired rolled with a thousand echoes through the forest, and in a moment arose ten thousand winged creatures from the "plashy brink" of creek and bayou, embracing every style of marsh bird and duck that can be mentioned. With every discharge these flights from place to place continued. At times they would settle down in our immediate vicinity, and apparently offer themselves voluntary sacrifices. Unable, owing to their low flight, to pass



DUCK SHOOTING.



AN OREGON FASHIONABLE BALL.

beyond the woods guarding the banks, they followed the line of water, and never failed to pass over the ambush below. We only ceased this "pot hunting" when, weary of the slaughter, we found our boat loaded with game.

The hunters in this vicinity seldom use the shot-gun, and consider such shooting as the above quite unworthy the waste of powder.

For some weeks previous to Christmas great preparations had been made for the observance of that time-honored anniversary. Now, in Oregon, where people reside ten miles apart, and call a man neighbor who lives half a day's journey away, it is not so easy to make up a fashionable party, for sundry reasons, as in Fifth Avenue, or any other of the "close settlements" in New York. If a hop is to take place, weeks must be given to prepare in; the "store clothes" taken out, aired and brushed, old bonnets furbished up, horses driven in from distant pasture, and saddles made ready. Then the nearest settlement must be applied to for a proper amount of whisky and sugar, raisins and flour. But on the occasion above alluded to, great efforts were made to have matters go off with *éclat*. Deacon L——, residing on the ocean beach, about twenty miles to the southward of Coos Bay, and known as the most liberal, warm-hearted old gentleman of Southern Oregon, had appropriated, some time in advance, the right to give the Christmas ball. It was to last two days and two nights. Oceans of whisky, hills of venison and beef, no end of pies and "sech like." The ladies of all Coos County were to be there, and a fiddler from the distant point of Port Orford itself engaged. To this feast did all hands look forward with secret longing and hope. Two days beforehand the exodus for Deacon L——'s began to take place, and among the invited guests were the two "Frisco chaps," *i. e.*, H—— and myself. And on Christmas-eve the ball commenced. There were gay roystering blades from Port Orford, gallants from Coos Bay, select men and distinguished individuals from all over the country, and belles from every where. Such a *recherché* affair had not occurred since the settlement of the Territory. For two nights and days the festivities continued; and after all the dancing, riding, drinking, singing, and laughing—and all this without sleeping, and with a determination to "never give up"—there were buxom forms and brilliant eyes that dared us to another break-down!

I snap my fingers at all civilized Miss Nancys henceforth and forever. Give me, for the essence of fun and the physical ability to carry it out, a corn-fed, rosy-cheeked, bouncing Oregon lass, with eyes bright as the rivers that sparkle merrily on their way to the sea from those snow-clad mountains, and hearts light as the fresh breezes of that northern climate! I may forget the Central American excitement; sooner or later I shall have forgotten the birth of an heir to the French throne; the siege of Sebastopol may fade away, but that Oregon ball will be ever fresh in my memory.

On recovering from this, we had made up our minds to start for California; but one day, while firing at a target—the same being a tenpenny nail driven half way to the head in a pine-tree—a long, lanky Missourian informed me that a whale had drifted ashore near the Heads, and

that the Indians, agreeably to their custom, had commenced devouring him.

"That's very extraordinary," said I.

"Wal, hoss, replied my informant, "jest you mount and ride thar, and *ef* you don't see 'em eatin' that thar leetle fish, thar's no snakes;" and his nostrils dilated with anger at my look of incredulity.

So we mounted and rode, and after an hour's scamper along a level ocean coast, a vile smell began to demonstrate the truth of at least one part of my friend's information. At a distance, and forming a hillock on the white beach, lay an unwieldy mass of something, around which we could see at least a hundred Indians hasting from place to place. We clapped spurs to the horses, and arriving at the spot, found a scene which I almost despair of depicting. The whale, which I believe was a large "humpback," had, as is often the case on this coast, got into shallow water, and in his struggles and alarm presenting his body broadside on, had been rolled by the mighty surf high up the beach, like a cask or log of wood. He must have lain there some time, as all the air was a putrid stench, such as I hope never again to inhale. The huge creature lay on his side, and the sand had already buried a portion of the carcass so as to render it immovable. The surf at high-water had broken entirely over it, but now there remained a considerable space of bare beach outside.

This space, and the ground for twenty yards around, was occupied by the Indians, who seemed to consider this some special dispensation of the Great Spirit in their behalf. A deafening row disputed possession of the air with the stench. Nearly all were naked, and attacking the whale like ants. Here appeared a little, pot-bellied child, whose limbs seemed scarcely capable of sustaining the swelling paunch that overtopped them, staggering up the beach with an armful of putrid blubber, the oily substance trickling down over his little body in a hundred glistening streams; there a lusty fellow with a knife, carving away as for dear life—dissecting the huge subject before him—cutting his way into the interior. Farther on are two squaws, fighting for the proprietory right to a square chunk of whale, in shape something like a cake of ice as sold in New York, the said chunk coated with sand half an inch thick, as the delicious morsel has been rolled about in the squabble. Beyond, an old creature has overburdened herself with the treasures of the deep, and, in pure exhaustion, decides to rest awhile, seated upon the jealously-guarded prize. Still another group represents the Laocoon, the father and sons being three members of a family, and the avenging serpent a long string of the unctuous blubber, under and with which they are struggling up the beach. Every body is busy. Even the chiefs have thrown aside their dignity in the excitement of the moment, and join the general assault.

We proceeded up the beach to where some fires were burning, near a few temporary huts. Here several women were roasting the fish, which they devoured apparently before it was well warmed through. No fair in England ever produced, in proportion, a greater noise. My companion said they would stick by the



A BLUBBER FEAST.



SALMON SPEARING BY TORCH-LIGHT.

wreck until not a plank (nautically speaking) remained, when, gorged with marine matter, they would take to the mountains, and diet on berries and young hornets. I saw the latter cooked and eaten, which is done in the following manner: A hornet or wasp's nest, perforated, as usual, with hundreds of little cells, where the young are deposited, is obtained from the hollow of some decayed tree, where they are easily found. My lady Squaw brings this cake, which is here nearly a foot in diameter, to the fire, and deliberately roasts the juvenile occupants of the cells alive. She concludes by turning the cake upside down, patting it briskly on the back, and eating the baked tenants, like whortleberries, as they tumble out! This is considered an excellent corrective after over-indulgence in blubber. Pike, who spoke the jargon, attempted to get into conversation with some of these Indians, but they only replied with gestures. The occasion of a whale ashore was too rare and momentous for frivolous discussion.

The salmon fisheries of Oregon are yet scarcely known. Even in San Francisco, where the resources of the Pacific coast should be well understood, there seems to be but little attention given to this subject. There are two "runs" of salmon every year in all the rivers and bays of Oregon, from the Chetkoe to the Umpqua inclusive. But one attempt has been made in Oregon to use the seine, which was on the Rogue River. With imperfect apparatus and every disadvantage to work against, above five thousand of these fish were hauled from the river in two days with the assistance of the Indians. These were packed with refuse salt, and in so hurried a manner that the fish were not cured, and hence the statement, believed by many intelligent persons, that salmon can not be salted on the Pacific coast owing to certain atmospheric causes. The English, however, with a better knowledge of affairs, have already sent two full cargoes from Vancouver's Island to China, for the salmon are found as far north even as the Russian possessions. These form the chief article of food for the Indians in Coos Bay as well as on the entire coast, and their method of catching them with hooks and spears is often an interesting spectacle.

I had intimated to my friend, Mr. Rogers, my desire to witness a torchlight salmon excursion, and with his usual courtesy he organized an expedition for my special benefit. The Indians collected at a point a mile below Empire City, and were nearly one entire day making their preparations. The canoes were first cleaned out and furnished with a barbed spear of wood tipped with iron or glass. A pile of pitch-pine knots were also placed in each, and other arrangements made, the nature of which I did not understand. Determined to see the whole performance, I embarked in a frail affair—a species of dug-out—having for my crew an old squaw, whose bleared eyes and skinny, wrinkled hideousness, illumined with the glare of the torch she had stuck in the bow of the canoe, reminded me of the gaunt features of some foul witch from regions damned. But I soon found that my female Charon was not to be despised, for she plied her paddle with the dexterity of a —for aught I know—century's experience. We

soon reached a little bend in the bay where the fleet was congregated, and the sport commenced.

The operation was simple enough. Each canoe contained two persons, a squaw squatting in the stern to take the fish from the spear and replenish the fire; and an Indian, who, from the bows, darted his weapon with absolute certainty at the fish. The light of the fire seemed to possess some attraction for the finny denizens of the bay; for as the glare passed along the surface of the water, they would dart upward toward it and become the sure prey of the spearsman. In a trice, the drumming of captured salmon was heard from a dozen boats, and my *crew* became so excited thereat that she nearly threw me out of the cockle-shell in gesticulating and screaming to her grandson, who was not displaying any remarkable dexterity on that night. The cold was severe, my hands and feet were soon benumbed, and yet this apparently bloodless old creature, almost naked, showed no signs of suffering.

The scene was one of the most remarkable I ever witnessed, and but for the cold would have been superb. At my request the squaw paddled me alongside a canoe, the proprietor of which lent me his spear; but though he pointed out dozens of salmon, some of them glorious fellows, three feet long, my unpracticed hand met with no success.

In an hour the novelty of the thing had passed, and I gave the signal to return. There were about five hundred fish taken in that time.

Another method is to use the common fish-hook. The fleet of canoes start for some favorable locality where the bight of the land leaves the water free from the action of the current, and the surface is speedily covered with dozens of little reels, on each of which are wound about ten yards of line. There are generally about half a dozen hooks attached to the end, which are allowed to hang from ten to twelve feet below the surface, being suspended at that guage by a float. The salmon bite greedily at the bait, and swim away, unwinding the line as they go. The reel spins around with great velocity, which is the signal for the proprietor to paddle up, haul in the captive, and administer a stunning tap on the head with a small stick provided for the purpose. There are often a dozen canoes engaged at once in this fishery—all gliding swiftly about, and more than busily engaged by the rapidity of the bites. These salmon are, beyond comparison, the most delicious in the world, even surpassing the famous ones taken in the Sacramento River in California.

The coal deposits of Coos Bay should be the subject of a separate article, and require more space than could be devoted to them in the limits of these pages. A report, recently published by myself in San Francisco, contains the outlines of what will doubtless become hereafter widely discussed. That the importation of coal to California *via* Cape Horn, from Europe and the Eastern States must eventually cease, few who are acquainted with the facts will deny. A space of country about the size of Rhode Island is a solid bed of coal, outcropping wherever a ravine or break occurs. The veins are from six to ten feet thick. The coal has been repeatedly and satisfactorily tested, and proved to be well adapted to steamship purposes. It is in quality



SALMON FISHING.

not unlike the Scotch cannel, but lighter, and when unmixed with foreign substances, burns to clear red ashes. But these are only a few of the boundless treasures of the unexplored regions of the Pacific, and which, as the country becomes populated, are destined to teach the inhabitants of the extreme West to rely on their own resources. California and Oregon produce nearly every article necessary to the comfort and subsistence of man, and it needs but the construction of the great avenue of population—the national railroad—to bring the country to the pinnacle of greatness and wealth. Shall we live to see it built?

PASSAGES OF EASTERN TRAVEL.

BY AN AMERICAN.

MOHAMMED HASSAN had been sent on from El Kab to Edfou to order sundry provisions that were necessary, and especially charcoal, which we could not obtain above here. In the morning after leaving El Kab I awoke and saw a group of horses on the bank, keeping along with the boat, which was tracking slowly. It appeared that the governor had sent them down for us to ride up to Edfou in advance of the boat; and accepting them willingly, I mounted one and was off over the fields, attended by Abd-el-Atti and the governor's messengers. Six miles brought us to the village, but long before reaching it we saw the lofty towers of the propylon standing against the sky, and the walls of the temple, covered with Arab hovels, towering above the rest of the village. We rode in at the back of the temple and around the rear, dismounting on the top of the outer wall of the grand court, down into which I looked before I ascended the propylon.

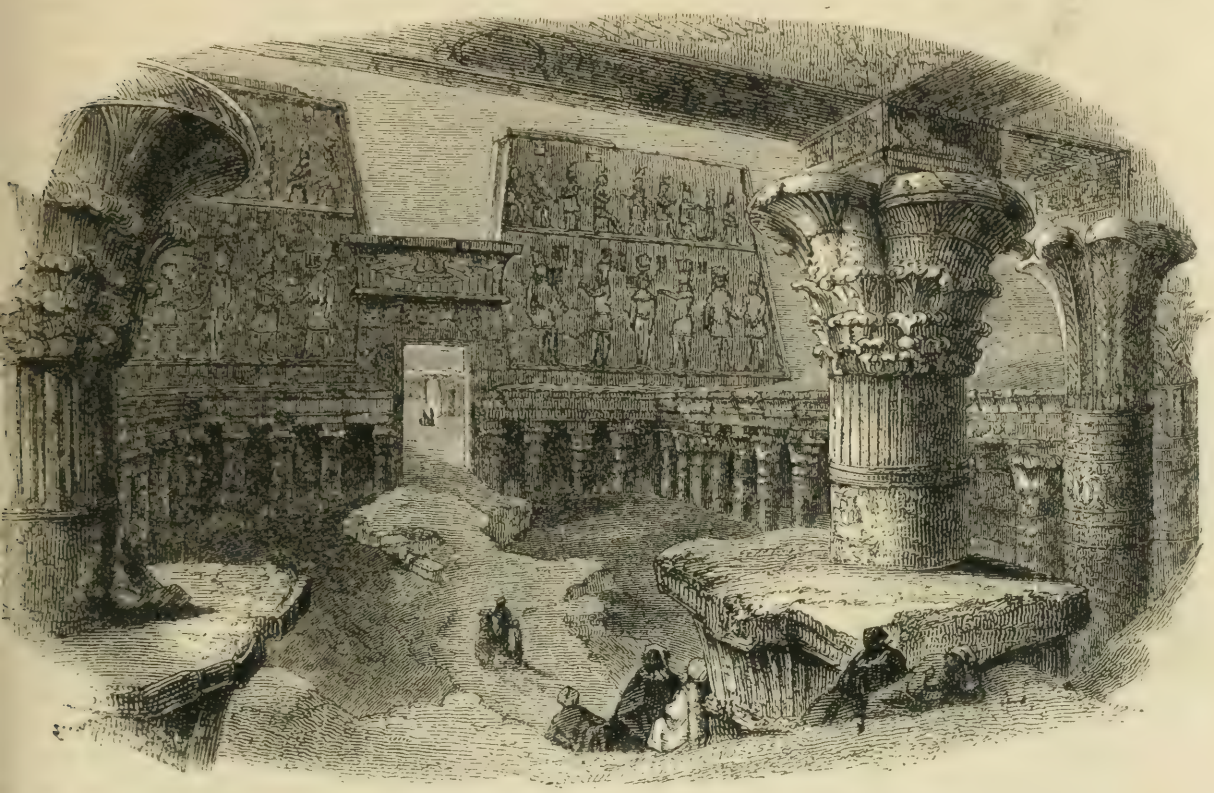
Every stone of this temple has elegant sculptures on it, and the propylon towers are covered with gigantic figures of gods and goddesses. While I was on the summit of the tower the governor approached through the village, attended by his suite—a one-eyed scribe, an eight-fingered cawass, and half a dozen Arabs. He was a hard-looking specimen of a Turk, and I took no fancy to him. After examining the temple and its environs, and a small portion of another temple which stands near it, I shook off the governor and got away from him. I then returned to the temple, sat down under the shadow of its walls, and negotiated for antiques, of which I got about as many as at El Kab. Coins were more plenty here, and I found twenty or thirty that were curious and valuable. I bought one small vase or plate, cut from dark translucent stone, on the bottom of which were carved two Cupids holding a heart. It was as modern as possible in design, but there was no doubt of its antiquity, as it cost me but five piastres, or less than a quarter of a dollar. Returning to the boat, I was rejoined by the governor, who rode down with me a mile or so to the river. Here I found Jacques in the hands of another governor of higher rank than my friend. They were seated on carpets under a tree, taking coffee and pipes very quietly, and the new official turned out to be, on the whole, one of the pleasantest men we had met on the river.

The form of government of Egypt is somewhat of a puzzle to the natives and to the governors themselves, but Mohammed Roumali, the governor with whom I found Jacques, informed me of its general nature, and it is somewhat thus:

Every thing here is autocratical. The Viceroy is supreme, and makes laws as he pleases, appointing and dis-appointing, moving and removing, as his will inclines. Next to him are the superintendent governors of the three great sections of Egypt. The first section reaches from the sea to a point not far above Cairo. The second section from this point to Semneh, just above the second cataract, and the last from Semneh as far south as the Viceroy can collect taxes. Of the second section, which covers all that part of the Nile that travelers ordinarily go over, Latif Pacha is the superintendent governor, and exercises supreme power. Although the law requires all sentences of death to be submitted to the Viceroy, he does not wait for this, but executes when he pleases. Under him, and as a sort of associate, but in fact an inferior officer, is Abd-el-Kader Bey, who is governor of the same section, under the superintendence of Latif Pacha. Under him again are governors of minor sections, as, for example, Abd-el-Rahman, who is governor from Wady Halfeh to the first cataract, and Suleiman Effendi, who is governor from the first cataract to Thebes. Under these governors are a sort of traveling governors, who go along the river from place to place, examining the conduct of various villages and cities, hearing appeals from the local magistrates and judges, and attending to similar business. Besides these, each village and city has its local governor, whose power extends only to the next village; every city and village has its sheik, as also has each separate trade or business. Thus the boatmen have their sheik in every large place; the laborers in the field have their sheik; the merchants, the donkey owners, and every class. The office of sheik is hereditary, descending from father to son.

Mohammed Romali was *nazir* or traveling governor from Esne to Assouan. He had arrived at Edfou in his boat, and was engaged in hearing cases, which the chief justice was reciting to him in the presence of the various litigants, and which he disposed of summarily, or reserved for consideration, as he thought proper.

He accepted an invitation to come to the boat, accompanied by the chief justice, who, by the way, wished a prescription for a chronic disease with which he was affected, and which I gave him as cautiously as I could, knowing nothing about the proper treatment. I recommended what I knew would not hurt him, and, as it afterward turned out, I was very fortunate, for on my return to Edfou, three weeks later, he pronounced himself a well man, and, wonderful to relate, attributed it to the medicine.



EDFOU.

The visiting and the visits of governors had by this time become a bore, especially as it involved the necessity of talking over very much the same things in very much the same words. But in this instance we found a somewhat more intelligent man than usual, and the two or three hours that he remained on board slipped away with unusual rapidity. When at length our charcoal was stowed in the hold and all ready for a start, he rose to go, and, to our surprise, we found that he had ordered thirty or forty men to take hold of our tow-rope and track us up the river, so that we actually lost nothing in time, but rather gained by our stop at Edfou. And on the next day I found a cawass on board who had been sent by the governor to continue the same assistance, and we had plenty of men to haul us along until the afternoon, when a breeze sprang up and we left the shore and went up the river fast and faster as the evening came on, till we ran through the narrow pass of Hagar Silsilis.

Hagar Silsilis, the Rock of the Chain, is so called from a tradition that a chain was thrown across the river here in former times, one end of which was fastened to the column of rock which is left standing, as seen in the accompanying drawing. At this point the rocks, although not lofty, come down to the edge of the river on each side, and Egypt vanishes. There is no cultivated land, and the Nile runs between banks which reach away in unbroken desolation and desert, on the one side to the Red Sea, and on the other to the Atlantic ocean.

Here were the great quarries of ancient Egypt, and there are no more interesting remains in the country than these. I shall speak more fully of them hereafter, as I visited them on the return voyage, and now went through them in the night, with a strong breeze that lasted us till nearly midnight.



HAGAR SILSILIS.

Early next morning we were under the high bluff on which stands the temple of Koum Ombos, and we climbed the hill before breakfast, all four of us, to see the ruins and the view up the river.

The temple was founded in the time of Ptolemy

Philometor, and continued and completed during the reigns of his successors, and is singular in being, as it were, a double temple, having two shrines, in which two contemplar gods were worshiped, the one in each.

There is a gateway of another temple standing, but the stone of the temple itself is fallen down the hill, and lies in irregular masses even to the edge of the water. No one can even trace the former shape of this building. The chief interest in looking at the large temple consists in the fact that its sculptures were never wholly finished, and the marks of the artists, the outline drawings of the figures, and the squares into which the surface of the stone was marked out before drawing the figures, all remain freshly visible, even to the places where the chisel had but touched the rock. There is something melancholy in the unfinished painting of a dead painter, the half-hewn marble of a dead sculptor, the half-written song of a dead poet. How much more oppressive the melancholy, where the painter and sculptor have been dead two thousand years, and the stone remains as it was left, and the lines still stand on the surface!

While we stood looking out to the south and the northwest the boat of our American friends, the missionaries, with whom we had parted some days before, came up the river with a fair breeze, and we ran hastily down the sloping side of the hill, plunging our feet into the loose desert sand, and were on the boat as the first breath of wind reached her. We dashed up the river rapidly, and as the breeze freshened to almost a gale, we flew before it. The golden sands now came down to the edge of the water on both sides of us, often seeming ready to overflow and destroy the groups of palms that stood on the shore. As we approached Assouan the villages improved in appearance, and every thing seemed to be smiling. Even the desert was beautiful exceedingly, and the sky was glorious.

Hassabo, our pilot, the best man on the boat, has his family in a small village below Assouan, and of course must take this opportunity to see them. As we could not ascend the cataract till the next day, we gave him leave of absence to rejoin us above the cataract, and he made ready all his baggage and the little presents he had brought from Cairo.

All along the bank of the river, for miles before we reached the village, his acquaintances hailed him, and he exchanged with them the graceful phrases of Eastern salutation. The news of his approach ran along the shore faster even than we flew, and at length we came up to a group of dark-faced persons (for Hassabo is a Nubian, and black), and here we let the sheet fly, and the boat's keel scraped the sand. Over flew all his baggage far up the bank, and then Hassabo sprang into his mother's arms. The old woman stood trembling on the shore, and looked wistfully for him till he left the boat, and then she threw her arms around him, and clasped him close, and wept over him, and kissed his cheeks, and put her hand on his head, and all the time he stood silent and motionless, only looking at her and the surrounding group, and our sailors were all full of delight at the apparent joyfulness of the scene. His two brothers were advancing to the welcome as we hauled aft the sheet and forged ahead, and again flew on up the great river. It was three in the afternoon when we dashed by the hill on which stands the ruined citadel, and among the rocks which here fill the bed of the river, and fired our salute to the cataract as we came to the land at its foot under the towers of "far Syene."

Here, again, was a point in our wanderings that was full of interest, as one of the ancient boundaries of the world. Here, in old days, men paused, and hesitated, and turned back—the dwellers beyond Syene were unknown heathen. . But here were four travelers from a land beyond the pillars of Hercules, who had come thus far to look at Syene, and pass its rocky barriers, and go on to a more distant point, whose feet had already traveled six thousand miles from home, and would walk many thousand more before they returned to that threshold again. The world ended here, and the world ends not far from here now; but men live beyond, and temples and palaces lie in ruins beyond, and the palm-trees flourish and the Nile flows, and yet, if all that lies beyond Syene were blotted out of existence, swept off from the chart of the world and the page of history, who would miss any thing? Verily the world ends just here.

And, saith the dragoman, castor-oil begins where the world ends. Just so. Nubia grows dates and castor-beans. On the dates the Nubians live, and the castor-bean furnishes oil for their heads, where it flows in abundance.

We saw the first of it on the island of Elephantine, which lies before Assouan at the foot of the cataract.

The glory of Elephantine has departed long ago. In ancient days its temples and palaces surpassed in splendor all the fables of antiquity. No wealth could again rear such buildings; no nation of modern times, with all the wealth of modern days, could erect one such temple, much less the hundred that crowded this sacred island. Here magnificence and beauty held their court and swayed the hearts of men. Here alternate love and hate, and all the passions of the human breast, held for their brief times the reins of power. Here men reigned, women loved, kings and priests and princes lived and died, and the change came, and time trod on them and crushed the palaces, and the avenging angel swept his wing over them, and their very dust went away on the wind. Elephantine lay in the Nile, and other nations took the place of Egypt in the roll of time. There is, perhaps, no place in Egypt that, could it have a voice, would utter more strange and splendid histories of men and kings than this island.

It lies in the river, from the foot of the cata-



THE FOOT OF THE FIRST CATARACT.

ract, stretching down in front of Assouan about a mile, and is nearly half a mile in breadth. Its surface is a mass of ruins, shapeless and hideous. Ruin sits triumphant here. Not even the plowshare of ancient history, which has run over so many ruins, could prevail here to penetrate the mass. A small part of the island is cultivated, but a large portion still remains in the condition I have described, and so will remain so long as the world stands. Fragments of statues, a gateway of the time of the mighty son of Philip, an altar whose fire was long ago extinguished in the blood of its worshipers: these and similar relics remain; but nothing to indicate the shape, extent, or date of any of the buildings that formerly covered the island.

We pulled across to it in our small boat. The crowd of men and boys on the shore at Assouan, clamoring for bucksheesh and for purchasers of their Nubian clubs, spears, baskets, and mats, had driven us to extremities within an hour after our arrival; and finding it vain to attempt to dispute them with words and whips, we determined to leave the field to them, and, accordingly, crossed to Elephantine.

On the shore a group of Nubian girls met us with their small worked baskets and mats, and a few antiques, for sale. They were the first specimens of the Nubians we had seen at their homes, and they are as different a race from the Egyptians as we are ourselves. Black in color, but with sharply-cut features and beautiful eyes, they are as fine-looking a race of people as the world can produce. Nor do they hide their beauties. The full costume of the unmarried females is a simple leathern girdle around the waist, with a fringe hanging four inches below it. There was one girl among those at Elephantine that was exceedingly beautiful. She was tall, slender, and graceful as a deer, and quite as timid. She would not approach us near enough to offer her mats for sale, but coming within ten feet would start suddenly, and spring into the air like a fawn and dart away, and then coming slowly back approach us as nearly again, only to retreat in the same way. Her face was the soul of fun, and her eyes were brimful of laughter. We watched her for half an hour, offering her money to induce her to come nearer, but we were obliged at length to lay it down and let her take it up when we had gone three or four yards away, and then she stooped with her eyes fixed on us, never removing her gaze. We wandered over the island until sunset and dark, and then, when the moon was bright, we rowed up the river into the gorge between the island, the rocky bluff above Assouan, and let our boat drift slowly down by the ruined temples and the dark rocks.

The cataract was before us, and it became us to make ready for the ascent. Every one who has read books on Egypt is familiar with the fact, that the first cataract of the Nile has been from time immemorial under the charge of a Reis or Captain, who monopolized the fees for dragging boats up its rapids. Of late years the increase of travel has been so great that there are four Reises in partnership who attend

to the business; and it is so profitable withal that they have a great many other persons in partnership, even to the Governor at Assouan himself, who, for the sake of having his own boat taken up free, as well as for the sake of part of the pay, never interferes with the Reis of the cataract in his rapacity.

But we were fortified with a firman from his Highness; and if it were of no use here, it was not likely that it would be any where. Besides this, a letter from Latif Pasha to the Governor at Assouan, and another from Abd-el-Kader Bey, instructed him to pay special attention to us. We accordingly sent him word to have the Reis of the cataract at his divan at an early hour the next morning, where we would meet him, and make our arrangements for going up.

At eight the next morning we went up to the Governor's residence, and found him already in conclave with the *shellalee*, or men of the cataract.

Old Reis Hassan was conspicuous for his gray beard and broad shoulders. He is celebrated in story, as was his father before him. Bag Boug was a giant, a bony Nubian, gaunt and stout-framed, with an eye like a devil's, and an arm like a Titan's. The other two, Ibrahim and Selim, were younger and more silent; but the four looked abundantly able to lift the boat on their shoulders and carry it over the hills. We had manifestly broken in on a consultation among the worthies, in which the Governor's son-in-law, a sharp-looking Greek, had taken a conspicuous part. He was apparently governor of the old man.

We sat down on dingy cushions, and accepted pipes and coffee before the conference began, and at length opened the subject by requesting the Governor to inform us what the Reis of the cataract proposed to do for us.

The Governor hesitated a moment, and his ready son-in-law answered for him, that the Reis said our boat was too heavy and large to go up the cataract at all.

We smoked a while in silence, deliberating on this communication, and, in the mean time, I was looking over the faces of the poor Reises, and studying out their separate capacities and influence with each other.

"Our boat has been up the cataract every year for four years."

This was no answer. That a thing has been done once is no reason that it can be done again in Egypt.

"She will break. The water is very low this year. It was earlier when she went up before."

"It was February last."

This was a point-blank difference, but it produced no effect. We conversed a few moments in English, and then smoked silently a while.

"Very well; we have given up the idea of going up the cataract."

"There are very good boats to be had at Assouan that will go up the cataract easily."

This meant that the Governor or his son and the shellalee had a boat that they would like to force us to hire.

"There isn't a boat within five hundred miles of Assouan fit for an American to go in. We are going back."

This was a poser.

"Perhaps, if you took out the kitchen, the stores, and all the baggage, she might be light enough."

"Perhaps she would; but if we go up at all we go as we are. But we have given up going. We will go down the river this afternoon. Perhaps the Governor will forward a letter for us to Abd-el-Kader Bey?"

There was a strong hint in this suggestion, and the Governor felt it. There was another brief time of smoke and silence, and Bag Boug then growled out his opinion. He did not see any difficulty in taking the boat up if there were men enough to pull her. But it would cost a great deal.

"How much?"

A long silence. Hassan spoke suggestingly, "Fifteen hundred piastres."

I looked at him, at the Governor, at his son-in-law, laid down my chibook, gathered my shawl around me, and walked toward the door.

"Tell the Governor I will send a letter for Abd-el-Kader Bey, which I wish him to send immediately, and we will sail as soon as possible."

The Governor sprang to his feet, and the Reises united in making a new proposition. One thousand piastres would cover it all. I came out and left them. Then Abd-el-Atti thundered at them,

"What is the use of any gentleman having his Highness's letter if this is all he gets by it? When did you ever get a thousand piastres for taking a boat up the cataract? You are all a set of thieves together. I understand you, and the gentleman understands you, and I can tell you that when Abd-el-Kader Bey hears of it he will make you move up here. He will understand it too, eh? What do you think he will say, eh? when he hears that the gentleman with his Highness's letter could not go up the cataract, eh?"

They endeavored to soothe him, and gradually came down in their offers, and at length he got a chance to speak to old Hassan alone, and whispered to him a promise of an extra bucksheesh to him above the contract price unknown to the others. This converted Hassan, and he yielded slowly to the offer of four hundred piastres, which the others finally came to most reluctantly, and then it was closed, and I returned to the room.

The next question came to be discussed: this was the when. It was now eleven o'clock, and of course too late to go up to-day.

"Why too late?"

"Oh, no one can go up without starting very early in the morning."

"How long does it take?"

"Two days. One day to go up to the foot

of the last fall, the next to go up *the gate* (which is the first great fall at the head of the cataract)."

"Two days! In the name of the Prophet what is the use of taking two days? It ought to be done in four hours, and it can and must."

"Impossible!"

"There's no such word in America. The thing must be done. It is now eleven—not yet noon. We must be at Philæ by sunset. We will not spend another night here, or in the cataract. Up the river or down, whichever the Reises please," and I left them disputing.

At length they came to it, and then the troop came down to the river, the old Governor leading, and the procession following. We had crossed to Elephantine again, but returned when we saw the procession, and instantly made all ready for a start. The Governor remained long enough to smoke a pipe, and endeavored to retrieve his character by telling all sorts of stories of the shellalee, laying the blame of the slow contract to them. I suspected him the more for his anxiety to be rid of the imputation, and having bowed him ashore, we were ready to start.

We had invited our friends, Rev. Mr. —— and his young wife, the missionaries, to accompany us on our boat through the cataract, and return from Philæ on donkeys, and they accepted the invitation cheerfully, so that we made a party of six to go up.

The contract being concluded, the Reises were all in fine spirits and full of life and activity, apparently as well satisfied as if they had all their demands.

We stowed away all glass and movables, lashed every thing that was likely to be thrown down, and then, with a shout and a salute of ten guns, we dashed away before a grand breeze, and, rounding the bluff of black basalt, which frowns over the upper end of Elephantine, we breasted the last rush of the rapids, which are called the Cataract of the Nile.

The cataract is not a cataract in any sense to us Americans. It is but a rapid, broken up by thousands of boulders of granite and black basalt. One might well imagine that here occurred the battle between Jupiter and the Titans, and that the rocks hurled against the throne of the Thunderer fell back here shattered and broken, but gigantic still. Every where through the cataract these rocks lie, piled on each other, or singly, black and polished above the foaming river. The cataract is not narrow. The river, in fact, spreads out as wide as in any other part of its length, and the rocks lie across its entire breadth. The length of the cataract is not more than four miles. The principal descent of water is at its head, where the river comes down through a narrow pass called the Gate. Below this it is broken up, and turned, and vexed, and dashed hither and thither, but there is no great fall at any point.

Still the water was black, and dashed furiously against our bows, as if to warn us back from the far-famed barriers of Syene. A moment later we swept around the point, the rocks closed before and behind us, and we were in a lake-like inclosure. But there was nothing lake-like in the waves that dashed around us as never lake was vexed. The wind was now a gale, and howled over our heads, and drove the boat into the current, whose strength increased at each moment. Two miles of this navigation, turning frequently short around rocks, now skirting the edge of a foaming mass, now sliding with a grating jar over a smooth stone that lay hidden under the boiling foam, brought us to a point where the river came down several passages through the rocks into the one broad stream up which we had come.

Selecting the easternmost passage, down which the waters poured in yellow foam, we breasted the current with a full sail and straining spars. The *Phantom* rushed at it as if she knew what was before her and enjoyed the contest. Just so I have seen her gallant namesake breast the rushing ebb-tide off Watch Hill in a stiff northeaster, coming up before it and rolling heavily, but plunging through bravely.

The water flew from the bow, and the short ascent was almost won, when she hesitated, trembled, and then, slowly yielding, she paused.

We were all on deck among the men, the three ladies seated in front of the cabin-door and the gentlemen standing by them. There was just wind enough to hold us where we were, and we stood in the middle of the stream, neither progressing nor receding.

Reis Hassan looked up stream and down stream, now on this and now on that side. Selim was steadfast at the tiller, Ibrahim was on the look-out forward, and Bag Boug was every where at once.

The old man watched the full and straining sail, and as he saw her slowly yield and give back to the heavy rush of the river, he shouted for a rope, and seizing the coils of the heavy *liban* (the tow-rope), dropped his turban, two tarbouches, and all his clothes, quick as lightning, and sprang into the furious current. Ten strokes of his powerful arms and he was on a black rock, around which the water was raging. From this he dived again, up stream, and disappeared. The next instant he came above water, far up stream. No human power could swim that distance in that current. He had doubtless helped himself along by rocks on the bottom of the stream, but he had never let go his hold of the heavy rope. A dozen Nubians followed him, and they made the rope fast around a rock directly ahead of us, and then, throwing themselves into the stream, came flying down to the boat, which they caught as they swept by, and swung themselves in, and all hands commenced hauling, with a tremendous chorus of "Hah, Allah!" All this occupied a briefer time than I have taken to describe it, and the boat was still breasting the stream; but now she began to go up, up, with every repeat of the chorus, until—just as she was on the very

crest of the rapid, and entering the smooth water—crack! The rope flew high in the air as it parted, and she sagged over to the side of the passage, and thumped heavily on the rocks, where she rested.

The shouts that arose from fifty Arab throats drowned the roar of the waters as this mishap occurred; but in a moment twenty men were in the water, and other ropes were carried forward, and then with a long, steady haul she was swung off the rocks into the stream, and up into a safe eddy at the top of this part of the cataract, the men swimming to her from all directions, and she flying on before the wind to the next place of trial.

Again, as before, the wind carried us halfway up this, and then the black skins plashed through the water, and ropes were sent out to the rocks, and she was drawn into an eddy halfway up, where she rested again a moment. Here I was not a little surprised to see her headed into a narrow passage, not ten yards wide, down which the water fell a foot or eighteen inches in a hundred feet. The broader stream foamed and dashed high up on the rocks over which they flowed. This passage seemed deeper, and Reis Hassan knew his business. It was evident that sheer lifting alone could get the boat up this fall, and three ropes were got out while we lay in the eddy. Old Hassan sprang to the rocks, and threw a handful of dust into the air. In an instant men started up in every part of the rocky bed of the Nile. The valley that a moment before had seemed to be only the abode of rocks and the great river, where from hill to hill there was only black stone and white foam, now swarmed with life, and three hundred men, women, and children rushed down to the boat to aid in the hauling, and claim their share of the reward. The children, whose name was Legion, stood on the shore and shouted "Bucksheesh, Howajji!" in every tone conceivable, while some threw themselves into the current, and came dancing down the water, and went by us in a twinkling, soon coming up, with their logs or floats on their shoulders, to claim their pay.

We were ready for another attempt. Bag Boug made his appearance at the cabin-door, where I was standing. He was wet and cold and shivering. He begged hard. Bag Boug is always wet and cold and shivering, and always wants brandy. We had a lot on board reserved for such purposes. Old Hassan never drinks, and I did not care how drunk the others were, for he was, after all, the man of the party. I handed Bag Boug the glass—a large tumbler—and a bottle to pour for himself. He filled the tumbler to the brim, and poured it down his throat as if it were water, and while I looked on in astonishment he repeated the dose. On my honor that shellalee drank a full pint of raw brandy without a wink, and there was not in his conduct afterward the slightest indication that he was affected by it. His throat must be copper to stand such stuff as that was.

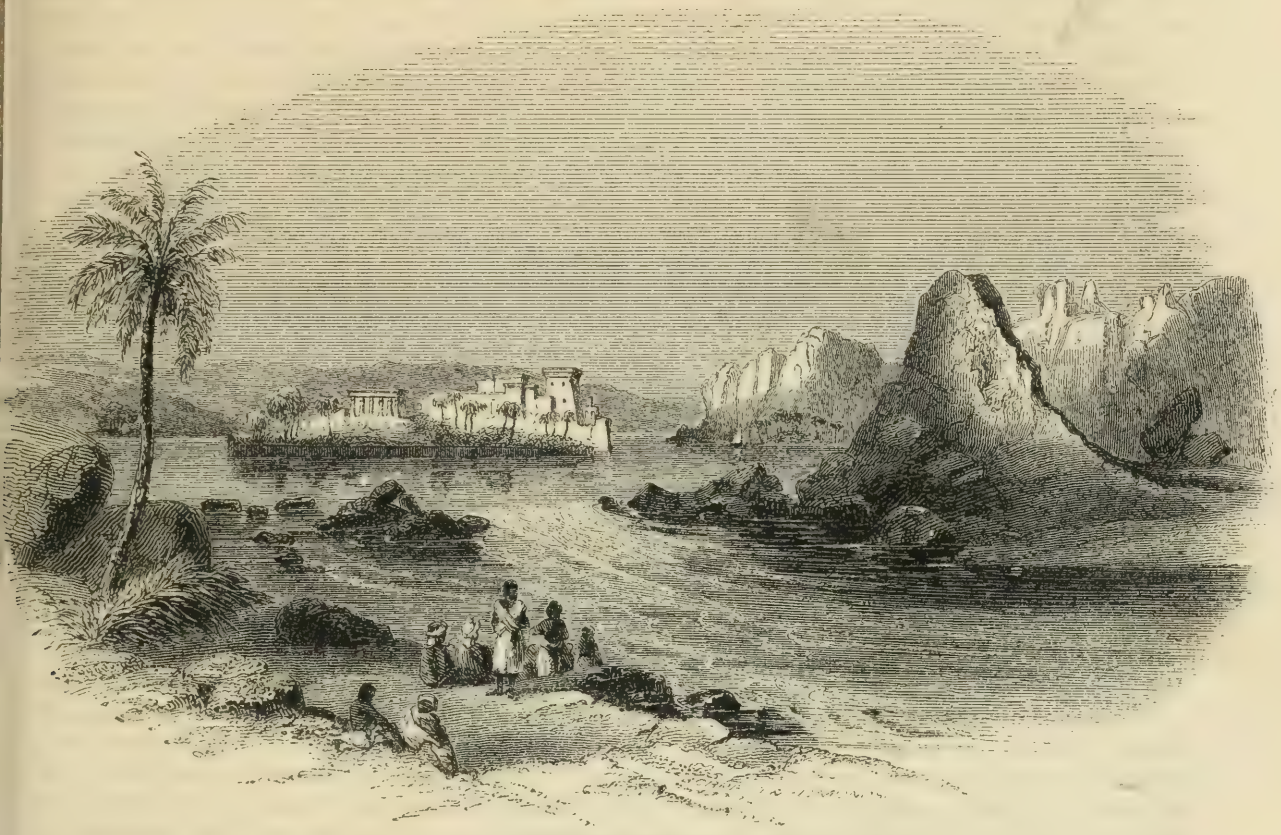
We were now all ready, and fifty men took hold of the ropes, and as many more stood on the rocks to keep her off and push when they could. Up—up—up! But she paused again. Twenty good steady men to haul would have sent her up; but the Arabs pulled one at a time, and they could not move her. As she went back we all sprang to the ropes, and three Americans hauling did more than thirty Arabs. She went forward, the water parted over her bow, she shot up the fall and on into the eddy before the gate of the cataract.

Down this gate the Nile pours in one solid stream, parting instantly around a hundred rocks. As we shot forward in the eddy before the strong wind we struck a rock, and ran high up on it. Fifty men were under her instantly, swimming till they found points of rock on which to rest their feet, and then lifting and pushing, and as she sank off and floated, they swam hither and thither like fish, and we ran on to the foot of the gate.

Here large and strong preparations were necessary for the final pull, and while these were in process we went on shore to see how the boat looked in the current. This was a view not to be lost, and we clambered on the rocks to a high point overlooking the boat and the crowd, which was steadily increasing. I think there were a hundred naked boys and girls around us vociferating for bucksheesh. Whips and clubs were of no use whatever. They thronged us. I was a little distance from May, and called her by name several times. She could not hear me in the din and clamor, but the young beggars did, and made the air ring with "Howajji May! bucksheesh!"

The boat certainly looked gallantly, and most gallant of all was Hajji Mohammed, our prince of cooks. I think I have mentioned that the kitchen occupies the extreme bow of the boat, forward of the mast, and as there is no bowsprit or forward rigging, there was nothing to interrupt the view forward from his stand. But he was steadily at work boning a fowl, and attending to his usual duties as quietly as if she was lying at anchor in a calm. A dozen naked Nubians were sitting forward of the kitchen and clinging to its sides, but he paid no attention to them whatever, nor did he once cease his work in all the passage of the cataract. Enough for him that we had ordered an early dinner, and he was hastening it as fast as possible.

And now they announced the boat ready for her last trial. An immense hawser was made fast literally around the boat, and this was long enough for two hundred men to take hold of. The sail was stowed away; no one could manage it in this place. And now with a long steady song, and as steady a pull as they could make, the *Phantom* entered the gate and mounted the rapid, and emerged from Egypt into Nubia up the last reach of the cataract. Tumbling overboard every body but the Reises and their immediate attendants, with the sails shaken out to the breeze, we swept on, now to the left,



APPROACH TO PHILÆ.

around a lofty pile of rocks, and now to the right, opening before us the loveliest view in all Egypt, perhaps in all the world, the burial-place of Osiris, the beautiful Philæ.

The island of Philæ, lying at the head of the cataract of the Nile, is in one of the most wild and picturesque spots on the face of the earth. High black rocks, heaped up to the sky, lie all around it, and from any point of view it is a jewel set in a rough inclosure, to make it the more beautiful by contrast. The entire surface of the island is covered with ruins, the great temple of Isis, which is the most perfect among them, occupying the western side. It is not of a very ancient period. One learns in Egypt to call every thing modern that is not three thousand years old, and the temples of the Ptolemies are of less interest after one begins to learn the history of the Pharaohs of older times, and look on their monuments. It is a strange passion this that men have for the old. What is it in the intellect of man that makes him do such homage to age—to great age? Is it because we always admire the inaccessible, and that we whose dust holds together but seventy years, therefore admire the dust that has outlived thirty centuries? Not so; because the hills and mountains of our own country are old enough for all that. It is not age alone. It is something in the fact that human hands wrought on these rocks; that human intellects shaped and planned their order. It is the memorial of dead men's thoughts to which we bow in reverence; and perhaps it is somewhat akin to our own desires after immortality. Perhaps the feverish thirst of the boy for fame—the thirst that long life can never satisfy—is somewhat similar to the profound awe with which he looks on the carved name of an ancient king, or the exquisite sculpture of an ancient artist. And men are but grown-up boys, and the boy's anxiety for fame may have vanished among the more immediate and practical desires of manhood, but the admiration for the fame of others, and the veneration for the mere approximation to immortality which he fancies he sees in the ruins of old temples and palaces, lingers with him; nor does it leave him ever.

But there is something more than all this, which we all feel, but which none of us can well explain, when we look on an ancient ruin, and which makes the difference between old hills and old houses. If one fell on the ruin of an ancient shop, wherein men of old times bought and sold goods and wares, there would not be any very profound admiration excited, nor would he sit down long to reflect on the scenes which had occurred within those walls. Still less did he discover a butcher's stall or a drinking-shop. The ordinary employments of men in former ages interest us, but only momentarily. It is their great emotions, their passions, that most challenge our respects and fix our minds. The houses in which they lived remind us of these, in that we recall the home scenes, the thousand affections of home; and man's love always sanctifies a place. But the palaces in which they reigned, where all day long, and all the years long, were heard the sounds of royalty, with which are always mingled the fiercest emotions of humanity, and the temples in which their altar fires burned, and their hearts burned as well,

these are the places in which the foot of the thoughtful man lingers, till sunset and moonlight hallow them with softer rays, and he sees around them always in sunshine or moonlight the flitting shadows of ancient memories. Altars are crumbled, and altar fires have long been quenched, but the memory of men's worship remains to sanctify, and the impress of their tears is visible in the crumbling pavements.

Philæ was the most sacred spot in Egypt. Hither, from all directions, men came for worship. But none were admitted to set their feet on the sacred island except by special order. Here was the fabled burial-place of Osiris, or near here, for antiquarians dispute much on this point. But in the temple of Isis is now found a remarkable subterranean vault, near the holy of holies, from which a concealed stairway passes through the solid walls of the temple up to the roof, and which gives every indication of having been used by the priests for their secret purposes, and very possibly to show to strangers as the grave of the great Osiris.

But for the present I have nothing to do with ancient Philæ. It is only the modern; the palm-trees and the ruins; the fallen altars and columns that I have to speak of. They lay in the utmost beauty of desolateness as the moonlight came over them that night, and we wandered about among their wastes.

There was but just light enough to read the inscription of the French army, which records the advance of Desaix to this point. And as we studied it out, I was reminded of one of those instances of British literary discourtesy which does not even shrink from misrepresenting the truth, when by so doing it can fling a sneer at an American.

Eliot Warburton, in his "Crescent and Cross," wrote a very ill-natured, very untrue statement about Stephens, which no one who has visited Egypt has thought proper to correct. Warburton is dead, and perhaps there may be those who think it wrong to accuse him when he can not reply. But Stephens is dead also, and those who knew him while living will understand well how he would not himself deign to correct a statement of this kind, whose annoying nature consisted in its smallness. Doubtless Stephens had a hundred readers in England and America where Warburton had one. But a story like that, nevertheless, lives in print to the injury of his fame, and let it be set right so far as we can do it.

Warburton, in his description of Philæ, concludes his chapter with this paragraph:

"There was one case of autographism which amused me not a little. Mr. Stephens, the American traveler, whose appreciation of the perfections of his own country is considerably at issue with that of any other, gives us an account of having carved his name on the same slab that bore the inscription written there by Desaix in 1799, to commemorate his arrival with a French army in pursuit of the Mamelukes. Now after Mr. Stephens came a French traveler, who thought it bad taste even in an American to obtrude his identity into the company of the French Hero, the rather, perhaps, as there were some acres of 'spare' wall equally available for the purpose. This last enthusiast has carefully eradicated the name of Stephens, and appended, moreover, the following aphorism: 'La page de l'histoire ne doit pas être salie.'"

Now Warburton wrote this in pure malice and with entire disregard of the truth, perhaps not thinking that any future traveler would chance to be at Philæ, as I was, with "The Crescent and the Cross," and "Egypt, Arabia Petrea, and the Holy Land," both before me to compare the two books with the stone.

Read "the account" which Stephens does give of writing his name on the "same slab" that bore the inscription of Desaix. He writes thus:

"In the grand propylon, among the names of tourists and travelers, in a small plain hand, is written: 'L'an 6 de la republique, le 13 Messidor, une armée Française, commandée par Bonaparte est descendre à Alexandrie: L'armée ayant mis, vingt jours apres, les Mamelukes, en fuite aux pyramides, Desaix, commandant la première division les a poursuivi au de-là les cataractes, où il est arrivée le 13 Ventose de l'an 7.' Near this was an inscription that, to me, was far more interesting than all the rest; the name of an early friend, 'C—— B——, U. S. of America,' written with his own hand. I did not know that he had been here, although I knew he had been many years from home, and I had read in a newspaper that he had died in Palestine. A thousand recollections crowded upon me, of joys departed, never to return, and made me sad. I wrote my name under his, and left the temple."

This is the simple and beautiful record of affection on which Warburton founded his statement. Now add these facts: Desaix's inscription is not on any *slab*. It is cut on the inner face of the propylon on the sandstones of the great gateway. Stephens was right in saying that there were many names of tourists and travelers there. There are hundreds. I could not find his, for, if there, the crowd of names conceals it, and if erased, as Warburton says, it was erased, with hundreds of others, by the French Expedition, who cleared the inscription of Desaix by erasing all names that were on and over it, and, instead of "appending" an aphorism, painted high up on the temple-wall, above the inscription of Desaix, and above a thousand names of travelers in all ages, from Greek times to these, their warning, "The page of history ought not to be sullied." This is carefully painted, by an artist, in handsome black letters, and must have cost a day or two of work with ladders, paint, and brushes to complete it. That Stephens's name was among those erased is exceedingly doubtful, as he says his friend's name was "near" the French inscription, and none were erased but such as were



PHARAOH'S BED, ISLAND OF PHILÆ.

actually within the lines of that legend or close around it; and, if it were, it was sheer malice to say that the "aphorism" referred to him in particular, and worse than malice to say that it was "*appended*" to the erasure of his name.

So much for an unpleasant subject. I said the moonlight found us among the ruins of Philæ the beautiful. Again I might write, as I have written before, never was such moonlight—certainly never was such a place for moonlight. It fell on the columns of the ancient temple at the upper end of the island, and the small obelisk seemed to grow larger in the silver light. It lingered in the great court of the temple of Isis, as if it loved the memories that resided there. But purest, holiest of all, it fell in the open temple on the eastern side of the island, where May and myself sat silently as the night swept along with its load of glory, while the others wandered up and down the island, looking vainly for one spot more beautiful than another.

Our friends, the missionaries, were with us still, and it was now time for their return to Assouan. Donkeys had been ordered to be ready for them on the opposite side of the river, and, taking them in the small boat, I pulled across to the main land. The boys stood under the palm-trees, and when they were mounted and ready to be away, I could not permit them to go alone and unattended through the wildest and perhaps the most dangerous mountain pass in Egypt; for the men of the cataract—the *shellalee*, as they are called—are not much more merciful or human in disposition than the wolves and hyenas which abound among their hills, and I felt unwilling to trust my friends—one of them a young and delicate lady—to the mercy of either class of brutes. So I made ready to accompany them myself, and being already armed, as indeed I have always been when leaving the boat, with a six-barreled Colt and an endless repeater of Jennings, I walked along by their side in pleasant talk across the arm of the desert on which stands the village, under a branching sycamore that grew up from the very sand itself, and then into the wilderness of rocks that lie as the hands of the Almighty cast them, here and there and every where, on the east bank of the river. It was a strange group that, for such a scene and such a night. Sometimes the donkeys climbed the sides of rocks on which their feet seemed scarcely able to retain foothold; often they passed through narrow chasms, that seemed impassable till we had tried them. The hills grew higher on the right, the noise of the cataract louder on the left, the scene more wild, the moonlight more beautiful. And so we continued until I had accompanied them beyond the mountain pass and into the more open and safe country which lies along the line of the portage from Assouan around the cataract, and here I left them to pursue their way downward to their boat, and thence to Cairo, while I turned my back and again resumed my way southward toward the tropic, toward Abou Simbel and the second cataract.

I know no point in my wanderings at which I felt so much the distance from home, or that I was leaving all that bound and connected me to that home as here.

Behind me lay Egypt. Close behind me the only two Americans (except ourselves) within almost a thousand miles had their faces turned northward, and were leaving us to our lonesome journey. Around me was desolation, its very

abode, where the rock and desert held every thing. At my right the roar of the rapid, sounding as when the Greeks heard it, warned me, as it warned the Romans of old, that I had passed "far Syene," and that the world lay behind me and unknown wastes before. Grim, silent, solemn rocks, lifting their dark countenances in the air, looked on me with stern gaze, that sometimes seemed, in the clear moonlight, to change into a smile of contempt, and sometimes into a sneer of derision. What was I, a puny mortal of six feet, in these slow-coming years, what was I, that I should be walking so carelessly and recklessly along that mighty river, by the far-famed cataract, in that light that had guided the footsteps of kings and priests ages ago, among those stately rocks that had been the witness bearers of forty centuries? What was I, that I should look with unshrinking eyes on all these ancient memorials, and troll a song—a dashing modern song—as I walked among them? For an instant a shudder came over me, and I verily feared lest the old guardians of the barrier should stop me there. But that was a momentary, half defined feeling that vanished on the instant, and I gathered my wits together as well as I was able, and walked on over sand and stone, as I fancied millions had walked, in long gone years, on moonlight pilgrimages to Philæ.

INSECTS AND INSECT LIFE.

YOU have seen a fly start from a window, and alight upon the ceiling overhead. Did you ever think of the singularity of the movement? It is nothing strange to see him flying about with his back upward. This is being true to nature, and a matter of course. But not so the contrary motion.

You have sat upon the deck of a steamboat, steaming along at twenty miles the hour, or a railroad rushing on twice as fast, and seen a little insect in the air traveling by your side on his tiny wing, with the most apparent ease, just as fast. He acted as if it was just the easiest thing in the world for him to do; and if a doubt crossed your mind as to whether it was not the "suction" of the boat that was drawing him along—presto! with a single sweep of his wing he was far ahead—out of sight. Did you think then there was a power of muscle and a strength of endurance in that insect that was more than a match, in comparison with its size, for the fleetest race-horse—yes, almost for the iron horse that was dragging *you* along.

But there was: and in that little, insignificant body, there were gathered, compact and firm, but strong, and supple and obedient to the will, a complicated system of muscles and veins and sinews that were more than a match, in skillful design, for all your glorious organization. We admire the large muscular development that moves the wings of the eagle, or the swift and long-enduring migratory pigeon; but it is the muscle of the infant by the side of the full-grown man compared with those which move the wings of an insect. A grasshopper leaps two hundred and fifty times its own length, which is about the same as if a man should jump a quarter of a mile.

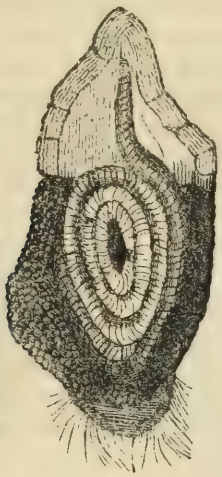
We miss half the enjoyment of life, and lose volumes of the best kind of knowledge, because we do not look more narrowly into these every-day occurrences of life. If we were brought into this world full-grown men, with all our faculties complete, the minutest thing among the incidents that now pass unnoticed by us would excite in us the profoundest surprise, and arouse our intensest curiosity to know the reasons of all that is taking place around us. But because we have seen them every day, from our childhood up, we pass them by as unworthy the notice of our lordly wisdom. We see the spider weave his intricate web with consummate geometrical skill—the honey-bee constructing his comb on the purest mathematical principles, which he never studied—the ant raising his stately dome and pointed minarets, over galleries and chambers and bridges that rival the works of the greatest engineers—we observe the silk-worm spinning his cocoon of the finest silk that is destined to shine in the rich and costly web that clothes our wives and daughters, and yet how imperfect an idea have we of that instinct that emulates reason in its constructive power and skill!

We trample heedlessly under foot the crawling earth-worm, forgetful that he is a creature of sense and feeling—we turn away with loathing and disgust from the maggot reveling in the rottenness of the putrid carcass, ignorant of the great fact that, in the economy of nature, he is performing one of the noblest and best offices, in removing from our sight and smell the offensive carrion. Linnæus supposed that the dead body of a horse would not be destroyed sooner by a lion than by three flesh-flies and their immediate progeny, each one of whom is known to lay twenty thousand eggs, which soon hatch out, and in a single day eat so much and grow so fast as to acquire an increase of two hundred times their own weight, and these in a few days



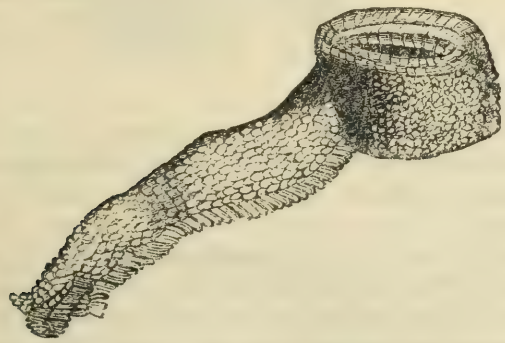
MAGGOTS ALREADY HATCHED IN ABDOMEN OF BLOW-FLY.

give birth to a third generation. The blow-fly, contrary to the ordinary order of nature—indeed, proving a solitary exception, apparently—



SPIRAL COIL OF MAGGOTS IN ABDOMEN OF BLOW-FLY.

has its eggs hatched within its own body, which come forth living, to commence immediately their work of removing those offensive matters.



SPIRAL COIL OF MAGGOTS FROM ABDOMEN OF BLOW-FLY.

We admire the gaudy butterfly, with his many-hued wings, or the magnificent moths



which fly in the evening twilight, with splendid plumage and painted eye-like spots in their wings, but we shrink back with abhorrence from the very caterpillars that they were before they were transformed; and wear the rich silks spun by a caterpillar, to touch which would fill us with abhorrence. Almost the entire insect race



is regarded as the foe to man; and those very insects which are spending their lives in arduous toil and labor for man's good, are often the least regarded, if not actually loathed.

Let us see whether this is all right. Let us see if there is not much in the history of insect life that is worthy the profoundest regard and the closest study. And where shall we begin? Any where; for the whole race will furnish food for observation, or the meanest one that crawls upon the ground will afford a world of interest to the careful observer. Almost all insects pass through a wonderful series of transformations from the egg to the perfect insect. Some, as we shall see, are exceptions to this law. But, as a general rule, it is true. All butterflies conform to it, and we will take one of them for an illustration.

It is the Papilio Asterias, one of our commonest butterflies in the summer. She is black, with a double row of yellow spots on her back, a broad band of yellow spots across her wings, and a row of the same near their margin; the hinder wings are tailed, with seven blue spots between the rows of yellow spots, and an orange-colored, eye-like spot, with a black centre, near the hinder angle. This is not intended to be a scientific description, but a simple introduction of our subject to the reader, that he may know her when he sees her.

She is hovering over our parsley-bed, and as she settles down upon it, once in a while she leaves a little egg upon a leaf. In a short time there issues from the egg a minute black caterpillar, less than a tenth of an inch in length, with a white band across the middle and its tail. This is the first stage of its existence, in which it is called the larva. In this stage it eats and sleeps and grows, frequently changing its skin, till it reaches its full size. It may be taken and imprisoned, and fed upon the leaves of the parsley till it becomes mature, and then the next remarkable change may be observed to take place. It is now about an inch and a half long. It leaves off eating, and retires to some sheltered



LARVA AND CHRYSALIS.

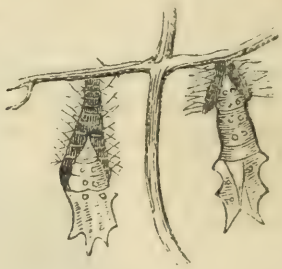
spot, where it prepares to go through its next transformation. Spinning a little web of silk, it fastens into it the hooks upon its hinder feet, and having fixed them securely, it proceeds to spin a loop of silk from one side to the other, about midway of its body. When this is fin-



ished, it passes its head through it, and gradually works it back so as to support its body. In twenty-four hours after this it casts off its skin, and behold! a new and entirely different form has been assumed. An apparently lifeless thing has taken the place of the living caterpillar. It is now in the grave of its first existence. It has now no appetites to gratify, and suffers no pain. But inactive as it may seem, within this body is going on a series of changes which are preparing it in a few weeks to break forth a being of light and beauty. About fifteen days elapse in this chrysalis or pupa state, when the back cracks open, and the butterfly emerges, with miniature wings, which may be seen to grow and expand till they reach their full size, and the perfect insect soars away to join the companionship of its fellows.



The wonderful instinct which directs this caterpillar in forming a loop in which to suspend its body while undergoing its transformation is, however, surpassed by another species, which goes through the change in a different posture. Selecting the under side of some horizontal object, it spins a little cone of silk, in which, like the other, it entangles its hinder feet, and drops down at full length, with its head bent forward like a hook. Here it hangs for several hours perfectly motionless. At length the skin along its back may be seen to crack open, and with a wriggling kind of motion this skin is made to slip back till the chrysalis is attached to it only by the extremity. It has now the difficult and

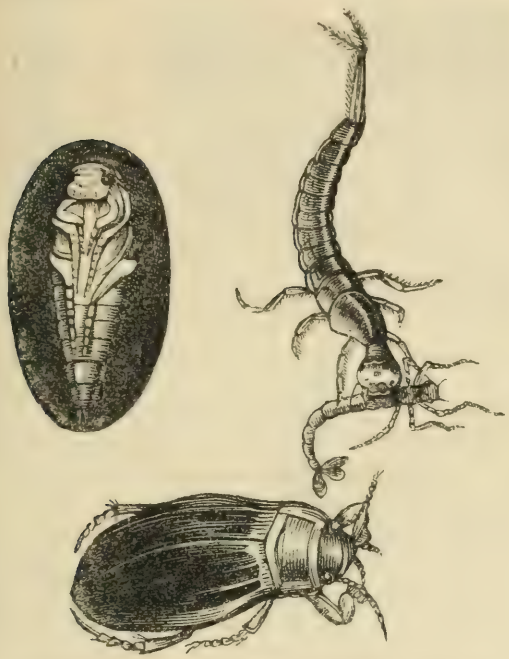


apparently hopeless task to perform of freeing itself entirely from the caterpillar skin, and attaching itself, by the hooks at the hinder extremity of its own body, to the tuft of silk. But nature has provided it with the means of accomplishing this difficult and perilous task. The hinder part of its body is composed of several rings or segments capable of moving upon each other. "By bending together two of these rings near the middle of its body, the chrysalis seizes, in the crevice between them, a portion of the empty caterpillar skin, and clings to it so as to support itself while it withdraws its tail from the remainder of its skin. It now extends the rings of its body as far apart as possible, then bending together two of them above those by which it is suspended, it catches hold of the skin higher up, at the same time letting go below, and, by repeating this process with different rings in succession, it at length reaches the tuft of silk, entangles its hooks among its threads, and then hangs suspended without farther risk of falling." It now whirls itself around repeatedly till it disengages the old skin from its attachment, which falls to the ground. But a few minutes are necessary to perform all this difficult feat, and the insect rarely fails in performing it safely.



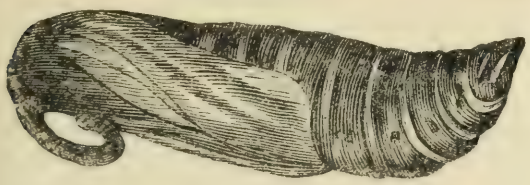
The caterpillar of all insects is very small at first, but grows very rapidly. The full-grown caterpillar of the goat-moth is seventy-two thousand times heavier than when it first emerges from the egg, and the larva of the blue-fly is, in twenty-four hours, one hundred and fifty-five times heavier than at its birth. But differing in external form and appearance so much from the perfect insect, this is only externally. With-

in this outer covering lies hid the perfect form of the future insect. Here are folded up all



WATER-BEETLE, WITH ITS LARVA AND CHRYSALIS.

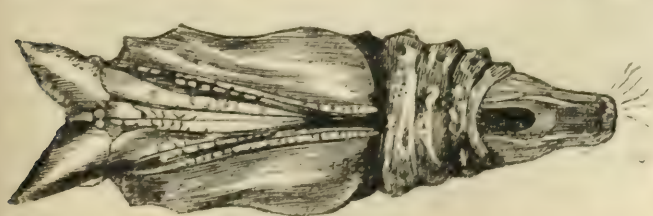
these delicate limbs with which it is eventually to issue forth from its temporary prison. Swammerdam has demonstrated that even before the caterpillar is ready to become a chrysalis all the parts of the butterfly may be discovered within its body, and gives the following directions for exposing them:



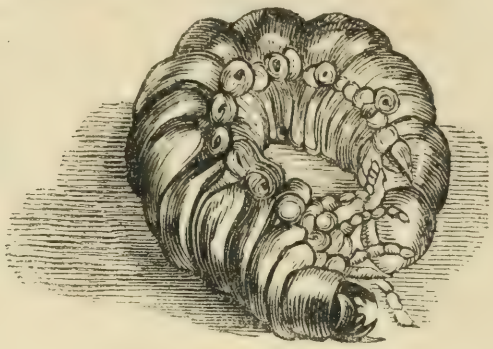
CHRYSALIS OF HAWK-MOTH.

"One must choose a full-grown caterpillar, tie to its body a small thread, and then put it into boiling water, and take it out soon after; thus its external skin will separate, and may be easily drawn off from the butterfly. This done, it is distinctly seen that, within this skin of the caterpillar, a perfect and real butterfly was hidden."

In the chrysalis many of these organs of the butterfly may be distinctly traced through the outer skin. The eyes, and the wings in miniature folded upon its sides, and its proboscis, antennæ, and legs, are all plainly marked out.

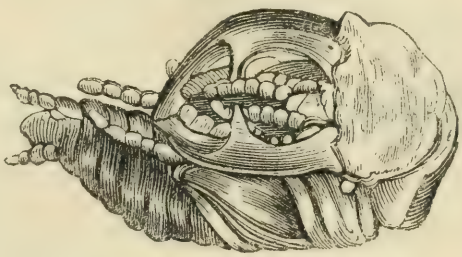


CHRYSALIS OF BUTTERFLY, SHOWING ANTENNÆ, WINGS, ETC.



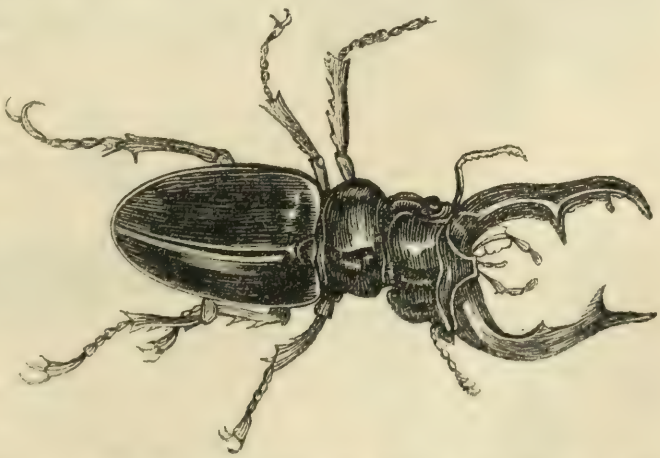
LARVA OF STAG-BEETLE.

Some of the most beautiful forms of insect life are only the transformations of some of the most repulsive. The large green caterpillar that is found feeding upon the potato and tomato-vines, when passed through these changes, becomes the large and beautiful hawk-moth



CHRYSALIS OF STAG-BEETLE.

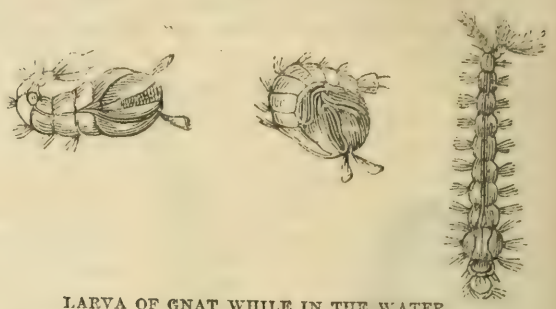
that in the autumn evening twilight is seen flying with wonderful swiftness from flower to flower, and thrusting its long and flexible proboscis deep into its centre to extract its honey. The huge caterpillar, covered with rows of coral-like horns, which feeds upon the leaves



of the plum-tree, and which we shrink from with too much horror, becomes in time the magnificent brown moth, whose wings expand several inches, and are ornamented with superb eye-like spots. It is seen in the latter part of summer flying heavily through the evening air. All the beautiful forms among insects spring from those objects which are generally regarded with disgust.

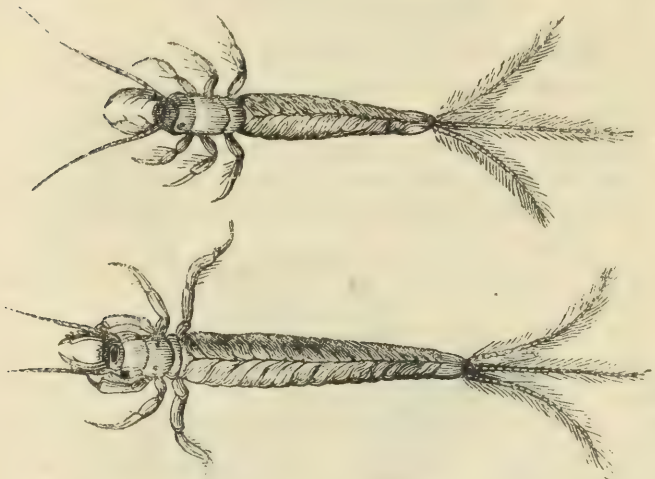
The narrow limits to which I am con-

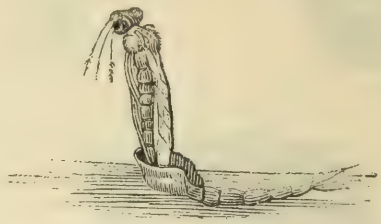
fined in this article require me to be concise, or I should take pleasure in leading my readers through the many and varied forms which insect life assumes in these transformations, in the different classes of insects, and especially in the different circumstances in which they live. Some caterpillars spin cocoons of silk around their own bodies previous to changing to the chrysalis; others bury themselves in the earth. Many pass their whole life, previous to becoming the perfect insect, in the water, and only emerge from this element when this last change takes place, like the gnat and May-fly.



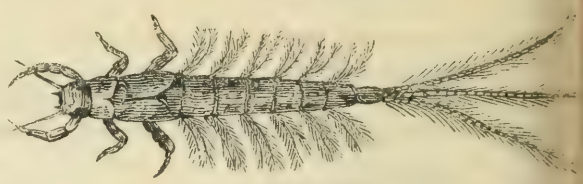
LARVA OF GNAT WHILE IN THE WATER.

Others, again, are found in the solid wood of trees, where the caterpillar often feeds for years





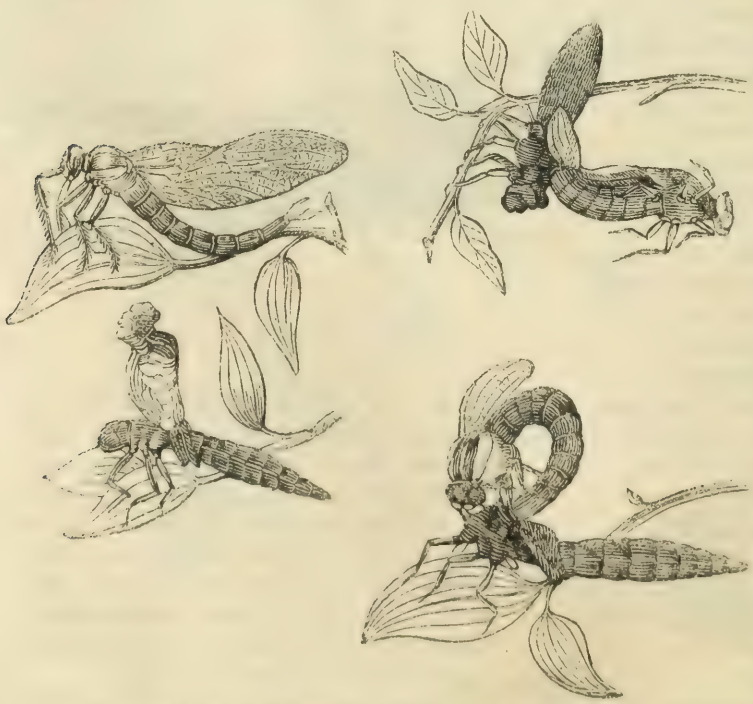
GNAT EMERGING FROM THE CHRYSALIS.



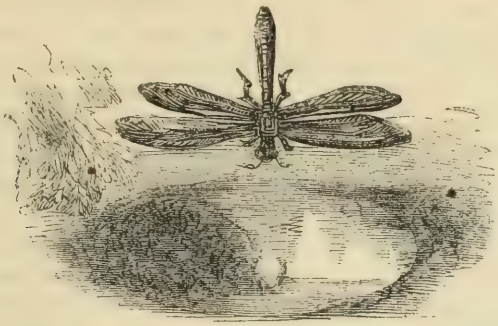
LARVA OF MAY-FLY.

before maturity, when instinct directs them to the surface, where they put on the chrysalis form, and remain till ready to come forth in the perfect state.

In each change of form insects are endowed with organs fitted for the particular circumstances in which they are to spend this period of their life. The grub that eats its way through the solid wood of the oak has jaws almost as hard as steel and of gigantic strength, but the insect which it eventually becomes could not eat its way out of a net of gossamer. But more strange than this is the fact that, in each stage of its life, its intellectual faculties, if I may call them so, or its instincts, are entirely different. The maggot, that rolls in the putridity of the dead carcass or the filthy cesspool, becomes the fly that sits upon our tables and sips up the sweetness of the sugar-bowl. The caterpillar, that feeds like a glutton upon the leaves of a foul-scented and poisonous herb, becomes the gaudy butterfly that sips honey from the nectar-cup of flowers. Insects which, in the larva state, are carnivorous, lose all their ferocity in their perfect state. A singular instance of this is seen in the ant-lion, who also exhibits a remarkable loss of instinct. In the larva state it lives upon other insects, and being incapacitated from pursuing its prey, it resorts to stratagem to secure it. Choosing a light, sandy spot, it digs a conical pit and conceals itself at the bottom, so that only its jaws are exposed, and here it waits patiently till some unwary insect approaches too near the edge of its pit, when the sand gives way and it tumbles into his open



DRAGON-FLY EMERGING FROM THE CHRYSALIS.





mouth. Its food is chiefly ants, and should one, in its fall, become arrested before it reaches the bottom, and attempt to escape, the apprehension of losing its prey stimulates the ant-lion to make a violent effort to secure it. He throws with his head shower after shower of sand after the fugitive, and rarely fails in bringing him down. But in his perfect state he becomes a harmless and inoffensive insect. No longer thirsting for blood, the whole instinct which led him before to set a trap for his food, or to stone it to death, has ceased to belong to him.

The perpetuation of their race seems to be the only object in the perfect state of most insects. Almost their whole life is spent in the earlier stages. Moths, as the silk-worm moth, lay their eggs and die. The ephemera or day-fly often lives but a single hour after its transformation. Previous to this, the instinct of maternity is utterly wanting. But as soon as they have reached their maturity, this is the controlling duty. And some of them exhibit almost human attachment to their offspring, providing for them with anxious care from the very moment the egg is laid till the young are able to take care of themselves. It might not excite surprise to find the painted butterfly warmly interested in providing for its young which are to become objects to beautify the face of nature. But it is not here that we find this sentiment so plainly expressed, but in the lower walks of insect life. We are told by De Geer that the earwig—so falsely accused of entering the human ear when we lie incautiously on the shady grass—actually sits upon her eggs as if to hatch them, and watches over them with the tenderest care. If by any accident they become scattered, she collects them into a heap and assiduously resumes her sitting. After they are hatched her young creep under her, and she broods them for hours, as a hen her chickens. Nay more, she takes care for their food by herself eating off the edges of the leaves of flowers upon which they feed, that they may nibble with their tender teeth at the fresh-cut surface.

The same author tells us of a field bug that leads her family of thirty or forty about, and never leaves them. They follow her, and when she stops they gather in a cluster around her. He cut off a branch of a tree upon which lived one of these families, and instead of flying, the mother kept up a rapid and incessant beating of her wings, as if to protect her brood from danger.

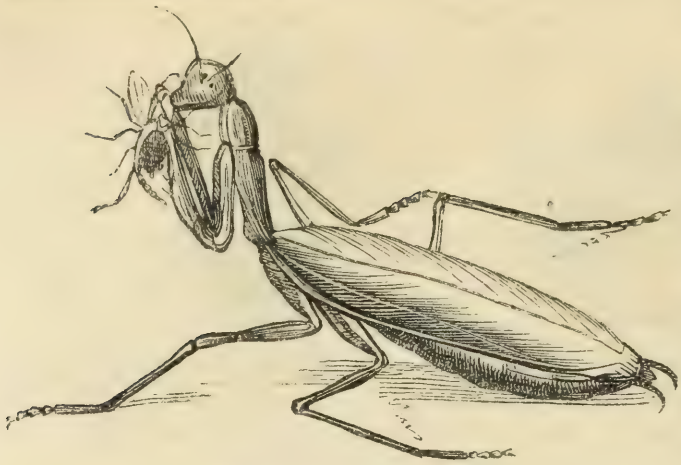
There is a species of spider that carries her eggs about with her in a silken bag of her own spinning. If she is deprived of it, she makes every effort to recover it, and gives indications of joy when it is restored to her, and runs off with it to a place of security. She makes an opening into the bag at the proper time, from which the young spiders come out, and gather in clusters upon her, and she carries and feeds them till they are able to provide for themselves.



THE MOLE-CRICKET.

Almost all insects make some provision for their young, either by depositing their eggs close where their food is to be found, or by depositing the food in a cell constructed for the purpose, and where the egg is laid. But they cease then to exercise any further care for them. I need not refer to the honey-bee or the various species of wasp which are familiar to every one. There is a curious insect, and not wanting in beauty—the mole-cricket—which often does great damage in our gardens, that is deserving of notice for the singular provision she makes for her eggs. Burrowing in the ground she makes an oval chamber, about as large as a small egg, and smoothes and rounds the interior with great care. In this chamber she deposits her eggs. She also constructs



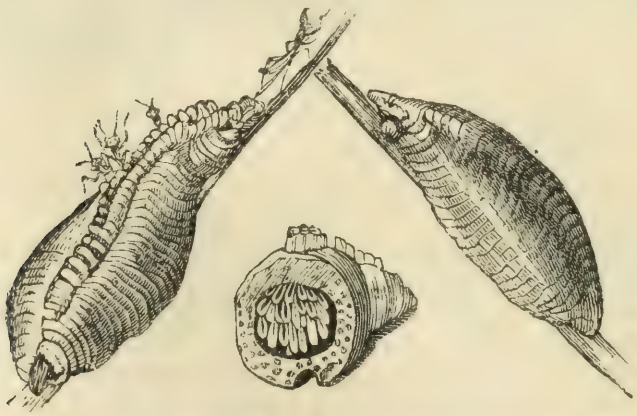


MANTES DEVOURING A FLY.

around it galleries and fortifications, and intricate passages and ditches, to guard her home, and the home of her children, from the approach of their natural enemies.

I have said that all insects do not pass through the same series of transformations as those I have mentioned. Some bring forth their young alive. Some at one season of the year lay eggs from which the young perfect insect is afterward hatched, and at other seasons give birth to them in their perfect state. Others lay eggs from which their young are produced, going through none of the intermediate stages. Among these latter is found that singular family called *mantes*, or fortune-tellers.

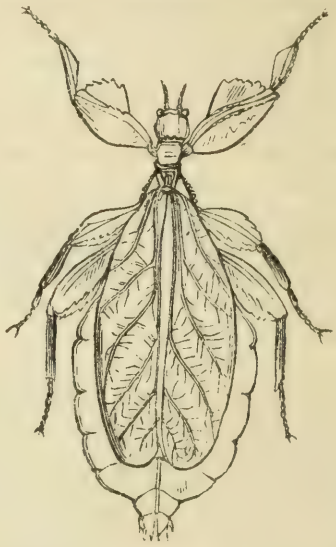
It is an odd-looking insect, deriving its name from the position it assumes, as Mouffet says, "because it always holds up its fore-feet like hands, praying, as it were, after the manner of the diviners, who in that gesture did pour out their supplications to their gods. So divine a creature is this esteemed, that if a child ask the way to such a place she will stretch out one of her feet and show him the right way." They have exceedingly pugnacious dispositions, and it has been said that the Chinese keep them separate, in bamboo cages, for fighting, like game-cocks.



EGGS OF MANTES, WITH THE YOUNG COMING OUT.



The uncouth form of this creature reminds me of an analogous race called "walking-sticks." An English writer thus describes one: "I have one from Brazil eight inches long, that, unless it were seen to move, could scarcely be conceived to be any thing else than a small branch with its spray; the legs, as well as the head, having their little snags and knobs, so that no imitation can be more perfect." Smaller species are not rare in this country, and are often found upon stalks of grain, and grass, which they very much resemble. I may also mention here the leaf-insect, so called from its very close resemblance to the leaf of a tree. Even the very nervures of the wings have so close a resemblance to the same organs in the leaf, that, in the words of another, "you would declare, upon beholding these insects, that they had robbed the trees of their leaves to form for themselves artificial wings."



Individually insignificant, some insects become, when assembled in their congregated hosts, a most formidable scourge to man, or one of his most faithful and profitable subjects. The locust, moving with his mighty hosts across the leafy forest and the green fields, lays waste the verdure of whole countries, converting them into wild and barren deserts, while the honey-bee and silk-worm are made the almost domesticated ally of our race, for their uses. Yet there are some which, as individuals, are so much of an annoyance, as to often call forth the angry question, "What are such creatures made for." All things have their uses, and, in the great economy of nature, nothing is brought into being without some end and use. The cruel mosquito that "*sings* and *sings*, and stabs you while he *sings*," and the blood-thirsty bug that, assassin like, steals upon you in your slum-

bers with murderous intent, fill up, each of them, no doubt, an important place in the great whole. A singular and curious tradition is said to exist among a sect of Kurds, dwelling at the foot of Mount Sindsbar, of the origin of insect vermin. It runs as follows:

"When Noah's ark sprang a leak by striking against a rock, and Noah despaired altogether of safety, the serpent promised to help him out of his mishap if he would engage to feed him upon human flesh after the deluge had subsided. Noah pledged himself to do so, and the serpent, coiling himself up, drove his body into the fracture and stopped the leak. When the flood had passed away, and all were making their way out of the ark, the serpent insisted upon the fulfillment of the pledge. But Noah, by Gabriel's advice, committed the serpent to the flames, and scattering his ashes in the air, there arose out of them flies, fleas, lice, bugs, and all such sorts of vermin as prey upon human blood."

Whatever may be the truth or falsity of this tradition, one thing is true, that all sorts of flesh are the prey of some insect which, like the fabled vampire, sucks their vital blood. The word bug, as it is now applied to a species of insect, has a curious origin. In the Celtic, it signifies *ghost* or *goblin*, and it is only in recent times that "that six-legged 'terror,' which creepeth by night, has been so appellated." And in proof of this, the author of "Insect Miscellanies" states, "that in Matthew's Bible, the 5th verse of the 91st Psalm is thus rendered: "Thou shalt not nede be afraid of any *bugs* by night!" From this comes, also, our word "bugbear."

The ant has been in all ages a model of laborious prudence, from the mistaken idea that "she provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest." She is, however, in some respects, a laborious insect. Always associated together in large communities, they effect with seeming care what to an individual would seem impossible, building immense structures for their abode, and constructing in them chambers and intricate winding passages, and bridges leading from one to another. They are, also, of extremely martial habits, often fighting, between different tribes, most sanguinary battles. And no doubt the causes which embroil them in war are as important as those which plunge nations of men in exterminating strife. A writer says, "The ants will dispute about a few square feet of dust, and such an object is of equal magnitude and importance to them as a river or mountain to an emperor. Sometimes a straw, the carcass of a worm, a single grain of wheat, will cause myriads to engage in deadly strife, and leave the miserable inches of surrounding earth strewed with the pigmy dead." Huber describes a battle of this kind between two neighboring tribes of fallow ants which he witnessed, and which ceased on the approach of night to be renewed again with greater fury before the dawn of the following day, and which was only brought to a close by long-continued rains, which separated the combatants.

I do not know what kind of ant the wise man took his lessons from. There is, at any rate, one species of ant which are the veriest sluggards alive. They do no work at all, but live in idle and luxurious ease, except when they make a predatory incursion against a neighboring tribe of black ants for the purpose of making slaves of their young. Yes, they are veritable slaveholders. All their work is done by slaves, who yet live among them in all other respects upon terms of perfect equality. A large majority of these slaveholding ants are females, the rest being only "a few idle gentlemen and some two or three queens and princesses of the blood." The warriors are all females, and when they have planned an excursion they sally forth into the territory of the tribe from whom they expect to obtain the desired supply of infant slaves; for be it known, they never attempt to capture any others. Arrived at the city of their unoffending neighbors, they find them assembled in front of their gates, ready armed, to resist them, for the alarm has been given long before they reach the spot. A war of extermination then ensues, in which the white ants come off victorious, leaving the ground for four feet square strewed with the dying and the dead. Thousands fight against thousands, each in single combat. In another part of the field a cohort of assailants charge in solid column upon a firmly-resisting phalanx of the defenders. But all resistance is vain, and the last of the defenders is slain. Then the Amazonian victors rush to the nurseries of their slaughtered foes, and each secures her little captive, and they bear them in triumph to their own city. Here they are placed in the charge of nurses, slaves like themselves, to be reared by them. They are brought up to perform all the drudgery of their owners, who spend their time in listless ease and luxury, till the necessities of the commonwealth require them again to go out on a marauding expedition to keep up their supply of servants.

I must not omit to mention a family of insects whose habits are of vast service in diminishing the ravages of caterpillars, and who, from the way in which they are supported from the egg to the chrysalis state, have been called *parasites*. They are the extensive family of the ichneumon fly, numbering in Europe alone over thirteen hundred species. They are very diverse in size, some being so small "that the egg of the butterfly is sufficient for the support of two until they reach maturity," while others exceed in dimensions the largest wasp, which insect they very closely resemble in form.

All the ichneumon flies deposit their eggs in the body of some caterpillar, or in the egg of some other insect, where it lives upon the food it finds there till it reaches maturity, when it eats its way out. They may often be seen hovering over a caterpillar as it is quietly feeding, and every now and then suddenly pouncing down upon their unsuspecting victim, each time

with its slender ovipositor depositing an egg in its body. I was once feeding a large green caterpillar which I had taken from a grape-vine, in order to watch its transformations. Missing it one morning, I turned over the leaves which had been given it for food, and found it underneath them, apparently sick. I was about to throw it away, when I saw a minute white lump on its back, and placing it under a microscope, I discovered it to be the cocoon of some insect too small to be recognized by the naked eye. While observing this, at that time to me curious and new phenomenon, I also saw a spot close by, not larger than the point of a large pin, that seemed to be a perforation through the skin of the larva. This rapidly enlarged, and suddenly an exceedingly small green grub emerged, and raising himself on end, began spinning a cocoon about his body, which he completed in an incredibly short time. In the course of the day the whole back of my caterpillar was covered with similar ones, which in a few days became a swarm of tiny ichneumons. The marvel is, that these creatures, feeding within the body of the larva, do not destroy its life. But they do not touch any vital part, living only on its fat and juices.

It is one of the most surprising instincts of the insect race that teaches some species of this fly where lies the grub in which its egg is to be deposited. The nest of the mason wasp, formed of dry mortar, is pierced with singular sagacity, and the grub, feeding far inside of the solid wood of a living tree, is destined to be the recipient of one of these parasitic eggs. I have seen on the trees in the Capitol grounds at Albany, numbers of a large fly of this kind, with ovipositors—the tube through which the egg is conveyed to its destination—nearly two inches in length, thrusting them down into the solid wood till they reached the grub feeding there, and left an egg in its body. Many were afterward unable to extricate the tube, and perished with it fast in the wood of the tree. What taught them that the grub was there, and how did they know the exact spot where he was feeding?



ICHNEUMON-FLY DEPOSITING ITS EGG IN THE LARVA OF THE MASON-WASP.

While speaking of parasites, I must not omit to mention a singular one which is sometimes found growing from the body of insects. Two leagues from the city of Havana, in 1749, some dead wasps were found in a field with a *plant* growing from the belly, which reaches about five spans in length. It is called, by the natives, Gia, and is full of sharp prickles. The larva of the May-bug, a common American insect, is often found with a plant three inches in length growing from between the head and the under part of the thorax, and sometimes from the mouth.

Kirby, the celebrated entomologist, says: "One morning I observed on my study window a little yellow lady-bird, with black dots. 'You are very pretty,' said I to myself, 'and I should like to have a collection of such creatures.' Immediately I seized my prey, and, not knowing how to destroy it, plunged it in Geneva. After leaving it in this situation for a day and a night, and seeing it without motion, I concluded it was dead, and laid it in the sun to dry. It no sooner, however, felt the warmth than it began to move, and afterward flew away. *From this time I began to attend to insects.*" Beetles have been known to live weeks after being transfixed with a pin. Indeed, I have often seen the large hawk-moths, after being pinned to a board, make their escape, and fly away with the pin through their bodies. The head of a wasp will bite after it is severed from the body, and the headless body will sting. Linnæus, in his "Miracula Insectorum," speaks of certain grubs, with tails like rats, that frequent stagnant water, which, becoming incorporated with the pulp of paper during its manufacture, and pounded with wooden mallets, and afterward squeezed in strong presses, have yet survived the whole process; and the "church-yard beetle" has been known to live three years without food. But these are wonderful instances of length and tenacity of life in insects, and though its duration is very various, it is generally, in the perfect state, but a thing of a day. The larva of the day-fly lives upward of two years in the water, but the fly itself "seldom lives long enough to see both rise and set of sun." We are told that of all the countless myriads of gnats and beetles and butterflies and moths that swarm upon the earth and in the air, of those that reach a "good old age" "scarce a single gnat survives a week—not half the beetles a month—and few are the butterflies and moths that overlive a fortnight."

But I must draw this short chapter of insect life to a close. The Egyptians deified the *Scarabæus sacer*, or sacred beetle, embalmed its body, carved its image on their monuments, and worshiped it as Deity itself. In the light and civilization of more modern days I should be foolish to recommend the revival of this worship; but the careful observer of nature will find in the history of insect life and its transformations much not only to interest him as a study, but to lead his thoughts up to the true God.

The doctrine of the metempsychosis was not purely a thing of the imagination. In the darkness of man's intellect and his ignorance of revelation he saw its foundation laid in those very laws of nature. The changes of the butterfly from the larva to the chrysalis, and then to the

perfect insect—endowed in each stage of its existence with different organs, and dependent upon different circumstances for life, and, in its last stage, reaching an elevation far above any of its previous forms—foreshadowed to his unenlightened sense the same changes, or similar, as taking place in himself; and in his ignorance, unable to fathom the causes of the changes, he bowed unhesitatingly to the apparent truth.

Birds are caged and kept in parlors for their brilliant plumage or bewildering song. If I were to recommend the keeping of insects for their beauty, or even the delightful music they make around our domestic hearth-stones, I should, perhaps, but call forth ridicule. Yet if more attention were paid to the habits of insects, and their curious skill and wonderful instincts, and especially to the strange metamorphoses which they pass through, we should not see so much fear and disgust exhibited at the approach of a caterpillar that is destined, in a few days, to become a beautifully painted butterfly, or the splendid moth that is admired by every body. With familiar acquaintance with these beautiful forms and curious structures would disappear that universal prejudice which now exists against one of the fairest and most interesting portions of the creation. Few of the immense number of insects that swarm around us are possessed of any characteristics which ought to make them objects of dread. Of all the spiders that we see, there is not one in this part of the world whose bite is venomous. Much as we admire and wonder at the instincts of animals and birds, the study of insect life would open to its observer a much vaster field of wonder and admiration, while he surveys in these minute and uncouth forms the development of powers of intellect in many cases fit to stand, in constructive skill and mathematical precision and wonderful contrivance, alongside of human reason.

THE SOUTH BEACH.

"I, CONRAD ROCHEFORD, being about to die, do make, publish, and declare this my last will and testament. I do give, devise, and bequeath all my property, both personal and real, unto my daughter, Clara Rocheford, wife of Charles Ferrara, and to her heirs forever, to the end that she may know of my sorrow for the past, and that at this moment of death I do forgive her and desire to be forgiven of her and of my God.

"And forasmuch as the present residence of my said daughter is unknown, I do authorize and empower my executors to expend a sum of money not exceeding five thousand dollars, in finding her, and communicating this my last will to her."

I have commenced this story by giving thus briefly the substance of the will of the last male of the Rocheford family, because with it commenced my acquaintance with their history.

I drew the will myself when I was a young man and had but little experience in such matters. Mr. Blackstone, in whose office I vegetated as a law student, was ill, and went into the country to see his friend. He sent for me to come after some papers. I found him ill and Rocheford dying. I was just in time to write a will taken almost verbatim from the dying man's lips, and see it executed, when he died. Blackstone came near going with him, and had a close run for it. But he lived to beat me in a great many cases in which we were opposed to each other, though he did not live to find his ward, the last daughter of the Rochefords. All search for her proved vain and fruitless, and the old place was tenantless long after the death of the testator and of his executor.

The old mansion of the Rocheford family stands on a wooded knoll, in the centre of one of the most splendid tracts of country which can be found in the State of New York. For a hundred and fifty years the land had been in their possession, and it had descended from father to son with a regularity that would savor much of foreign notions, were it not that each generation for a century had consisted of but one individual. At one time, within the recollection of those whom I knew, there were four generations living together in the old house. Conrad Rocheford, a venerable man of more than eighty years, his son Conrad, his grandson Conrad, and his great-grandson Conrad.

Each marvelously like his immediate ancestor, and each marked with all the family lineaments. They were tall and stately men, the men, and the youngest, a boy, was as graceful as a woman while he was as strong as a lion.

There was at that time no female in the house. There had been a strange fatality attending the wives of the men of that race. Though they had not every one died in the hour of bearing their first children, several had so perished, and none had lived to bear a second child. Each in succession had borne a son to the family tree and had died, as if that had been the sole object of their lives or marriages; and the old man had followed his own wife and the wives of two of his descendants to the family vault by the family pew, in the old church of Branford. Much pride had they all in their family grandeur and wealth, but this terrible succession of afflictions had somewhat tempered the pride of the first Conrad, and had its effect as well on his children.

But there came, as cometh unto all flesh, an hour when pride of family was as nothing, when the vault was opened to receive a stout, strong man, and the damp atmosphere came up with its smell of mould, and its chill of death, to warn the living of their coming humility. Scarcely was the vault closed over his son when the old man died, and his grandson followed him to the vault, and having buried him, left him, but returned, dead himself, within a month to take his place with his silent, solemn, reverend ancestors. I say reverend, for the dead are to be revered, and sometimes to be envied their stern calmness, their profound silence, were it

not for the unseen beyond, that awes us when we would enter its gloom.

So Conrad Rocheford, sole heir of the wealth of his ancestors, was left alone in their old home, gloomy now for the loneliness which had come into it. He was a boy of strong feelings, passionate affections, and easily won by kindness to pour out his love on any one who would be kind to him; and when he was twenty-two years of age he married. Not as his fathers had married, stately ladies from the city, where they found companions to their pride, whom they thought not unworthy to bear children to a family of old descent, as old as the great Charles, but a gentle girl from the family of a clergyman in the town, a young and exceedingly beautiful creature, whose voice for a year made the old halls fairly musical with sweetest sounds, and whose memory thenceforward dwelt there like a presence of shadowy beauty, but only as a memory. The family curse was on her. She died in her young bright spring, when her heart was full of love, her soul blessed in its hopes, her whole life crowded with joys. She sank into death as a star sinks into the light of day, not as when clouds and tempests overcome its brilliancy.

The family law seemed changed. She left a child, but not a son. Clara Rocheford was the first daughter of the family.

She grew up in the old house with her father for her only companion. Her tastes became like his. Her studies were his studies. Her amusements were such as he directed. Never was a more careful, faithful, loving parent. Never a more lovely child. Her cheek had a bloom that constant exercise in the open air kept always bright, and her mind had a quickness, a fresh spring, and at the same time a self-command, which exhibited itself so constantly that it was manifestly the result of being obliged to think and act for herself, a being taught the weighty responsibilities which she was to assume as the last child of a race of nobles. Did she walk or ride, in her carriage or on her black horse, she was ever the same gentle but noble-looking girl, with a lip and an eye that won love and homage in spite of all determination to the contrary. She grew to be nineteen, and to be beautiful. Rumor said that she did meet a stranger sometimes, whom her father had never seen.

The story ran somewhat on this wise: A Mr. Ferrara, a gentleman of Spanish family, but from childhood a resident of this country, was given greatly to the sport of trout-fishing, and fate led him to the neighborhood of Branford, where he not unfrequently threw a fly over the brook, and landed some elegant fish. In the course of these visits he had met Miss Rocheford at the house of the farmer with whom he boarded, and the accidental meeting had ripened into an acquaintance, and, without concealment be it said, a decided affection on both sides. Clara would have been startled to know it herself, but she had never asked the question, nor had it once occurred to her that there was any thing strange in the fact that he had never met her father, or visited at her own house.

She met him often on the green walk down the lane, and listened, with a delight which was altogether new to her, to his brilliant conversation. Her familiar friends in books he knew by heart, and he sometimes quoted from authors she had never heard, but whom his musical utterance made her long to read. He was a man well fitted to win a good, true heart like hers.

The reason for his avoiding her home was simply this. Rocheford was riding down the country-road of a summer afternoon, his horse taking his own way while the master pondered, when he suddenly found himself in the middle of the brook which crossed the road, lying most undignifiedly and dangerously before his horse's head. To gather himself up was the work of the first moment, and to ascertain the cause of his disaster of the second.

A fishing-rod lying across the road explained it. The horse had not seen it until he was about stepping on it, and then, doubtless taking it for a snake, of which all horses have deadly fear, he had started back so suddenly as to almost literally recede from under his rider, leaving him to fall into the water.

"Served you right, old fellow! What did you want to ride over as elegant a rod as that for, when you had three-fourths of the road to ride around it?"

This was new language for the last of the Rochefords to listen to. It roused the blood which had been asleep for twenty years. The speaker was a young man, carelessly dressed, who lay quietly under the shade of a tree on the bank of the brook, gazing somewhat listlessly at the wet gentleman. The very coolness of his look was insulting—exasperating. Rocheford advanced with upraised riding-whip. The enemy retreated, laughing, and the pursuer followed. The walk became a trot, and the trot something of a run, until the young man, selecting a proper spot, slackened his pace till he was nearly overtaken, and then, dropping suddenly to the ground, presented an obstacle over which the irate Rocheford again fell, and again into the brook, which was here deeper and broader. When he had rescued himself his enemy had vanished. It was not remarkable that the young gentleman, when he learned the name of his antagonist in this comical adventure, should avoid the house until he should have had time to forget him.

The best of daughters prove weak children when tried by the test of love. The bonds of affection are stronger than the bonds of relationship. Love overpowers blood.

It were useless to trace the history of the slow sapping of the child's affection for the parent. Possibly his changing disposition aided it; for as he grew older, he grew morose and unapproachable, so that when Ferrara frankly came to him with apologies for his rudeness, and with letters of introduction showing him to be a gen-

tleman of fortune, family, education, and refinement, the old man, instead of listening to the suitor, literally turned him out of doors, adding epithets which no man, except in the extremity of rage, would use.

Ferrara forgave the insults, and repaid himself by running away with the daughter. The dignified, beautiful, noble Clara Rocheford left her home in the night, attended by a friend—a farmer's daughter—and was the next day married to Ferrara in New York city. The old man never forgave her. She gave up all hope of reconciliation with him, and went to Spain with her husband. The year after she sailed the old man went to his fathers in the old church vaults, and the last of the Rochefords lay under the stone which each in succession had lifted to bury that which was dearest to him. It was a solemn assemblage, that of the stately family all lying side by side on the stone benches; and the old sexton, the last man that ever saw them there, muttered, as he turned to leave them alone in their strange but grand companionship, something about the difference there would be between the men and the women when the vault-stone should be rent by the voice of the angel.

"What did you say?" said I, turning to him as he came up the steps.

He made no reply, but the heavy fall of the stone door to its place jarred on my ears, with that feeling which a sound must always have to a thoughtful person who hears it, knowing it will never be repeated so long as the world stands.

Nearly twenty years passed after this, and I had long forgotten the Rocheford family.

The South Beach of Long Island lies at a distance of from one to three miles from the main shore. It consists of heaps of sand lying in irregular masses and hillocks, which change with every breeze. On the outside the surf thunders with incessant voice, while on the inner side the still bay, seldom roused to greater disturbance than a ripple, appears as if its waters were flowing in a different world from that world of constant turmoil to the southward of the sandy barrier. An occasional break or inlet permits the long swell to roll in and die away in the still bay, creating but just enough of commotion to convince one who, on a calm summer day, looks from a sand-hill over both sides of the scene, that, after all, sea and bay—the boundless and the bounded—are but different phases of the same old world.

I was thinking somewhat thus one evening in August, 18—. It was one of those delicious summer evenings when the sky and sea were one on the horizon.

We had built a house on the beach, or a hut, a shanty of rough boards, in which, for several successive summers, my friend, Colonel Plimpton, of the army, and Ben Stevens, one of the best fellows at the New York bar, had passed five or six of the hot weeks of the summer vacation with me. Guns and lines, for birds and fish, constituted our chief dependence in the way of amusement. Books we had, but we voted books a bore except on stormy days, and all the evenings we lay half sleeping on the sandy beach, under the clear sky, listening to the sound of the sea, and talking of those quiet subjects that best befitted the time and place. We had our servants, and our larder was well supplied, even when our sport was poor. So the days glided pleasantly along, and we gained health and strength for professional work in the autumn.

Ben Stevens, I have said, was one of the best fellows at the bar. Many who read this sketch will recognize him—but not by this name, which, of course, is substituted for his own. He was a young man then, not over thirty, with a splendid pair of shoulders, and an eye like an eagle's. He wore his beard trimmed closely, and in the summer was accustomed to neglect his upper lip, whereby it came to pass that a mustache grew, in the six weeks of leisure, to a piratical length and size that would have alarmed a court-room, had he permitted it to survive the day of his return to city life. But elegant and manly as was his appearance, it did not in any respect deceive you in regard to his mind, which was altogether of an uncommon order. Of good family, gifted with an uncommonly clear perception of the truth in doubtful cases, he had been a student in the office of the late Chancellor long enough to acquire much of his profound and logical powers of examination and argument, and in the office of Mr. Burr a sufficient time to acquire that accomplished style, that grace and courtesy, which lent a charm to all that he said or did. He was, in fact, a model lawyer, a universal favorite at the bar, and in the private circle one of the most genial, jovial, warm-hearted men it was ever my lot to meet and know.

Plimpton was a different sort of man. He had seen service in the late war, and won laurels and promotion at about forty or forty-five. There was a good deal of him, and all that there was of him was good. Tall—nearly or quite six feet—broad, and I might add deep, you would hardly suppose he could travel far in deep sand after duck or snipe, or that he could be persuaded to trust his two-hundred-weight in a cockle-shell of a boat on a rough sea. But he was a capital shot and a keen fisherman, and he carried his weight well. It can not be denied that the Colonel was exceedingly fond of the third bottle of claret—indeed, that he felt more apparent affection for it than for the first; but, on the other hand, it may be added, that he carried the third under his eagle buttons with considerably more facility and dignity than ordinary men would be able to transport the first.

But all this has nothing to do with this present narrative, except as it serves to introduce the three persons who sat, on the evening of August 25th, 18—, at the door of the hut, watching the sunset, which was of radiance almost unexampled, and giving an eye occasionally to Tom, my man, who was broiling a blue-fish, or a horse mackerel, as we then called them, and as the Block Islanders still call them,

over a fire of charcoal, under the lee of a sand-hill near us.

The wind had fallen to a dead calm. The sky was cloudless, except in the track of the setting sun, where a bar of gold and crimson lay along the west, soon to change to the dull gray and brown and black of the twilight and night sky. It did not seem possible that that cloud could ever be other than the glorious cloud it was, like an island of heaven, floating in an atmosphere of radiance.

"Philip, my boy, is it not grand?"

"Great, Benjamin!"

"That brig in the offing hangs out all her rags to the breeze that doesn't come. They would be worth more in a paper-mill to-night. Circumstances alter value as well as cases. This sand-beach, for instance, would be worth its pavement in gold, if we could only sandwich it into a corner of New York. What a sea! What a sky!—"

"What a mackerel!"

"Not a bit of it; and yet, on second look, Colonel, I believe you are right. That cloud is looking a little scaly, and a mackerel sky on a night like this promises a change in the—"

"What the deuce are you talking about, Stevens? It was that fish that Tom has broiled to a fraction that I was mentioning."

"I beg pardon, Plimpton. Phillips and I were looking westward, and by my faith it is changing even now. Do you see that shadow, that loom, on the water? The brig is in the air now. She was almost hull down ten minutes ago. Well, I'm ready for supper if Tom's ready for me. What's the prospect, Tom?"

"All right, Sa'. Ready in a minute, Mister Ben. Soon as the coffee's ready."

But Tom's expectations were to be disappointed. While his coffee was heating we were pondering, musing while the fire burned. The loom on the water changed to a scud, or low fog, that crept up with the twilight, and with it a steady breeze. Steady at first for five minutes or so, and then came a squall that carried the sand with it, blinding our eyes before we could wink, and scattering our personal property in a hundred directions. Stevens was facing it. He had opened his mouth to utter some expression in the vocative with the "*ore rotundo*," when the sand filled it, and he rolled over on his back choking, while his hat flew over the bay, and his newspaper ascended to the vasty deep above. In an instant all the scene was changed. The Colonel was in the hut, and sprang to the door as the squall struck it, fearing a voyage over the bay in a craft not quite tight and stanch. Tom's coffee was destined for me; that prince of servants having made an unlucky step, his left eye being filled with sand and the right one with salt spray, so that he managed to give me a blow in the chest with his bullet head, and to empty the coffee on my boots and breeches.

The sky was changed, or was invisible. The drift covered it. The wind howled and whistled and shrieked around us for three minutes—no more—and then there was a dead calm, and the fog settled down, and for an hour all was still and quiet on sea and land. Then came the low muttering of thunder, rapidly growing louder as a storm came down the island with a furious stride. You could hear each successive clap louder than the previous one, and longer and more fearful, until it burst on us with a flood of rain and hail and lightning. The thunder now filled the astonished air, and shook the solid earth, on a small sandy specimen of which we stood; and we thought sometimes that the narrow beach rocked and swayed backward and forward in the tremendous storm. And then it went away, swiftly as it had come, over the southeast sea, and a profound silence settled around us, broken only by the long, solemn fall of the surf on the beach—calm, steady, solemn, as if no tempest had gone by; for the sea is beyond all comparison sublime and grand in its power. It yields, indeed, to the momentary temptation of playing with the wind as an old companion; but when the wind is gone, the sea rocks calmly to its old monotonous grandeur.

Ben stepped out into the gloom, and called us out to *hear the silence*. It was, indeed, majestic; but while we stood there other storms came up from the west and south, and the thunder and rain were furious for an hour, and then the thunder ceased and a steady gale from the southeast set in; and the night was as wild as was ever night on the Atlantic coast, when we turned in at about eleven.

"Phillips! Phillips! for Heaven's sake, man, rouse yourself!"

I don't know when I ever slept so profoundly as that night. The tremendous roar of the surf shook the cabin all night long, and the wind shrieked demoniacally around us. There were a thousand sounds at once in the air and on the sea, and yet I slept; but, I think, not calmly, for I had been restless, and when Stevens shook my shoulder I was in a deep, unnaturally heavy slumber. I sprang to my feet at his touch.

"What's in the wind now?"

"That's the very question. Do you hear nothing?"

I listened attentively, but heard only the trampling surf and shrieking gale.

"It woke me ten minutes ago. I thought it was a human voice. It was beyond all description thrilling. I lay awake and heard it once again, and still I could not tell what it was, and I determined to wake you."

"Pshaw, man! fancies! Go to bed again! Have you not heard the wind over the water long enough to know that it sometimes wails like a sick child, and sometimes shouts like a strong man?"

"Yes, and sometimes cries like a dying woman, if we may believe it to-night. Listen! listen!"

I was sitting on my bedside, and, while he

spoke, there came in on the wind a prolonged wail or cry of agony that could not for an instant be mistaken for any voice of the wind. It was human and woman's anguish! We rushed to the door and threw it open; but now all was still except the tempest. We went out to the top of the hillock which, in day time, commanded a view of the sea, but all was enveloped in the blackness of darkness, and we could only see the white breakers and the misty air over them. The Colonel, who had been aroused by our sudden exit, now joined us, demanding the cause of the disturbance. He was answered by the sounds that came to us in the lull of the storm; shouts, shrieks, and sometimes the flapping of rags of sails, and the whistling of wind through cordage, all indicating that close at hand a vessel had come on the beach in the gale, and the waves were finishing the work of destruction. We were but half-clad—a shirt and a pair of pantaloons being all that either of us had on; but it was no time to think of this, so we ran along the beach a hundred rods to the eastward until our eyes could detect in the darkness the outline and shape of a large vessel, lying broadside on, within a hundred yards of the shore, while every sea was making a clean breach over her. Now we could hear distinctly the sounds of life in its last struggles. There were no connected or intelligible voices; for doubtless every one on board was lashed to whatever stay he could find, and when they gave utterance to any outcry, it was but the shout of the sailor in his madness, or the long, wild, agonizing scream of the perishing woman in her despair.

Stevens returned to the cabin for the lantern, while Plimpton and myself waited on shore abreast of the wreck, watching her as she swung and shook and trembled under the tremendous blows of the sea. An occasional breach could be seen in her rail, which soon extended fore and aft until her decks were swept nearly clean, but the spars stood longest. She was a brig, doubtless the vessel we had seen in the offing at sunset; we judged from the appearance of her timber and the way she stood the sea that she was new and strong. But at length her main-mast came out with a crash, tearing up her deck, and scattering timbers hither and thither on the sea, and we concluded that now all was over with her. At this moment Stevens made his appearance over the hill with the lantern, and whether it was the sight of this, or the imminent danger which they now appeared to be in, I can not tell, but a universal cry or shout arose that for a moment overpowered the tempest.

But it would have been better, perhaps, had we not brought the lantern. They would have died more quietly at the least, and the hope which the sign of life on shore must have given them would not have been raised only to be destroyed. It was terrible to be thus powerless to save when fellow-beings were perishing before us. But what could we do? Between us and the doomed group lay but a hundred yards of water; but it was "a hill of water," the ocean roused by the storm. Nothing human might prevail to go from shore to ship. God only could bring aught living from ship to shore.

So we sat down on the sand in the pelting storm, soaked but heedless of storm or rain or spray, and waited for the coming of the moment that was fast approaching, when the stout bolts should give way and death triumph.

At length it came. There was a great sea, a black monstrous sea, that came slowly up to the wreck, and seemed to tower above it for a moment, and then descend and hide it from our sight. There was no dashing foam as before when the waves went over her. There was no light spray flying into the air dancing, laughing, gleaming even in the dark night. There was but that black wave, and as it broke a deeper darkness settled on that part of the sea, and a cry of despair that might have pierced the clouds, and almost reached the stars, rang over the waves, and the sea came shoreward with majestic pomp, and cast its long, black mass of waters with a sullen sound on the beach and disappeared, and the ship was gone, and the wind now pressed on our ears with dull, heavy sound; but, compared with the previous moment, there seemed an awful and oppressive silence in all the air.

We looked in each other's faces, but neither spoke. We did not breathe. We did not move for sixty seconds, or even longer, and then Ben Stevens sprang to his feet, and dropping the lantern, rushed down the beach after a returning wave, and catching at something white, ran back, scarcely avoiding the breaking wave that chased him. He had found a handkerchief, a white and delicate fabric, all made of costly lace, except the centre, where was a gold ring with a single diamond. The handkerchief was knotted, as if it had been bound around some aching forehead, tied tight to keep the throbbing temples from bursting their delicate arteries in the agonies of that night. We looked at it with mournful interest, measuring with our hands the size of the head it had surrounded, drawing it out to its utmost limit.

"It was a delicate head," said the Colonel, when he had wiped off a tear that he did not for a moment attempt to pass off for sea salt water. "It was a delicate head. Doubtless it has rested on pillows of down. Mayhap on a stout arm and noble."

"There is a cipher here on the ring," said Stevens, "can you make it out, Philip?"

"It seems to be a monogram of two initials. Hold the lantern up, Ben. C. R.—I think that is it. But what is yonder?"

We ran some rods down the beach toward the object which had attracted my attention. It was a broken piece of the rail of the brig, some ten feet long, to which were lashed three bodies. The return of the wave had carried them back, but the next one threw them at our feet, and seizing them altogether, we lifted them out of

the water, and dragged them up to a safe distance from the surf.

It was a mother and two children. None could doubt that, for even in the darkness of that night, and darker never was, we could see the striking similarity between them. She was a woman of magnificent beauty. Doubtless hers was the small and splendidly-shaped head from which the handkerchief had been torn by the sea, for the long brown hair lay out on the sand unbound, looking like a river of splendor as it shone and gleamed in the light of the lantern that Stevens now placed near her. She had but a single garment on, and that was torn and displaced, showing a form of marble purity and splendor. Her hand grasped the hand of one of the children, the eldest, a boy of ten years or so, and it was with difficulty we could loosen the hold. The other child, a girl of not more than eight, lay on the sand with a smiling face, as if she were but feigning sleep. There was a laugh, a look of merriment and delight on her countenance, as if she had been playing in the waves when death overtook her. It was a terrible scene on that desolate coast, in the gray dawn of the morning that now stole over the eastern clouds; that woman lying on the beach in her unclothed beauty, and the two children by her side, and three unshaven men standing irresolute above them, and the angry waves close at hand, and a shrieking sea-gull, abroad before his mates, whirling over us, and the storm in the sky and on the sea! Who was she, young, beautiful, beloved? Who was she, petted, cherished, adored, that lay there on the wet sea sand, in that wild scene of desolation?

"Philip, lay the child closer to her."

I took the youngest, the smiling one, and laid her by her mother. As I did so the child moaned, and an expression of pain crossed her countenance. The mother heard that sound on the confines of death, and a momentary return of life seemed manifest. There was a sound in her lips as if she would speak—a murmuring sound—and she did speak one word aloud, so that we heard it all of us.

"Robert."

No more. It was but that one word, and then all was still. We spared no exertions to restore animation. We carried them to the cabin, and wrapped them in all our blankets and coats. The youngest child revived, but the mother and the boy were dead, and when the morning was well advanced we gave over our exertions, and submitted to the evidence that those lips of rare and matchless beauty would never open again to utter words of endearment.

The youngest child, I have said, revived. She was a beautiful child, but frightened at the strange scene in which she now found herself, and Tom was the only person who could do anything with her. She spoke only in Spanish, and Tom fortunately had been a resident of Cuba long enough to be able to understand her, so that when we at last abandoned all attempts to restore life to the dead mother, the child was talking with the old negro as pleasantly as if she were not alone in a world of strangers.

The storm went down with the sun, and at evening we walked again by the scene of the wreck, and looked for some remains of the vessel. But the hungry sea had swallowed all. A few fragments, an oar, and an empty barrel, some plank and writhed and twisted timber, lay along the beach, but there was nothing to indicate the name or whence the brig was, or whether she might have been bound. The child was all the living, the mother and the dead boy were all the dead of the wreck that the sea gave up, or will give up until the judgment.

We discussed the duty which now devolved on us. Should we find a coroner and submit that dead mother and her child to the gaze of a jury called to "sit on their bodies," and return the old verdict of "found drowned." It was profanity to think of it.

We would do no such thing. She was well-beloved somewhere, and there were hearts that would ache for her, but there was no need that rude curiosity should gratify itself by gazing on her marble features. There were greener graves on the main land, but none where she would sleep more profoundly than on the beach where the surf broke. We would bury her there. For to seek a coroner was none of our business, nor did we wish to go to Riverhead, or Smithtown, or some remote section of Suffolk County to find him. In fact, we were a little doubtful what county we were in, and Stevens raised a question whether the South Beach was in any county, or state, or country, and wasn't actually detached from the world, as distinct as the moon—a sort of floating island.

At all events, we concluded to bury our dead on the beach. Yes, *our* dead. So I wrote it. Was she not ours? All that long summer night, starry and still, we sat by the cabin door and watched the beloved dead. A mournful vigil! We had gotten to thinking of her as ours. We substituted ourselves for those that had loved her in long gone years. We sat on the sand and looked to the sky, and wondered what eyes were looking to it that were bright with dear thoughts of her who lay so beautiful, but dead, on the beach.

As the night passed the moon rose. The sea lay calmly under her rays. The sky was of a deeper blue than ever. The surf fell heavily on the beach. The wind was gone. Only a ripple was on the surface of the ground swell, and the atmosphere seemed to be a fit habitation for spirits.

"Philip, shall we bury her before the day breaks?"

"A good idea. Why should we not? Let us do so."

And so we woke Tom, and going up the beach to a place where the sand-hills were covered with low brush, whose roots indicated age, and promised some degree of permanency to the soil, we selected a hollow, in the bottom of

which we dug as deeply as the sand would permit, and then returned for our burden.

We carried her on two oars, across which we laid plank, making a rude bier, over which we threw our coats and some blankets.

Stevens had brought with him to the beach an unusual amount of baggage, intending to go Eastward to Nahant, by way of Sag Harbor and a New London packet, before he should return to the city. In his trunk was an elegant dressing-gown of black velvet, lined with crimson silk, for Ben was luxurious in his tastes. It was a robe fit for a king; nor could she who was dead have wished more costly or more comely winding sheet. She lay like a statue, the moonlight falling on her white forehead and shut eyes. The boy was by her side. We had covered his face, for a blow from the wreck had disfigured it, and was doubtless the cause of immediate death, when the ship went to pieces.

So we carried them in sad procession over the hills of sand, I walking first between the two sweeps, one of which I held in each hand, Plimpton following me and holding the other ends, and Ben in the rear, with a lantern and a small pocket Bible in his hand.

Never was sadder funeral procession. We wondered all the way what those who loved her would think to see her carried thus.

Think of it. You who so love your radiant wife, who so cherish your dark-eyed daughter, who so worship your young love with her golden hair! Think, I say, of that beloved head, pillowed on a rough coat, that form you clasp so fondly, stretched dead on planks and oars; that eye, whose depths you so love to fathom, closed to the moon's cold smile; that angel girl, borne over the hills in the night-time by the sea-shore to her rest in the sand by strangers, who gaze with pity on her beautiful but unknown face; think of it, and pray God that she may die among her kindred, and be buried in the grave of her fathers!

So we buried her. First we laid her gently on the sand, and albeit not unused to officiate in such scenes, I, for the first time, forgot my profession and remembered only that I was a man. Possibly there was some stiffness, perhaps some pedantry in the way it was done. But Ben Stevens and the Colonel were satisfied, and the dead moved not nor slept less peacefully, and the sea thundered on, and the stars shone quietly on us, and when I had finished reading, and Ben and the Colonel responded their earnest Amen, we folded the velvet robe closer, and wrapped our boating-coats around them both, and covered them out of sight of the moon and stars; and their grave is long since unknown, and will remain unknown until the morning when the dead mother and her boy shall wake.

We carried the child back to the city, and when the delicate fingers of ladies began to undo the clothing with which she was dressed, and which we had not examined, they discovered a name on a linen underdress. It struck me as familiar, but I did not recognize it, and it was only by the usual process of newspaper advertising that I learned that our little ward was the last descendant and sole heir to the immense accumulated estate of Conrad Rocheford.

We returned to the city the next day. It was obvious that we could not remain on the beach with the addition to our family, and accordingly we crossed the bay, and took the old-fashioned Long Island stage-coach, and made our way through sand, scrub-oak, pine forests, and dust, and through the various degrees of progressive civilization which the island then exhibited, and through Babylon, Hempstead, Rumpoint, and Jamaica, to Brooklyn.

Ben Stevens lived with his brother, who was married to as good a wife as New York could furnish. They were childless, and willingly opened their house and arms to the waif which the sea had cast up and we had brought to them.

The child had a curious impediment in her speech, but this seemed capable of correction, and, indeed, was overcome very soon; and Clara Ferrara, as she called herself and as we called her, became very soon the pet of her adopted father and the pride of the three uncles (by adoption also), to whom she certainly became very devotedly attached.

She could relate nothing of her past life from which we could get any clew to her birth or parentage. Her father was dead, so she told us, and her mother had taken her from home to the ship, but she knew nothing of why or whither they were going.

Years glided by, and she became a beautiful girl. Her long lashes shaded black and splendid eyes, which won constant admiration. Her lips were too beautiful to utter any but musical sounds. We learned to love her more and more every day that she lived, and she loved us beyond all words to express its amount.

Why should I linger on this story before I approach its end. The first part of it, that in which I write of incidents before we knew her, was easily enough penned, but this grows painful, and my hand moves heavily along the page. We were three bachelors, growing old in our ways and fixed in our notions, but she swayed us as reeds. Every whim, the slightest wish of that child, was statute law to us. Even the Colonel, the self-willed and too selfish Plimpton, never differed from her; and I have seen him walking up Broadway with a band-box in his hand, in which he had bought a bonnet for twenty dollars more than a lady would have paid for it, only because it struck him that Clara would look well in such a hat. The bonnet proved a world too large for her exquisitely-shaped head, and the Colonel's present adorned the occiput of her rosy-cheeked Scotch waiting-maid. Ben Stevens adored her. Before she had been three years in our care I had drawn his will and Plimpton's, both in her favor, giving her the entire fortune of each of them. Never was child more likely to be spoiled—never was child farther from it.

I still hesitate to approach the end. It is the memory of a pleasant passage in my life, the happiest memory, and the saddest of all the past. For ten years of professional labor I had the constant joy of loving and being loved by her, and then she died.

It was a cold winter night, yet much such a night as that when she came to us, and as she came so she went, in a tempest. It was no slow consumption or fading away, but a short fierce fever that burned and wasted her young, glad, glorious life. In one week all was over; and when she lay before us that last night in the delirium of her fever, she called us one by one, and constantly joined our names with such terms of endearment as proved all her deep, rich love for us. Sometimes she spoke in Spanish, and called the names of companions of her childhood, and again she called on her mother and Robert.

Toward midnight she grew more wild, and it was with difficulty she could be kept in her bed. Her eyes roved around the room, and rested for a moment on each face, for we were all there; but she did not recognize us. Plimpton was leaning over the foot of the bed, his whole face expressive of his anguish. Ben sat by his sister, who constantly endeavored to soothe her. I walked restlessly up and down the room, with aching, breaking heart. Her wild cries pierced my brain. At length she sang in a clear, full voice part of that brilliant passage from Massaniello, which every one knows; and then she paused suddenly, and moaned aloud.

We sprang toward her. Her eyes were closed, and she lay calm and still, breathing heavily. She opened her eyes and looked at us, as we bent over her, with a strange, startled expression of countenance, as if she did not know where she was, or why we were there. At that moment we could see the shadow of death falling on her countenance. The look changed, and now deep, earnest, overflowing love filled her gaze. It rested on my face, on each face for a long time, and we returned it silently, breathlessly. Then she closed her eyes again, breathed once or twice a long, deep breath, and all was still.

The wind wailed around the house. The snow dashed madly against the closed shutters. All without was furious, but within all was calm, and deepest calm of all in that beloved breast which had never heaved to a sigh, which should know no pain now forever. We had lifted her to our arms from a dark ocean. She was lost to our embraces again in that unknown, unfathomed sea, whose billows break unseen, unheard at our very feet.

As she lay dead before us robed for the burial, Mrs. Stevens removed from her hand a ring which she had worn from childhood as her mother's gift, and which, though loose in former years and liable to fall off, with a superstitious fear she had never removed for a moment from the finger on which her mother placed it. It was a diamond ring of large value, from which, as well as from the ring in the handkerchief we had found, we had always argued at least the wealth of her relatives. But in this ring we found legibly engraved, "*Clara Rocheford.*"

So died the last descendant of the Rocheford family, heiress to her grandfather's forgiveness and his vastly accumulated possessions, though she never knew either the need of the one or the value of the other. To us it mattered nothing whose descendant she was, nor what her rights of possession. She had been our child—our idol—our possession—and she was dead now.

We have never, since her death, been on the beach, and our cabin was doubtless long ago swept away by the Atlantic storms, which have obliterated forever all memorials of her mother's grave.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S SOCIAL HOURS.

MR. WEBSTER when, the cares of State laid aside, he was alone with his own familiar friends, liked to go back to his early training, and to the scenes and events of his childhood in New Hampshire. His memory was richly stored, too, with the romantic adventures and picturesque narratives which distinguished the settlement of his native State more than that of any other State of the old Thirteen. The incursions and massacres of the Indians, the jealousy and almost constant hostilities of the French, as well as, later, the stirring character of the Revolutionary war, he often dwelt upon, and always with eloquent animation. "New Hampshire," he was wont to say, "needs but a Scott to outshine Scotland. There is more romance in the foray of the Indians than in a creagh of the Gael, and richer material for the novelist in the adventures of Lovewell or Stark than in any of the exploits of the Black Douglas." His own residence was the scene of the last Indian massacre within the borders of the State; the house in which he was born was on its most exposed frontier; and he was wont to converse with men who had had as many desperate encounters with, and hair-breadth escapes from the Indian savage, or the Canadian marauders, as Sir Walter Scott with those who had been "out in the Forty-Five," so that he could throw over his recollections the warm and vivid coloring of a personal narrative.

Besides, New Hampshire, previous to the Revolution, was a royal province. Its governor was appointed by the King in Council, and had some of the appendages of royalty. While the Governor of Massachusetts Bay rode to church on horseback with his wife behind him on a pillion, his Excellency of New Hampshire rode in his carriage and four. An old manuscript thus describes a visit of the then Governor (1737) to Boston:

"The next day he set out for Boston, with a vast train of attendants. The form of the cavalcade was as follows: Captain Downing's troop were in front, preceded by the officers of the foot and private gentlemen, by twos; next to them went the under sheriffs; after them the high

sheriffs with their wands; then went his Excellency with the Hon. Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel of the 1st regiment at his right and left hand; next went the members of his Majesty's Council, and Captain Roby's troop brought up the rear. His Excellency's first stop was at the sign of the Horse, in Hampton, where he was graciously pleased to regale his attendants, and then moving forward, was met on the Province line by sundry gentlemen of the Massachusetts and Salisbury troop."

This was all very fine and grand, and reads pretty much as the Court Circular of the London *Morning Herald* of the present day. The principal families in Portsmouth, too, among whom were the Atkinsons and Wentworths, connected by intermarriage, lived in great profusion, and endeavored through their influence *at home* (as the mother-country was always affectionately called) to obtain titles of nobility; two natives of New Hampshire, Sir William Pepperell and Sir John Wentworth, were created baronets.

Ridiculous as such state and titles appear to us now, absurd as they are to the eye of reason, they serve to illustrate the manners of the times, and in contrast with those of the present, to give variety and the interest of novelty to the descriptions by our grandfathers of their childish days, and of the old times that were before them.

It was while sojourning at his place in Franklin, New Hampshire, a beautiful country residence on the Merrimac River, near the confluence of the Pemigewasset and Winnipiseogee, that Mr. Webster mostly indulged in reminiscences of his youth, the *genius loci* inspiring him. He lived his early life over again, and never felt happier.

"As far back as I can recollect," he said on one occasion, "I had a great passion for poetry, and devoured all I could command. At ten or twelve years old I could repeat word for word a greater part of Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns, and no other poetry has since appeared to me so affecting. I have forgotten much that I have acquired since, but to this day I can repeat, almost literally, the devotional lines I was then so fond of.

"I remember that my father one day brought home a pamphlet copy of Pope's Essay on Man. I need not say I read with avidity. I read, reread, and then commenced again; nor did I give up the book till I could recite every word of it from beginning to end. We had so few books that to read them once or twice was nothing. We thought, as a matter of course, they were all to be got by heart. Many a time since I have thought of this when I have heard that sagacious advice quoted of one of the ancient writers (Pliny, was it not?), *Legere multum, non multa.*

"I recollect one occurrence that shows the great value we attached to books. The close of the year had brought along the next year's almanac—an encyclopedia to us then of useful and entertaining knowledge; with what anticipation of delight did we await its promised coming! A page was devoted to each month, and on the top of each page were four lines of poetry, some moral, some ludicrous, and some sentimental. The almanac came one morning, and before night my brother and myself were masters of its contents, or at least of its poetry and anecdotes. We discussed and laughed over it during a long December evening, and then went to bed upon it; awaking some time before the morning light, we renewed our conversation and recitations. It so happened that we had a difference of recollection about one word in the third line of *April's* poetry. A variation of so much importance was not lightly to be passed over. We could not settle it by argument; each was positive in his own recollection, and there was no umpire. But the *fact* could easily be ascertained by inspection of the book. I arose, groped my way to the kitchen, lighted a candle from the embers on the hearth, and proceeded to a room in another part of the house in search of the almanac; found it, and carried it to our room. The disputed passage was examined, and I believe I was found to be in the wrong. I blew out the candle and returned to bed. The consequences of my nocturnal exploration came nigh being serious. It was about two o'clock in the morning, and just as I was again going to sleep, I thought I saw signs of light in the room I had visited. I sprang out of bed, ran to the room, and opening the door, found it was all on fire. I had let fall a spark, or touched the light to something that had communicated fire to a parcel of cotton clothes; they had communicated it to the furniture and to the sides of the room, and the flames had already began to show themselves through the ceiling in the chamber above. A pretty earnest cry soon brought the household together. By great good-luck we escaped. Two or three minutes more and we should have been in danger of burning together. As it was, I think the house was saved by my father's presence of mind. While others went for water, he seized every thing movable which was on fire, and wrapped them up in woolen blankets. My maternal grandmother, eighty years of age, was sleeping in the room.

"My college life," said Mr. Webster, "was not an idle one. Besides the regular attendance on prescribed studies and duties, I read some little of English history and English literature. Perhaps my reading was too miscellaneous—a habit into which we too easily fall—for nothing is more dangerous to the mind than indiscriminate indulgence in books. I even paid my board for a year or more by superintending a little weekly newspaper, and making selections for it from books of literature and from contemporary publications. I suppose I sometimes wrote a foolish paragraph myself. While in college I delivered two or three occasional addresses, which were published. I trust they are forgotten. They were boyish indiscretions, and

may be pardoned. They were in very bad taste. I had not then learned that all true power in writing is in the idea, not in the style; an error into which the *ars rhetorica*, as it is usually taught, may easily lead stronger heads than mine."

One day, as we were driving along the banks of the Merrimac, we passed a small bridge in Salisbury, which Mr. Webster told us was called *Indian Bridge*, from an event that took place in the vicinity nearly a hundred years previously, and in the evening, he said, he would tell us the story.

So, after dinner, with a clear hickory fire in the open chimney (for it was a chilly evening in September), and with daylight fast fading into dusk—the moments when, of all others, one feels most disposed to listen or narrate, Mr. Webster sat down and told us the following story:

"Once upon a time there lived a man in Contoocook by the name of Bowen—Peter Bowen—not a man of large substance, but still what we would call in New Hampshire a 'fore-handed man.' Living on the frontiers, he necessarily came much in contact with the Indians—sometimes in hostile contact. Fearless, and abounding in resources, he had gained a name among them, and there were few of their braves who would have cared to meet him single-handed. Not naturally quarrelsome, he had avoided unnecessary hostilities with the savages, and, indeed, had gained no little of their good-will by many acts of generosity, for with no people more than with them were bravery and liberality held in high estimation.

"Sabatis and Plausawa were the two principal chiefs of the tribe, the smoke of whose wigwams arose nearest the settlements of the English colonists. The first was of a sullen and vindictive disposition, and, when excited by drink, intractable and savage. Plausawa was of a milder temperament, and felt better disposed toward the English. He had interchanged kind offices with them, and warned them more than once of plots against their safety.

"At this time there was a truce between the Indians and the colonists, and both parties had engaged to punish any violation of it. If an Indian should be killed by an Englishman, the colonists promised to treat it as a capital crime, and the Indians, on their part, made a corresponding stipulation. There was peace between the crowns of France and England, and their respective colonies affected to keep it, at least in name.

"Relying upon this present good understanding, Sabatis and Plausawa one day made a hunting excursion upon the shores of the Merrimac, in which they were very successful. They were encountered, late in the afternoon, loaded with the skins of the animals they had killed, by two Englishmen, somewhere near Boscawen. Sabatis had procured drink from the settlers, always too eager to barter it for furs, and was in a quarrelsome humor. Plausawa, therefore, cautioned these men against any attempt to trade with him, and advised them to go home. 'There were others of the tribe about,' he said, 'who would support Sabatis in any hostile demonstration.' As they were departing, Sabatis cried out to them, 'We want no more of you English here! I have evil in my heart, and if you do not leave our territories, and abandon them forever, we will take land and life from you. We will drive the pale faces into the big water!' One of the men replied, 'There is no fighting now between us. English and Indians are all brothers.' They had not gone far on their homeward road before they met Peter Bowen, and telling him of the threats of Sabatis, endeavored to persuade him to accompany them home. Bowen laughed: 'Threatened men,' he said, 'lived long. I would not prize a life held at the mercy of these savages. I will meet them in friendship or fight, as best suits them.' The Indians had got into their canoe before he overtook them, and were going up the river. Bowen hailed them, and urged them to go to his house, where they would have a frolic, and pass the night. After some reluctance on the part of Plausawa, they assented, and accompanied Bowen to his house in Contoocook. Bowen had had many a deep carouse with the Indians, and understood well how to manage them. He set before them drinking-cups and bottles of rum, and leaving his wife—a woman as fearless as himself—to entertain them, went out of the room on the pretext of going to the well for water. But while he was absent he drew the charges from their guns, which they had unsuspectingly left behind the door in the entry. The night wore on, and the potations were deep and oft-repeated. At first the Indians were greatly pleased—laughed at Bowen's stories, and called him Brother; but by degrees, as they drank more deeply, they began to grow quarrelsome, abused the English, and threatened their extermination. Bowen affected to treat their threats as jokes, but had all the while a watchful eye on their motions. At last the sun rose, and the Indians said it was time for them to go home. They had not drunk so much but that they could walk as well as ever—the rum had only affected their brains. Bowen consented to take his horse and carry their baggage to the place where they had left their canoes. On the way, Sabatis proposed to run a race against Bowen mounted; but the latter, judging from Sabatis's eye and manner that some mischief was intended, at first declined to run, but finally, on much urging, consented to run, taking, however, good care to let the Indian outrun the horse. Sabatis seemed much pleased with his victory, and laughed heartily at Bowen for owning so sorry an animal. For a while they traveled along after this in apparently good humor, till Sabatis, as they were nearing the river, turned round to Bowen, and said, 'The pale face must walk the wood with us'—that is, go with them as a prisoner. Bowen replied, in seeming unconcern, that he could not walk the wood, for Indian and Englishman were now brothers.

Whereupon Sabatis proposed a second race, and that Bowen should unload the horse, and start a little before him, 'because,' he said, 'the horse of the pale face could not run so fast as Sabatis.' This Bowen refused to do, but consented to start at the same time. They started; but the horse had not got far ahead of the Indian before Bowen heard a gun snap, and looking round, saw the smoke, and the gun still pointed at him. He turned, and buried his tomahawk in the Indian's head. He then went back to meet Plausawa, who, seeing the fate of his friend, took aim at Bowen and fired; his gun flashed. Then he begged Bowen to spare his life; pleaded his innocence of Sabatis's intent, and called to mind the many kind acts he had done to Englishmen, the lives of many of whom his intercession had saved; but all in vain. Bowen knew full well there never would be safety for him so long as the friend of Sabatis lived. One must die, and to secure himself it was necessary to put Plausawa to death, and as the latter turned to fly he struck his tomahawk into his skull. The dead bodies he hid under a small bridge, ever since called *Indian Bridge*, where they were discovered the next spring.

"The colonists at this time were desirous of being on good terms with the Indians, for whenever war broke out between them, the latter were always aided by the French in Canada. The sudden disappearance of men of such note in the tribe as Sabatis and Plausawa occasioned the borderers no little alarm; for some time their death was undiscovered, and when the manner of it became known, serious apprehensions were felt of Indian retaliation. Bowen was arrested and placed in Exeter jail; and the Indians were assured that proper punishment should be inflicted upon him, according to the terms of the treaty. But the people of the vicinage assembled hastily and in large force, broke into the jail, and released the prisoner. In those days killing Indians was no murder; and, in this case, Bowen's friends maintained that the act was committed in self-defense: so, perhaps, it might be considered, upon Bowen's account, without rebutting circumstances. The fact that the Indians had large quantities of furs in their canoes, which Bowen appropriated as *opima spolia*, threw some suspicion upon his proceedings. However, he returned quietly to his home; and as the French war, called in Europe the Seven Years' War, soon after broke out, no farther notice was taken of the act; and Bowen died at a good old age.

"But the most extraordinary circumstance attending the transaction was its effect upon Bowen's son—a youth at the time of some dozen years. Either remorse at his father's deed, or apprehensions of Indian revenge, kept his mind in continual agitation, and he grew up a reserved, wayward, incomprehensible person. He shunned intercourse with his fellow-men, guarded his house with redoubled bolts, and slept with his gun beside him. Soon after he had arrived at man's estate, his anticipation of Indian revenge had become a monomania. He heard their voices in the sough of the winds, the rustling of the leaf announced their stealthy tread, and he saw their dusky faces in the waving grain. He dared not leave his house for fear of an ambush, nor look out of the window lest a bullet of the lurking foe should hit him. Mortal fear sat at his table, pursued him like a phantom through the day, and in the deep watches of the night startled him from his unwholesome slumbers. This became, after a while, unendurable; and he at last determined upon an act of seeming desperation. Consulting or informing none of his friends, he left his home, journeyed into Canada, and surrendered himself to the tribe of the murdered men as an expiatory sacrifice. The Indians, barbarous often in the treatment of their captives, seldom maltreated a voluntary prisoner. They took Bowen into their tribe, and the mother of the slaughtered Plausawa adopted him as her son. He became acquainted with their customs, joined their expeditions, participated in their fortunes, and, indeed, became one of them. In his old age, however, a desire to revisit the scenes of his childhood overtook him, and the Indians interposing no obstacles to his wishes, he left them, his Indian mother being dead, returned to Contoocook, and died in peace among his kinsfolk and neighbors, to whom his adventurous life furnished a never-failing theme of interesting conversation."

"Previous to the year 1763," said Mr. Webster, on one occasion, as he was dwelling upon incidents of his own and his father's life, "the settlements in New Hampshire had made little or no progress inward into the country for sixty or seventy years, owing to the persevering hostility of the French in Canada and of the bordering Indians, who were under French influence. People in our days can not understand the constant anxieties of our fathers arising from such a source. They were obliged always to be in arms and on the alert, and many an interesting story I have heard from these old frontiersmen of such stirring times. But this potent cause of repression having been effectually removed by the cession of Canada to England by the treaty of Paris, in 1763, companies were got up in various parts of New England to settle the wilderness between the inhabited portion of the Eastern States and Canada. Colonel Stevens, who distinguished himself in the preceding French war, associating himself with some other persons about Kingston, in New Hampshire, obtained from Benning Wentworth, Governor of the Province, the township of Salisbury, called at first Stevenstown. It is situated at the head of the Merrimac River, and very near the centre of the State. My father joined this enterprise, and about 1764 pushed into the wilderness. He had the discretion to take an ally, the best of allies, along with him, a wife; intending, whatever else he might want,

not to lack at least good company. The party *traveled out the road* or path (for it was no better), and then were obliged to make their way (not *finding* one) to their destined places of habitation. My father camped a little beyond the other comers, and when he had built his log-cabin and lighted his fire, his smoke ascended nearer to the North Star than that of any other of his Majesty's New England subjects.

"His story of this early settlement was deeply interesting, at least to me. The settlers doubtless suffered much. The mountainous nature of the country, the very long winters, with prodigious depth of snow, and the want of all roads to communicate with the country below, often induced great hardships. But the settlement increased, and when the war of the Revolution broke out, ten or eleven years after, the place contained nearly two hundred men capable of bearing arms. War on their own soil, and even at their own doors, was no strange sight to these hardy pioneers; and the arms which they had laid aside on the conclusion of peace with the French were easily resumed, and became as effective, in their practiced hands, against a still harsher foe. My father was their Captain, and he led them forth, with other New Hampshire troops, almost every campaign. He commanded his company at Bennington, at White Plains, at West Point, and at the time of Arnold's defection. There were not braver nor better troops in Washington's army. I have some little articles, the *spolia prælii* of Bennington, which I keep in honor of my father. The last time I ever saw General Stark, under whom my father fought at Bennington, he did me the compliment of saying that my complexion was like that of my father, and that his was of that color so convenient to a soldier, that burnt gunpowder did not change it!"

"One day," said Mr. Webster, as we were walking over his farm, "as my father and myself were hoeing in this field, the Hon. Mr. Thompson was passing on his horse, and seeing my father, stopped and had a talk with him. After he had left, my father said: "My son, Mr. Thompson is a member of Congress, having had opportunities of learning in his boyhood, as I should have been but from want of such learning; as you certainly will be, if you make the most of the schooling I can afford to give you." The words, and more the tone in which they were said, sunk deep into my heart; and to such exhortations, with my great desire to gratify so excellent a parent, do I attribute, in a great measure, my early devotion to my studies."

Mr. Webster's father strained, indeed, every nerve to get his sons what they called then in New Hampshire "larning." When he had exhausted his own little resources, he looked to others for temporary assistance. The writer has seen a letter of his addressed to Governor Langdon—the man who, satisfied with the chief honors of his native State, disdained the Vice-Presidency, and the still higher office of which it was then the step-stone—begging for a little time on a note overdue; for all his money, he said, went toward getting an education for his children. It was to his son always the source of deepest regret that such a father could not have survived to see the success of his constant self-sacrifices; but it was still his greatest gratification to remember, that the first money he ever could call his own he unhesitatingly and wholly devoted to his father's comfort; and that the first speech he ever made in court was listened to by that father, who then (to use his own expressive language), "like Simeon of old, gathered up his garments and died."

Truly has it been said:

> "Of all the legacies the dying leave,
> Remembrance of their virtues is the best."

A legacy always inciting to good deeds, and never exhausted. The ever-vivid recollection of his father's devotion, single heartedness, and many acts of silent yet fruitful charity, preserved Mr. Webster himself from that hardness of the heart which success and consequent isolation from the mass so frequently engender.

We were talking on one occasion while at this place, of the charge of diverting the secret service fund, while Secretary of State, to his own purposes, which Ingersoll of Philadelphia, emulous to rival the fame of him who fired the Ephesian dome, had recently preferred against him in Congress. Mr. Webster spoke with much feeling on the subject. "I inherited an honest name," he said; "it was all I inherited, and it is all I shall transmit to my children. For this reason, this man's accusation, as groundless as it is malignant, has troubled me. But my countrymen will not believe, and posterity will not believe him. I could have been a rich man, had I so chosen, without being a dishonest one."

I related an anecdote to him in relation to the matter which gratified him much.

The character of the accusation, as well as the eminence of the individual against whom it was preferred, created no little excitement in Congress. It was canvassed and vehemently discussed without as well as within the halls of legislation, and though no doubt of Mr. Webster's innocence from the charge existed in the mind of any intelligent and candid person, friend or foe, many feared that his perfect freedom from it could hardly be established, as the disbursement of that fund is a confidential matter, and sometimes could not be traced with safety to the public interests. However, a committee of the House appointed to investigate the matter, of whom Mr. Jefferson Davis, the present Secretary of War, was one, entirely exculpated Mr. Webster, and proved the specific appropriation of the whole fund.

The evening of the day the report was made, some two dozen gentlemen met at supper at one of the luxurious tables of our political metropo-

lis, and this subject naturally came up for discussion. There were men of both political parties present, and at the time party spirit ran high. Therefore the conversation became animated and somewhat declamatory. A friend of Mr. Webster's remarked, that whatever diversity of opinion might then exist as to the merits of Mr. Webster, the time would soon come when it would be held the greatest honor to have been a native of the same country. "Sir," replied a person of rather a saturnine complexion but marked countenance, who had taken no part in the previous discussion, "Sir, that time *has* come. I will not acknowledge that man as an American who does not *now* glory in the name of Daniel Webster. Small men may hope greatness by attacking him, but I tell you, gentlemen, that he is as far above their reach as the orbed moon above the dog who howls at her path in the heavens!" "Who," asked the writer of a friend near him, "who is that determined-looking man?" "Don't you know him? Why, that is the gallant Breckinridge from Kentucky, fresh from his laurels in Mexico. A young man, but of character beyond his years!"

Mr. Webster said, though personally unacquainted with Mr. Breckinridge, he knew his descent and reputation, and could not but feel deeply grateful for such a sentiment from a political opponent.

It is the same person who, refusing to return to the House in which he had distinguished himself as a leader, and refusing the mission to Spain which so many much longer in public life were ardently striving for, returned to his home, in Kentucky, with no other ambition than of gaining an honest livelihood by his professional pursuits. But great moral and intellectual excellence are not given to man alone for his own gratification, or for the limited advantage of his family. They belong to the country which has given him birth, and John C. Breckinridge is, with eminent propriety, the candidate of his party for the second office in the gift of the people—the Vice-Presidency of the United States.

A TERRIBLE NIGHT.

"BY Jove! Dick, I'm nearly done up."

"So am I. Did any one ever see such a confounded forest, Charley?"

"I am not alone weak, but hungry. Oh for a steak of moose, with a bottle of old red wine to wash it down!"

"Charley! beware. Take care how you conjure up such visions in my mind. I am already nearly starving, and if you increase my appetite much more it will go hard with me if I don't dine off of you. You are young, and Bertha says you're tender—"

"Hearted, she meant. Well, so I am, if loving Bertha be any proof of it. Do you know, Dick, I have often wondered that you, who love your sister so passionately, were not jealous of her attachment to me."

"So I was, my dear fellow, at first—furiously jealous. But then I reflected that Bertha must one day or the other marry, and I must lose my sister, so I thought it better that she should marry my old college chum and early friend, Charley Costarre, than any one else. So you see there was a little selfishness in my calculations, Charley."

"Dick, we were friends at school, and friends at college, and I thought at both those places that nothing could shorten the link that bound us together, but I was mistaken. Since my love for, and engagement to your sister, I feel as if you were fifty times the friend that you were before. Dick, we three will never part!"

"So he married the king's daughter, and they all lived together as happy as the days are long," shouted Dick with a laugh, quoting from nursery tale.

The foregoing is a slice out the conversation with which Dick Linton and myself endeavored to beguile the way, as we tramped through one of the forests of Northern New York. Dick was an artist, and I was a sportsman, so when one fine autumn day he announced his intention going into the woods for a week to study Nature, it seemed to me an excellent opportunity for me to exercise my legs and my trigger finger at the same time. Dick had some backwoods friend who lived in a log-hut on the shores of Eckford Lake, and there we determined to take up our quarters. Dick, who said he knew the forest thoroughly, was to be the guide, and we accordingly, with our guns on our shoulders, started on foot from Root's, a tavern known to tourists, and situated on the boundaries of Essex and Warren counties. It was a desperate walk; but as we started by daybreak, and had great faith in our pedestrian qualities, we expected to reach the nearest of the Eckford lakes by nightfall. The forest through which we traveled was of the densest description. Overhead the branches of spruce and pine shut out the day, while beneath our feet lay a frightful soil, composed principally of jagged shingle, cunningly concealed by an almost impenetrable brush. As the day wore on, our hopes of reaching our destination grew fainter and fainter, and I could almost fancy, from the anxious glances that Dick cast around him, that in spite of his boasted knowledge of the woods he had lost his way. It was not, however, until night actually fell, and that we were both sinking from hunger and exhaustion, that I could get him to acknowledge it.

"We're in a nice pickle, Master Dick," said I, rather crossly, for an empty stomach does much to destroy a man's natural amiability. "Confound your assurance that led you to set up as a guide. Of all men painters are the most conceited."

"Come, Charley," answered Dick, good-humoredly, "there's no use in growling so loudly. You'll bring the bears and panthers on us if you do. We must make the best of a bad job, and sleep in a tree."

"It's easy to talk, my good fellow. I'm not a partridge, and don't know how to roost on a bough."

"Well, you'll have to learn then; for if you sleep on the ground, the chances are ten to one but you will have the wolves nibbling at your toes before daylight."

"I'm hanged if I'll do either!" said I, desperately. "I'm going to walk all night, and I'll drop before I'll lie down."

"Come, come, Charley, don't be a fool!"

"I was a fool only when I consented to let you assume the *rôle* of guide."

"Well, Charley, if you are determined to go on, let it be so. We'll go together. After all, it's only an adventure."

"I say, Dick, don't you see a light?"

"By Jove, so there is! Come, you see Providence intervenes between us and wolves and hunger. That must be some squatter's hut."

The light to which I had so suddenly called Dick's attention was very faint, and seemed to be about half a mile distant. It glimmered through the dark branches of the hemlock and spruce trees, and weak as the light was, I hailed it as a mariner without a compass hails the star by which he steers. We instantly set out in the direction of our beacon. In a moment it seemed as if all fatigue had vanished, and we walked as if our muscles were as tense as iron, and our joints oily as a piston-shaft.

We soon arrived at what in the dusk seemed to be a clearing of about five acres, but it may have been larger, for the tall forest rising up around it must have diminished its apparent size, giving it the appearance of a square pit rather than a farm. Toward one corner of the clearing we discerned the dusky outline of a log-hut, through whose single end window a faint light was streaming. With a sigh of relief we hastened to the door and knocked. It was opened immediately, and a man appeared on the threshold. We explained our condition, and were instantly invited to walk in and make ourselves at home. All our host said he could offer us were some cold Indian corn cakes, and a slice of dried deer's-flesh, to all of which we were heartily welcome. These viands in our starving condition were luxuries to us, and we literally reveled in anticipation of a full meal.

The hut into which we had so unceremoniously entered was of the most poverty-stricken order. It consisted of but one room, with a rude brick fire-place at one end. Some deer-skins and old blankets stretched out by way of a bed at the other extremity of the apartment, and the only seats visible were two sections of a large pine trunk that stood close to the fire-place. There was no vestige of a table, and the rest of the furniture was embodied in a long Tennessee rifle that hung close to the rough wall.

If the hut was remarkable, its proprietor was still more so. He was, I think, the most villainous looking man I ever beheld. About six feet two inches in height, proportionately broad across the shoulders, and with a hand large enough to pick up a fifty-six pound shot, he seemed to be a combination of extraordinary strength and agility. His head was narrow, and oblong in shape. His straight Indian-like hair fell smoothly over his low forehead as if it had been plastered with soap. And his black, bead-like eyes were set obliquely, and slanted downward toward his nose, giving him a mingled expression of ferocity and cunning. As I examined his features attentively, in which I thought I could trace almost every bad passion, I confess I experienced a certain feeling of apprehension and distrust that I could not shake off.

While he was getting us the promised food, we tried, by questioning him, to draw him into conversation. He seemed very taciturn and reserved. He said he lived entirely alone, and had cleared the spot he occupied with his own hands. He said his name was Joel; but when we hinted that he must have some other name, he pretended not to hear us, though I saw his brows knit, and his small black eyes flash angrily. My suspicions of this man were further aroused by observing a pair of shoes lying in a corner of the hut. These shoes were at least three sizes smaller than those that our gigantic host wore, and yet he had distinctly replied that he lived entirely alone. If those shoes were not his, whose were they? The more I reflected on this circumstance the more uneasy I felt, and apprehensions were still further aroused, when Joel, as he called himself, took both our fowling-pieces, and, in order to have them out of the way, as he said, hung them on crooks from the wall, at a height that neither Dick or I could reach without getting on a stool. I smiled inwardly, however, as I felt the smooth barrel of my revolver that was slung in the hollow of my back, by its leathern belt, and thought to myself, if this fellow has any bad designs, the more unprotected he thinks us the more incautious he will be, so I made no effort to retain our guns. Dick also had a revolver, and was one of those men who I knew would use it well when the time came.

My suspicions of our host grew at last to such a pitch that I determined to communicate them to Dick. Nothing would be easier than for this villainous half-breed—for I felt convinced he had Indian blood in him—nothing would be easier than, with the aid of an accomplice, to cut our throats or shoot us while we were asleep, and so get our guns, watches, and whatever money we carried. Who, in those lonely woods, would hear the shot, or hear our cries for help? What emissary of the law, however sharp, could point out our graves in those wild woods, or bring the murder home to those who committed it? Linton at first laughed; then grew serious; and gradually became a convert to my apprehensions. We hurriedly agreed that, while one slept, the other should watch, and so take it in turns through the night.

Joel had surrendered to us his couch of deer-skin and his blanket; he himself said he could

sleep quite as well on the floor, near the fire. As Dick and I were both very tired, we were anxious to get our rest as soon as possible. So after a hearty meal of deer-steak and tough cakes, washed down by a good draught from our brandy flask, I, being the youngest, got the first hour's sleep, and flung myself on the couch of skins. As my eyes gradually closed, I saw a dim picture of Dick seated sternly watching by the fire, and the long shape of the half-breed stretching out like a huge shadow upon the floor.

After what I could have sworn to be only a three-minute doze, Dick woke me, and informed me that my hour was out; and turning me out of my warm nest, lay down without any ceremony, and in a few seconds was heavily snoring. I rubbed my eyes, felt for my revolver, and seating myself on one of the pine-stumps, commenced my watch. The half-breed appeared to be buried in a profound slumber, and in the half-weird light cast by the wood embers, his enormous figure seemed almost Titanic in its proportions. I confess I felt that in a struggle for life he was more than a match for Dick and myself. I then looked at the fire, and began a favorite amusement of mine—shaping forms in the embers. All sorts of figures defined themselves before me. Battles, tempests at sea, familiar faces, and above all shone, ever returning, the dear features of Bertha Linton, my affianced bride. She seemed to me to smile at me through a burning haze, and I could almost fancy I heard her say, "While you are watching in the lonely forest I am thinking of you, and praying for your safety."

A slight movement on the part of the slumbering half-breed here recalled me from those sweet dreams. He turned on his side, lifted himself slowly on his elbow, and gazed attentively at me. I did not stir. Still retaining my stooping attitude, I half closed my eyes, and remained motionless. Doubtless he thought I was asleep, for in a moment or two he rose noiselessly, and creeping with a stealthy step across the floor, passed out of the hut. I listened—Oh, how eagerly! It seemed to me that, through the imperfectly-joined crevices of the log-walls, I could plainly hear voices whispering. I would have given worlds to have crept nearer to listen, but I was fearful of disturbing the fancied security of our host, who I now felt certain had sinister designs upon us. So I remained perfectly still. The whispering suddenly ceased. The half-breed re-entered the hut in the same stealthy way in which he had quitted it, and after giving a scrutinizing glance at me, once more stretched himself upon the floor and affected to sleep. In a few moments I pretended to awake—yawned, looked at my watch, and finding that my hour had more than expired, proceeded to wake Dick. As I turned him out of bed I whispered in his ear, "Don't take your eyes off that fellow, Dick. He has accomplices outside; be careful!" Dick gave a meaning glance, carelessly touched his revolver, as much as to say, "Here's something to interfere with his little arrangements," and took his seat on the pine-stump, in such a position as to command a view of the sleeping half-breed and the doorway at the same time.

This time, though horribly tired, I could not sleep. A horrible load seemed pressing on my chest, and every five minutes I would start up to see if Dick was keeping his watch faithfully. My nerves were strung to a frightful pitch of tensity; my heart beat at every sound, and my head seemed to throb until I thought my temples would burst. The more I reflected on the conduct of the half-breed, the more assured I was that he intended murder. Full of this idea, I took my revolver from its sling, and held it in my hand, ready to shoot him down at the first movement that appeared at all dangerous. A haze seemed now to pass across my eyes. Fatigued with long watching and excitement, I passed into that semi-conscious state, in which I seemed perfectly aware of every thing that passed, although objects were dim and dull in outline, and did not appear so sharply defined as in one's waking moments. I was apparently roused from this state by a slight crackling sound. I started, and raised myself on my elbow. My heart almost ceased to beat at what I saw. The half-breed had lit some species of dried herb, which sent out a strong aromatic odor as it burned. This herb he was holding directly under Dick's nostrils, who I now perceived, to my horror, was wrapped in a profound slumber. The smoke of this mysterious herb appeared to deprive him of all consciousness, for he rolled gently off of the pine-log, and lay stretched upon the floor. The half-breed now stole to the door, and opened it gently. Three sinister heads peered in out of the gloom. I saw the long barrels of rifles, and the huge brawny hands that clasped them. The half-breed pointed significantly to where I lay with his long bony finger, then drawing a large, thirsty-looking knife from his breast, moved toward me. The time was come. My blood stopped—my heart ceased to beat. The half-breed was within a foot of my bed; the knife was raised; another instant and it would have been buried in my heart, when, with a hand as cold as ice, I lifted my revolver, took deadly aim, and fired!

A stunning report, a dull groan, a huge cloud of smoke curling around me, and I found myself standing upright, with a dark mass lying at my feet.

"Great God! what have you done, Sir?" cried the half-breed, rushing toward me. "You have killed him! He was just about to wake you."

I staggered against the wall. My senses, until then immersed in sleep, suddenly recovered their activity. The frightful truth burst upon me in a flash. I had shot Dick Linton while under the influence of a night-mare! Then every thing seemed to fade away, and I remember no more.

There was a trial, I believe. The lawyers were learned, and proved by physicians that it

was a case of what is called *Somnolentia*, or sleep-drunkenness; but of the proceedings I took no heed. One form haunted me, lying black and heavy on the hut floor; and one pale face was ever present—a face I saw once after the terrible catastrophe, and never saw again—the wild, despairing face of Bertha Linton, my promised bride!

WHY WE GET SICK.

IF, as some ill-natured fellow has said, sickness is a sin, we Americans are great sinners. That much of the ill-health of the world, and of our portion of it especially, may be directly traced to a positive disobedience of the laws of nature can not be questioned; and that this disobedience is culpable, requires no casuist to prove. As, however, nature sufficiently vindicates its own justice by the heaviest penalties, there is no occasion for us to mock the criminal on his road to execution. Our object is to prevent, not to punish.

The Americans should be the healthiest people in the world; but, if we compare them with other nations, in the aggregate, they will be probably found to have no claim to this superiority. This, however, is not a fair comparison, as the condition of the masses with us more nearly approaches that of the prosperous classes than of the poor of foreign countries. Material advantages alone, apart from moral causes, have given the Americans a position far in advance of all other nations. Physical comfort is the rule with us, while it is but the exception elsewhere. If a potato patch, as in Ireland, were the only barrier between our people and starvation, there might be some excuse for our countrymen not being healthier; for a want of physical comfort is among the most powerful causes of disease. With abundance of food, and such liberal rewards of labor that the humblest American can supply himself with those comforts of life which are only within the reach of the prosperous classes abroad, it is but fair to compare him with the latter. In this comparison he will be found very deficient on the score of health. Sickness is mostly a choice, and not a necessity with us; and we now propose to show *why we get sick*, when we might as readily keep well.

The Americans work too much and play too little, and would that it were only with the usual effect of making Jonathan a dull boy. The result, however, is worse than this, for it tells very seriously against his health and vigor. If modern civilization has its blessings, it has its curses too, and of these the United States have a disproportionate share. There is a large class of diseases which were unknown to our forefathers, but which are fearfully wasting the health and happiness of the present generation. If our ancestors made the journey of life in slow coaches, they had the satisfaction of running less risks by the road. It is questionable whether, with greater speed and more frequent break-downs, our boasted progress is worth all we value it at. A host of diseases of the heart, the brain, nerves, and stomach, which exhaust the doctor's skill and fill his pockets, came in with modern civilization. To these diseases the Americans are far more subject than any other people, as might be naturally expected from the fact of their being more generally and powerfully brought under the influence of the intense activity of modern life.

With a brain in the delirium of excitement, with nerves like trains of gunpowder, ready to inflame at every spark, and with a heart in a tumult of passionate pulsation, driving its hot blood, which, like a current of lava, burns and destroys as it flows, American life is but the agony of a fever. There is no repose for us. We push on in frenzied excitement through the crowds, the noise, the hot glare and dust of the highways, without turning for a moment to refresh ourselves in the quiet and shade of the by-paths of life. We have but one object in our rapid journey, and that is to get the start of our fellow-travelers. Our political equality, offering to all a chance for the prizes of life, and thus encouraging every one to try his speed in the race, is no doubt a spur to the characteristic hurry of Americans. Our institutions, however, are not responsible for the prize we choose to strive for. There is no reason that we know of why a republican should have no other aim in life but to get richer than his neighbor; but there are a thousand good reasons, if we value health and happiness, why we should pursue other and higher objects. When the pursuit of wealth is the great purpose of life in so rapidly a progressive state of material prosperity as exists in our commercial communities, it requires exclusive devotion and the highest strain of the faculties to succeed. A fair competence, however, is easily reached; and if we had learned to care for better things, we would not strive for more.

It is the excessive devotion to business, in order to compass that wealth that is so unduly prized, which is one of the chief causes of the ill health of Americans. Count the hours a man gives to work, if he be his own task-master—and he can not have a more severe one—and how much time will be left—not to speak of enjoyment—for the mere requirements of health? Ten hours a day, with intervals of repose, is the allotment to the laborer in England, where to pause from work is to starve, while there is hardly an American in business who does not exceed this from choice. And his intervals of repose, what are they? Possibly half an hour for dinner, where, ten to one, he is clenching a bargain with his opposite neighbor in the short pause between bolted beef and bolted pudding.

Brisk, of the firm of Brisk and Smart, is a model merchant, eager for gain and constant in business. He hurries up in the morning, and he hurries down impatient for his coffee and cakes, and gulping the one and bolting the other, he is soon whisked away in the omnibus

to his dry goods in Pearl Street. Now he begins a day of intense activity, making a sale here and paying a note there, settling an account with one and beginning an account with another. Thus hurried along in the vortex of business, time passes without a thought of any thing but dry goods, bills payable and bills receivable, until he is reminded, by the approaching close of bank hours, that he has a deposit to make, when he is off in a heat, taking the only exercise in the day, by which he is as much benefited as an ox when driven to slaughter. The deposit made, the savory atmosphere of some neighboring eating-house recalls to his memory the fact of the possession of a stomach and the possibility of its being hungry. He has not much time to spare for chops and brandy-water, as Smith, one of his best customers, always comes in in the afternoon, and likes to be served by himself. Smith served, his bill must be made out and his goods packed; so the busy day is prolonged far into the night, when Brisk, finally, with a packet of letters in his hand, which must be answered and can be as well done at home, springs into an omnibus, and is soon trotted up to the Fifth Avenue. As the children are in bed, and Mrs. Brisk is dressing for a party, Brisk has a fine time of it, all to himself, his cigar, and his letters. This is a fair picture of the American man of business, and its original may be seen not only in the market and exchange, but in the forum and other busy departments of life.

Men who thus recklessly set at defiance all the laws of health must suffer the penalty of disease, and we are fast becoming, in consequence, a nation of invalids. Foreigners already affect to see in us a degenerate offspring of a nobler race, and with them a skeleton frame, a yellow-dyed bilious face, an uncomfortable dyspeptic expression, an uneasy spasmodic motion, and a general ghost-like, charnel-house aspect, serve to make up a type of the species Yankee. They put us all down as residents of the Dismal Swamp, and say that we have lost in that cheerless region our flesh and spirits, and have neither the heart nor the strength to laugh and make merry. They declare that our sides never shake but with the ague.

In the intense devotion of Americans to work, there are certain obvious sources of health and happiness which are heedlessly disregarded. Domestic enjoyment, social intercourse with friends, the conviviality of the daily meal, and the refined pleasures of literature and the arts, are all consistent with a due attention to business. These present the natural diversions to lighten the labor of life, and to refresh the spirits prostrated with the fatigue and anxieties of the daily occupation of mankind. Of these, however, the American, with all his boasted civilization, has hardly the appreciation of a New Zealand savage. At home, there is no greater stranger than the master of the house, which he only knows as a place to sleep and be sick in. Of true connubial felicity he is as unconscious as Abdul Medjid, the Sultan of Turkey; and his wife is no more the companion of his life than if she were the inmate of a harem. In the morning he is in too great a hurry to get to business to spare a moment for kindly communion, the whole day he spends at the store and counting-house, and at night he returns too late to his home to participate in its pleasures, or too tired to care for them.

Lord Bacon says children sweeten labor; but little use, however plentiful the supply, do the Americans make of these sugar-plums of existence. It is told of a Wall Street *paterfamilias*, that having come, in the course of his rapid movements, accidentally upon his own child in the arms of a nurse, he stopped, and in a sudden paroxysm of tenderness, kissed the babe, and inquired very considerately about its paternity, being totally unconscious of his own flesh and blood. Children with us are treated, so soon as they are born, as posterity, just as if they were devoid of all contemporary interest.

A man's friends, too, in this country, are merely counting-house acquaintances, and hospitality hardly expands beyond an invitation to "Brisk and Smart, No. — Pearl Street, be glad to see you—always at home." Brisk and Smart are, indeed, always "at home" in their stores, but never in their houses. It is not our purpose to inquire just now, how far the Mrs. Smarts and the Mrs. Brisks may be responsible for shutting the doors of hospitality in the faces of their husbands' friends. We have an opinion of our own, however, in regard to the effect of the fashionable pretensions of our dames. We do not believe that the love of personal display which robs the larder to enrich the parlor, and shrinks the stomach to expand the skirt, favorable to hospitality. We, moreover, as we never go to parties but are always open to an invitation to a good dinner, protest against the practice of concentrating all the surplus means of a household in one great annual display of expense, in which—that is, the expense and not the dubious delights of the party—the husband, and perhaps his friends, alone participate. The ball of the season, however, is the town-talk, which, although it is at the cost of a whole year's household comfort and the ruin of all genial hospitality, is worth the sacrifice, in the opinion of the fashionable wife.

> "Her beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
> To boast one splendid banquet once a year."

Life is thus, whoever may be to blame, deprived of its natural enjoyments, and the American becomes nothing but a machine for work. He, moreover, treats the mechanism of his own body with infinitely less consideration than that of his steam-engine and spinning-jenny. These are never strained beyond their powers, and are carefully oiled and occasionally stopped for repair. Brain and nerves are, however, always on the stretch, and without a single drop of the oil of gladness to soften labor, are kept to their work until they stop in disease or death.

This exclusive devotion to a single object in life—and that object, which is getting rich, of course, accompanied by those fluctuations of profit and loss, which keep the man of business in a continued agony between fear and hope—is expressly opposed to an absolute law of nature, which requires for health, that the occupations of the mind should be as varied as its faculties. The result is shown in the excitability, which is the characteristic of the fast-moving American. The brain and nerves are stimulated to a degree which soon wears them out, and diverts from the other parts of the body that supply of nervous energy which is essential to the healthy performance of their functions. It is to this exhaustion of nervous power that the universal irritability and restlessness of our people, which are sure symptoms of weakness, are to be attributed. A foreign medical observer, while traveling in this country, remarked, that the whole nation seemed to be suffering from a paroxysm of St. Vitus's dance. The peculiarity of this disease is the ceaseless and uncontrollable motion of the limbs of the patient, who appears to be possessed of a desire of being in half a dozen places at one and the same moment of time.

We care not, just now, to speak of the influence of this excessive nervous irritability—which, as it alternates with frequent fits of utter prostration, always craves for stimulants—upon American habits and character. We, however, firmly believe, were it not for our weakened and excitable nerves, there would be less occasion for the moralist to groan over the unconstitutionality of Maine laws, and to lament our occasional lapses in social and political ethics. Our business is with the physical results, and these become sufficiently alarming when we learn that dyspepsia, nervous disorders of all kinds, and insanity, are so much more abounding in the United States than in any other country, as almost to become national characteristics. There are, doubtless, other concurrent causes of the ill health of our people, and of these we shall cursorily treat. It is, however, the causes within the control of the individual, and not those of climate, and of public hygiene, for which the nature of the country and society are responsible, that we are considering at present.

Talleyrand said that England had a thousand religions but only one sauce, and that was melted butter. We may not be so rich in religion, but we are certainly no better off for sauces. The art of cooking, with us, is in its infancy, and a very unpromising infancy too. We are not only unskilled in sauces, but in every other branch of kitchen cunning. We want a Miss Coutts or a Lord Ashburton to teach us common things, and more particularly how to boil the pot. Our women are said to be very curious after knowledge, and are known to be the most untiring listeners to the forced conceits of our itinerant New England would-be teachers. If these eloquent young gentlemen would descend occasionally from the clouds, where, sublimated by their own imaginings, they have lost all sympathy with daily flesh and blood, and hold communion with their audience in the body, their teachings might be possibly rewarded by the consciousness of doing some practical good. We suggest to our peripatetic philosophers a course of lectures for the coming season on cooks and cookery. There is more need just now of dietetics than æsthetics, and we promise a full house and a deluge of two shillings to the first New England philosopher who will hold forth on "Woman as Cook," "Soyer and Sauces," "Soups made Easy," "The Triune Dinner—Soup, Fish, and Meat," "The Age of Grease," "Buckwheat as a Civilizer," etc.

Lord Cockburn records the horror with which the word corn was first listened to by the Edinburgh philosophers, when Dugald Stewart, in his lectures on political economy, ventured, *ex cathedra*, upon so undignified a topic. But since that day corn has become in Great Britain a more imposing word, as it has always been a more important thing, than Constitution and Commons, and we believe cookery worthy of as high an elevation. Liebig has not thought it below his dignity to teach us how to boil, roast, and fry. He tells us that bad cooking decomposes the food, and produces certain compounds hard in name and harder of digestion. That philanthropic philosopher informs us, moreover, that frying, which, by-the-by, is a favorite American process, is the worst possible mode of cooking, as it requires so high a temperature as to decompose the food, and too large a quantity of fat. There are certain rules laid down by Liebig, founded upon the laws of chemistry, which we do not believe a single housekeeper in the United States knows in theory, or a single cook puts in practice. For example, is our meat ever boiled according to this canon of cookery? Put the meat into the water when it is boiling briskly, and keep it boiling some minutes, and then add cold water so as to reduce the temperature to 165° or 158°, as this is the only way to make the meat juicy and digestible. Fancy Bridget, the cook, ordered to test the temperature of the water by putting a thermometer in it. We would probably find that valuable instrument served up like a boiled parsnip.

We can hardly expect that Liebig should be familiar to the present generation of our cooks, who belong to "the finest peasantry" of the world, whose practical knowledge was confined to the roasting of a potato, until, fresh from Kilkenny, a wider field opened to them in our kitchens, where, under the stimulus of soap fat and ten dollars a month, they commenced spoiling our dinners and ruining our stomachs. Their mistresses, however, if they would forget, for an hour or so a day, that they are *ladies*, and become for that short period rational women, might try to understand Liebig or some other good authority, and would probably succeed in time in learning something about the philosophy of cooking. Then we might have digestible dinners instead

of those Irish concoctions of overdone or underdone beef, potatoes like lumps of wax, vegetables like half-chewed tobacco, gravies and sauces only suitable for Bridget's friend and countryman, the soap-fat man, and puddings and pastry of the consistency of balls and sheets of lead. We might as readily digest a diet of tenpenny nails; and the attempt which would spoil the digestion of an ostrich can not fail to be ruinous to the unnaturally delicate organization of an American stomach. Our countrymen and countrywomen, more than any other people, require, in consequence of their invalid systems and inactive habits, that their food should be more than half digested before eating, by the most skillful cookery.

In the large cities there is some approach, in hotels and a few of the better eating-houses, like Delmonico's, to a scientific *cuisine*, but even in these there is an undue compliance with American tastes in the introduction of certain greasy dishes, fried cakes, and pastries, the very sight of which would throw a Frenchman into a paroxysm of dyspepsia. The *table d'hôte* principle, which confers upon the guest the right, of which our countrymen always avail themselves, of eating through the bill of fare, *ab ovo usque ad malum*—from the soup to the last almond is by no means favorable to health.

The Americans are not epicures, but gluttons. They swallow, but don't eat; and, like the boa-constrictor, bolt every thing, whether it be a blanket or a rabbit. They take their food as if it were a part of their day's work. It startles a foreigner to see with what voracity even our delicate women dispose of the infinite succession of dishes on the public tables. We question whether this intemperance in eating harmonizes well with absolute temperance at dinner in drinking. Where the stomach is so much tasked, its powers require to be aided by the stimulus of wine. Wine, too, has the advantage of prolonging the feast, and giving conviviality to what is otherwise but a gross indulgence of appetite.

We do not know why Americans are so averse to the convivial wine-drinking of the dinner-table, while they are so given to swilling unsocially at the bar-room. The bar-room drink is more dangerous and more unhealthy, inasmuch as it is ordinarily stronger, and taken into an empty stomach, upon the nerves of which it acts directly, while the beverage at the dinner-table is weaker, and being mixed and digested with the food, hardly stimulates the nervous system at all. Our fashionable ladies, too, who are too delicate to take their glass of wine before the world, are accused of a growing fondness for the forbidden delights of the bar. The Newport, Saratoga, and Rockaway innkeepers have been obliged, it is said, to strengthen their establishments by an increased force of bar-keepers, in order to keep up with the great female demand this season for sherry-cobblers. A stern moralist tells us, that in coming down at break of day from his garret-room at one of the watering-places lately, he stumbled at almost every lady's door over an empty glass, the straw in which was very clear evidence how the wind had blown the night before.

"To be cheerfully disposed," says Lord Bacon, "at hours of meat, is one of the best precepts of long lasting." The Americans, at dinner, are as serious, self-absorbed, and silent as a cat over a bowl of milk—nothing is heard but the smacking of the lips and the gulping of the food. "Chatted food," however, says the proverb, "is half digested." Gay talk and laughter will assist the digestion of the toughest morsel, and save many a paroxysm of dyspepsia. The jolliness of our English ancestors so strengthened their stomachs, that no quantity or quality of food was too much for their powers. At the baronial tables of olden time, the ordinary *pièce de resistance* was an ox roasted whole, while a leg of mutton or a quarter of lamb were only side-dishes, especially reserved as delicate tit-bits for the ladies. Three rumps of beef with a gallon of ale or so, were the daily allowance to the maids of honor of Queen Elizabeth, for breakfast; but those were days when men and women rode, hunted, laughed loud and strong, and shouted out their convivial humors with all the vigor of stout and wholesome lungs. Dinner is a very important social institution, and if properly encouraged, would tell strongly to the advantage of health and happiness. It is treated, however, with total disrespect in the United States, where the social dinner is almost obsolete. There is many a householder in our large cities, with palatial quarters, spacious in gorgeous parlors and so-called dining-rooms, spending, with the aid of his wife, the income of a German prince, under whose mahogany his best friend has never, and he himself, in fact, but rarely, stretched his legs.

There is nothing for the sake of health that Americans need learning so much as the adaptation of their diet to the varieties of climate and season. Our practice is directly opposite to the precepts of the philosophers. They tell us that to keep up the animal heat of the body is the chief use of fatty or highly carbonized food, and that in consequence it is only proper to consume it largely in cold seasons and climates. The bacon and hot-buttered cakes, which are ubiquitous in the South and West, are therefore the worst, as fruit and vegetables, which are rarely found, are the best food in those parts of the country. That our pork-fed Southern and Western brethren should become, therefore, yellow-tinted, lantern-jawed, spindle-shanked valetudinarians, is the natural result of disobeying a plain law of chemistry and nature.

There is good reason to fear that were it not for the constant infusion of wholesome Saxon and Celtic blood from Europe, the American race would soon become as degenerate as the Chinese. The excessive devotion to trade is fast making a nation of effeminate shop-keepers of us, and the enterprise of which we boast is more due to foreign vigor than our vanity will

allow. Not only is most of the muscle and nerve of the country imported, but much of the intellectual vigor, educated and brought into action under the favorable influence of our institutions, belongs to the immediate descendants of foreigners. The commercial enterprise, mechanical invention, literature, and statesmanship of the land, are largely sustained by men whose fathers never touched the Plymouth Rock or held a musket at Bunker Hill. Our habits are unfavorable to physical vigor, and if not to *smartness*, certainly to intellectual force and endurance.

Life is too emotional in America either for strength of body or mind. Enough has been said of the enervating effects of the excessive devotion to business. Our diversions are ordinarily of a kind no less injurious in their influence. The American, with his irritable and diseased temper, knows but little enjoyment save in excitement. In fact, like an old epicure, he can not taste his daily food unless it be well-peppered. Thus town is preferred to country life, and the dissipation of fashion to the simple pleasures of home. The robust amusements, which merely invigorate and do not excite, have become obsolete, and there is no country in the world nearer to us than Turkey or China where so many of the prosperous classes can be found who take such little manly physical exercise. There are thousands of our citizens who have both money and time to spare who never crossed the back of a horse, swam a stroke, pulled the trigger of a gun or the oar of a boat, and would be sorely puzzled to shoot a burglar or save a child from drowning. Yet strong exercise, such as most of these imply, is the best to invigorate the body, and to secure our people against that effeminacy and ill health into which they are fast lapsing.

Look at our young men of fortune. Were there ever such weaklings? An apathetic-brained, a pale pasty-faced, narrow-chested, spindle-shanked, dwarfed race—mere walking manikins to advertise the last cut of the fashionable tailor! With such weak heads and inconsiderable breadth of back it is hardly reasonable to expect that our young men of property should become the Atlasses of the State, or, with such puny powers of locomotion, that they should make much progress in any of the walks of life. They are, however, the very class who have the leisure and means, and, if they were just to themselves, would have the power to give that manlier tone to society by which it might be strengthened and purified to noble influences. To urge those who are lying indolently night and day in the lap of pleasure "to scorn delights and live laborious days," for the sake of doing the world some service, may be a waste of labor. It may not be amiss, however, to remind such that their own health and happiness would be improved by some little exercise of those faculties with which nature has endowed them. To drink all day, and to carouse all night, are not the best means of cultivating even the physical functions, not to speak of the moral and intellectual powers. Such a career makes our young men animals, but ill-conditioned, scraggy lambkins at the best. Dissipation, of course degrading and enfeebling every where, is more corrupting and destructive here than in any other country. It begins earlier, and is less modified in its influence by refined tastes and habits of physical exercise. We have rakes at sixteen, and worn-out debauchees at thirty. Our women are responsible to a great extent for this, in the encouragement they give to the juvenile weaklings of society, who have the time, and means, and disposition for the dissipation of fashion, and not the heart for better things. Four-fifths of the beaux who do all the polking, waltzing, and flirtation of the gay world, are boys who should be still under the ferule of the schoolmaster. The awaking of the emotions and passions, which seems the great purpose of fashionable life, is bad at any age, but infinitely worse in early youth, when to invigorate and not to excite is the only rule conformable with health.

A too early introduction to the excitements of social life is no less the ruin of the health of our young girls. To come out—which means the exposure of a youthful beauty at her earliest bloom in the public market-places of fashion—is the first thought of opening womanhood. How carefully, too, is the article manufactured and set off to suit the demand. All the education of the fashionable school is directed toward the early development of the emotions. Bodily exercise, the cultivation of the moral feelings, and the calm study of the lessons of household duty, if not utterly disregarded, are all made subordinate to the undue excitement of the intellectual faculties and senses. The excessive cultivation of music and dancing in early youth does more than any other cause toward exciting a morbid sensibility in young girls. Mothers, however, with an eye to the market, are more importunate in demanding these accomplishments than all the other elements put together of a good education. These anxious mothers will insist, with a pertinacity that no filial pouts or tears can overcome, on the hour's strumming of the piano, when they are perfectly indifferent whether their daughters spell that instrument with an *-o* or an *-er*. With such a preparation the young girl comes out all palpitating with sensibility, and finds in the excitements of fashionable life those stimulants in abundance with which with an eager thirst she quickly debauches herself. Much of the ill health of our women has been attributed to early marriages, but physicians tell us that celibacy, with the emotional tendencies of our young girls, is more dangerous than matrimony. To believe that the only object in life is a husband, and to be educated in such a way as to be fit for nothing else than to catch one, may result in making useless wives, but its worst effect is in the production of a large class of unhealthy and miserable spinsters

It is not easy to exhaust the subject of the causes of the ill health of our men, women, and children, nor to give, in the compass of a single article, all the reasons, some of which accordingly are held in reserve—"Why we get sick."

MERLINVILLE.

I.

IT is not my fault if I am a single man. I have tried over and over again to get rid of the objection, and never by any possible chance miss an opportunity of interesting myself in the Last and Best Gift. But somehow it don't answer. A man requires a great deal of practice before he can throw a lasso successfully, and I am sure a wedding ring presents many more difficulties. The truth of the matter is (I would not speak it for the world if my name were put to this article, because it might compromise me), I am too bashful and nervous for the trying ordeal of Popping the Question, which really requires a great deal of audacity and presence of mind. Married men, I know, brag about the ease with which they have obtained their wives, but married men are all hypocrites—the most experienced and diabolical hypocrites in the whole universe. When I hear them go on in this way, I console myself with the reflection that if one could only put a little glass window in their side—like the ingenious gentleman who made a scientific camera of his stomach—and take a peep at their hearts, great seams, not wholly healed, of cruel wounds received in early conflicts with Cupid (the greatest warrior and general in the world, because he always gains the day), would be found to corrugate the fibres of that organ. Nature has kindly ordained that man shall have certain experiences in this world, as well as certain diseases, and the capacity for being jilted, and feeling very wretched about it, is a part of this wise dispensation.

I have a little maxim which has been of inestimable service to me. It is this: If you have not a wife of your own, cultivate the good graces of the wife of somebody else. The gracious sex is never indifferent to kindness and coaxing, and a man must be a horribly mean fellow if he can not gather a few smiles from the placid brow of the severest spouse. If you can not reap the profit of an entire harvest, glean up what scanty ears the owner has left for your nimble fingers. Smiles are so precious in this gloomy world that it is almost fair to steal them if you can't get them in any other way.

A man with these loose principles could not have found a more desirable spot for indulging in smile-larceny than the house of Mr. Woothen—where this veritable story commences. The place itself was an architectural broad grin. It was most exorbitantly happy, and defied all the efforts of indigestion to make it otherwise. Marianna of the Moated Grange—that hopelessly soul-rent damsel—would, I am sure, have been perfectly jolly in it. There was nothing "stuck up" about it, and no one on earth—not even Mr. Ruskin—could say to what style of architecture it belonged. It defied the rule and measure of schools, and stood out as a bold and happy inspiration of a somewhat demented architect. You could see it for miles and miles, as you went down on the Sound steamer, but it never looked brownly baronial, or darkly stern, like other big houses on other big hills. Transplant half a dozen such houses to the banks of the Rhine, and the literature of that romantic stream would perish in convulsive fits of laughter. Its jaunty gables, its insolent tower, its ridiculously red roof, seemed to cry out, "Here we are, ready for a spree on the shortest notice! Who'll run up the hill for a romp?" It was out of the question to make them look dignified. No one felt the slightest alarm at going up to the gate, although it was a very large one, and opened on distressingly clean gravel walks; on the contrary, picnic parties frequently strolled into the grounds, and launched into the maddest merriment long before they discovered that they were trespassers; and even then, they only laughed at the thing as a capital joke. And when you did get inside, there was enough to satisfy you; such flowers, blowing all the year round, and trees, playing at shadow with the sun, but with a perfect understanding not to stand in his way at all, and serpentine paths twisting about, as if, like Adam and Eve, they found it extremely difficult to keep straight in such a paradise.

Merlinville was unquestionably a happy institution, and the family who occupied it entered into the spirit of it with hearty good-will. It was not an extensive family, by-the-way, and, in fact, consisted of only three members, Mr. and Mrs. Woothen and their daughter Helen—a serenely beautiful girl of eighteen. But the house was always filled with visitors, who came down on the most paltry and contemptible excuses, and were persuaded to stay with an ease that was really humbling to human nature. Mrs. Woothen was fond of society, but being of feeble constitution could only indulge it at her own expense. She was eminently domestic, too, and sensible that there was no place like home. There she was as lively as a cricket, and would chirp away for hours and hours together without feeling any of that lassitude which was sure to attack her the moment she deserted it. Mr. Woothen was a gentleman with a large appetite for business, and a passion for clean linen and flowers. He went up to town every morning by the eight o'clock boat, presenting a bleached and fragrant appearance; he came down by the three o'clock boat, looking wilted and seedy. In a quarter of an hour he was out again in all the fragrance of early youth, and, with a gigantic straw hat on his head, plunged into garden work with a zest that is only known to simple natures, who find a drop of joy in every flower-cup, and add them all to the great goblet of home happiness which they quaff. Mr. Woothen was a happy illustration of a pure American spirit. He was devoted to his business, his wife, his

child, his horses, and his garden. He never neglected one or the other. He found pleasure in going into the hot streets of the money-changers, and pleasure in returning to the cool shades of home. He was blessed with a healthy perception of the beautiful, and knew how to surround himself with its attributes. He had studied men, and could avoid rubbing against their harsh points. He had made the most of his youth in seeing what was to be seen in the world, and sat down now with a perfect conviction that what he enjoyed was *worth* enjoying. In one of his wild flights through Europe he became acquainted with his present wife, and he always insisted that she was the most beautiful view he had ever seen there. Mrs. Woothen was an English woman by birth, but she had not seen her native land for eighteen years; her family had disappeared, and she knew no country but that which claimed her husband and child.

Of the latter it is difficult to speak without rushing into absurdities. Helen was not beautiful, according to the wax-doll model of beauty. Any quantity of girls had plumper cheeks, and taller figures, and longer hair, and larger eyes. She was, indeed, only moderately supplied with these elements of beauty; but they were blended with such marvelous aptness that it took months and months to find out where they began and where they ended. At first you thought she was a tidy little girl; then you thought she was pretty; then you thought she was handsome; then, all of a sudden, you hit upon the exact thought, that she was the dearest little girl in the world, and generally stuck to it to the end of the chapter. She had an enormous number of little ways of her own that never can be equaled in this world. It was perfectly wonderful to see her stealing about the house with the demureness of a matron and the brightness of a goddess, touching all things with usefulness and beauty. My own impression is that she did the entire work of the establishment, and bribed the servants to say nothing about it. From morning to night she had something on her precious little mind, and thoughtfully devised ways and means for conquering circumstances. But when Mr. Woothen returned from the city she was as calm and collected as the City Coroner, and looked for all the world as if she had been waiting in listless idleness for this opportunity of having a romp. Sedate persons are generally susceptible of keen enjoyment, and the most philosophical are sometimes the most jolly.

"What admirable spirits that dear girl enjoys!" said Mr. Woothen, as Helen rushed down the path in a rough-and-tumble race with an immense Newfoundland dog.

"We are all in good spirits when you come home, my dear!" said Mrs. Woothen. The most effective compliments in the world are made by married women. They know where the feather tickles.

"And if *I* did not feel happy and proud with so much beauty around me, and two such treasures by my side, I—I ought to be kicked!"

II.

It is morning, and a dark and dreary one, with dashes of sulky wind and rain. Merlinville goes in for jollity notwithstanding, and struggles creditably against the elements. There is plenty of activity in the house and in the garden, for Mr. Woothen has gone to his den in Wall Street, and things are being set to rights at home—that is to say, every thing is turned topsy-turvy.

An indignant excitement is occasioned among the domestics at this moment, by the appearance of a carriage, which is seen to rush up the avenue. Visitors and brooms (however good-tempered they who wield them) are natural enemies, and can never be reconciled in this wicked world. The excitement rises to fever heat, when Mr. Woothen is seen to leap from the carriage, looking very pale and tremulous. Every one knows something has happened—even the dog. Fate never knocks a man down without making others tremble at the blow. Any quantity of shadows hover round the unfortunate.

"Good Heavens! papa, what is the matter?" cried Helen (who had just surreptitiously divested herself of a suspicious-looking apron and a pair of dingy working gloves).

"Fetch your mamma, dear; bring your mamma; a dreadful calamity has fallen on us."

It can be described in a few words—what calamity can not? We may be copious about the sting of a mosquito, but there are few words to utter when we have been stricken by the fang of the deadly rattlesnake. Mr. Woothen had been robbed and ruined. He had discovered that morning, on going to his office, that his business partner and his confidential clerk had both decamped, bearing with them not only a large amount of deposited specie, but all the funds that could be drawn from the banks. It was suspected, and with every show of reason, that they had gone to California, although, as a European steamer had sailed that day, it was possible they might have gone to Europe. Both places are highly favored by members of the Bolter Family.

"Hopelessly broken and ruined, I have but one course open to me. Every thing I possess in the world must be surrendered to my creditors, else they will think I am implicated in this scandalous transaction. Our house, our furniture, our horses, our every thing must go. I have nothing, nothing left!"

"Except my love, dear!"

"And mine, papa!"

Four weeks after this event a great sale took place at Merlinville. A retinue of empty carts filled the avenues, and the drivers amused themselves by gathering magnificent nosegays for their spouses and sweethearts in the hot city.

III.

Twelve months have elapsed since the events of the last chapter, and great changes have

taken place. Broken men are like broken glass in kaleidoscopes. The slightest jostle produces an infinite variety of pictures in their little sphere.

This is a very good world so long as you are prosperous, but a very bad one the moment you cease to be so. There are plenty of good fellows who feel for another with the right kind of earnestness so long as that other can keep the mill going. But the moment the tide of prosperity changes, they are apt to carry their grain to another quarter, and leave him to the tender mercies of the rats. It is a great misfortune that it is so, but it is a fact. Let your coat get out at elbows and try, if you doubt my word. Society is a broad and sparkling river; so long as you can keep on the surface it is well enough, but the moment you fail to do so, you sink into under-currents that will infallibly carry you to the bottom. There are precious few diving-bells in society to fish you up again.

The Woothens no longer belonged to society. They had dropped plump down to the bottom at one fell swoop. The shock was great to all, but it was too much for Mr. Woothen. He was a man who looked on his business and his home as established facts about which there could be no kind of doubt. If he had possessed millions he would have still pursued the one, because he loved it, and because it had become as much a natural habit with him as it was to go to bed and sleep. Every other thought was centred on the other. To be rudely deprived of both in one instant of spiteful fate was more than he could realize with calmness. He could not look the reality in the face, as a man should do, but took furtive side glances at it and ran away, shocked and helpless at the spectacle he beheld. This moral cowardice increased with every new incident of the drama in which he was doomed to be the principal player, and resulted finally in the catastrophe of madness. Ill luck is always double-fisted. Mr. Woothen was now a helpless maniac in a public asylum, where he cultivated imaginary flowers, and attended to an imaginary business with all his former assiduity, but with a ghastly melancholy painted on his brow, which nothing could assuage.

The Woothens lived in a way that no one could understand, except those who have very little money and a good deal of thought about such matters. They rented rooms in a house on the east side of New York, and kept themselves strictly secluded. They were not fortunate enough to escape the reputation of being poor and proud; and very likely deserved it too. It was well, perhaps, that such sorrow as theirs should be proudly pent-up in two small rooms; it might have inoculated the whole house otherwise. If people would only acquire more of the habit of keeping their griefs to themselves, they would save honest folks a good many spasms.

When the neighbors asked the landlord what sort of people they were on the third floor, that gentleman responded:

"Very polite, very cleanly, very punctual. Old woman always ailing; young woman always comforting her, and working night and day at frame-work and fancy things. Young woman looks as if she wanted rest."

And that was all that the world knew of the Woothens.

IV.

"It is not I who should ask you to love me, Helen. You are kind and good beyond my praise, even in speaking to one whose fate has been cursed like mine."

"Both our lives have been turned from their natural channels, Charles. We must learn to forget the past."

"God knows, I would do so if I could. I know I am wrong and selfish to pursue you as I do, but I can not help it. You are the only one in this world who can remember me without reproach; who can feel for me without contempt; who can hear me without pity."

"I know your heart, and the great sorrow that fills it."

"I could have borne to part with you a year ago. The struggle would have been less severe, for I should not have met with coldness from all, even if it had then come from you. But *now*, all I have in the world is your trust, your consolation, your love. Helen, dear Helen, do not ask me to forget the past; there may be no future in this world for either of us; and but a wretched, scanty present. But the past may be ours with all its brilliant halo of happiness and love. Oh! let us not forget the past while it is illumined with a single joy. We loved then, and dared to acknowledge it; but now I tremble like a craven when I whisper it in your ear. I know I am wrong to speak to you in this way, but my heart is full, and I must out with it."

"Be more of a man, Charles. For my sake be more of a man. It sounds strange for a poor weak girl to give you this advice, but it is good, believe me. I have learned the value of resignation, and I pray God that you may. These bitter struggles with fate; these never-ending conflicts between glowing hope and stern reality, can lead to no possible good. Do not think me indifferent to your love. I know that it is great, and true, and manly, and worthy of a better object than I, but it is—oh! you know it is—cruel to remind me of it now. We must try, sincerely and truly, to forget the past. My griefs are at least as great as yours, my love as boundless. We are still equals, as we have always been. Let us be equal in the calm effort to bear up against the misfortunes that have fallen so heavily on both of us."

"You are right, Helen. The fiends that brood in my soul mock at the bitter truth you utter, but it is right. I could have borne every thing with patience had the world treated *you* with a little more kindness, but to see you toiling through the long wintry nights, to see you wearing out your dear life in one unceasing effort, and to know that I, who have brought all this on you, can offer you nothing, not even

my love, drives me to despair. I wish I were dead!"

She touched his hand with her own, and gazed with calm splendor into his eyes.

"We are neither rich enough to pity the other, but we have one mutual consolation, one common sympathy. Our misfortunes have been provoked by no fault of ours. You must not upbraid yourself, or you upbraid me. I can not be your wife, but you hold my heart, Charles, and I will never be another's. We shall meet often, I trust and believe, but it must not be at our humble home. My mother has much to mourn, and she is bitter in her grief. She wrongs you, I know, but I must not add to her sorrows by opposing her will. Farewell, Charles, I must leave you now. Do not think unkindly of me because I have spoken firmly to you. If you knew how broken in heart and spirits I am, you would not love me less than you ever did."

"More—more, dear girl! I can not say what I would to you, but from this day forward I live but for you. Not to torment you with my selfish passion, but to cheer you as best I can, and protect you with the arm of a brother."

A good-looking fellow always looks doubly handsome when he says a generous thing, and Helen Woothen might well feel proud of her beau at this moment; and proud she was too. But her pride was a scanty cement for a broken heart.

V.

"Oh! it's nothing at all. You will be right enough in a week or two. Why, you will scarcely believe it, but I have been given over three times by the doctor, and have always come out at the big end of the horn, as fresh as a shad. Once I had a desperate pleurisy, which abused me in the most awful manner, and got me down ever so many times. But I was determined not to give in to such a mean thing. It's bad enough to be choked from the outside of your throat in the regular way of business; but to be choked from the inside is a little too much of a good joke. Then I had a go in at fever and ague, and shook all the flesh off my bones. I got so thin and transparent that my shadow threw a pale, milk-and-watery light on the pavement, and an enterprising showman actually proposed terms to me to exhibit in Chatham Street at sixpence a-head. I was so disgusted with the idea of the thing that I got fat, and frustrated the design. Next I was given over as a hopeless consumptive; but I neglected to take my medicine, and recovered in spite of a book full of prescriptions. Now, my good Miss Woothen, I have crept through such a lot of doctor's bottles that I know what every medicine is intended for, and I am sure that the stuff you are taking—which I confess is exceedingly unpleasant to an uncultivated taste—will set you up like every thing in no time. I have a good mind to go on talking until you are quite recovered."

"I wish you could. You are such a good, kind, funny fellow!" said the poor girl, putting a thin, wasted hand on the quilt, and gazing in his face with a grateful smile.

"A most estimable creature!" added Mrs. Woothen, patting the poor hand, and bestowing a somewhat lofty recognition on the visitor. Tom Twilton—the gentleman in question—was a person of mild, useful temperament, addicted to every species of kindness, and unblushing in his efforts to make himself useful. His heart was several times larger than his head, in consequence of which phenomenon all his ideas sprang from the latter organ. By profession he was a clerk in the store where Miss Woothen was in the habit of obtaining work, and had in this way made her acquaintance. That unfortunate young lady was seized with a fit of indisposition immediately after the events of the last chapter. For some days she had been unconscious of every thing around her, and was now but slowly recovering. The moment Tom Twilton heard of her sickness he insisted on talking his way up stairs, and, by a thousand little kindnesses, had won the esteem and gratitude of both ladies. He never came empty-handed. Sometimes he was bowed down by a heavy cargo of fruit; at others, he had a couple of bottles of Port, which his grandfather had insisted on sending; at others, he brought a cake of solid soup, which he pretended was a great, curious, and novel development of culinary science, utterly unknown to him till that moment. Any attempt at expostulation was thrown away. He festooned every thing with such gay masses of words that it was impossible to be serious with him.

"You wish I *could*. Perhaps you think I can't. That's good! Why, you don't half know me. At one time I belonged to a Debating Society. All the members used to talk, and thought a great deal of it if they could speak for fifteen minutes at a spell. I taught them what talking was; by Jove! they couldn't get a word in edgeways."

"I am sure you must have been the life and soul of the Society."

"Well, I suppose I was; but the ungrateful bears got jealous of my popularity, and one of them actually had the audacity to move that I —Tom Twilton—be expelled the Society."

"Of course the other members laughed at the idea?"

"Well, they laughed heartily enough; but, hang them! they all voted against me. They would have expelled me, if I had not promised to speak only when my turn came. When it did, you had better believe I gave them a good turn. Now, Miss Woothen, you must take your medicine, and I recommend you to shut your eyes, pinch up your nose as if you wanted to stop a fit of sneezing, and swallow it down like an oyster. That's the way. Now we'll all keep quiet, and you can take a little sleep, and wake up presently with a lot of new strength. I can amuse myself with the newspaper. I always read the newspaper from beginning to end, especially the advertisements, because I know

they are written by two or three hundred people, while all the other matter is manufactured by half a dozen fellows, who give themselves all sorts of airs because they have impudence enough to print what they write. After all, the newspaper is the real democratic institution of a free country. No one can stick up his head very high in it without getting it knocked. See, here's the capitalist's column. Twenty or thirty fellows advertise that they can lend any amount of money on the most trifling security. They make no fuss about it, but take their simple fifty cents' worth of space, and fill it like chambermaids. Where else in the world could you find so many eager capitalists lying peaceably by each other's side, and making so little pretension to consideration. They are like a basket of live crabs—all ready to lay hold if they only get a chance. It is all nonsense to call a newspaper matter of fact and dry. It is the juiciest thing in the world, and overflowing with romance. Before newspapers were invented novelists were scarce; but now every one can write a novel if he pays attention to the incidents of the day as recorded in the newspapers. I have written a novel myself, and expect to wake up famous one of these fine mornings. It's making the tour of the United States. I have tried every large publisher in every large city, and am now giving the small ones a turn. Perhaps it will have to go to Europe after all—there are too many novel-writers here. Why, look at this column—the 'Personal'—any one with a little imagination might make a plot out of one of these advertisements. Here's a splendid seed for a giant 12mo: 'The last male representative of the ancient family of Waldworth—'"

"Mr. Twilton, are you reading correctly?" asked Mrs. Woothen, with an expression of mingled doubt and surprise.

"Upon my word and honor I am. There's a lot more. I'll read it to you: 'The last male representative of the ancient family of Waldworth, now almost extinct, or at best surviving in two persons, has arrived in this city. After a lifetime spent in India he returned to his own country to find that he was the solitary possessor of the name. From information he has gathered, he is led to believe that an only sister—Helen Waldworth—intermarried with an American gentleman, and afterward took up her residence in some part of the United States. This advertisement is inserted by an anxious brother, whose greatest hope in life is that this sister may be spared to him, and that he may meet her again, and pass the few remaining years of his life in happiness. Any information concerning the above-named lady will be thankfully received by—'"

Mr. Twilton was interrupted here by a little incident for which his loquaciousness was unprepared. Mrs. Woothen insisted on uttering three distinct screams, dashed her pockethandkerchief to her temples in a wild and desperate manner, and then threw herself back in the armchair in a very hiccoughey kind of fit. Mr. Twilton exerted himself with commendable zeal in restoring the poor lady, and after having failed with salts, achieved a success by ferociously biting the tops of the sufferer's fingers. After which cannibal operation, the lady became tranquil and moist.

"My dear, dear, darling child!" cried the good soul, throwing herself into the frightened girl's arms, "we are saved! It is my brother who has advertised; he has stepped from the grave to rescue us!"

Mr. Tom Twilton became absurd. He made one plunge for his hat, another for the newspaper, another for the door, and then disappeared violently down the stairs.

VI.

"It's no use giving the girl physic, Joe. She is weak enough already. Take my word for it, she is grieving about something."

"It can't be her father, because he is getting as sound as a roach. Every day he is more cheerful. We have only got to start him in business again, and he will be all right."

"No; it can't be the father; but it's something, and I am bound to find out what."

The above conversation took place between two plethoric, foreign-looking gentlemen, as they sat puffing a couple of excellent cheroots on the ample veranda of Merlinville. One of them was Mr. Joseph Waldworth, sole male representative of the Waldworth line of greatness; the other was Dr. Stockley, connected with the East India Company's service, an eminent physician and a boon companion. A few words are necessary to explain how these amiable cronies found their way to Merlinville. Mr. Thomas Twilton was the responsible agent. He had seized Mr. Waldworth by the throat, and forcibly conducted him to the humble dwelling of the Woothens, for which service Mr. Waldworth insisted on starting him in business. An affecting interview took place between the long separated brother and sister, in which every thing was revealed. A change of residence ensued, and finally, Merlinville was re-purchased. Joe Waldworth and the Doctor harassed the owner in a pitiless way until he signed the deeds. Mr. Woothen was brought back to his old home, and the associations of the place, added to the kind and attentive treatment of the Doctor, rapidly restored his mental and bodily health. The only uneasiness now experienced was on account of Helen, whose weak and failing state afforded just grounds for apprehension. A deep and alarming melancholy seemed to have settled on her, and the pallid traces of meek suffering were never absent from her poor face.

"You must pump, Joe; you must try to get at the secrets of the past few years. There is something we don't know any thing about, I am sure. Here comes your sister. I'll take a stroll through the garden while you talk to her."

The idea of Joe Waldworth pumping any one was in itself supremely absurd. All he

could do, at the best of times, was to coax his sister into a flood of tears, and then strive, like a clumsy grampus, to bring her to dry land again.

Miss Helen caught him in the act.

"You are a nasty, cross, good-for-nothing, crusty old bachelor," she cried, kissing him on the cheek, "and don't deserve to have such a dear, good sister as my mamma. It's too bad, when every thing looks so gay and beautiful, that you should make her cry with your hot, peppery, elephant's-tooth of a temper."

Mr. Joe Waldworth could not find words to express himself, so he invented an agreeable little pantomime, with which he relieved his feelings; that is to say, he shook his finger solemnly in Miss Helen's face, until that discreet young lady laughed, and then he caught her in his arms (how refreshing it would be at this period of the tale if the author could only do so), and smothered her with kisses. She broke away from him with an elastic joyousness that perfectly astonished Mrs. Woothen, and a regular romp ensued. The Doctor, who came up at this moment, expressed himself highly satisfied with the symptom.

"I have not seen the dear girl in such spirits for months and months," said the lady.

"The walk in the garden has done you good, Miss Helen. The rhododendrons look very charming, do they not?" The Doctor asked this absurdly irrelevant question in such a sly way that it was not at all remarkable the young lady blushed. "I don't think I ever saw such tall rhododendrons; nearly six feet high, I am sure."

That night Dr. Stockley informed Mr. Joseph Walworth that he had discovered the disease under which his niece labored; that it was frightfully prevalent, generally fatal, and alarmingly rapid in its symptoms—usually marching in patent-leather boots. The old fellows made themselves jolly on the strength of the discovery. They little knew they were adding a new grief to the overburdened heart of Helen Woothen—crushed and spiritless as it was.

VII.

"I am sure I don't know why the young man should pursue us in the way he does. We are not rabbits and hares, that we should be hunted down in such a manner."

"But, sister, what is your objection to him?"

"This; that his father was the cause of our ruin. It was he who absconded with all the funds of my husband's business, and left him in a lunatic asylum, and us to struggle with the world and starve. If it had not been for you, we should probably have all perished from the perfidy of this man's father. You will, I am sure, see how impossible it is for me to entertain a single thought of this young man in connection with my daughter. There was, I think, some sort of feeling between them before the unfortunate event occurred; but I am certain you are mistaken in supposing that any exists now. Helen's sickness is produced by agitation, and by the remembrance of suffering and wrong—not by love. And now, my dear brother, let me implore you never to refer to this subject again. It can tend to no good, and gives me pain."

Mr. Waldworth's little plots for the future were all dashed to the earth. He said to Stockley,

"The mother and the father are alike inexorable; and, what is worse, the daughter herself is as proud as Lucifer, and would rather die of a broken heart than oppose their wishes. There is only one thing left for us to do. We must pack up our things and go to Europe. Perhaps change of scene may restore the poor girl to health and reason. I'll go and see about it directly."

He found Mr. Woothen in the parlor. Helen was also there, propped up in a spacious fauteuil, and looking very feeble. He broached the subject of the journey, pointed out the advantage to Mr. Woothen and Helen, and expatiated in a blunt, rapturous manner, on the pleasures of a Continental tour. He pretended, also, that he had business in England; wanted to sell some estates, etc., and could, therefore, afford to treat the whole party. Mrs. Woothen was in ecstasies, and Mr. Woothen; but Helen seemed more surprised than delighted.

"Don't press it too hard, Joe," whispered the Doctor. "Helen is too weak for the passage. I am afraid she has not strength enough for the effort; it is a great one, remember."

A carriage gallops up to the hall-door, and a servant enters bearing a card, with "Mr. Maltby" written on it. A bomb-shell could not have created a greater sensation in the little party. Mr. Woothen is furious, and shrieks, "I will not see him! drive him away!" The words are scarcely uttered when two gentlemen, who have evidently followed close on the servant's heels, walk into the room. One is an elderly man, with sunburnt countenance and iron-gray hair; the other, a young man of about eight-and-twenty, tall, well-proportioned, and eminently handsome. The card was supposed by the Woothens to have been sent by the latter. Their consternation at beholding the elder stranger was so intense, that the power of speech and of motion seemed to be suddenly taken from them. The Doctor was the first to recover his presence of mind, but the stranger motioned to him imperiously to remain silent.

"No one must speak here until I have said all I wish to say. No one must move or stir until I have been listened to and sympathized with. I know all that has happened in this household during the past two years; all the wrong and all the agony that has visited it. They are nothing to the wrong and agony I have suffered. Hear me, and judge. Two years ago, this day, I went to our counting-house and discovered that we had been robbed—do not interrupt me; that our confidential clerk had decamped with all the resources of the house, leaving it bankrupt. From inquiries I made, I was induced to believe that he had sailed in the California steamer which left that day. I de-

termined to follow him; and without a moment's delay procured a pilot-boat to convey me to Panama. I was not without hopes that we might reach there as soon as the steamer, but we did not, and I had to follow him to San Francisco. I discovered traces of the fugitive in this city—sufficient to satisfy me that I was on his track—but I lost them again immediately. After a while I learned that a man answering his description had sailed for the islands of the Pacific. I followed, and was again too late; he (for I was now certain of the man) had sailed for Australia. After a long and weary passage I arrived in that country, broken in health, spirits, and purse, but hopeful, as a drowning man is apt to be. The excitement and the hardships of the passage brought on an attack of fever. I battled against it as long as I could, but it was too strong for me, and I had to succumb. Too poor to procure medical aid and proper attention, and now quite delirious, I was conveyed to a public hospital in the interior. After several weeks of unconscious suffering, I awoke to a perception of my position—friendless, moneyless, weak, and awfully emaciated, but still sustained by hope. For weeks and weeks I lay on my little bed, waiting for the strength that was to come, and planning how I should use it to best advantage. One evening, as I was thus musing, the attendants of the hospital brought in a new patient. He was a rough, ragged fellow, who had been picked up in the bush, where he had been found wounded. He was now suffering from internal bleeding, and the doctor told me that it was scarcely probable he would survive. Shortly afterward they probed his wounds, and the agony of the operation caused him to cry out with pain. There was something in his voice that made my blood freeze. I held my breath, and listened again, but he had fainted, and I heard him no more. I waited until the doctors had left the ward and all the nurses were asleep. Then I took the night-lamp, and crept up to the bed of the new patient. The light fell on his wasted face, and I saw that it was—as I had apprehended—the villain who robbed us. He recognized me, and whined out a wretched excuse for his perfidy. The bleeding recommenced; the doctors came, and the chaplain. He was warned that he had but a few minutes to live. He called me to his side, pointed to a wallet, and bade me search in it. I found certificates of deposits in various banks, under various names, for nearly the whole of the money he had abstracted from us. We furnished him with pens and ink, and he indorsed them all in the presence of witnesses, and assigned them over to me. He begged my pardon, and I knelt down by his side, and prayed with him that he might obtain forgiveness hereafter. A few minutes later, and he was dead. This is my story. I have only to add that I wrote two letters, neither of which, it seems, came to hand. For the rest, you know that I am a bad correspondent, and that I seldom say any thing about what I am going to do until it is done. I don't think you will be much annoyed with me this time, when you look at the bank account. And now, my dear Woothen, we will have a hearty shake of the hands."

And hearty it was all round.

"I should not be surprised," said the Doctor, sententiously, "if that girl" (meaning Miss Helen, who was holding an animated conversation with the younger Maltby) "was to get well in a much shorter time than the faculty prescribes. It is astonishing how that tall species of rhododendron agrees with her."

"If things are allowed to go on in this way, there will be no visit to Europe," complained Mr. Waldworth.

"I have had traveling enough," said the elder Maltby.

"But your son has been staying at home too long. Perhaps he would not object to a trip across the water."

"Really, my dear Sir," said that bashful young man, "I think we can effect all that is desirable without going so far."

And they did.

THE DOUBLE HOUSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"JAMES, the house is let."

"Which?" said Mr. Rivers, never looking up from his dinner—for a dozen patients, scattered over a dozen square miles, were awaiting him.

"The house—the Double House. The one that every body thought would never get a tenant. But it has."

"Who?"

"One Dr. Merchiston; but luckily for us, he does not practice. He is a man of large fortune."

"Married?—children?"

"I really don't know. But I should rather think not. Most family men would object to that very inconvenient house. It might suit an eccentric bachelor, who could live alone in the one half, and shut up his domestics in the other, locking the door of communication between. But for a mistress and mother of a family—dear me!—one might as well live in two separate houses. One never could hear the children cry of nights; and the maids might idle as much as they liked without—"

Here I turned round, finding I was talking to the air. My husband had disappeared. It was in vain to attempt to interest *him* about the Double House, or the people that were coming there.

But as to the rest of our village—speculation ran wild concerning them. First, because such a grave, dignified, middle-aged gentleman as Dr. Merchiston—of such composed and quiet manners, too—should have chosen to live in so eccentric and uncomfortable a mansion. (For, as before stated, it went by the name of the Double House, and consisted of two houses joined together by a covered passage and door

of communication, each having its separate entrance, and being, in fact, a complete dwelling.) Secondly, because, when the furniture was sent in, it was discovered to be the appointments of two distinct habitations; namely, two drawing-rooms, two dining-rooms, two kitchens, and so on. The wonder grew—when Dr. Merchiston, accompanied by an elderly person, "Mrs. Merchiston's maid" (there was a Mrs. Merchiston, then!), inducted into the establishment two sets of domestics; two cooks, two housemaids, and so on.

And now every body waited for the master and mistress, who had to make a long journey from London by post—for all this happened when I was a young married woman, more than forty years ago. I will confess that when the chaise and four thundered past our house, I peeped from under the blind. But in the carriage I saw only the elderly female servant and a figure leaning back. Dr. Merchiston was certainly not there. Half-an-hour afterward he galloped past in the twilight to his own door, which closed upon him as quickly as it had, a short time before, closed upon the others.

"Well, they are come!" said I to James, that evening.

"Who?" he ejaculated most provokingly.

"The Merchistons, of course. And nobody is a bit the wiser."

My husband put on his quaintest smile (a merry man, children, was your grandfather)—"Never mind—there's Sunday."

My hopes revived; I led a dull life in James's long absences, and had been really anxious for a neighbor—a pleasant neighbor—a true gentlewoman. Yes, of course we should see the Merchistons at church on Sunday, for a large pew had been taken, cushioned and hassocked to perfection; besides, the Doctor looked like a respectable church-going gentleman.

And sure enough, when service began, above the high pew, distinct to the eye of the whole congregation, rose his tall head and shoulders.

He was in the prime of life, though his hair was already, as we say of a September tree, "turning." He had a large, well-shaped head, very broad across the crown, just where my grandson tells me lies the bump of conscientiousness; but we never thought of such folly in my days. For the face—I do not clearly remember the features, but I know the general impression conveyed was that of strong will, capable of any amount of self-denial or self-control. The eyes, though honest and clear, had at times a certain restlessness of motion; when steady and fixed, they were, I think, the saddest eyes I ever saw. His countenance was sickly and pale, though he flushed once or twice on meeting the universal stare; which stare increased ten-fold when he actually repeated audibly and devoutly the responses, which the Rubric enjoins on the congregation, and the congregation usually delegates to the charity-boys and the clerk.

Except this, there was nothing extraordinary in Dr. Merchiston's appearance or behavior. He sat in his pew alone; he went out as he had entered, silently, quietly, and alone. In another pew sat two of the house-servants and Mrs. Merchiston's maid. The lady herself did not come to church at all that day.

It was rather disappointing—since, by Apedale etiquette, no one could call on Mrs. Merchiston until she had appeared at church. But we heard during the week that the Rector had called on Dr. Merchiston.

I tried to persuade Mr. Rivers to do the same—it would be only kind and neighborly. After half-an-hour's coaxing, which apparently was all thrown away, he briefly observed—

"Peggy, I've been."

"Oh! do tell me all about it, from the very beginning. Which door did you knock at? The one with a brass plate, and 'Dr. Merchiston' on it?"

"Yes."

"And you saw him? You were shown up to the drawing-room—or the library? Which?"

"Library."

"Was he alone? Was he polite and pleasant? Did you see his wife?"

Two nods and a shake of the head were all the answer I received to these three questions.

"Dear me! How odd! Did you inquire after her? How did her husband say she was?"

"Quite well."

"Nothing more?"

"Nothing more."

"Well—you are the most provoking man to get any thing out of."

"And you, my Peggy, are one of those excellent women who will try hard to get out of a man things which he absolutely does not know."

I laughed; for what was the use of quarreling? Besides, didn't I know all James's little peculiarities before I married him?

"Just one question more, James. Have they any children?"

"Didn't ask."

So the whole Merchiston affair stood precisely where it was—until the next Sunday. Then, in the afternoon, as I walked to church, I saw a lady come quietly out of the Double House, at the left-hand door—not the one with the brass name-plate—close it after her, and proceed alone across the road and down Church-alley. She paused a moment in the church-yard walk, which was very beautiful in the May afternoon, with the two great trees meeting overhead, and throwing chequers of light and shade on the path leading to the porch. She looked around as if she admired and enjoyed this scene, with its picturesque groups of twos and threes—fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, lingering about and talking till the chime of bells should cease. She looked apparently with a kindly interest on them all, and then, as if suddenly conscious that they looked back at her, dropped her vail and hurriedly entered the church.

I heard her asking the sexton, in a low voice,

which seemed to belong to a woman still young, "which was Dr. Merchiston's pew?"

She was shown in, and then—being small of stature—she entirely vanished from my gaze, and that of the congregation.

Could it be that this was Mrs. Merchiston?

I do not exaggerate when I say that I had six successive "droppers-in" on the Monday morning—to my great inconvenience, for I was making my cowslip-wine—and that the sole subject of conversation was Mrs. Merchiston.

"What a tiny woman!" "How plainly dressed! why, her pelisse was quite old-fashioned." "Yet somebody said she was young." "He does not seem above forty, either." "How strange that he should let her go to church alone—the first time, too!"

Such were the comments, blended with a small quantum of lately-elicited facts, which reached me concerning my new neighbors. "Very odd people—exceedingly queer—ought to be inquired into," was the general conclusion. All the village began to discuss the Double House, the duplicate establishment, and the strange circumstances that Dr. Merchiston had been seen out every day, Mrs. Merchiston never; that Dr. Merchiston had come to church, Mrs. Merchiston staying at home, and *vice versâ*.

The result was, that the Apedale ladies resolved to defer "visiting" the strangers a little longer; and I resolved inwardly, being a newcomer, and hating gossip and scandal, to call the very next day.

But first I hazarded a question or two of my husband, who, of course, from his profession and long standing in the county, knew every body and every thing. James only laughed.

"Who is he, Peg? He is Evan Merchiston, M.D., of the University of Glasgow."

"And Mrs. Merchiston?"

"Was Barbara, only child of Thomas and Barbara Currie, late of Apedale, in this county, who were drowned at sea in seventeen hundred and—"

"Stop, stop! you are like an animated tombstone reading itself aloud. The very stone—I have seen it in our own church-yard. And so she was born at Apedale? But what a little thing she must have been when left an orphan! Hardly a twelvemonth old."

"Precisely. Any thing more, Peg?"

"No, James;" for I was ashamed of my own doubts, as if that soft, mild face I caught a glimpse of under the vail, and the manly, benevolent head which I had watched the previous Sunday, did not prove, despite all gossip, that the Merchistons were "respectable"—in *my* sense of the word, which was wider even than that of my neighbors. "A respectable man"—as James once said when he was courting me—"a respectable man is one who is always worthy of respect, because he always respects both himself and other people."

Perhaps it was to prove my own "respectability" in the latter sense, as well as my dignity in being James Rivers's wife, that I dressed myself in my very best muslin gown of my own working, and my pretty green silk spencer and hat which my mother gave me when I was married, preparatory to calling on Mrs. Merchiston.

At the Double House arose a puzzle. There were two front doors, and which should I knock at? After some doubt, I thought I could not do better than follow in my husband's steps, so I gave a summons at the brass-plated door.

A man, half valet, half groom, answered it.

"Is Mrs. Merchiston at home?"

"I don't know, ma'am; I will inquire, if you please. Will you be so kind as to knock at the other door?"

Upon which, with some abruptness, he shut this door, and left me outside.

"Well," thought I, "what can it signify which door I go in at? though 'tis rather odd, too."

However, I did as I was bidden, and was shown by a neat maid-servant into a very handsome parlor—drawing-room you would call it now, but the like had not then reached Apedale.

By the appearance of a sitting-room you can make a very good guess at its occupant. I soon decided that Mrs. Merchiston was young, inclined to elegant tastes, especially music, that she had no children, was left a good deal alone, and probably found herself in that dreariest position for an active mind—that of a lady with nothing to do.

After a considerably long interval she appeared. Her welcome was courteous, even friendly, though not without a slight nervousness and hesitation.

It certainly had not been her toilet that kept me waiting, for she was in the simplest possible morning-gown of nankeen, and her hair would not have taken a minute's dressing, as it curled all round her head in natural, wavy curls like a child's. Very childlike, too, were both the figure and face; I could hardly believe that she must be nearly, if not quite, thirty years old. She was not exactly pretty, but the expression of her blue eyes was very beautiful, perfectly simple, trusting, guileless, and gay; just the sort of woman, in short, that I should have expected a grave man like Dr. Merchiston to choose out from the world of women, and love deeply, perhaps even madly, to the end of his days.

I was quite satisfied, nay, charmed with her. When we parted, after a much longer chat than etiquette required, I invited her warmly to our house.

"I shall be happy to come in a friendly way, but I believe Dr. Merchiston does not wish much visiting."

This was the first time the Doctor's name had entered into our conversation, so I politely inquired after him, stating that I had seen him in church, hoping I should soon have the pleasure of an introduction. I expected she would take the hint, send for her husband, and perform the desired introduction now.

But Mrs. Merchiston did nothing of the kind;

she merely answered my inquiries as briefly as civility allowed, and waived the subject.

Curiosity was too strong; I could not let it go.

"I hope sincerely that it is not on account of illness that Dr. Merchiston abstains from visiting. My husband thought he looked in rather weak health."

"Does he look so? In weak health? Oh no—oh no!"

All the wife was indicated in that start—that flush—that paleness. Yet she had answered indifferently when I inquired after him; and in her conversation and the surroundings of this room there was no more trace of Dr. Merchiston than if he never entered there, or indeed no longer existed. Likewise in her form of speech I had noticed not the habitual happy "we" which most married people learn to use, but the sad, involuntarily selfish "I" of spinsters and childless widows. It was incomprehensible.

I hastened to atone. "Indeed, my dear Mrs. Merchiston, you need not be alarmed. It must be only his natural paleness which strikes a stranger, while you, who see him every day—"

"Oh, that is it—that is it," she hurriedly answered, and took me to the window to show me her flowers. Very soon after, I departed.

Some weeks passed; she returned my visit, and, of course, I paid a second. Several of our village wives and mothers called likewise. It was always the same story: they had been received with courtesy, were delighted with Mrs. Merchiston, but no one ever saw her husband. And when the fathers of families one after another paid their respects to the Doctor, they likewise returned well pleased, pronounced him a pleasant, good-hearted, gentlemanly fellow, but wondered that he never introduced them to his wife.

Two dinner-parties were made for the newcomers, and the invitations accepted; but ere the first, Mrs. Merchiston was "slightly indisposed;" and at the second, Dr. Merchiston was "unavoidably absent on business." So that to both dinners either came alone; nevertheless, the impression they severally left behind was that of "exceedingly nice people."

At this time I did not go out much; and some weeks after, your mother, children, was born. She cost me a long illness, almost my life; but she throve well, and at last I recovered. Mrs. Merchiston was among my first visitors.

I was glad to see her, for she had been very kind. Many a basket of fruit and flowers had come from the Double House to ours. I thanked her as warmly as I felt.

"And your husband too—I do believe he has shot half the partridges in the county for my benefit—I have had so many; besides, it was he who rode twelve miles to fetch James that night they thought me dying."

"Was it?"

"Did you not know? Then do tell him, Mrs. Merchiston, how much I thank him for his goodness—for the comfort, the help he was to my poor James! Ah, *he* could understand what a husband feels when his wife is dying!"

Mrs. Merchiston stooped over the new cradle with the little one asleep. She did not speak a word.

"But you will tell him," pursued I, earnest in my gratitude. "What an excellent man he must be!"

"He is," she answered, in a tone evidently steadied carefully down, even to coldness. "It is always a pleasure to him to do a kindness to any one. May I look at the baby?"

She walked up and down the parlor, lulling it on her arms. It nestled its wee face into her bosom.

"No, I am not your mother, little one. Ah, no!"

She gave the child back to me and turned away. Her eyes were full of tears.

Then taking a chair by me, and softly stroking baby's fingers, she said, "Children, I believe, are a great responsibility and a heavy care; but I think it is a sadder thing still never to have had a child. There can be no love, no happiness, like a mother's; it often atones for the loss of all other love—all other happiness."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes, at times. Because motherhood must forever take away the selfishness of grief. How could a woman feel selfish or desolate—how could she indeed know any personal grief at all, if she had a child?"

"You are speaking less as a wife would feel than a widow. And you and I, Mrs. Merchiston, can not, need not, dare not, talk as widows."

"God forbid!" she said, with a shiver.

I took an early opportunity of sending baby away, and conversing of every-day things. I have great pity for a childless wife, unless, as rarely happens in this world, her marriage is so supremely happy that the brimming cup leaves not another drop to be desired. Yet even then its sweetness is apt to cloy, or become a sort of dual egotism, which feels no love, sympathizes with no sorrow, and shares no joy, that is not strictly its own. Forgetting, perhaps, that perfect wedded union is not meant for the satisfaction of the two only, but also that, from their oneness of bliss, they may radiate a wide light of goodness and blessedness out upon the world.

I rather wondered, knowing from report and from my own experience what good people the Merchistons were, that they did not both try more to live this life, which would certainly have made them happier than she, at least, appeared. Yet, as I said, I pitied her. No one can see the skeleton in his neighbor's house, or the worm in his friend's heart; yet we know, as our experience of life grows wider, that both must assuredly be there.

Mrs. Merchiston and I had a very pleasant chat; the baby had opened our hearts. We were growing better than acquaintance—friends. We planned social evenings for the ensuing

winter, in which, when he came in, Mr. Rivers cordially joined.

"And I hope we shall see the Doctor too. Madam," continued he, breaking out into impressiveness, and discarding laconicism, "there isn't a man alive I respect more than your husband."

She colored vividly, but merely observed, "You are right—I thank you."

We were all standing at our door, she being just about to take leave. Suddenly she drew back within. At that moment there passed close by—so close that he must have touched his wife's dress—Dr. Merchiston.

He looked in, distinctly saw us all, and we him.

"Doctor—Doctor!" cried my husband.

In crossing the street, Dr. Merchiston turned, bowed in reply, but did not stop.

"Excuse me, I had something to say to him," cried James, and was off, without a glance at Mrs. Merchiston.

But when I looked at her I was really alarmed. Her limbs were tottering, her countenance pale as death. I half carried her back into the parlor, and made her lie down; but all my efforts could scarcely keep her from fainting. At length she said feebly,

"Thank you, I am better now. It is very wrong of me. But I could not help it. Oh, Mrs. Rivers," with a piteous, bewildered look, "if you had been his wife, and had not seen him for two whole years!"

"Him! Is it possible you mean your husband?"

"Yes, my own husband—my dear husband; who loved me when he married me. God knows what I have done that he should not love me now. Oh me! what have I been saying?"

"Never mind what you have been saying, my dear lady, I shall keep it all secret. There now; it will do you good to cry."

And I cried too, heartily. It seemed very horrible. That young, fond, pretty creature, to live under the same roof as her husband, and not to have seen him for two whole years. Here was explained the mystery of the double house—here was confirmation entire of those few straggling reports which, when I caught them flying abroad, I had utterly quenched, denied, and disbelieved. I was greatly shocked, and, as was natural, I took the woman's side of the question.

"I thought him so good, and you so happy! What deceivers men are!"

"You are mistaken, Mrs. Rivers, in one man at least," she returned, with dignity; "your husband spoke truly when he said there was no man living more worthy of respect than Dr. Merchiston."

"He has not lost yours, then?"

"In no point."

"And you love him still?"

"I do; God pity me—I do!" She sobbed as if her heart were breaking.

There was then but one conclusion to be drawn—one only reason for a good man's thus mercilessly putting away his wife—some error on her part, either known or imagined by him. But no; when I looked down on her gentle, innocent, childlike face, I rejected the doubt as impossible. Nor had I detected in her any of those faults of temper or of character, the "continual dropping that weareth away the stone," which, if divorce be ever justifiable for any thing short of crime, would have justified it in some marriages I have seen.

"Does any body know? Not that I mind, but it might harm him. Mrs. Rivers, do you think any body at Apedale knows?"

"Alas, in a village like this, there can be no such thing as a secret."

She wrung her hands. "I thought so—I feared so. But he came to live in the country because the doctors said London air was killing me. I wish it had killed me—oh, I wish it had!"

I have seen the look of despair in many a wronged, miserable wife's eyes, but I never saw it so mournfully plain as in those of poor Barbara Merchiston. I took her to my arms, though she was older than I, and asked her to let me comfort her and be her friend, if she had no other.

"Not one—not one. But"—and she started back with a sudden fear—"you will not be my friend by becoming an enemy to my husband."

"I have no such intention. I condemn him not: to his own Master let him stand or fall."

Probably this was harshly spoken, for she took my hand, saying imploringly, "Pray do not misjudge either him or me. I was very wrong in betraying any thing. But my life is so lonely. I am not strong; and this shock was too much for me. How ill he looked—how gray he has grown! Oh Evan, my poor husband!"

To see her weeping there, without the slightest anger or wounded pride, roused both feelings in me. I determined to fathom this mysterious affair; and, braving the usual fate of those who interfere between man and wife—namely, being hated by both parties—to try and remedy it, if I could.

"Tell me, my dear Mrs. Merchiston—believe it is from no idle curiosity I ask—how long has this state of things lasted?"

"For five years."

"Five years!" I was staggered. "Entire separation and estrangement for five years! And for no cause? Are you sure—oh forgive me if I wound you!—but are you sure there is no cause?"

"I declare before Heaven—none! He has never blamed me in word or deed."

"Nor given you reason to blame him?" said I, with a sharp glance, still strongly inclining to the rights of my own sex.

"Me—blame him? blame my husband?" she answered, with a look of half-reproachful wonder. "I told you he loved me."

"But love changes," continued I, very cautiously, for it was hard to meet her large innocent eyes, like a gazelle's with your hand on its

throat. "Men sometimes come to love other women than their wives."

She flushed indignantly all over her face. "You wrong him—you wickedly wrong him. His life is, and always has been, as spotless as my own."

Well, thought I, I give it up. Either she is extraordinarily deceived, and the hypocrisy of that man is such as never was man's before, or the problem is quite beyond my solving. Yet—one more attempt.

"Just a word. Tell me, Mrs. Merchiston, how and when did this sad estrangement begin?"

"Six months after our marriage. We married for love; we were both alone in the world; we were all in all to one another. Gradually he grew melancholy, I could not find out why; he said it would pass away in time. Then he had a fever—I nursed him through it. When he recovered—he—he sent me away."

The brute! I thought. Just like a man! "But how?" I said aloud. "What reason did he give? What excuse could he offer?"

"None. He only wrote to me, when away on a short journey, that this separation must be—that it was absolutely inevitable—that, if I desired it, he would leave me altogether—otherwise, it was his earnest wish we should still live under the same roof. But never, never meet."

"And you never have met?"

"Very rarely, only by the merest chance. Then he would pass me by, never lifting his eyes. Once—it was in the first few weeks of our separation—I met him on the staircase. I was different from what I am now, Mrs. Rivers; very proud, outraged, indignant. I flung past him, but he caught me in his arms. I would not speak; I stood upright in his clasp like stone. 'We have been happy, Barbara.' 'But never can be again,' I cried, passionately. 'No,' he said; 'I know that—never again.' He held me close, a moment or two, then broke from me. We have never met since."

Such was her story, which, the more I dived into it, became the more incomprehensible. No condemnatory evidence could be found against the husband; in all things Mrs. Merchiston's comforts were studied, her wishes gratified. She said it often seemed as if an invisible watch were kept over her, to provide against her least desire. I could only counsel the poor wife to patience, hope, and trust in God.

She left me a little comforted. I asked her, would she not stay? was she not afraid of meeting him in the street?

"Oh no!" she sighed, "he seems to know intuitively my goings out and my comings in. I never see him, never, not even by chance. I can not guess how it happened to day. How ill he looked!" she added, recurring again to what seemed uppermost in her thoughts. "Mrs. Rivers, will you entreat your husband to watch over him—to be friends with him—to take care of him? Promise me you will."

I promised her, poor tender thing! and I inwardly determined to watch him myself with a closer eye than that of my simple-hearted husband, to whom, of course, I told the whole matter.

He, like me, was now fairly bewildered. "Peggy," he said, "hadn't you better let the thing alone?"

"Let it alone!" I cried; "such a cruel sorrow, such a flagrant wrong—never!"

"Well," kissing me, "perhaps you are right, Peg, my dear. Happy folk ought to help the miserable."

I set to work. Woman's wit is keen, and I had my share of the quality.

We invited Dr. Merchiston to our house; he came, at first rarely, then frequently. Of course Mrs. Merchiston was always included in these invitations, and of course we received duly the formal apology. Gradually this ceased, and he came still. He must have known that she came too, on other days; often he found books and work of hers lying about my table; yet his visits ceased not. He seemed to like to come. He and my husband became stanch friends; but as for me, despite his courtesy, my heart remained angry and sore against him.

Yet I must confess that we found him all his wife fondly believed; a man of keen intellect, high principle, generous, and tender heart. If I had not known what I did know, I should have avouched unhesitatingly that the world did not hold a nobler man than Dr. Merchiston.

For his manners, they were simple, natural, kind; not in any way eccentric, or indicative of vice or folly. Among our neighbors his character rose to the highest pitch of estimation; and when at last the fatal truth was known (alas! what household misery can ever long be hid, especially in a country place), all sorts of excuses and apologies were made for him.

And cruelly, mournfully—as it always falls on the weaker side—fell the lash of the world's tongue upon his wife.

But I—and one or two more who knew and loved her—stood boldly by Mrs. Merchiston through fair report and foul. And I believe so great was the mingled awe and respect which the Doctor impressed upon all his acquaintance, that no portion of these calumnies against her reached her husband.

Three months slipped by without change, save that Mrs. Merchiston's sad lot grew sadder still. Her few acquaintance dropped her; it was so "extremely inconvenient." One lady was on thorns whenever Mrs. Merchiston called, lest Dr. Merchiston should chance to call likewise; another tried every conceivable diplomacy to bring about a similar meeting, it would be "so very amusing." Gradually the unfortunate wife could not walk down our village without being pointed at, or crossed aside from, till she rarely went out at all.

Dr. Merchiston, too, was seldom seen, except by his immediate friends, none of whom dared breathe a word to him concerning his domestic affairs, save the simple inquiries of courtesy

after Mrs. Merchiston, to which he invariably answered as any other husband would answer. I think, in fact I know, that all this time he believed her to be living at peace, and perfectly happy, in her beautiful house, in our cheerful village, and in a small society of her own choosing, of which I was the chief. He once hinted as much to me, expressing his great pleasure that Mrs. Merchiston and myself were fast friends.

I hardly know what possessed me that I did not then and there burst out upon him with a piece of my mind; any "woman of spirit," as James sometimes called me, would have done it. What was he but a man?

Ay, there was the difficulty. His perfect manliness, dignity, and reserve, disarmed a woman's tongue. Then, too, his silent deprecation of his sickly mien, and of the ineffable, cureless melancholy which, the moment he ceased conversation, arose in his dark eyes. What could a tender-hearted woman do? Beginning by hating and despising, I often ended in pitying him, and all my determinations to attack him about his domestic wickedness vanished in air.

Besides—as James astutely observed—if a wife obstinately persists in blindly obeying her husband, never asking him the why and the wherefore of his insane and incomprehensible will, and concealing from him that she is wasting away in slow misery, what business has a third party to accuse or even acquaint him of the fact?

Was no other plan to be tried? Yes; accidentally one was forced into my mind.

On a winter's afternoon, when I sat with my baby over our happy Christmas fire, Mrs. Merchiston came rushing in.

"Hide me—any where; let nobody find me! Mrs. Rivers, they hoot at me down the street. They say—oh, I dare not think what they say, and I dare not tell him. Perhaps—oh horror—perhaps he thinks so too!"

Long shudders possessed her; it was some time before she gained the slightest composure.

"Never mind wicked tongues, Mrs. Merchiston, they will cease if let alone. Only live in peace and patience. Hope in God still."

"I can't," she said, with a wild look that I had not before seen. "How should I hope in Him? He has forsaken me; why should I live any longer? Oh! save me, save me! Let me go away from here, from my husband. I—must—go!"

"You shall!" I cried, with a sudden idea, as suddenly converted into a resolution; "you shall, and I will help you!"

Whereupon I explained all to her; somewhat hastily, for I was afraid of Mr. Rivers coming home; he who had just a man's notion of marital authority, and the wickedness of conjugal rebellion. But this was a case in which I set even him at defiance—or rather I trusted to my own influence to convince him that, acting from my conscience solely, I acted right.

Mark me, I would have a woman submit to any lawful authority, even unjustly and cruelly exercised, so long as the misery does not ruin her soul. When the torment goads her thus far—when, like Job's wife, the devil tempts her to "curse God and die," then, I hold, all duty ceases, except to her Maker, and herself, the creature which He made; let her save her own soul, and flee!

I counseled Mrs. Merchiston at once—openly if she could, secretly if that was impossible—to leave her husband, absolutely and entirely, exacting no maintenance, making neither excuse nor accusation.

This was how I planned it. She must earn her own bread; and she must immediately seek a position that would place her fair fame above suspicion, both now and at any future time.

I had a sister, a well-jointured widow, with a large family. I proposed to place my poor friend with her as a governess. Mrs. Merchiston eagerly assented. She had been a teacher, she said, in her youth, so that the duty would be easy, and she could fulfill it well.

"And oh!" she cried, while the tears ran down her face, "I shall be in a household, a home, among children. Perhaps the little things will love me."

Poor desolate soul!

I will not detail the many evening lectures that were required to bring my husband to my own way of thinking. For one thing he inexorably held out, and I agreed with him, that Dr. Merchiston should be openly and honorably forewarned of his wife's intended departure.

She wrote to him herself, in our house. James and I both read the letter. It was as follows:

"Dear Husband,—Forgive my addressing you against your implied desire. Forgive my asking once more, and for the last time, what have I done to you? Why are you estranged from me? I can no longer sustain the life I lead. I desire to leave you. I am going to be a governess as before we married. Already all my plans are formed, but I could not part from you without this forewarning and farewell.

"Your wife, Barbara."

This—the last and most carefully, even coldly worded, of the many letters she wrote and tore up—was left, to avoid remarks, by my own servant at Dr. Merchiston's door.

On the evening of that day Mrs. Merchiston came to my house. She looked white and shivering, but not with the cold. Her poor blue eyes, so warm and kind, had a frosty glitter in them that was strange and sad.

"No answer," she kept repeating; "no answer—none. Now I *must* go."

I replied that every thing was ready; our gig would be at the door in a minute; it was a bright moonlight night, and I myself would accompany her to my sister's house.

"It is not far—not so very far, Mrs. Rivers?

Not so far but that I can always hear of him, or—if he should be ill at any time—"

"You can come home at once."

"Home!" she echoed piteously. Then, as if stung into one desperate effort, the last struggle of her tender and feeble nature, she sprang into the gig, I following her.

I was scarcely seated, reins in hand, for I was determined that no other than myself should have the credit of eloping with Mrs. Merchiston, than I felt on my right arm a grasp like a vice.

"Mrs. Rivers, whom have you there? Is it my wife?"

"Yes, Dr. Merchiston," I cried, not in the least frightened by the look and tone; "yes, it is your wife. I am taking her where she will live in peace, and not be killed by inches any longer. Stand aside; let me drive on."

"In one moment. Pardon me;" he passed in front of the horse to the other side. "Barbara? Is that you, Barbara?"

No words could describe the ineffable tenderness, the longing anguish, of that voice. No wonder that it made her grasp my arm, and cry wildly on me to stop.

"It is not ten minutes since I had your letter. Barbara, grant me one word in the presence of this lady, by whose advice you are leaving your husband."

"By whose advice did you forsake your wife, Dr. Merchiston?" I began, boldly; but by the carriage-lamp I caught sight of his face, and it seemed like that of a man literally dying—dying of despair. "Mrs. Merchiston, we will re-enter my house for awhile. Doctor, will you lift your wife down? She has fainted."

Soon the poor lady was sitting in my parlor, I by her side. Dr. Merchiston stood opposite, watching us both. He was neither violent nor reproachful, but perfectly silent. Nevertheless, I felt somewhat uncomfortable, and glad from my heart that James was safe ten miles off, and that I alone had been mixed up with this affair.

"She is better now, Mrs. Rivers. I may speak?"

"Speak, Sir."

"I will pass over my present trying position. Of course I perceive—in fact, I was already aware—that Mrs. Merchiston has acquainted you with our sad, inevitable estrangement."

"Why inevitable? When there has been no quarrel on either side? When, cruel as you have been to her, she has never breathed a word to your discredit?" (He groaned.) "When, as I understand, you have not the shadow of blame to urge against her?"

"Before Heaven, none! Have I not declared this, and will I not declare it before all the world? She knows I will."

"Then why, my dear Sir, in the name of all that is good and honorable—nay, even in the name of common sense—why is your estrangement inevitable?"

He seemed to cower and shudder as before some inexpressible dread; once he glanced wildly round the room, as if with the vague idea of escaping. Finally, he forced himself to speak, with a smile that was most painful to witness.

"Mrs. Rivers, even though a lady asks me, I can not answer that question."

"Can you, if your wife herself asks it? I will leave you together."

As I rose to go, Dr. Merchiston interposed. The cold sweat stood on his brow; he looked—yes, I thought so at the moment—like a possessed man struggling with his inward demon.

"For God's sake, no! For the love of mercy, no! Stay by her; take care of her. I will speak in your presence; I will not detain you long."

"Do not. See," for the poor wife was again insensible. Dr. Merchiston rushed to her side; he chafed her hands; he fell on his knees before her; but as she opened her eyes he crept away, and put the room's length between them.

"Now may I speak? You wished to leave me, Barbara. To go whither?"

I told him, concealing nothing; he seemed greatly shocked.

"Mrs. Rivers," he said at length, "such a scheme is impossible. I will never consent to it. If she desires, she shall leave my house, for yours or any other. She shall have any luxuries she pleases; she shall be as free from me as if I were dead, and she a widow. But that my wife should quit my roof to earn her daily bread—never!"

From this decision there was no appeal. The wife evidently desired none; her eyes began to shine with joy, and even I took hope.

"But, Dr. Merchiston, can there be no change? You loved one another once. Love is not yet dead; love never wholly dies. Surely—"

"Madam, silence!"

Could it be his voice that spoke; his once calm, low voice? I was now really terrified.

He rose and walked about the room; we two sat trembling. At last he stopped in his old position, with his hand on the mantle-piece.

"Mrs. Rivers, my extremely painful position—you will acknowledge it is such—must excuse any thing in me unbecoming, uncourteous."

I assured him he had my free pardon for any excitement, and I hoped he felt calmer now.

"Perfectly, perfectly; you must see that, do you not?"

"I do," said I, with a sense of bitterness against the whole race of mankind, who can drive poor women-kind almost out of their senses, while they themselves preserve the most sublime composure.

"I will now, with your permission and in your presence, speak to my wife. Barbara"—in a quiet, equal tone, as if addressing an ordinary person—"I told you five years ago that it is not I who am inexorable, but fate, even if the life we then began to lead should last until my death. I repeat the same now. Yet, for these five years you have been at peace and safe. Safe," he repeated, with a slight pause,

"under my roof, where I can shelter and protect you better than any where else."

"Protect her?" And then I told him—how could I help it?—of the slights and outrages to which their manner of life had exposed her. It was terrible to see the effect produced on him.

"Hush; tell me no more, or—Barbara, forgive me; forgive me that I ever made you my wife! There is but one atonement: shall I make you *my widow?*"

"Doctor Merchiston," I cried, catching his arm, "are you mad?"

He started, shuddered, and in a moment had recovered all his self-control.

"Mrs. Rivers, this is a state of things most terrible, of which I was totally ignorant. How is it to be remedied? Granting, as you *must* grant, the one unalterable necessity?"

I thought a minute, and then proposed, to silence the tongue of all Apedale, that the husband and wife should openly walk to church together every Sunday, and kneel together in the house of God. And may He forgive me if in this scheme I had a deeper hope than I betrayed.

"I will do it," said Dr. Merchiston, after a pause. "Barbara, do you consent? Will you come home?"

"I will."

"But to the old life? In nothing changed—for changed it can not, must not be?"

"Under any circumstances I will come home."

"Thank you; God bless you! It is better so."

There was a quiet pause, broken only by one or two faint sobs from her. At last they ceased. Dr. Merchiston took his hat to depart; as he was going, his wife started up and caught him by the hand.

"Husband, one word, and I can bear all things. Did—did you ever love me?"

"Love you? Oh, my little Barbara!"

"*Do* you love me?"

"Yes," in a whisper, sharp with intolerable pain; "yes."

"Then I do not mind any thing. Oh no, thank God! I do not mind."

She burst into hysterical laughter, and threw herself into my arms. It was only my arms she could come to—her husband was gone.

She went home as she had promised, and the old life began once more. Without the slightest change, she told me—save that regularly on Sunday mornings he knocked at the door of communication between the double house, kept always locked on her side, by his desire—that she found him waiting in the hall, and they walked arm-in-arm, as silently and sadly as mourners after a corpse, to the church door. In the same way returning, he immediately parted from her, and went his way to his own apartments.

Apedale was quite satisfied, and circulated innumerable explanations, which had probably as much truth in them as the former accusations.

Dr. Merchiston came as usual to play chess with my husband, and no allusion was ever made to the night which had witnessed so strange a scene in our house.

Mrs. Merchiston improved in health and cheerfulness. To a woman the simple conviction of being loved is support and strength through the most terrible ordeal. Once sure of that, her faith is infinite, her consolation complete. After his "Yes," poor little Barbara revived like a flower in the sun.

Not so her husband. Every body noticed that Dr. Merchiston was wasting away to a shadow. On Sundays especially, his countenance, always sallow and worn, seemed to me to have the ghastly look of one whom you know to be inwardly fighting a great soul battle. You feel at once the warfare will be won—but the man will die.

And still, as ever, of all the impenetrable mysteries that life can weave, that man and his secret were the darkest.

At least to me. Whether it was so to my husband, whose reserved habits and wide experience of human nature helped to make him what, thank Heaven, he always was—much wiser than me—I do not know; but I often caught his grave, penetrating eye intently fixed on Dr. Merchiston. So much so, that more than once the Doctor moved from it uneasily. But Mr. Rivers redoubled his kindness; in truth, I never knew James, who was very undemonstrative, and usually engrossed between interest in his patients and his domestic affections, attach himself so strongly to any male friend out of his own home, as he did to Dr. Merchiston.

He seized every opportunity to allure our neighbor from his morbid, solitary, in-doors life to a more wholesome existence. They rode out together on the medical rounds—James trying to interest him in the many, many opportunities of philanthropy with which a country surgeon's life abounds. Sometimes—one day I especially remember—Dr. Merchiston said he thought Mr. Rivers had familiarized him with every possible aspect of human pain.

"Not all—I have yet to show you—indeed, I thought of doing so this morning—the blackest aspect human suffering can show. And yet, like all suffering, a merciful God has not left it without means of alleviation."

"What do you mean? I thought we were going to some hospital. For what disease?"

"No physical disease. Yet one that I believe, like all other diseases, is capable of prevention and cure—mental insanity."

Dr. Merchiston grew as white as this my paper. He said, in a broken, slow speech, which vainly tried to seem indifferent, "You are right. But it is a painful subject—insanity."

I did not wonder that my husband tried to change the conversation, and his morning plan likewise. It was evident that in some way the topic strongly affected our friend. Probably he had had a relative thus afflicted. And it must be remembered that forty years ago the subject of insanity was viewed in a very different light from what it is at present. Instead of a mere

disease, a mental instead of a bodily ailment—yet no less susceptible of remedy—it was looked upon as a visitation, a curse, almost a crime. Any family who owned a member thus suffering, hid the secret as if it had been absolute guilt. Mad-house, mad doctor, were words which people shuddered at, or dared not utter. And no wonder; for in many instances they revealed abysses of ignorance, cruelty, and wickedness, horrible to contemplate. Since then more than one Howard has gone among those worse than prisons, cleared away incalculable evils, and made even such dark places of the earth to see a hopeful dawn.

Throughout his professional career, one of my husband's favorite "crotchets," as I called them, had been the investigation of insanity.

Commencing with the simple doctrine, startling, but true, that every man and woman is mad on some one point—that is, has a certain weak corner of the mind or brain, which requires carefully watching like any other weak portion of the body, lest it should become the seat of rampant disease, he went on with a theory of possible cure—one that would take a wiser head than mine to explain, but which effectually removed the intolerable horror, misery, and hopelessness of that great cloud overhanging the civilized and intellectual portion of the world—mental insanity. I do not mean the raving madness which is generally induced by violent passions, and which by-gone ages used to regard as a sort of demoniacal possession—which it may be, for aught I know—but that general state of unsoundness, unhealthiness of brain, which corresponds to unhealthiness of body, and like it, often requires less a physician than a sanitary commissioner.

This may seem an unnecessary didactic interpolation, but I owe it to the natural course of my story, and as a tribute to my dear husband. Besides, it formed the subject of a conversation which, the question being voluntarily revived by Dr. Merchiston, they held together during the whole afternoon.

It was good and pleasant to hear those two men talk. I listened, pleased as a woman who is contented to appreciate and enjoy that to which she herself can never attain. And once more, for the thousandth time, I noted with admiration the wonderfully strong and lucid intellect with which Dr. Merchiston could grasp any subject, handle it, view it on all points, and make his auditors see it too. Even on this matter, which still seemed to touch his sympathies deeply, especially when he alluded to the world's opinion and cruel treatment of the insane—insane perhaps on some particular point, while the rest of the brain was clear and sound—even there his powers of reasoning and argument never failed.

"Well," said Mr. Rivers, smiling, as they shook hands at the door, "I am glad to have found some one who can understand my hobby. You are certainly one of the clearest-headed men I ever knew."

"You truly think so? I thank you, Rivers," said the Doctor, earnestly, as he disappeared into the dark.

I remember this night's conversation vividly, because, in Heaven's inscrutable mercy—ay, I *will* write "mercy"—it was the last time Dr. Merchiston entered our house.

The next morning he bowed to me at the window, riding past on his gayly curveting horse, looking better and more cheerful than he had done for a long time.

That evening my husband was summoned to the Double House. Its master had been thrown from his horse, his leg and his right arm fractured. If all went well, James told me, and I had rarely seen him so moved—the patient would be confined to his bed, bound there hand and foot, helpless as a child, for three or four months. Poor Dr. Merchiston!

"Is his wife with him?" was the first question I asked.

"Yes, thank God, yes!" cried James, fairly bursting into tears. I was so shocked, so amazed by his emotion, that I never inquired or learned to this day how it came about, or what strange scene my husband had that evening witnessed in the Double House.

There was a long crisis, in which the balance wavered between life and death. Life triumphed. I went almost every day: but it was long before I saw Mrs. Merchiston; when I did, it was the strangest sight. Her looks were full of the deepest peace, the most seraphic joy. And yet she had been for weeks a nurse in that sick room. A close, tender, indefatigable nurse, such as none but a wife can be; as fondly watchful—ay, and as gratefully and adoringly watched, my husband told me, by the sick man's dim eyes, as if she had been a wife bound for years in near, continual household bonds, instead of having been totally estranged from him since the first six months of union.

But no one ever spoke or thought of that now.

Dr. Merchiston slowly improved; though he was still totally helpless, and his weakness remained that of a very infant.

In this state he was when I was first admitted to his sick-chamber.

Mrs. Merchiston sat at the window, sewing. The room was bright and pleasant; she had brought into it all those cheerfulnesses which can alleviate the long-to-be-endured suffering from which all danger is past. When I thought of the former aspect and atmosphere of the house, it did not seem in the least sad now; for Barbara's eyes had a permanent, mild, satisfied beam; and her husband's, which were ever dwelling on her face and form, were full of the calmest, most entire happiness.

I sat with them a good while, and did not marvel at his saying ere I left—"that he thoroughly enjoyed being ill."

With what a solemn, sublime evenness is life meted out! Barbara has told me since that those five months following her husband's

accident were the most truly happy her life had ever known.

"Look at him," she whispered to me one evening when he lay by the window, half dozing, having been for the first time allowed a faint attempt at locomotion, though he was still obliged to be waited upon hand and foot—"Mrs. Rivers, did you ever see so beautiful a smile? Yet it is nothing compared to that he wore when he was very, very ill, when I first began to nurse and tend him; and he did nothing but watch me about the room, and call me his Barbara. I am here, Evan! did you call?"

She was at his side in a moment, smoothing his pillow, leaning over and caressing him. I think he was not aware of there being any one in the room but their two selves, for he fondled her curls and her soft cheeks.

"My Barbara, we have had a little ray of comfort in our sad life. How happy we have been in this sick room!"

"We *have been*, Evan?"

"Ay; but nothing lasts in this world—nothing!"

"Husband, that is like one of your morbid sayings when we were first married. But I will not have it now—I will not, indeed." And she closed his mouth with a pretty petulance. He lifted his hand to remove hers, then sunk back.

"Barbara, I am growing strong again; I can use my right arm. Oh, Heaven, my right arm! I am not helpless any longer."

"No, thank God! But you speak as if you were shocked and terrified."

"I am—I am. With strength comes—oh, my Barbara!"

His wife, alarmed, called out my name. Dr. Merchiston caught at it. "Is Mrs. Rivers there? Bid her come in; bid any body come in. Ah! yes, that is well."

After a pause, which seemed more of mental than physical exhaustion, he became himself again for the rest of the evening.

The next day he sent for me, and in Mrs. Merchiston's absence talked with me a long while about her. He feared her health would give way; he wished her to be more with me; he hoped I would impress upon her that it made him miserable to see her spending all her days and nights in his sick room.

"What! in the only place in the world where she has real happiness?"

"Do you think so? Is she never happy but with me? Then Heaven forgive me! Heaven have pity on me!" he groaned.

"Dr. Merchiston, you surely do not intend to send your wife from you again—your forgiving, loving wife?"

Before he could answer she came in. I went away thoroughly angry and miserable. That evening I indulged James with such a long harangue on the heartlessness of his sex, that, as I said, he must have been less a man than an angel to have borne it. When I told him the cause, he ceased all general arguments, sat a long time thoughtful, burning his Hessians against the bars of the grate, finally sent me to bed, and did not himself follow until midnight.

Dr. Merchiston's cure progressed; in the same ratio his wife's cheerfulness declined. He grew day by day more melancholy, irritable, and cold. By the time he was released from his helpless condition, the icy barrier between them had risen up again. She made no complaint, but the facts were evident.

My husband and I, by his express desire, spent almost every evening at the Double House. Very painful and dreary evenings they were. Convalescence seemed to the poor patient no happiness—only a terror, misery, and pain.

One night, just as we were leaving, making an attempt at cheerfulness—for it was the first time he had performed the feat of walking, and his wife had helped him across the room with triumphant joy—he said, breaking from a long reverie, "Stay! a few minutes more; I want to speak with you both."

We sat down. He fell back in his chair, and covered his eyes. At length Mrs. Merchiston gently took the hands away.

"Evan, you don't feel so strong as usual to-night."

"I do; God help me! I do," he muttered. "Would I were weak, and lay on that bed again as powerless as a child. No, Barbara; look, I am strong—well." He stood up, stretching his gaunt right arm, and clenching the hand; then let it drop, affrighted. "My little Barbara, I must send thee away," he sighed.

"Send me away?"

"Send her away?"

"Peggy," cried my husband, in stern reproof, "be silent!"

The poor wife broke out into bitter sobs. "Oh, Evan, what have I done to you? Dear Evan, let me stay—only till you are well, quite well!"

For, despite what he said about his strength, his countenance, as he lay back, was almost that of a corpse. Barbara's clinging arms seemed to him worse than the gripe of a murderer.

"Take her away, Mrs. Rivers; take my poor wife away. *You* know how she has nursed me; *you* know whether I love her or not."

"Love her?" I cried, bitterly; but James's hand was upon my shoulder. His eye, which with its gentle firmness could, they said at the hospital, control the most refractory and soothe the most wretched patient, was fixed upon Dr. Merchiston. I saw the sick man yield; the bright hectic flush came and went in his cheek.

"Rivers, my good friend, what do you wish me to do?"

"A very simple thing. Tell me—not these poor women—but me, your real reason for acting thus."

"Impossible!"

"Not quite. It may be I partly guess it already."

Dr. Merchiston started up with the look of a hunted wild beast in its last despair, but my husband laid his hand on his, in a kind but resolute way.

"Indeed, indeed, you are safe in telling me. Will you?"

The patient hesitated, held up his thin hand to the light with a wan smile, then said, "I will."

James immediately sent us both out of the room.

Mrs. Merchiston was a very woman, gentle and frail. She wept until her strength was gone; then I put her to bed in her maid's charge, and waited until Mr. Rivers ended his conference with her husband.

It was two hours before he came out. At sight of him my torrent of curiosity was dried up; he looked as I had sometimes seen him, coming home from a death-bed. To my few questions he answered not a word.

"But at least," said I, half crying, "at least you might tell me what I am to do with poor Mrs. Merchiston."

"Yes, yes." He thought a minute. "She must go home with us; the sooner the better."

"You agree, then," I burst out, breathless; "you agree to this separation?"

"Entirely."

"You join with her wicked husband in his ingratitude—his brutality—"

"Peggy!" James caught me by the shoulders, with the sternest frown that ever fell on me in all our peaceful married life; "Peggy, may Heaven forgive you! You do not know what you are saying."

I was completely awed.

"Mr. Merchiston has told you the secret, and you are determined to keep it?"

"Implicitly, while his poor life lasts."

My husband was a man of inviolable honor, and I was not the woman to wish him otherwise, even for me. I urged no more.

During the ten days that Mrs. Merchiston remained in my house, part of the time she was in a sort of low fever, which was the happiest thing for her, poor soul! I made not a single inquiry after her husband; I knew that Mr. Rivers was with him at all hours, as doctor, nurse, and friend.

One day, when Mrs. Merchiston was sitting in the parlor with me, he looked in at the door. She did not see him. He quietly beckoned me out.

"Well, James?"

"Speak lower, Peggy, lower; don't let her hear."

And then I saw how very much agitated he was; yet even that did not quite remove the bitterness with which I could not help mentioning the name of Dr. Merchiston.

"Peggy, Dr. Merchiston is dying."

I had not expected this; it was a great shock.

"I feared it would be so," continued James; "I have seen him sinking this long time. Now the mind is at peace, but the worn-out body—"

"His wife—his poor wife!" was all I could utter.

"Yes, that is what I came to say. She must go to him; he wishes it much. Do you think she will?"

I smiled sadly. "Ah! James, she is a woman."

"And you women can forgive to all eternity—Heaven bless you for it! Besides, she will know the whole truth soon."

I asked not what this "truth" was. What did it matter? he was dying.

"But are you sure, James, there is no hope?"

"None, I believe—and am almost glad to believe it. There is no man I ever knew whom I so deeply pity, and shall so thankfully see gone to his last rest, as Dr. Merchiston."

These were strong words, enough to calm down every wrong feeling, and make me fit to lead the wife to her husband's sick—nay, death-chamber.

How we brought her thither I forget. I only remember the moment when we stood within the door.

Dr. Merchiston lay on his bed, as for five long months he had patiently and cheerfully lain. He had something of that old quiet look now, but with a change. The strange awful change which, however fond friends may deceive themselves, is always clearly visible to a colder gaze. You say at once, "That man will die."

When Barbara came into the room, he stretched out his arms with the brightest, happiest smile. She clung to him closely and long. There was no forgiveness asked or bestowed; it was not needed.

"I am so content, my Barbara, content at last!" and he laid his head on her shoulder.

"Evan, you will not part from me again?"

"No—I need not now. They will tell you why it was. You believe—you will always believe, how I loved you?"

"Yes."

"Stoop. Let me hold her as I used to do—my wife, my little Barbara. Stoop down."

She obeyed. He put his feeble arms round her, and kissed her with many kisses, such as he had not given her since she was a six months' bride; their memory remained sweet on her lips till she was old and gray.

Dr. Merchiston died at the next sunrise, died peacefully in Barbara's arms.

* * * * * *

Three days after, when my husband and I stood by the coffin, where for the last few minutes on earth the features which had been so familiar to us for the last two years were exposed to our view, James said, touching the forehead, which was placid as a dead baby's, with all the wrinkles gone,

"Thank the Lord."

"Why?"

"For this blessed death, in which alone his

sufferings could end. He was a monomaniac, and he knew it."

Before speaking again my husband reverently and tenderly closed the coffin, and led me down stairs.

"He was, as I say, a monomaniac. Mad on one point only, the rest of his mind being clear and sound."

"And that point was—"

"The desire to murder his wife. He told me," pursued James, when my horror had a little subsided, "that it came upon him first in the very honeymoon, beginning with the sort of feeling that I have heard several people say they had at the climax of happiness—the wish there and then to die together. Afterward, day and night, whenever they were alone, the temptation used to haunt him. A physician himself, he knew that it was a monomania; but he also knew that if he confessed it he, sane on all other points, would be treated as a madman, and that his wife, the only creature he loved, would look on him with horror forever. There was but one course to save himself and her; he took it, and never swerved from it."

"But in his illness?"

"Then, being perfectly helpless, he knew he could not harm her, and in great bodily weakness most monomanias usually subside. His left him entirely. When he grew stronger it returned. You know the rest. His life was one long torture. Peace be with him now."

"Amen," I said, and went to comfort the widow.

The terrible fact, which Dr. Merchiston had desired should be told her after his death, did not seem to affect Barbara so much as we feared. Love to her, as to many other women, was the beginning and end of all things—sufficient for life, and even in death wholly undying.

"He loved me, he always loved me," she kept saying, and her days of mourning became the dawn of a perennial joy.

She lived to be nearly as old as I am now, remaining one of those widows who are "widows indeed," forever faithful to one love and one memory.

A VISIT TO RED RIVER.

THERE is a spot on this continent which travelers do not visit, and from which civilization seems in a measure shut out. Deserts, almost trackless, divide it on all sides from the habitations of cultivated man; no railroads, or steamers, or telegraph wires, or lines of stages make their way thither: to reach it, or, once there, to escape from it, is an exploit of which one may almost boast. Receiving no impressions from without, it reflects none. It sends forth neither newspapers, nor books, nor correspondents' letters; no paragraph in any newspaper records its weal or woe; it is not even marked on the maps or mentioned in the gazetteers. Yet Red River Settlement, for that is the name of the unknown spot, contains a population of nearly 6000 souls, eleven places of public worship, profusely supplied with clergy (including two bishops), a citadel of formidable strength and large size, several large two-story stone houses, with "modern conveniences," a dozen mills, ever so many model farms, stocked with fine cattle, and provided with all the modern implements of agriculture, one or two manufacturing establishments, a court house with a recorder at $4000 a year, a governor, staff, and imposing body of mounted police. There is more than one good library there, and several good cellars; a man may dine there according to Soyer, drive a two-forty nag in a dashing cariole over the crisp snow, dance the last Cellarius polka redowa with ladies of any shade of color from the pure bronze to the mere white, discuss the principles of human society and the theory of popular governments as learnedly as the thing could be done at Washington or Cincinnati. Assuredly such an oasis in the great North American zahara ought not to share the fate of the braves who lived before Agamemnon.

It was in the month of June that I started, in company with a gentleman whose duties obliged him to undertake the journey for the settlement on Red River. We left Sault St. Marie in a "North canoe," pulled by ten stout half-breeds. I can recommend this mode of traveling to lazy men. One lies down on blankets or skins, or whatever couch has been prepared; the motion of the canoe after the first day is positively delightful, and the judicious traveler takes care to lay in a stock of books and cigars to occupy the day. Nothing to be done there but read and smoke; for one soon tires of the stories which the half-breeds tell, and of the plaintive old French songs (among which I recognized some that I had heard before in Normandy and Lower Brittany) which they chant in time to the paddles. At night we ran ashore and camped out; this, to be honest, was the least pleasant part of the journey, for besides the insects—themselves enough to disgust a traveler—the night dews, and the morning mist were formidable enemies to one who had been visited by our periodic "chills." However, none of us suffered, and after nine days' travel, during which we were occasionally enlivened by the danger of a traverse, when a sudden flaw might have sent us all to the bottom in ten minutes beyond hope of salvation, we arrived at Fort William, the great western settlement of the Hudson Bay Company on Lake Superior. A couple of days were passed there, rambling through the country and on the lake shore in search of game and geological specimens; on the third we took to our canoe again, and began to ascend the river toward Rainy Lake. The first day or two were very pleasant. The scenery was fine, and my companion, who was a tolerable sportsman, made some clever shots at the wild fowl, whose homes we were disturbing. But our pleasure was soon to end. Rain began to fall, probably in order to

justify the name of the lake to our ears; and on warm evenings the mosquitoes were very troublesome. We bore up against all; when the rain was heavy we ran the canoe upon the beach, encamped, and made ourselves as comfortable as we could; as for the mosquitoes, we avenged the sins of the few on the many, without, however, materially alleviating the torment.

After several days' travel, interspersed with these wet days, we came to the great portage, where a walk of a good many miles awaited us. I was glad of it for my part, by way of a change; but the *voyageurs*, to whose lot it fell to carry the canoe over the uneven ground, up hill and through swamp, had a hard time, I fear. They enjoyed their pipe and sleep the evening we reached the stream flowing into Lake Winnipeg. A week more paddling, and we came in sight of the broad waters of Lake Winnipeg, and the pretty French-like houses of the half-breeds on Red River. Before our journey was fairly ended, I saw in that almost inaccessible wild several farms and farm-houses which would have done credit to the best portions of the valley of the Central or Erie railroads.

Before I allude to them, I must say a word of the history of Red River Settlement, which is stirring for so out-of-the-way a place. In doing so, I shall make free use of Mr. Ross's History of the Settlement, which has just been published.

Forty-five years ago the most powerful potentate on this continent was one Thomas Douglas, Earl of Selkirk. Mr. Madison had power enough to contend with all the might of Great Britain; but Thomas Douglas ruled a far wider realm than he. He was the chief of the Hudson Bay Company. No carpet knight he; in the depth of the pathless woods, on the virgin streams, in the bosom of the arctic snows, his spurs were won. A man of private means, which he sacrificed to this Company, he was also brave and enterprising. Neither expense, nor danger, nor obstacles, could deter him from his resolves. To the perseverance of the Scot he united the fire of the Celt; with the proud self-reliance of the peer, he combined the shrewd tact of the merchant.

At that time the great fur country was disputed by two rival companies, the Hudson Bay Company and the Northwest Company. Their charters were distinct, and so were their territories. But there was not room for both. Every man in the Northwest knew that one of the two must perish, and those who measured the respective strength of the rivals, said confidently that the Hudson Bay Company was doomed. Thomas, Earl of Selkirk, made up his mind that it must conquer, and that the Northwesters must go to the wall.

Examining with the eye of a soldier the country where the war was to be carried on, he saw that two grand essentials were wanting to his side—physical strength, and a basis of operations. To supply both, he obtained from the Company, and from various Indian tribes claiming to hold dominion over the territory, a grant of land in the neighborhood of Red River, a tributary of Lake Winnipeg, which joins the lake about 100 miles northwest of Fort William, and made arrangements to transport thither colonists from the Scotch Highlands. A stout colony firmly established there would not only equalize the strength of the combatants, but would afford the Hudson Bay Company an unrivaled basis of operations, as well as a convenient stepping-stone to the trade of the West. Accordingly, in the summer of 1812, the Earl of Selkirk transplanted the "first brigade" of colonists to Red River. The settlers were to have a hundred acres of land each, to be paid for in produce (the payment was afterward remitted); they were to have a minister of their own persuasion; they were to enjoy the rights of British subjects; and they were guaranteed a market at their own doors for all their produce. On these terms hardy Highlanders were not wanting to risk the adventure.

But neither were the Northwesters blind. Their preparations were made silently, effectively. No sooner had the "first brigade" arrived, than a band of men, begrimed with war-paint, dressed in Indian dress, and armed to the teeth, rode down upon them and bade them depart. Strange to say, there was not an intelligible word spoken on either side. The colonists spoke nothing but Gaelic; their assailants Indian-French. But the gestures of the latter were too plain to be mistaken. Out of charity they agreed to carry the women and children on the croppers of their horses; the men were to walk. For the "services" of their guides they paid as they could. A woman gave her wedding-ring; a Gael the cherished musket his father had borne at Culloden. So they traveled, sore of heart and foot, by the side of their conquerors, to Pembina.

After living there on charity during the winter, they returned to Red River in the spring. A year's peace enabled them to break ground and rear shelter. In 1815 the Northwesters were upon them again. This time there was resistance. Accordingly the Northwesters burned down the Colonial House, took the Governor prisoner, killed his aid. Then more fighting; and finally, the brief mandate from the Northwest headquarters: "All settlers to retire immediately from the Red River, and no appearance of a colony to remain." A command executed to the letter. Three hundred miles over the wilderness the Highlanders were sent in exile, and their houses burned down.

Nothing discouraged, the Hudson Bay Company sent a strong force to escort the exiles back to the settlement. A new brigade arrived just in time to help them rebuild their houses. The Northwesters changed their tactics. They too hired Gaels, and sent them to Red River, with instructions to seduce the colonists to leave the place. The Highlanders, proof against corruption, could not resist the old familiar sounds

of the Gaelic. They deserted in droves. Depopulation menaced the settlement. The Earl of Selkirk calmly prepared to import more brigades.

At last, in June, 1816, matters came to a crisis. News reached Governor Semple at Red River that a body of 300 horsemen, war-painted and heavily armed, was approaching the settlement. In a rash moment he armed himself and twenty-seven others, and marched out to parley. At a short distance from the enemy he halted, and consulted his aids. At that moment a ball from the enemy struck a man at his side. A volley followed, and twenty-one of the twenty-eight, including the Governor, were shot dead; the other seven escaped, wounded. The victors marched into the settlement, sacked and burned the houses, carried off all that was worth stealing, and drove out the colonists, warning them that they would be hunted down and shot like wild beasts if they appeared there again. It was some consolation afterward to the survivors of the ruthless attack to discover that twenty-six out of the sixty-five Northwesters who fired on Governor Semple perished violently within a short period.

Then the Earl of Selkirk acted. He was in the country. He had brought with him from Europe a battalion of Swiss mercenaries of the Dalgetty stamp—men who were called De Meurons, from an old colonel of theirs, and who "feared neither God, man, nor beast." With these he marched directly on Fort William, the head-quarters of the Northwest Company, and took it. This was a fine piece of strategy, as it threw the Northwesters on the defensive, and made the Hudson Bay party the assailants. Under cover of the capture of Fort William, the Earl led back the exiles, for the third time, to Red River, remitted the price of their lands, and re-established the colony on a new and solid basis. He chose mill-sites, set apart lands for religious and educational establishments, surveyed the colony, advanced the settlers tools and stock. Under his directions agricultural operations were commenced on a sound principle, and in some spots a yield of forty-fold rewarded the Highlanders' industry.

Still, as farming had been begun too late, the harvest was scanty, and at the approach of winter the whole colony abandoned the place. They fled to Pembina, there hoping to subsist on the product of the chase. When they arrived there, they found they must join a party of Indians and half-breeds which had set out some days previously. Off they started, through the snow. They were ill clad, and ill supplied with food. The thermometer ranged from 35° to 40° below zero. "Our sufferings," said one of the wretched Highlanders, "were almost beyond human endurance, and even at this distant day we shudder at the painful recollection; for many a time, when the last mouthful was consumed, and our children crying for more, we knew not how or where the next morsel was to come from. A rabbit, a crow, a snow-bird, or even a piece of parchment, would be found, perhaps; and thus from time to time we kept body and soul together. . . . We reached the camp when the last morsel of food was gone, and we were at the last gasp on the eve of Christmas-day."

Starvation avoided by entering the service of the Indian hunters as camp drudges, the Highlanders returned to Red River in the spring. This fourth beginning was the most promising of all. The Northwesters only carried off a man from time to time. The weather was fine; the crops promised well. Hope began to cheer the settlers; when, alas! "just as the corn was in ear and the barley almost ripe, a cloud of grasshoppers from the west darkened the air, and fell like a heavy shower of snow on the colony." In one night crops, gardens, and every green herb in the settlement perished. The Highlanders wept.

To Pembina again that fall, and more sickening misery there. In the spring a fifth attempt to settle Red River. But the June heats quickened the larvæ the grasshoppers had left in the ground. They arose from the earth in masses. They lay four solid inches deep on some spots. They poisoned the water. Men shoveled them aside with spades to make a way into their hovels. No green thing—neither the herbs, nor the leaves of the bushes, nor the bark of the trees, nor the grass of the plain—saw the September of that year. Even out-door fires were extinguished by the shower of insects, and the air was infected by the effluvia from their putrefying corpses. To return to Pembina was a necessity.

But the perseverance of the Highlanders grew nobler with obstacles. For the sixth time, in the spring of 1820, they returned to Red River. Lord Selkirk's iron will knew no such thing as failure. The men had not even saved seed out of the general ruin. At a cost of $5000 he procured 250 bushels of seed wheat from Missouri. Again the land was sowed; and again the bright days of June were darkened by the grasshoppers. But man can always live down obstacles. The plague abated. Early in the season the grasshoppers disappeared, never to return; and for the first time in their eight years' experience, the Red River colonists gathered in their harvest safely. More colonists arrived—Swiss, Germans, and Scotch. Men still starved at seed time. The poor Swiss suffered horribly; bartered their all for the meanest pittance. Men gave their guns, women their rings, or what was dearer still, for a cat-fish. But the colonial roots had struck, and, in comparison with the past, these seemed very bright times.

But the end was not yet. Lord Selkirk died an exile in France, having escaped from the sheriff sent so arrest him for the affair of June, and his death was the signal for a new plague. His deputy, the Governor of the settlement, a fellow named M'Dowell, was as great a pest as the grasshoppers. In the wild of Red River he kept baronial house, with "secretaries, assistant secretaries, accountants, orderlies, grooms, cooks, and butlers." From the time the stores

of rum arrived till the puncheons were empty, the Governor was never wholly sober. When his guests were assembled to make a night of it, the heel of a broken bottle, filled with wheat, would be set on a cask, and a man stationed beside it with orders to take out a grain for every bottle filled. As the carouse went on, his Excellency would call, "Bob, how stands the hour-glass?" To which the sentinel would reply, "High, your honor, high!" And the guests would set to work to lower the pile of grains with renewed energy. This fellow plundered the colonists shamefully. Lord Selkirk's orders were that they should be supplied with all necessary tools, seed, etc., on credit. The Governor received their orders, charged the goods against them, but often forgot to furnish the articles required. He forgot, in the same way, to credit them with the work they performed; and had no doubt realized a handsome fortune at the time he was relieved of his duties.

Having got rid of him, the colony was afterward blessed with a new ruler who had the advantage of being a cousin of the Governor of the Company. His name was Pelly. His plan was to take every thing easily, and lay trust in Providence. On one occasion, an Indian was brought before him to be tried on a charge of murder. It was proved that he had sallied forth with a party of warriors of his own tribe to make war on some enemies of theirs. Being unsuccessful in his search for the tribe in question, and at the same time unwilling to return home without a trophy, he met an old woman of his own tribe, killed her, and took her scalp. When the evidence was complete, the Governor turned to the culprit, and sternly remarked to the interpreter: "Tell him that he has manifested a disposition subversive of all order, and that if he should not be punished in this world, he is sure to be punished in the next. Let him be discharged!"

Struggling on as best they could under such rulers as these, the Red River colonists reached the year 1826. A fearful storm in the December of 1825 commenced a new catalogue of mishaps. The buffalo were driven from their haunts by the storm; the cold was intense: what from the frost, and what from famine, thirty-three persons perished, and many others were severely tried. That winter the thermometer often marked 45° below zero, and the snow lay three feet thick in the level plains. On the 2d May the thaw began, and the river rose nine feet perpendicular in twenty-four hours. The Indians stood aghast. On the 4th the water reached the cellars; on the 5th every house in the village was abandoned. The settlers flocked to the high grounds, some losing all their property. A current set in toward Lake Winnipeg, and on the surface the survivors of the deluge watched their houses, barns, carriages, furniture, fencing, and every thing else that would float, drift steadily toward the great lake. For nineteen consecutive days the waters rose, and every trace of the colony was washed away. On the twentieth day the people held a council on their hill-top, in order to decide whither they should sail in search of a new home. While they were debating, with weary hearts, not a few among them yet clinging to the scene of their miseries, news came that the waters had not risen an inch for many hours. The council broke up. So intense was the anxiety that no man spoke. Some seized rods and planted them in the water to serve as tide-guages. Others, less hopeful, sat sternly down by the side of the deluge, gazing at it with stony faces. Before long, men came running up to say that that the news was correct. The water certainly did not rise; nay, more, it was falling. There could be no doubt of the fact, and the colonists unanimously resolved to stay where they were. They waited patiently, and on the 15th June stood once more on the site of their lost village. A new beginning was made, and seed sowed on the 22d June, in time for the fall harvest.

This was the last of the beginnings of Red River settlement. From 1826 to the present time it has been continuously occupied. But its fortunes—after it became a fixed fact—still fluctuated widely and erratically. Who would expect to find a Rue Quincampoix or a fancy stock fever at Red River? Wall Street must look to its laurels.

The first bubble was the Buffalo Wool Company. This was so wonderful a concern, and so certain to make the fortunes of every stockholder, that it was incomprehensible how sane men had lived a week at Red River without lighting upon it. Nothing to be done but to walk out into the plains, kill buffalo, take their wool, dress and weave it; cure their hides and tan them. Here were woolen goods and leather not only for the whole of Rupert's Land, but for export. A company formed, a palatial factory erected, and orders sent to England for machinery, implements, dyes, and skilled workmen, the work began. Every soul was enlisted. Women left their babies, men their fields. Who would till the fields for a beggarly subsistence, when the Buffalo Wool Company offered wealth in exchange for a few months' exertion? Every body was either a skinner, sorter, wool-dresser, teaser, or bark manufacturer: wages were no object; so little girls got $3 a-day. Net results: every body at the factory got drunk day after day; the little wool collected was spoiled; the hides rotted; cloth which cost $12 a yard to make, sold for $1 in England; the Company failed, and the colonists lived on short commons that winter.

But failures seem to have been regarded as encouraging on Red River. The Earl of Selkirk sunk no less a sum that $425,000 in planting the colony; his successors and their assignee, the Hudson Bay Company, continued to extend liberality to the settlement on an undiminished scale. All at once the Governor discovered that immense fortunes were to be made by growing flax. Premiums were offered for the best specimens. Choice seed was imported.

Every thing was abandoned for flax. Flax was to be the great staple of Red River. But when the seed came, and was distributed, matters were so arranged that the Governor's friends got all the best qualities, and consequently the premiums. Against this the democracy of Red River not unnaturally rebelled, and the flax scheme fell through.

It was followed by another Wool Company, sheep and not buffalo being, however, the wool-bearers this time. A sum of money was subscribed in the colony for the purchase of sheep in the United States, and a party sent to Missouri to buy. The commissioners arrived at Saint Louis, visited the farms, found sheep, and offered $1 50 a head. The Missourians—who were probably Yankees—thinking the Red River men wanted them badly, asked $2. On this, Rae, the head commissioner, took offense, and swore he would have nothing to do with such extortionists. The Missourians repented, and offered to take the $1 50; but Ray was inexorable, and shaking the dust from his feet, journeyed to Kentucky, 450 miles further. There he bought the sheep at his own price, and had the satisfaction of paying for their pasture and keep every night on the way home. On the journey through Missouri he halted to shear the sheep, and contracted to deliver the wool, at a high price, to a speculator. When the wool was ready for delivery, the purchaser proved unable to raise the whole amount fixed; other bidders, at lower rates, offered to take it; but Rae, furiously indignant, refused to take a cent less than the previous price, and had the whole quantity burned on the spot. The weather was hot when they reached St. Peter's, and the sheep had 1500 miles to travel. Rae's ardor admitted of no delay. If a sheep showed signs of weakness, the order was, "Cut its throat, and drive on." As many as 45 were killed of a morning. When the party arrived at Red River, out of 1475 animals, only 251 survived; and of these many soon perished from the effects of the journey. So the sheep scheme failed.

It was followed by a new Company, the "Tallow Company." The Governor confessed that errors had been made; but about this there was no mistake. Were not the plains teeming with pasture? Where could limits be set to the production of hides and tallow? A herd of 473 cattle was purchased, and the stock-gambling was renewed with fervor. Each animal was tastefully branded on the haunch, "T. T."—meaning Tallow Trade, and the Red Riverians confessed they had never seen so beautiful a sight as the whole herd grazing peaceably together. Uncommon accident: early in May a severe frost occurred, and twenty-six of the foolish animals died. However, summer set all right, and the stock was at a premium. When winter came it was a different story. Thirty-two cattle died of the cold; on very severe nights, when the thermometer marked 40° and 45° below zero, the ears, horns, hoofs, and tails of the poor creatures fell off. Besides which, the wolves helped themselves to fifty-three. This was discouraging. Still, with summer, the stockholders' courage revived, and there was more talk of fortunes in tallow. The second winter settled the business. With all their care, the managers could not keep out the wolves or protect the herd from the cold; and before spring, the assets of the concern were sold by auction. The tallow fortunes had melted away.

Of all these failures, John Company generally paid the damage, and the colony never ceased to prosper. It became an object for the Company to retain within their dominions those among their factors who had realized small fortunes; and as many of these had married native women, whom they could not introduce into European or civilized American society, and were, besides, attached to the wild life they had led, they were only too ready to accept Red River as a sort of refuge for their declining years. These constitute the aristocracy of the settlement. Next to them come the French Canadians (the Swiss and Germans have mostly disappeared), who are not to be distinguished from the men of the same race in Lower Canada; and again below them come the half-breeds. The Scotch and French Canadians are mostly farmers, and some of them uncommonly successful farmers. The half-breeds dislike a settled life. They prefer the excitement of the chase, or the idle life of the fisherman.

They are technically termed plain-hunters. Every spring they collect at the fort, to the number of a thousand or two—men, women, and children—buy, beg, or borrow carts, horses, guns, knives, powder, oxen, and other hunting materials; elect a chief captain and a dozen second captains; establish rules for the guidance of their hunt, and start forth into the plain. I had the good fortune to be allowed to join one of these expeditions. A priest accompanies the party to bless the undertaking. The rules established on these occasions are rigorous. No buffalo must be hunted on Sunday; disobedience of orders is punished with the destruction of the offender's saddle for the first offense, with a flogging for the second; theft even, where the object stolen is only a sinew, is avenged by the exposure of the thief in the middle of the camp, while the crier thrice shouts his name, coupling with it the word "thief."

Our march was long and often severe. With the plain-hunter there is no medium between a feast and a famine. Women and children often cry themselves to sleep every night for a week from sheer hunger; next week they are all ill of a surfeit. When the expedition reaches the hunting-ground, the camp is put in order. The carts are ranged in a circle, within which the women and children are placed. This done, the hunters mount their horses and survey the ground. With spy-glass in hand the captain reconnoitres the plain, and as soon as a herd of buffalo is discovered, assigns to each lieutenant his place in the hunt. When all is ready, and the men prepared—as

many as four hundred often start together—the commander gives the word "Start!" It is a cavalry charge. The whole body advances first at a slow trot, then at a gallop, then at full speed. As their speed increases, the earth trembles; but when the herd perceive their enemy, and begin to paw the ground and make off, the sound and shock are like an earthquake. A cloud of dust arises mingled with smoke. Right into the midst of the herd dash the hunters, firing as they go at the fattest cattle; ride on and on, through and through the close ranks of the buffalo, until there are but a few stragglers—the leanest brutes—alive. Each man has his mouth full of balls, and loads and fires at full gallop. As he seldom pulls a trigger until his gun is within a few feet of the mark, he hardly ever misses. Though the hunt seldom lasts over an hour or so, a good hunter will kill his ten or twelve buffaloes. It often happens that the party brings over twelve hundred tongues into the camp. The herd dispersed, the horses are relieved from duty, and the carts come into play. Their functions—or rather those of the hunters when their turn comes—appear the most embarrassing part of the business. Out of twelve hundred carcases lying together, and shot by four hundred hunters, to find the beasts shot by each, appears a most knotty problem. It did not puzzle the plain-hunters. Every man knew his victims, and very few disputes arose. A hunter was once asked how he could possibly discover his eight or ten buffalo out of thirteen hundred, which lay huddled together on the plain. The half-breed replied,

"Suppose four hundred learned men were all to write words on a piece of paper; would not each of them be able afterward to recognize his own handwriting?"

Just so, the plain-hunter recognized his shooting.

The task of skinning, drying, and manufacturing tallow and pemmican, mostly falls to the women; but as this business is often dangerous, the hunters superintend it. A hunter may escape the common accidents of the chase—broken bones, buffalo horns, and the like—and at the last moment fall a victim to the treacherous Sioux, who lurk about in the long grass on the wait for scalps. The fate of one poor fellow, named Louison Vallé, who perished in this way, is well remembered at Red River. He was skinning a buffalo after the chase, his little son keeping a look-out on his father's horse. The boy's attention flagged; Vallé's experienced eye detected a peculiar movement in the grass near him. He had only time to shout, "Make for the camp, my son! make for the camp!" when a shower of arrows overwhelmed him. The boy arrived safely in camp and gave the alarm. A party was instantly started in pursuit of the murderers, and before night eight of the twelve were hunted down and shot.

The settlement itself, in the short summer season, is like every other flourishing agricultural district. Vegetation is as luxuriant as in the tropics; and cattle, apparently without number, pasture on wilds which have never been scarred with a fence. Among the Scotch settlers especially, comfortable houses, corn-yards, parks, and inclosures, betoken a very high degree of material prosperity. The French Canadians, in the invariable blue *capote*, with red belt, might be mistaken any day for the habitants one meets with traveling through Lower Canada; and the half-breeds—though a lower race, and essentially distinguished from the French Canadians by their habits of idleness and filth—dress, and, in many respects, live like them. Some few of the half-breeds, who are blessed with an unusually happy disposition, will work, and acquire, in course of time, a comfortable settlement; but by far the greater portion of the race preserve nomad habits throughout, and are contemptuously called squatters by the legitimate Red Riverians. They often have a passion for show; and will leave their children and wife in rags and ashes in order to appear on Sunday in a handsome turn-out. Others, again, and this is more characteristic of the women than the men, will sacrifice every thing, will even work, for tea. I was informed that the bashful maidens of Red River (the half-breeds, I mean), who will hardly ever dare to look a stranger in the face, or answer a civil question, who would deride an offer of dress or even money, can not resist the temptation of a couple of pounds of souchong.

The life of the thoroughly vagabond half-breed is well illustrated in Mr. Ross's sketch of Baptiste l'Esprit. He was, it may be observed, a well known character at Red River, and the type of a large class.

Baptiste had a wife and children; but they were all his property. When spring comes round Baptiste wants to join the hunt. He is in want of every thing. Wishes to make you believe he is the most honest fellow in the world. Wishes you to trust him, to try him once more. Promises every thing. Tries one; tries him this way, that way, the other way, every way, but is refused; yet the smile of confidence is never off his countenance while in his supplicating mood. Nor is it an easy task to resist importunities so urgent, and particularly when enforced by an object of charity; yet Baptiste is refused. But he is accustomed to refusals; such things never discourage him. Baptiste tries another and another, but with no better success. Unfortunately for Baptiste his character is known. Nevertheless, Baptiste, still confident in his own cause, tries another; accustomed to persevere, tries again and again; and at last, by dint of importunities and fair promises, gets a horse to hire from one, a cart from another; but as the risk is great, the price is in proportion. A man of means gets a horse and cart for $10 a trip. Baptiste promises $20. But he is in want of ammunition, of every thing else. Baptiste tries again; tries one, tries two, tries a dozen; at last succeeds. The rogue and the fool meet. Baptiste still wants clothing—

something from the merchant as well as the settler. Himself and family are naked. Baptiste sets out again; calls here, calls there, travels up, travels down, nothing discouraged; gets credit from some merchant at last. After a month's preparation, and before Baptiste is half ready, the time for starting arrives. The others are off; Baptiste must start too, ready or not ready. At this stage all Baptiste's hopes hang on a hair; he must go, or all is lost; but he can not go without something to eat. Charity steps forward, and a day after the rest, off goes Baptiste, helter skelter, with his horse and part of his family; but if no horse, as frequently happens, they tramp it on foot, neck or nothing. At the camp all is bustle; no one is idle but himself. The dogs eat, but Baptiste starves in the midst of plenty; asks, begs, lounges about, but shows no disposition to assist any one. He is above working; can not work. Sympathy steps forward. Baptiste must not starve. Gets a piece from one, some from another. Baptiste eats, but can not make provisions; has no servants; himself indolent, his family more so. They can do nothing but eat. However, they live well on the charity of others, and that is all they care about. Days pass, weeks pass, the summer passes; Baptiste eats, sleeps, smokes, and all is right; but no load; nothing to pay the hire of his horse and cart. The busy scenes of the camp pass unheeded by him. No effort made. Late and early every one is at work. Baptiste alone is idle, but consoles himself with saying, "There is time enough yet." Before he looks about him the hunters are loaded. A move is made for home. Baptiste is roused from his apathy. His cart is still empty. Begins to bestir himself. Goes round, asks one, asks two, asks this one, asks that one, asks every one for something to put in his cart; promises this, that, and the other thing. The people were shy, but Baptiste was not to be discouraged, did not slacken in his importunities; they upbraided him for his indolence, mistrusted his promises. Baptiste is no favorite, nevertheless he could sing a good song, tell a good story. Some pity his family; Charity stretches forth her hand, and now the cart is loaded in a trice—Baptiste the while as proud as if he had done all himself, quite satisfied, happy as happy could be. The last to start, the last to camp, Baptiste, fat as a seal, and sleek as an Esquimaux, arrives to resume again the delicious enjoyment of indolence.

As soon as he arrives, he sits down, smokes his pipe, then unloads his pony, and tells the story of his journey. Is highly pleased with the trip; praises his own industry and success. "Look," says he to his wife, "at this piece, look at that piece, and at that," turning them over and over. His wife is charmed; counts his profits. There is enough to pay all, so now they can enjoy themselves. A day, a week passes; but not a word about paying off debts till the load gets nearly expended; then they begin to reflect. They distribute the remains of the profits a day after the fair. This piece is laid aside for a new gown for Madame, that piece for a shawl. So much for tea, so much for tobacco, the two great luxuries of Red River; a bit to this gossip, a bit to that. Madame has her cronies. Then there must be a merry let out. Friends are invited, a feast given, the last piece disappears. The load is gone. Then Baptiste for the first time begins to think of the borrowed horse, the borrowed cart, the generous friends who supplied him at starting. "We must," says he, "pay something; a little to one, a little to another." The happy couple reason the matter over and over. The piece set aside for the new gown is cut in two; half goes for the horse, half for present use. "We can do no more now," said the wife. To this Baptiste adds, "Amen. But we will pay all next trip." The new shawl, the tea, tobacco, etc., are attended to, and the cronies are not forgotten. After another consultation, Baptiste, with the half piece worth two dollars, the eighth of what he had promised, goes to settle with the owner of the horse, finds him, hangs down his head, is silent for some time, at last looks up with a sorrowful countenance, tells a pitiful story, very different from the one he told his wife. "I have been unfortunate," said he; "I had bad luck; my horse was sick, I broke my cart in the plains. Most of my provisions I lost in crossing a river. After a hard summer's labor, I had scarcely a mouthful left for my family. Brought nothing home; my cart was empty. Ask my comrades; they will confirm the truth of my statement. Here," says he, holding up the half piece, "is all I can give you now; but Baptiste never cheated any body; if you lend me the horse for next trip, I will pay you all honestly." Sympathy for poor Baptiste, and a desire to be paid, have their effect. The lender believes Baptiste, lends him the horse again, and the debt is doubled.

Of their domestic life, I obtained an occasional insight. On a journey through the settlement, some travelers visited one of their cabins, and found father, mother, and child, squatted, gipsy-like, within, there being no table, chair, or stool to render it comfortable. In one corner slept a young woman, having before her bed a couple of pieces of bark to serve as curtains, while on other parts of the floor slept four male travelers. A rain storm came on, and the rain beat through the log walls till we were all nearly ankle deep in water. Plash, plash through this went the child, about four years old, to light her mother's pipe at the chimney. Having returned with the pipe, she began quietly to nurse at her mother's breast; and after a short meal from this source, cried for the pipe, which was filled and lighted for her. After smoking heartily, the child passed the pipe to her father, by whom it was passed to the mother, and from the mother back to the little girl, who still filled up the intervals by nursing. Meanwhile the lady with the bark curtains was supplied with a pipe before she got up and dressed.



BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAP. XXXIII.—MRS. MERDLE'S COMPLAINT.

RESIGNING herself to inevitable fate, by making the best of those people the Miggleses, and submitting her philosophy to the draught upon it, of which she had foreseen the likelihood in her interview with Arthur, Mrs. Gowan handsomely resolved not to oppose her son's marriage. In her progress to, and happy arrival at, this resolution, she was possibly influenced, not only by her maternal affections, but by three politic considerations.

Of these, the first may have been, that her son had never signified the smallest intention to ask her consent, or any mistrust of his ability to dispense with it; the second, that the pension bestowed upon her by a grateful country (and a Barnacle) would be freed from any little filial inroads, when her Henry should be married to the darling only child of a man in very easy circumstances; the third, that Henry's debts must clearly be paid down upon the altar-railing by his father-in-law. When, to these threefold points of prudence, there is added the fact that Mrs. Gowan yielded her consent the moment she knew of Mr. Meagles having yielded his, and that Mr. Meagles's objection to the marriage had been the sole obstacle in its way all along, it becomes the height of probability that the relict of the deceased Commissioner of nothing particular, turned these ideas in her sagacious mind.

Among her connections and acquaintances, however, she maintained her individual dignity, and the dignity of the blood of the Barnacles, by diligently nursing the pretense that it was a most unfortunate business; that she was sadly cut up by it; that this was a perfect fascination under which Henry labored; that she had opposed it for a long time, but what could a mother do; and the like. She had already called Arthur Clennam to bear witness to this fable, as a friend of the Meagles family; and she followed up the move by now impounding the family itself for the same purpose. In the first interview she accorded to Mr. Meagles, she slided herself into the position of disconsolately but gracefully yielding to irresistible pressure. With the utmost politeness and good-breeding she feigned that it was she—not he—who had made the difficulty, and who at length gave way; and that the sacrifice was hers—not his. The same feint, with the same polite dexterity, she foisted on Mrs. Meagles, as a conjuror might have forced a card on that innocent lady; and, when her future daughter-in-law was presented to her by her son, she said, on embracing her, "My dear, what have you done to Henry that has bewitched him so!" at the same time allowing a few tears to carry before them, in little pills, the cosmetic powder on her nose; as a delicate but touching signal that she suffered much inwardly, for the show of composure with which she bore her misfortune.

Among the friends of Mrs. Gowan (who piqued herself at once on being Society, and on maintaining intimate and easy relations with that Power), Mrs. Merdle occupied a front row. True, the Hampton Court Bohemians, without exception, turned up their noses at Merdle as an upstart; but they turned them down again, by falling flat on their faces to worship his wealth. In which compensating adjustment of their noses, they were pretty much like Treasury, Bar, and Bishop, and all the rest of them.

To Mrs. Merdle, Mrs. Gowan repaired on a visit of self-condolence, after having given the gracious consent aforesaid. She drove into town for the purpose, in a one-horse carriage, irreverently called, at that period of English history, a pill-box. It belonged to a job-master in a small way, who drove it himself, and who jobbed it by the day, or hour, to most of the old ladies in Hampton Court Palace; but it was a point of ceremony, in that encampment, that the whole equipage should be tacitly regarded as the private property of the jobber for the time being, and that the job-master should betray personal knowledge of nobody but the jobber in possession. So the Circumlocution Barnacles, who were the largest job-masters in the universe, always pretended to know of no other job but the job immediately in hand.

Mrs. Merdle was at home, and was in her nest of crimson and gold, with the parrot on a neighboring stem watching her with his head on one side, as if he took her for another splendid parrot of a larger species. To whom entered Mrs. Gowan, with her favorite green fan, which softened the light on the spots of bloom.

"My dear soul," said Mrs. Gowan, tapping the back of her friend's hand with this fan, after a little indifferent conversation, "you are my only comfort! That affair of Henry's that I told you of, is to take place. Now, how does it strike you? I am dying to know, because you represent and express Society so well."

Mrs. Merdle reviewed the bosom which Society was accustomed to review; and having ascertained that show-window of Mr. Merdle's and the London jewelers to be in good order, replied:



SOCIETY EXPRESSES ITS VIEWS ON A QUESTION OF MARRIAGE.

"As to marriage on the part of a man, my dear, Society requires that he should retrieve his fortunes by marriage. Society requires that he should gain by marriage. Society requires that he should found a handsome establishment by marriage. Society does not see, otherwise, what he has to do with marriage. Bird, be quiet!"

For the parrot on his cage above them, presiding over the conference as if he were a Judge (and indeed he looked rather like one), had wound up the exposition with a shriek.

"Cases there are," said Mrs. Merdle, delicately crooking the little finger of her favorite hand, and making her remarks neater by that neat action; "cases there are where a man is not young or elegant, and is rich, and has a handsome establishment already. Those are of a different kind. In such cases—"

Mrs. Merdle shrugged her snowy shoulders and put her hand upon the jewel-stand, checking a little cough, as though to add, "why a man looks out for this sort of thing, my dear." Then the parrot shrieked again, and she put up her glass to look at him, and said, "Bird! Do be quiet!"

"But young men," resumed Mrs. Merdle, "and by young men you know what I mean, my love—I mean people's sons who have the world before them—they must place themselves in a better position toward Society by marriage, or Society really will not have any patience with their making fools of themselves. Dreadfully worldly all this sounds," said Mrs. Merdle, leaning back in her nest and putting up her glass again, "does it not?"

"But it is true," said Mrs. Gowan, with a highly moral air.

"My dear, it is not to be disputed for a moment," returned Mrs. Merdle; "because Society has made up its mind on the subject, and there is nothing more to be said. If we were in a more primitive state, if we lived under roofs of leaves, and kept cows and sheep and creatures instead of banker's accounts (which would be delicious; my dear, I am pastoral to a degree, by nature), well and good. But we don't

live under leaves, and keep cows and sheep and creatures. I perfectly exhaust myself sometimes, in pointing out the distinction to Edmund Sparkler."

Mrs. Gowan, looking over her green fan when this young gentleman's name was mentioned, replied as follows:

"My love, you know the wretched state of the country—those unfortunate concessions of John Barnacle's!—and you therefore know the reasons for my being as poor as Thingummy."

"A Church-mouse?" Mrs. Merdle suggested, with a smile.

"I was thinking of the other proverbial Church person—Job," said Mrs. Gowan. "Either will do. It would be idle to disguise, consequently, that there is a wide difference between the position of your son and mine. I may add, too, that Henry has talent—"

"Which Edmund certainly has not," said Mrs. Merdle, with the greatest suavity.

—"and that his talent, combined with disappointment," Mrs. Gowan went on, "has led him into a pursuit which—ah, dear me! *You* know, my dear. Such being Henry's different position, the question is what is the most inferior class of marriage to which I can reconcile myself."

Mrs. Merdle was so much engaged with the contemplation of her arms (beautiful formed arms, and the very thing for bracelets), that she omitted to reply for a while. Roused at length by the silence, she folded the arms, and with admirable presence of mind looked her friend full in the face, and said, interrogatively, "Ye-es? And then?"

"And then, my dear," said Mrs. Gowan, not quite so sweetly as before, "I should be glad to hear what you have to say to it."

Here the parrot, who had been standing on one leg since he screamed last, burst into a fit of laughter, bobbed himself derisively up and down on both legs, and finished by standing on one leg again, and pausing for a reply, with his head as much awry as he could possibly twist it.

"Sounds mercenary to ask what the gentleman is to get with the lady," said Mrs. Merdle; "but Society *is* perhaps a little mercenary you know, my dear."

"From what I can make out," said Mrs. Gowan, "I believe I may say that Henry will be relieved from debt—"

"Much in debt?" asked Mrs. Merdle through her eye-glass.

"Why tolerably, I should think," said Mrs. Gowan.

"Meaning the usual thing; I understand; just so," Mrs. Merdle observed in a comfortable sort of way.

"And that the father will make them an allowance of three hundred a year, or perhaps altogether something more. Which in Italy—"

"Oh! Going to Italy?" said Mrs. Merdle.

"For Henry to study. You need be at no loss to guess why, my dear. That dreadful Art—"

True. Mrs. Merdle hastened to spare the feelings of her afflicted friend. She understood. Say no more!

"And that," said Mrs. Gowan, shaking her despondent head, "that's all. That," repeated Mrs. Gowan, furling her green fan for the moment and tapping her chin with it (it was on the way to being a double chin; might be called a chin and a half at present), "that's all! On the death of the old people, I suppose there will be more to come; but how it may be restricted or locked up, I don't know. And as to that, they may live forever. My dear, they are just the kind of people to do it."

Now Mrs. Merdle, who really knew her friend Society pretty well, and who knew what Society's mothers were, and what Society's daughters were, and what Society's matrimonial market was, and how prices ruled in it, and what scheming and counter-scheming took place for the high buyers, and what bargaining and huckstering went on, thought in the depths of her capacious bosom that this was a sufficiently good catch. Knowing, however, what was expected of her, and perceiving the exact nature of the fiction to be nursed, she took it delicately in her arms, and put her required contribution of gloss upon it.

"And that is all, my dear?" said she, heaving a friendly sigh. "Well, well! The fault is not yours. You have nothing to reproach yourself with. You must exercise the strength of mind for which you are renowned, and make the best of it."

"The girl's family have made," said Mrs. Gowan, "of course, the most strenuous endeavors to—as the lawyers say—to have and to hold Henry."

"Of course they have, my dear," said Mrs. Merdle.

"I have persisted in every possible objection, and have worried myself morning, noon, and night, for means to detach Henry from the connection."

"No doubt you have, my dear," said Mrs. Merdle.

"And all of no use. All has broken down beneath me. Now tell me, my love. Am I justified in at last yielding my most reluctant consent to Henry's marrying among people not in Society; or, have I acted with inexcusable weakness?"

In answer to this direct appeal, Mrs. Merdle assured Mrs. Gowan (speaking as a Priestess of Society) that she was highly to be commended, that she was much to be sympathized with, that she had taken the highest of parts, and had come out of the furnace refined. And Mrs. Gowan, who of course saw through her own threadbare blind perfectly, and who knew that Mrs. Merdle saw through it perfectly, and who knew that Society would see through it perfectly, came out of this form, notwithstanding, as she had gone into it, with immense complacency and gravity.

The conference was held at four or five o'clock in the afternoon, when all the region of Harley Street, Cavendish Square, was resonant of carriage-wheels and double-knocks. It had reached this point when Mr. Merdle came home, from his daily occupation of causing the British name to be more and more respected in all parts of the civilized globe, capable of the appreciation of world-wide commercial enterprise and gigantic combinations of skill and capital. For though nobody knew with the least precision what Mr. Merdle's business was, except that it was to coin money, these were the terms in which every body defined it on all ceremonious occasions, and which it was the last new polite reading of the parable of the camel and the needle's eye to accept without inquiry.

For a gentleman who had this splendid work cut out for him, Mr. Merdle looked a little common, and rather as if, in the course of his vast transactions, he had accidentally made an interchange of heads with some inferior spirit. He presented himself before the two ladies, in the course of a dismal stroll through his mansion, which had no apparent object but escape from the presence of the chief butler.

"I beg your pardon," he said, stopping short in confusion; "I didn't know there was any body here but the parrot."

However, as Mrs. Merdle said, "You can come in!" and as Mrs. Gowan said she was just going, and had already risen to take her leave, he came in, and stood looking out at a distant window, with his hands crossed under his uneasy coat-cuffs, clasping his wrists as if he were taking himself into custody. In this attitude he fell directly into a reverie, from which he was only aroused by his wife's calling to him from her ottoman, when they had been for some quarter of an hour alone.

"Eh? Yes?" said Mr. Merdle, turning toward her. "What is it?"

"What is it?" repeated Mrs. Merdle. "It is, I suppose, that you have not heard a word of my complaint."

"Your complaint, Mrs. Merdle?" said Mr. Merdle. "I didn't know that you were suffering from a complaint. What complaint?"

"A complaint of you," said Mrs. Merdle.

"Oh! A complaint of me," said Mr. Merdle. "What is the—what have I—what may you have to complain of in me, Mrs. Merdle?"

In his withdrawing, abstracted, pondering way, it took him some time to shape this question. As a kind of faint attempt to convince himself that he was the master of the house, he concluded by presenting his forefinger to the parrot, who expressed his opinion on that subject by instantly driving his bill into it.

"You were saying, Mrs. Merdle," said Mr. Merdle, with his wounded finger in his mouth, "that you had a complaint against me?"

"A complaint which I could scarcely show the justice of more emphatically, than by having to repeat it," said Mrs. Merdle. "I might as well have stated it to the wall. I had far better have stated it to the bird. He would at least have screamed."

"You don't want me to scream, Mrs. Merdle, I suppose," said Mr. Merdle, taking a chair.

"Indeed, I don't know," retorted Mrs. Merdle, "but that you had better do that, than be so moody and distraught. One would at least know that you were sensible of what was going on around you."

"A man might scream, and yet not be that, Mrs. Merdle," said Mr. Merdle, heavily.

"And might be dogged, as you are at present, without screaming," returned Mrs. Merdle. "That's very true. If you wish to know the complaint I make against you, it is, in so many plain words, that you really ought not to go into Society, unless you can accommodate yourself to Society."

Mr. Merdle, so twisting his hands into what hair he had upon his head that he seemed to lift himself up by it as he started out of his chair, cried,

"Why, in the name of all the infernal powers, Mrs. Merdle, who does more for Society than I do? Do you see these premises, Mrs. Merdle? Do you see this furniture, Mrs. Merdle? Do you look in the glass and see yourself, Mrs. Merdle? Do you know the cost of all this, and who it's all provided for? And yet will you tell me that I oughtn't to go into Society? I, who shower money upon it in this way? I, who might be almost said—to—to—to harness myself to a watering-cart full of money, and go about, saturating Society, every day of my life?"

"Pray don't be violent, Mr. Merdle," said Mrs. Merdle.

"Violent?" said Mr. Merdle. "You are enough to make me desperate. You don't know half of what I do to accommodate Society. You don't know any thing of the sacrifices I make for it."

"I know," returned Mrs. Merdle, "that you receive the best in the land. I know that you move in the whole Society of the country. And I believe I know (indeed, not to make any ridiculous pretense about it, I know, I know) who sustains you in it, Mr. Merdle."

"Mrs. Merdle," retorted that gentleman, wiping his dull red and yellow face, "I know that as well as you do. If you were not an ornament to Society, and if I was not a benefactor to Society, you and I would never have come together. When I say a benefactor to it, I mean a person who provides it with all sorts of expensive things to eat and drink and look at. But to tell me that I am not fit for it after all I have done for it—after all I have done for it," repeated Mr. Merdle, with a wild emphasis that made his wife lift up her eyelids, "after all—all!—to tell me I have no right to mix with it after all, is a pretty reward."

"I say," answered Mrs. Merdle, composedly, "that you ought to make yourself fit for it by being more *degagé*, and less preoccupied.

There is a positive vulgarity in carrying your business affairs about with you as you do."

"How do I carry them about, Mrs. Merdle?" asked Mr. Merdle.

"How do you carry them about?" said Mrs. Merdle. "Look at yourself in the glass."

Mr. Merdle involuntarily turned his eyes in the direction of the nearest mirror, and asked, with a slow determination of his turbid blood to his temples, whether a man was to be called to account for his digestion?

"You have a physician," said Mrs. Merdle.

"He does me no good," said Mr. Merdle.

Mrs. Merdle changed her ground.

"Besides," said she, "your digestion is nonsense. I don't speak of your digestion. I speak of your manner."

"Mrs. Merdle," returned her husband, "I look to you for that. You supply manner, and I supply money."

"I don't expect you," said Mrs. Merdle, reposing easily among her cushions, "to captivate people. I don't want you to take any trouble upon yourself, or to try to be fascinating. I simply request you to care about nothing—or to seem to care about nothing—as every body else does."

"Do I ever say I care about any thing?" asked Mr. Merdle.

"Say? No! Nobody would attend to you if you did. But you show it."

"Show what? What do I show?" demanded Mr. Merdle, hurriedly.

"I have already told you. You show that you carry your business cares and projects about, instead of leaving them in the city, or wherever else they belong to," said Mrs. Merdle. "Or seeming to. Seeming would be quite enough: I ask no more. Whereas you couldn't be more occupied with your day's calculations and combinations than you habitually show yourself to be, if you were a carpenter."

"A carpenter!" repeated Mr. Merdle, checking something like a groan. "I shouldn't so much mind being a carpenter, Mrs. Merdle."

"And my complaint is," pursued the lady, disregarding the low remark, "that it is not the tone of Society, and that you ought to correct it, Mr. Merdle. If you have any doubt of my judgment, ask even Edmund Sparkler." The door of the room had opened, and Mrs. Merdle now surveyed the head of her son through her glass. "Edmund, we want you here."

Mr. Sparkler, who had merely put in his head and looked round the room without entering (as if he were searching the house for that young lady with no nonsense about her), upon this followed up his head with his body, and stood before them. To whom, in a few easy words adapted to his capacity, Mrs. Merdle stated the question at issue.

The young gentleman, after anxiously feeling his shirt-collar as if it were his pulse and he were hypochondriacal, observed "That he had heard it noticed by fellers."

"Edmund Sparkler has heard it noticed," said Mrs. Merdle, with languid triumph. "Why, no doubt every body has heard it noticed!" Which in truth was no unreasonable inference; seeing that Mr. Sparkler would probably be the last person, in any assemblage of the human species, to receive an impression from any thing that passed in his presence.

"And Edmund Sparkler will tell you, I dare say," said Mrs. Merdle, waving her favorite hand toward her husband, "how he has heard it noticed."

"I couldn't," said Mr. Sparkler, after feeling his pulse as before, "couldn't undertake to say what led to it—'cause memory desperate loose. But being in company with the brother of a doosed fine gal—well educated too—with no biggodd nonsense about her—at the period alluded to—"

"There! Never mind the sister," remarked Mrs. Merdle, a little impatiently. "What did the brother say?"

"Didn't say a word, ma'am," answered Mr. Sparkler. "As silent a feller as myself. Equally hard up for a remark."

"Somebody said something," returned Mrs. Merdle. "Never mind who it was."

("Assure you I don't in the least," said Mr. Sparkler.)

"But tell us what it was."

Mr. Sparkler referred to his pulse again, and put himself through some severe mental discipline before he replied:

"Fellers referring to my Governor—expression not my own—occasionally compliment my Governor in a very handsome way on being immensely rich and knowing—perfect phenomenon of Buyer and Banker and that—but say the Shop sits heavy on him. Say he carries the Shop about, on his back rather—like Jew clothesman with too much business."

"Which," said Mrs. Merdle, rising, with her floating drapery about her, "is exactly my complaint. Edmund, give me your arm up stairs."

Mr. Merdle, left alone to meditate on a better conformation of himself to Society, looked out of nine windows in succession, and appeared to see nine wastes of space. When he had thus entertained himself, he went down stairs, and looked intently at all the carpets on the ground-floor; and then came up stairs again, and looked intently at all the carpets on the first floor, as if they were gloomy depths, in unison with his oppressed soul. Through all the rooms he wandered, as he always did, like the last person on earth who had any business to approach them. Let Mrs. Merdle announce, with all her might, that she was At Home ever so many nights in a season, she could not announce more widely and unmistakably than Mr. Merdle did that he was never at home.

At last he met the chief butler, the sight of which splendid retainer always finished him. Extinguished by this great creature, he sneaked to his dressing-room, and there remained shut

up until he rode out to dinner, with Mrs. Merdle, in her own handsome chariot. At dinner, he was envied and flattered as a being of might, was Treasuried, Barred, and Bishoped, as much as he would; and an hour after midnight came home alone, and being instantly put out again in his own hall, like a rushlight, by the chief butler, went sighing to bed.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—A SHOAL OF BARNACLES.

Mr. Henry Gowan and the dog were established frequenters of the cottage, and the day was fixed for the wedding. There was to be a convocation of Barnacles on the occasion, in order that that very high and very large family might shed as much lustre on the marriage as so dim an event was capable of receiving.

To have got the whole Barnacle family together, would have been impossible for two reasons. Firstly, because no building could have held all the members and connections of that illustrious house. Secondly, because wherever there was a square yard of ground in British occupation, under the sun or moon, with a public post upon it, sticking to that post was a Barnacle. No intrepid navigator could plant a flag-staff upon any spot of earth, and take possession of it in the British name, but to that spot of earth, so soon as the discovery was known, the Circumlocution Office sent out a Barnacle and a dispatch-box. Thus the Barnacles were all over the world, in every direction—dispatch-boxing the compass.

But while the so-potent art of Prospero himself would have failed in summoning the Barnacles from every speck of ocean and dry land on which there was nothing (except mischief) to be done, and any thing to be pocketed, it was perfectly feasible to assemble a good many Barnacles. This, Mrs. Gowan applied herself to do; calling on Mr. Meagles frequently, with new additions to the list, and holding conferences with that gentleman when he was not engaged (as he generally was at this period) in examining and paying the debts of his future son-in-law, in the apartment of the scales and scoop.

One marriage guest there was, in reference to whose presence Mr. Meagles felt a nearer interest and concern than in the attendance of the most elevated Barnacle expected: though he was far from insensible of the honor of having such company. This guest was Clennam. But Clennam had made a promise he held sacred among the trees that summer night, and, in the chivalry of his heart, regarded it as binding him to many implied obligations. In forgetfulness of himself, and delicate service to her on all occasions, he was never to fail; to begin it, he answered Mr. Meagles, cheerfully, "I shall come, of course."

His partner, Daniel Doyce, was something of a stumbling-block in Mr. Meagles's way, the worthy gentleman being not at all clear in his own anxious mind but that the mingling of Daniel with official Barnacleism might produce some explosive combination, even at a marriage breakfast. The national offender, however, lightened him of his uneasiness by coming down to Twickenham to represent that he begged, with the freedom of an old friend, and as a favor to one, that he might not be invited. "For," said he, "as my business with this set of gentlemen was to do a public duty and a public service, and as their business with me was to prevent it by wearing my soul out, I think we had better not eat and drink together with a show of being of one mind." Mr. Meagles was much amused by his friend's oddity; and patronized him with a more protecting air of allowance than usual, when he rejoined: "Well, well, Dan, you shall have your own crotchety way."

To Mr. Henry Gowan, as the time approached, Clennam tried to convey, by all quiet and unpretending means, that he was frankly and disinterestedly desirous of tendering him any friendship he would accept. Mr. Gowan treated him in return with his usual ease, and with his usual show of confidence, which was no confidence at all.

"You see, Clennam," he happened to remark in the course of conversation one day, when they were walking near the cottage within a week of the marriage. "I am a disappointed man. That, you know already."

"Upon my word," said Clennam, a little embarrassed, "I scarcely know how."

"Why," returned Gowan. "I belong to a clan, or a clique, or a family, or a connection, or whatever you like to call it, that might have provided for me in any one of fifty ways, and that took it into its head not to do it at all. So here I am, a poor devil of an artist."

Clennam was beginning, "But on the other hand—" when Gowan took him up.

"Yes, yes, I know. I have the good fortune of being beloved by a beautiful and charming girl whom I love with all my heart."

("Is there much of it?" Clennam thought. And as he thought it, felt ashamed of himself.)

"And of finding a father-in-law who is a capital fellow, and a liberal, good old boy. Still, I had other prospects washed and combed into my childish head when it was washed and combed for me, and I took them to a public school when I washed and combed it for myself, and I am here without them, and thus I am a disappointed man."

Clennam thought (and as he thought it, again felt ashamed of himself), was this notion of being disappointed in life an assertion of station which the bridegroom brought into the family as his property, having already carried it detrimentally into his pursuit? And was it a hopeful or a promising thing any where?

"Not bitterly disappointed, I think," he said, aloud.

"Hang it, no; not bitterly," laughed Gowan. "My people are not worth that—though they are charming fellows, and I have the greatest affection for them. Besides, it's pleasant to show them that I can do without them, and that

they may all go to the Devil. And besides again, most men are disappointed in life, somehow or other, and influenced by their disappointment. But it's a dear good world, and I love it!"

"It lies fair before you now," said Arthur.

"Fair as this summer river," cried the other, with enthusiasm, "and by Jove I glow with admiration of it, and with ardor to run a race in it. It's the best of old worlds! And my calling! The best of old callings, isn't it?"

"Full of interest and ambition, I conceive," said Clennam.

"And imposition," added Gowan, laughing; "we won't leave out the imposition. I hope I may not break down in that; but there, my being a disappointed man may show itself. I may not be able to face it out gravely enough. Between you and me, I think there is some danger of my being just enough soured not to be able to do that."

"To do what?" asked Clennam.

"To keep it up. To help myself in my turn, as the man before me helps himself in his, and pass the bottle of smoke. To keep up the pretense as to labor, and study, and patience, and being devoted to my art, and giving up many solitary days to it, and abandoning many pleasures for it, and living in it, and all the rest of it—in short, to pass the bottle of smoke according to rule."

"But it is well for a man to respect his own vocation, whatever it is; and to think himself bound to uphold it, and to claim for it the respect it deserves; is it not?" Arthur reasoned. "And your vocation, Gowan, may really demand this suit and service. I confess I should have thought that all Art did."

"What a good fellow you are, Clennam!" exclaimed the other, stopping to look at him, as if with irrepressible admiration. "What a capital fellow! *You* have never been disappointed. That's easy to see."

It would have been so cruel if he had meant it, that Clennam firmly resolved to believe he did not mean it. Gowan, without pausing, laid his hand upon his shoulder, and laughingly and lightly went on:

"Clennam, I don't like to dispel your generous visions, and I would give any money (if I had any) to live in such a rose-colored mist. But what I do in my trade, I do to sell. What all we fellows do, we do to sell. If we didn't want to sell it, for the most we can get for it, we shouldn't do it. Being work, it has to be done; but it's easily enough done. All the rest is hocus-pocus. Now here's one of the advantages, or disadvantages, of knowing a disappointed man. You hear the truth."

Whatever he had heard, and whether it deserved that name or another, it sank into Clennam's mind. It so took root there, that he began to fear Henry Gowan would always be a trouble to him, and that so far he had gained little or nothing from the dismissal of Nobody, with all his inconsistencies, anxieties, and contradictions. He found a contest still always going on in his breast, between his promise to keep Gowan in none but good aspects before the mind of Mr. Meagles, and his enforced observation of Gowan in aspects that had no good in them. Nor could he quite support his own conscientious nature against misgivings that he distorted and discolored him, by reminding himself that he never sought these discoveries, and that he would have avoided them with willingness and great relief. For he never could forget what had been; and he knew that he had once disliked Gowan for no better reason than that he had come in his way.

Harassed by these thoughts, he now began to wish the marriage over, Gowan and his young wife gone, and himself left to fulfill his promise, and discharge the generous function he had accepted. This last week was, in truth, an uneasy interval for the whole house. Before Pet, or before Gowan, Mr. Meagles was radiant; but Clennam had more than once found him alone, with his view of the scales and scoop much blurred, and had often seen him look after them, in the garden or elsewhere when he was not seen by them, with the old clouded face on which Gowan had fallen like a shadow. In the arrangement of the house for the great occasion, many little reminders of the old travels of the father and mother and daughter had to be disturbed, and passed from hand to hand; and sometimes, in the midst of these mute witnesses to the life they had had together, even Pet herself would yield to lamenting and weeping. Mrs. Meagles, the blithest and busiest of mothers, went about singing and cheering every body; but she, honest soul, had her flights into store-rooms, where she would cry until her eyes were red, and would then come out, attributing that appearance to pickled onions and pepper, and singing clearer than ever. Mrs. Tickit, finding no balsam for a wounded mind in Buchan's Domestic Medicine, suffered greatly from low spirits, and from moving recollections of Minnie's infancy. When the latter were powerful with her, she usually sent up secret messages importing that she was not in parlor condition as to her attire, and that she solicited a sight of "her child" in the kitchen; there, she would bless her child's face, and bless her child's heart, and hug her child, in a medley of tears and congratulations, chopping-boards, rolling-pins, and pie-crust, with the tenderness of an attached old servant, which is a very pretty tenderness indeed.

But all days come that are to be; and the marriage-day was to be, and it came; and with it came all the Barnacles who were bidden to the feast.

There was Mr. Tite Barnacle, from the Circumlocution Office and Mews Street, Grosvenor Square, with the expensive Mrs. Tite Barnacle *née* Stiltstalking, who made the Quarter Days so long in coming, and the three expensive Miss Tite Barnacles, doubly-loaded with accomplish-

ments and ready to go off, and yet not going off with the sharpness of flash and bang that might have been expected, but rather hanging fire. There was Barnacle Junior, also from the Circumlocution Office, leaving the Tonnage of the country, which he was somehow supposed to take under his protection, to look after itself, and, sooth to say, not at all impairing the efficiency of his protection by leaving it alone. There was the engaging Young Barnacle, deriving from the sprightly side of the family, also from the Circumlocution Office, gayly and agreeably helping the occasion along, and treating it, in his sparkling way, as one of the official forms and fees of the Church Department of How not to do it. There were three other Young Barnacles, from three other offices, insipid to all the senses, and terribly in want of seasoning, doing the marriage as they would have "done" the Nile, old Rome, the new singer, or Jerusalem.

But there was greater game than this. There was Lord Decimus Tite Barnacle himself, in the odor of Circumlocution—with the very smell of Dispatch-Boxes upon him. Yes, there was Lord Decimus Tite Barnacle, who had risen to official heights on the wings of one indignant idea, and that was, My Lords, that I am yet to be told that it behooves a Minister of this free country to set bounds to the philanthropy, to cramp the charity, to fetter the public spirit, to contract the enterprise, to damp the independent self-reliance of its people. That was, in other words, that this great statesman was always yet to be told that it behooved the Pilot of the ship to do any thing but prosper in the private loaf and fish trade ashore, the crew being able, by dint of hard pumping, to keep the ship above water without him. On this sublime discovery, in the great art How not to do it, Lord Decimus had long sustained the highest glory of the Barnacle family; and let any ill-advised member of either House but try How to do it, by bringing in a Bill to do it, that Bill was as good as dead and buried when Lord Decimus Tite Barnacle rose up in his place, and solemnly said, soaring into indignant majesty as the Circumlocution cheering soared around him, that he was yet to be told, My Lords, that it behooved him as the Minister of this free country, to set bounds to the philanthropy, to cramp the charity, to fetter the public spirit, to contract the enterprise, to damp the independent self-reliance of its people. The discovery of this Behooving Machine was the discovery of the political perpetual motion. It never wore out, though it was always going round and round in all the State Departments.

And there, with his noble friend and relative Lord Decimus, was William Barnacle, who had made the ever-famous coalition with Tudor Stiltstalking, and who always kept ready his own particular recipe for How not to do it; sometimes tapping the Speaker, and drawing it fresh out of him, with a "First, I will beg you, Sir, to inform the House what Precedent we have for the course into which the honorable gentleman would precipitate us;" sometimes asking the honorable gentleman to favor him with his own version of the Precedent; sometimes telling the honorable gentleman that he (William Barnacle) would search for a Precedent; and oftentimes crushing the honorable gentleman flat on the spot, by telling him there was no Precedent. But Precedent and Precipitate were, under all circumstances, the well-matched pair of battle-horses of this able Circumlocutionist. No matter that the unhappy honorable gentleman had been trying in vain, for twenty-five years, to precipitate William Barnacle into this—William Barnacle still put it to the House, and (at second-hand or so) to the country, whether he was to be precipitated into this. No matter that it was utterly irreconcilable with the nature of things and course of events, that the wretched honorable gentleman could possibly produce a Precedent for this—William Barnacle would nevertheless thank the honorable gentleman for that ironical cheer, and would close with him upon that issue, and would tell him to his teeth that there was NO Precedent for this. It might perhaps have been objected that the William Barnacle wisdom was not high wisdom, or the earth it bamboozled would never have been made, or, if made in a rash mistake, would have remained blank mad. But Precedent and Precipitate together frightened all objection out of most people.

And there, too, was another Barnacle, a lively one, who had leaped through twenty places in quick succession, and was always in two or three at once, and who was the much respected inventor of an art which he practiced with great success and admiration in all Barnacle Government. This was, when he was asked a Parliamentary question on any one topic, to return an answer on any other. It had done immense service, and brought him into high esteem with the Circumlocution Office.

And there, too, was a sprinkling of less distinguished Parliamentary Barnacles, who had not as yet got any thing snug, and were going through their probation to prove their worthiness. These Barnacles perched upon staircases and hid in passages, waiting their orders to make houses or not to make houses; and they did all their hearing, and ohing, and cheering, and barking, under directions from the heads of the family; and they put dummy motions on the paper in the way of other men's motions, and they stalled disagreeable subjects off until late in the night and late in the session, and then with virtuous patriotism cried out that it was too late; and they went down into the country, whenever they were sent, and swore that Lord Decimus had revived trade from a swoon and commerce from a fit, and had doubled the harvest of corn, quadrupled the harvest of hay, and prevented no end of gold from flying out of the Bank. Also these Barnacles were dealt, by the heads of the family, like so many cards below the court cards, to public meetings and din-

ners; where they bore testimony to all sorts of services on the part of their noble and honorable relatives, and buttered the Barnacles on all sorts of toasts. And they stood, under similar orders, at all sorts of elections; and they turned out of their own seats, on the shortest notice and the most unreasonable terms, to let in other men; and they fetched and carried, and toadied and jobbed, and corrupted, and ate heaps of dirt, and were indefatigable in the public service. And there was not a list, in all the Circumlocution Office, of places that might fall vacant any where within half a century, from a lord of the Treasury to a Chinese consul, and up again to a governor general of India, but, as applicants for such places, the names of some or of every one of these hungry and adhesive Barnacles were down.

It was necessarily but a sprinkling of any class of Barnacles that attended the marriage, for there were not two score in all, and what is that subtracted from Legion! But the sprinkling was a swarm in the Twickenham cottage, and filled it. A Barnacle (assisted by a Barnacle) married the happy pair, and it behooved Lord Decimus Tite Barnacle himself to conduct Mrs. Meagles to breakfast.

The entertainment was not as agreeable and natural as it might have been. Mr. Meagles, hove down by his good company, while he highly appreciated it, was not himself. Mrs. Gowan was herself, and that did not improve him. The fiction that it was not Mr. Meagles who had stood in the way, but that it was the Family greatness, and that the Family greatness had made a concession, and there was now a soothing unanimity, pervaded the affair, though it was never openly expressed. Then the Barnacles felt that they for their parts would have done with the Meagleses when the present patronizing occasion was over; and the Meagleses felt the same for their parts. Then Gowan, asserting his rights as a disappointed man who had his grudge against the family, and who perhaps had allowed his mother to have them there as much in the hope that it might give them some annoyance as with any other benevolent object, aired his pencil and his poverty ostentatiously before them, and told them he hoped in time to settle a crust of bread and cheese on his wife, and that he begged such of them as (more fortunate than himself) came in for any good thing, and could buy a picture, to please to remember the poor painter. Then Lord Decimus, who was a wonder on his own Parliamentary pedestal, turned out to be the windiest creature here: proposing happiness to the bride and bridegroom in a series of platitudes that would have made the hair of any sincere disciple and believer stand on end; and trotting, with the complacency of an idiotic elephant, among howling labyrinths of sentences which he seemed to take for high roads, and never so much as wanted to get out of. Then Mr. Tite Barnacle could not but feel that there was a person in company who would have disturbed his life-long sitting to Sir Thomas Lawrence in full official character, if such disturbance had been possible; while Barnacle Junior did, with indignation, communicate to two vapid young gentlemen, his relatives, that there was a feller here, look here, who had come to our Department without an appointment, and said he wanted to know, you know; and that, look here, if he was to break out now, as he might, you know (for you never could tell what an ungentlemanly Radical of that sort would be up to next), and was to say, look here, that he wanted to know this moment, you know, that would be Jolly; wouldn't it?

The pleasantest part of the occasion, by far, to Clennam, was the painfulest. When Mr. and Mrs. Meagles at last hung about Pet, in the room with the two pictures (where the company were not), before going with her to the threshold which she could never re-cross to be the old Pet and the old delight, nothing could be more natural and simple than the three were. Gowan himself was touched, and answered Mr. Meagles's "Oh, Gowan, take care of her, take care of her!" with an earnest "Don't be so broken-hearted, Sir. By Heaven I will!"

And so, with last sobs and last loving words, and a last look to Clennam of confidence in his promise, Pet fell back in the carriage, and her husband waved his hand, and they were away for Dover. Though not until the faithful Mrs. Tickit, in her silk gown and jet black curls, had rushed out from some hiding-place, and thrown both her shoes after the carriage; an apparition which occasioned great surprise to the distinguished company at the windows.

The said company being now relieved from further attendance, and the chief Barnacles being rather hurried (for they had it in hand just then to send a mail or two, which was in danger of going straight to its destination, beating about the seas like the Flying Dutchman, and to arrange with complexity for the stoppage of a good deal of important business otherwise in peril of being done), went their several ways; with all affability conveying to Mr. and Mrs. Meagles that general assurance that what they had been doing there, they had been doing at a sacrifice for Mr. and Mrs. Meagles's good, which they always conveyed to Mr. John Bull in their official condescension to that most unfortunate creature.

A miserable blank remained in the house, and in the hearts of the father and mother and Clennam. Mr. Meagles called only one remembrance to his aid that really did him good.

"It's very gratifying, Arthur," he said, "after all, to look back upon."

"The past?" said Clennam.

"Yes; but I mean the company."

It had made him much more low and unhappy at the time, but now it really did him good. "It's very gratifying," he said, often repeating the remark in the course of the evening. "Such high company!"

CHAPTER XXXV.—WHAT WAS BEHIND MR. PANCKS ON LITTLE DORRIT'S HAND.

It was at this time that Mr. Pancks, in discharge of his compact with Clennam, revealed to him the whole of his gipsy story, and told him Little Dorrit's fortune. Her father was heir-at-law to a great estate that had long lain unknown of, unclaimed, and accumulating. His right was now clear, nothing interposed in his way, the Marshalsea gates stood open, the Marshalsea walls were down, a few flourishes of his pen and he was extremely rich.

In his tracking out of the claim to its complete establishment Mr. Pancks had shown a sagacity that nothing could baffle, and a patience and secrecy that nothing could tire. "I little thought, Sir," said Pancks, "when you and I crossed Smithfield that night, and I told you what sort of a Collector I was, that this would come of it. I little thought, Sir, when I told you you were not of the Clennams of Cornwall, that I was ever going to tell you who *were* of the Dorrits of Dorsetshire." He then went on to detail, How, having that name recorded in his notebook, he was first attracted by the name alone. How, having often found two exactly similar names, even belonging to the same place, to involve no traceable consanguinity, near or distant, he did not at first give much heed to this; except in the way of speculation as to what a surprising change would be made in the condition of a little seamstress, if she could be shown to have any interest in so large a property. How he rather supposed himself to have pursued the idea into its next degree, because there was something uncommon in the quiet little seamstress which pleased him and provoked his curiosity. How he had felt his way inch by inch, and "Moled it out, Sir" (that was Mr. Pancks's expression), grain by grain. How, in the beginning of the labor described by this new verb, and to render which the more expressive Mr. Pancks shut his eyes in pronouncing it and shook his hair over them, he had alternated from sudden lights and hopes to sudden darkness and no hopes, and back again, and back again. How he had made acquaintances in the Prison, expressly that he might come and go there as all other comers and goers did; and how his first ray of light was unconsciously given him by Mr. Dorrit himself, and by his son: to both of whom he easily became known; with both of whom he talked much, casually ("but always Moling you'll observe," said Mr. Pancks); and from whom he derived, without being at all suspected, two or three little points of family history which, as he began to hold clews of his own, suggested others. How it had at length become plain to Mr. Pancks that he had made a real discovery of the heir-at-law to a great fortune, and that his discovery had but to be ripened to legal fullness and perfection. How he had, thereupon, sworn his landlord, Mr. Rugg, to secrecy in a solemn manner, and taken him into Moling partnership. How they had employed John Chivery as their sole clerk and agent, seeing to whom he was devoted. And how, until the present hour, when authorities mighty in the Bank and learned in the law declared their successful labors ended, they had confided in no other human being.

"So if the whole thing had broken down, Sir," concluded Pancks, "at the very last, say the day before the other day when I showed you our papers in the Prison yard, or say that very day, nobody but ourselves would have been cruelly disappointed, or a penny the worse."

Clennam, who had been almost incessantly shaking hands with him throughout the narrative, was reminded by this to say, in an amazement which even the preparation he had had for the main disclosure scarcely smoothed down, "My dear Mr. Pancks, this must have cost you a great sum of money."

"Pretty well, Sir," said the triumphant Pancks. "No trifle, though we did it as cheap as it could be done. And the outlay was a difficulty, let me tell you."

"A difficulty!" repeated Clennam. "But the difficulties you have so wonderfully conquered in the whole business!" shaking his hand again.

"I'll tell you how I did it," said the delighted Pancks, putting his hair into a condition as elevated as himself. "First, I spent all I had of my own. That wasn't much."

"I am sorry for it," said Clennam; "not that it matters now, though. Then, what did you do?"

"Then," answered Pancks, "I borrowed a sum of my proprietor."

"Of Mr. Casby?" said Clennam. "He's a fine old fellow!"

"Noble old boy; an't he?" said Mr. Pancks, entering on a series of the dryest of snorts. "Generous old buck! Confiding old boy! Philanthropic old buck! Benevolent old boy! Twenty per cent. I engaged to pay him, Sir. But we never do business for less at our shop."

Arthur felt an awkward consciousness of having, in his exultant condition, been a little premature.

"I said to that boiling-over old Christian," Mr. Pancks pursued, appearing greatly to relish this descriptive epithet, "that I had got a little project on hand; a hopeful one; I told him a hopeful one; which wanted a certain small capital. I proposed to him to lend me the money on my note. Which he did, at twenty; sticking the twenty on in a business-like way, and putting it into the note, to look like a part of the principal. If I had broken down after that, I should have been his grubber for the next seven years at half wages and double grind. But he's a perfect Patriarch; and it would do a man good to serve him on such terms—on any terms."

Arthur for his life could not have said with confidence whether Pancks really thought so or not.

"When that was gone, Sir," resumed Pancks, "and it did go, though I dribbled it out like so

much blood, I had taken Mr. Rugg into the secret. I proposed to borrow of Mr. Rugg (or of Miss Rugg; it's the same thing; she made a little money by a speculation in the Common Pleas once). He lent it at ten, and thought that pretty high. But Mr. Rugg's a red-haired man, Sir, and gets his hair cut. And as to the crown of his hat, it's high. And as to the brim of his hat, it's narrow. And there's no more benevolence bubbling out of *him* than out of a ninepin."

"Your own recompense for all this, Mr. Pancks," said Clennam, "ought to be a large one."

"I don't mistrust getting it, Sir," said Pancks. "I have made no bargain. I owed you one on that score; now I have paid it. Money out of pocket made good, time fairly allowed for, and Mr. Rugg's bill settled, a thousand pounds would be a fortune to me. That matter I place in your hands. I authorize you, now, to break all this to the family in any way you think best. Miss Amy Dorrit will be with Mrs. Finching this morning. The sooner done the better. Can't be done too soon."

This conversation took place in Clennam's bedroom, while he was yet in bed. For Mr. Pancks had knocked up the house and made his way in, very early in the morning; and without once sitting down or standing still, had delivered himself of the whole of his details (illustrated with a variety of documents) at the bedside. He now said he would "go and look up Mr. Rugg," from whom his excited state of mind appeared to require another back; and bundling up his papers, and exchanging one more hearty shake of the hand with Clennam, he went at full speed down stairs, and steamed off.

Clennam, of course, resolved to go direct to Mr. Casby's. He dressed and got out so quickly, that he found himself at the corner of the patriarchal street nearly an hour before her time; but he was not sorry to have the opportunity of calming himself with a leisurely walk.

When he returned to the street, and had knocked at the bright brass knocker, he was informed that she had come, and was shown up stairs to Flora's breakfast-room. Little Dorrit was not there herself, but Flora was, and testified the greatest amazement at seeing him.

"Good gracious, Arthur—Doyce and Clennam!" cried that lady, "who would have ever thought of seeing such a sight as this and pray excuse a wrapper for upon my word I really never and a faded cheek too which is worse but our little friend is making me a, not that I need mind mentioning it to you for you must know that there are such things a skirt, and having arranged that a trying on should take place after breakfast is the reason though I wish not so badly starched."

"I ought to make an apology," said Arthur, "for so early and abrupt a visit; but you will excuse it when I tell you the cause."

"In times forever fled Arthur," returned Mrs. Finching, "pray excuse me Doyce and Clennam infinitely more correct and though unquestionably distant still 'tis distance lends enchantment to the view, at least I don't mean that and if I did I suppose it would depend considerably on the nature of the view, but I'm running on again and you put it all out of my head."

She glanced at him tenderly, and resumed:

"In times forever fled I was going to say it would have sounded strange indeed for Arthur Clennam—Doyce and Clennam naturally quite different—to make apologies for coming here at any time, but that is past and what is past can never be recalled except in his own case as poor Mr. F. said when he was in spirits Cucumber and therefore never ate it."

She was making the tea when Arthur came in, and now hastily finished that operation.

"Papa," she said, all mystery and whisper, as she shut down the tea-pot lid, "is sitting prosingly breaking his new-laid egg in the back parlor over the City article exactly like the Woodpecker Tapping and need never know that you are here, and our little friend you are well aware may be fully trusted when she comes down from cutting out on the large table overhead."

Arthur then told her, in the fewest words, that it was their little friend he came to see; and what he had to announce to their little friend. At which astounding intelligence, Flora clasped her hands, fell into a tremble, and shed tears of sympathy and pleasure, like the good-natured creature she really was.

"For gracious sake let me get out of the way first," said Flora, putting her hands to her ears, and moving toward the door, "or I know I shall go off dead and screaming and make every body worse, and the dear little thing only this morning looking so nice and neat and good and yet so poor and now a fortune is she really and deserves it too! and might I mention it to Mr. F.'s Aunt Arthur not Doyce and Clennam for this once or if objectionable not on any account."

Arthur nodded his free permission, since Flora shut out all verbal communication. Flora nodded in return to thank him, and hurried out of the room.

Little Dorrit's step was already on the stairs, and in another moment she was at the door. Do what he would to compose his face, he could not convey so much of an ordinary expression into it but that the moment she saw it she dropped her work, and cried, "Mr. Clennam! What's the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing. That is, no misfortune has happened. I have come to tell you something, but it is a piece of great good-fortune."

"Good-fortune?"

"Wonderful fortune!"

They stood in a window, and her eyes, full of light, were fixed upon his face. He put an arm about her, seeing her likely to sink down. She put a hand upon that arm, partly to rest upon it, and partly so to preserve their relative

positions as that her intent look at him should be shaken by no change of attitude in either of them. Her lips seemed to repeat "Wonderful fortune?" He repeated it again, aloud.

"Dear Little Dorrit! Your father—"

The ice of the pale face broke at the word, and little lights and shoots of expression passed all over it. They were all expressions of pain. Her breath was faint and hurried. Her heart beat fast. He would have clasped the little figure closer, but he saw that the eyes appealed to him not to be moved.

"Your father can be free within this week. He does not know it; we must go to him, from here, to tell him of it. Your father will be free within a few days. Your father will be free within a few hours. Remember we must go to him, from here, to tell him of it!"

That brought her back. Her eyes were closing, but they opened again.

"This is not all the good-fortune. This is not all the wonderful good-fortune, my dear Little Dorrit. Shall I tell you more?"

Her lips shaped "Yes."

"Your father will be no beggar when he is free. He will want for nothing. Shall I tell you more? Remember! He knows nothing of it; we must go to him, from here, to tell him of it!"

She seemed to entreat him for a little time. He held her in his arm, and, after a pause, bent down his ear to listen.

"Did you ask me to go on?"

"Yes."

"He will be a rich man. He is a rich man. A great sum of money is waiting to be paid over to him as his inheritance; you are all henceforth very wealthy. Bravest and best of children, I thank Heaven that you are rewarded!"

As he kissed her she turned her head toward his shoulder, and raised her arm toward his neck; cried out "Father! Father! Father!" and swooned away.

Upon which Flora returned to take care of her, and hovered about her on a sofa, intermingling kind offices and incoherent scraps of conversation in a manner so confounding, that whether she pressed the Marshalsea to take a spoonful of unclaimed dividends, for it would do her good; or whether she congratulated Little Dorrit's father on coming into possession of a hundred thousand smelling-bottles; or whether she explained that she put seventy-five thousand drops of spirits of lavender on fifty thousand pounds of lump sugar, and that she entreated Little Dorrit to take that gentle restorative; or whether she bathed the foreheads of Doyce and Clennam in vinegar, and gave the late Mr. F. more air; no one with any sense of responsibility could have undertaken to decide. A tributary stream of confusion, moreover, poured in from an adjoining bedroom, where Mr. F.'s Aunt appeared, from the sound of her voice, to be in a horizontal posture, awaiting her breakfast; and from which bower that inexorable lady snapped off short taunts, whenever she could get a hearing, as, "Don't believe it's his doing!" and "He needn't take no credit to himself for it!" and "It'll be long enough, I expect, afore he'll give up any of his own money!" all designed to disparage Clennam's share in the discovery, and to relieve those inveterate feelings with which Mr. F.'s Aunt regarded him.

But Little Dorrit's solicitude to get to her father, and to carry the joyful tidings to him, and not to leave him in his jail a moment with this happiness in store for him and still unknown to him, did more for her speedy restoration than all the skill and attention on earth could have done. "Come with me to my dear father. Pray come and tell my dear father!" were the first words she said. Her father, her father. She spoke of nothing but him, thought of nothing but him. Kneeling down and pouring out her thankfulness with uplifted hands, her thanks were for her father.

Flora's tenderness was quite overcome by this, and she launched out among the cups and saucers into a wonderful flow of tears and speech.

"I declare," she sobbed, "I never was so cut up since your mamma and my papa not Doyce and Clennam for this once but give the precious little thing a cup of tea and make her put it to her lips at least pray Arthur do, not even Mr. F.'s last illness for that was of another kind and gout is not a child's affection though very painful for all parties and Mr. F. a martyr with his leg upon a rest and the wine trade in itself inflammatory for they will do it more or less among themselves and who can wonder, it seems like a dream I am sure to think of nothing at all this morning and now Mines of money is it really, but you must you know my darling love because you never will be strong enough to tell him all about it upon tea-spoons, mightn't it be even best to try the directions of my own medical man for though the flavor is any thing but agreeable still I force myself to do it as a prescription and find the benefit, you'd rather not why no my dear I'd rather not but still I do it as a duty, every body will congratulate you some in earnest and some not and many will congratulate you with all their hearts but none more so I do assure you than from the bottom of my own I do myself though sensible of blundering and being stupid, and will be judged by Arthur not Doyce and Clennam for this once so good-by darling and God bless you and may you be very happy and excuse the liberty, vowing that the dress shall never be finished by any body else but shall be laid by for a keepsake just as it is and called Little Dorrit though why that strangest of denominations at any time I never did myself and now I never shall!"

Thus Flora, in taking leave of her favorite. Little Dorrit thanked her, and embraced her, over and over again; and finally came out of the house with Clennam, and took coach for the Marshalsea.

It was a strangely unreal ride through the



THE MARSHALSEA BECOMES AN ORPHAN.

old squalid streets, with a sensation of being raised out of them into an airy world of wealth and grandeur. When Arthur told her that she would soon ride in her own carriage through very different scenes, when all these familiar experiences would have vanished away, she looked frightened. But when he substituted her father for herself, and told her how he would ride in his carriage, and how great and grand he would be, her tears of joy and innocent pride fell fast. Seeing that the happiness her mind could realize was all shining upon him, Arthur kept that single figure before her; and so they rode brightly through the poor streets in the prison neighborhood, to carry him the great news.

When Mr. Chivery, who was on duty, admitted them into the Lodge, he saw something in their faces which filled him with astonishment. He stood looking after them, when they hurried into the prison, as though he perceived that they had come back accompanied by a ghost apiece. Two or three Collegians whom they passed, looked after them too, and presently joining Mr. Chivery, formed a little group on the Lodge steps, in the midst of which there spontaneously originated a whisper that the Father was going to get his discharge. Within a few minutes it was heard in the remotest room in the College.

Little Dorrit opened the door from without, and they both entered. He was sitting in his old gray gown, and his old black cap, in the sunlight by the window, reading his newspaper. His glasses were in his hand, and he had just looked round; surprised at first, no doubt, by her step upon the stairs, not expecting her until night; surprised again, by seeing Arthur Clennam in her company. As they came in, the same unwonted look in both of them which had already caught attention in the yard below, struck him. He did not rise or speak, but laid down his glasses and his newspaper on the table beside him, and looked at them with his mouth a little open, and his lips trembling. When Arthur put out his hand, he touched it, but not with his usual state; and then he turned to his daughter, who had sat down close beside him with her hands upon his shoulder, and looked attentively in her face.

"Father! I have been made so happy this morning!"

"You have been made so happy, my dear?"

"By Mr. Clennam, father. He brought me such joyful and wonderful intelligence about you! If he had not, with his great kindness and gentleness, prepared me for it, father—prepared me for it, father—I think I could not have borne it."

Her agitation was exceedingly great, and the tears rolled down her face. He put his hand suddenly to his heart, and looked at Clennam.

"Compose yourself, Sir," said Clennam, "and take a little time to think. To think of the brightest and most fortunate accidents of life. We have all heard of great surprises of joy. They are not at an end, Sir. They are rare, but not at an end."

"Mr. Clennam? Not at an end? Not at an end for—" He touched himself upon the breast, instead of saying "me."

"No," returned Clennam.

"What surprise," he asked, keeping his left hand over his heart, and there stopping in his speech, while with his right hand he put his glasses exactly level on the table: "what such surprise can be in store for me?"

"Let me answer with another question. Tell me, Mr. Dorrit, what surprise would be the most unlooked for and the most acceptable to you. Do not be afraid to imagine it, or to say what it would be."

He looked steadfastly at Clennam, and, so looking at him, seemed to change into a very old, haggard man. The sun was bright upon the wall beyond the window, and on the spikes at top. He slowly stretched out the hand that had been upon his heart, and pointed at the wall.

"It is down," said Clennam. "Gone!"

He remained in the same attitude, looking steadfastly at him.

"And in its place," said Clennam, slowly and distinctly, "are the means to possess and enjoy the utmost that they have so long shut out. Mr. Dorrit, there is not the smallest doubt that within a few days you will be free, and highly prosperous. I congratulate you with all my soul on this change of fortune, and on the happy future into which you are soon to carry the treasure you have been blessed with here—the best of all the riches you can have elsewhere—the treasure at your side."

With those words he pressed his hand and released it; and his daughter, laying her face against his, encircled him in the hour of his prosperity with her arms, as she had in the long years of his adversity encircled him with her love and toil and truth; and poured out her full heart in gratitude, hope, joy, blissful ecstasy, and all for him.

"I shall see him, as I never saw him yet. I shall see my dear love, with the dark cloud cleared away. I shall see him, as my poor mother saw him long ago. Oh, my dear, my dear! Oh, father, father! Oh, thank God, thank God!"

He yielded himself to her kisses and caresses, but did not return them, except that he put an arm about her. Neither did he say one word. His steadfast look was now divided between her and Clennam, and he began to shake as if he were very cold. Explaining to Little Dorrit that he would run to the coffee-house for a bottle of wine, Arthur fetched it with all the haste he could use. While it was being brought from the cellar to the bar, a number of excited people asked him what had happened; when he hurriedly informed them that Mr. Dorrit had succeeded to a fortune.

On coming back with the wine in his hand, he found that she had placed her father in his easy-chair, and had loosened his shirt and neck-

cloth. They filled a tumbler with wine, and held it to his lips. When he had swallowed a little, he took the glass himself and emptied it. Soon after that, he leaned back in his chair and cried, with his handkerchief before his face.

After this had lasted a while, Clennam thought it a good season for diverting his attention from the main surprise, by relating its details. Slowly, therefore, and in a quiet tone of voice, he explained them as he best could, and enlarged on the nature of Pancks's service.

"He shall be—ha—he shall be handsomely recompensed, Sir," said the father, starting up and moving hurriedly about the room. "Assure yourself, Mr. Clennam, that every body concerned shall be—ha—shall be nobly rewarded. No one, my dear Sir, shall say that he has an unsatisfied claim against me. I shall repay the —hum—the advances I have had from you, Sir, with peculiar pleasure. I beg to be informed, at your early convenience, what advances you have made my son."

He had no purpose in going about the room, but he was not still a moment.

"Every body," he said, "shall be remembered. I will not go away from here in any body's debt. All the people who have been—ha—well behaved toward myself and my family shall be rewarded. Chivery shall be rewarded. Young John shall be rewarded. I particularly wish, and intend, to act munificently, Mr. Clennam."

"Will you allow me," said Arthur, laying his purse on the table, "to supply any present contingencies, Mr. Dorrit? I thought it best to bring a sum of money for the purpose."

"Thank you, Sir, thank you. I accept with readiness, at the present moment, what I could not an hour ago have conscientiously taken. I am obliged to you for the temporary accommodation. Exceedingly temporary, but well timed —well timed." His hand had closed upon the money, and he carried it about with him. "Be so kind, Sir, as to add the amount to those former advances to which I have already referred; being careful, if you please, not to omit advances made to my son. A mere verbal statement of the gross amount is all I shall—ha—all I shall require."

His eye fell upon his daughter at this point, and he stopped for a moment to kiss her, and to pat her head.

"It will be necessary to find a milliner, my love, and to make a speedy and complete change in your very plain dress. Something must be done with Maggy too, who at present is—ha—barely respectable, barely respectable. And your sister, Amy, and your brother. And *my* brother, your uncle—poor soul! I trust this will rouse him—messengers must be dispatched to fetch them. They must be informed of this. We must break it to them cautiously, but they must be informed directly. We owe it as a duty to them, and to ourselves, from this moment, not to let them—hum—not to let them do any thing."

This was the first intimation he had ever given that he was privy to the fact that they did something for a livelihood.

He was still jogging about the room, with the purse clutched in his hand, when a great cheering arose in the yard. "The news has spread already," said Clennam, looking down from the window. "Will you show yourself to them, Mr. Dorrit? They are very earnest, and they evidently wish it."

"I—hum—ha—I confess I could have desired, Amy my dear," he said, jogging about in a more feverish flutter than before, "to have made some change in my dress first, and to have bought a —hum—a watch and chain. But if it must be done as it is, it—ha—it must be done. Fasten the collar of my shirt, my dear. Mr. Clennam, would you oblige me—hum—with a blue neckcloth you will find in that drawer at your elbow. Button my coat across at the chest, my love. It looks—ha—it looks broader, buttoned."

With his trembling hand he pushed his gray hair up, and then, taking Clennam and his daughter for supporters, appeared at the window leaning on an arm of each. The Collegians cheered him very heartily, and he kissed his hand to them with great urbanity and protection. When he withdrew into the room again, he said "Poor creatures!" in a tone of much pity for their miserable condition.

Little Dorrit was deeply anxious that he should lie down to compose himself. On Arthur's speaking to her of his going to inform Pancks that he might now appear as soon as he would, and pursue the joyful business to its close, she entreated him in a whisper to stay with her, until her father should be quite calm and at rest. He needed no second entreaty; and she prepared her father's bed, and begged him to lie down. For another half hour or more he would be persuaded to do nothing but go about the room, discussing with himself the probabilities for and against the Marshal's allowing the whole of the prisoners to go to the windows of the official residence which commanded the street, to see himself and family depart forever in a carriage—which, he said, he thought would be a Sight for them. But, gradually, he began to droop and tire, and at last stretched himself upon the bed.

She took her faithful place beside him, fanning him and cooling his forehead; and he seemed to be falling asleep (always with the money in his hand), when he unexpectedly sat up and said,

"Mr. Clennam, I beg your pardon. Am I to understand, my dear Sir, that I could—ha —could pass through the Lodge at this moment, and—hum—take a walk?"

"I think not, Mr. Dorrit," was the unwilling reply. "There are certain forms to be completed; and although your detention here is now in itself a form, I fear that it is one that for a little longer has to be observed too."

At this he shed tears again.

"It is but a few hours, Sir," Clennam cheerfully urged upon him.

"A few hours, Sir," he returned, in a sudden passion. "You talk very easily of hours, Sir! How long do you suppose, Sir, that an hour is to a man who is choking for want of air?"

It was his last demonstration for that time; as, after shedding some more tears and querulously complaining that he couldn't breathe, he slowly fell into a slumber. Clennam had abundant occupation for his thoughts, as he sat in the quiet room watching the father on his bed, and the daughter fanning his face.

Little Dorrit had been thinking too. After softly putting his gray hair aside, and touching his forehead with her lips, she looked toward Arthur, who came nearer to her, and pursued in a low whisper the subject of her thoughts.

"Mr. Clennam, will he pay all his debts before he leaves here?"

"No doubt. All."

"All the debts for which he has been imprisoned here, all my life and longer?"

"No doubt."

There was something of uncertainty and remonstrance in her look; something that was not all satisfaction. He wondered to detect it, and said,

"You are glad that he should do so?"

"Are you?" asked Little Dorrit, wistfully.

"Am I? Most heartily glad!"

"Then I know I ought to be."

"And are you not?"

"It seems to me hard," said Little Dorrit, "that he should have lost so many years and suffered so much, and at last pay all the debts as well. It seems to me hard that he should pay in life and money both."

"My dear child—" Clennam was beginning.

"Yes, I know I am wrong," she pleaded timidly; "don't think any worse of me; it has grown up with me here."

The prison, which could spoil so many things, had tainted Little Dorrit's mind no more than this. Engendered as the confusion was, in compassion for the poor prisoner, her father, it was the first speck Clennam had ever seen, it was the last speck Clennam ever saw of the prison atmosphere upon her.

He thought this, and forbore to say another word. With the thought, her purity and goodness came before him in their brightest light. The little spot made them the more beautiful.

Worn out with her own emotions, and yielding to the silence of the room, her hand slowly slackened and failed in its fanning movement, and her head dropped down on the pillow at her father's side. Clennam rose softly, opened and closed the door without a sound, and passed from the prison, carrying the quiet with him into the turbulent streets.

CHAP. XXXVI.—THE MARSHALSEA BECOMES AN ORPHAN.

And now the day arrived when Mr. Dorrit and his family were to leave the prison forever, and the stones of its much-trodden pavement were to know them no more.

The interval had been short, but he had greatly complained of its length, and had been imperious with Mr. Rugg touching the delay. He had been high with Mr. Rugg, and had threatened to employ some one else. He had requested Mr. Rugg not to presume upon the place in which he found him, but to do his duty, Sir, and to do it with promptitude. He had told Mr. Rugg that he knew what lawyers and agents were, and that he would not submit to imposition. On that gentleman's humbly representing that he exerted himself to the utmost, Miss Fanny was very short with him; desiring to know what less he could do, when he had been told a dozen times that money was no object, and expressing her suspicion that he forgot whom he talked to.

Toward the Marshal, who was a Marshal of many years' standing, and with whom he had never had any previous difference, Mr. Dorrit comported himself with severity. That officer, on personally tendering his congratulations, offered the free use of two rooms in his house for Mr. Dorrit's occupation until his departure. Mr. Dorrit thanked him at the moment, and replied that he would think of it; but the Marshal was no sooner gone than he sat down and wrote him a cutting note, in which he remarked that he had never on any former occasion had the honor of receiving his congratulations (which was true, though indeed there had not been any thing particular to congratulate him upon), and that he begged, on behalf of himself and family, to repudiate the Marshal's offer, with all those thanks which its disinterested character and its perfect independence of all worldly considerations demanded.

Although his brother showed so dim a glimmering of interest in their altered fortunes, that it was very doubtful whether he understood them, Mr. Dorrit caused him to be measured for new raiment by the hosiers, tailors, hatters, and bootmakers whom he called in for himself; and ordered that his old clothes should be taken from him and burned. Miss Fanny and Mr. Tip required no direction in making an appearance of great fashion and elegance; and the three passed this interval together at the best hotel in the neighborhood—though truly, as Miss Fanny said, the best was very indifferent. In connection with that establishment, Mr. Tip hired a cabriolet, horse, and groom, a very neat turn-out, which was usually to be observed, for two or three hours at a time, gracing the Borough High Street, outside the Marshalsea courtyard. A modest little hired chariot and pair was also frequently to be seen there; in alighting from and entering which vehicle, Miss Fanny fluttered the Marshal's daughters by the display of inaccessible bonnets.

A great deal of business was transacted in this short period. Among other items, Messrs. Peddle and Pool, solicitors, of Monument Yard, were instructed by their client, Edward Dorrit,

Esquire, to address a letter to Mr. Arthur Clennam, inclosing the sum of forty-four pounds nine shillings and eightpence, being the amount of principal and interest computed at the rate of five per cent. per annum, in which their client believed himself to be indebted to Mr. Clennam. In making this communication and remittance, Messrs. Peddle and Pool were further instructed by their client to remind Mr. Clennam, that the favor of the advance now repaid had not been asked of him, and to inform him that it would not have been accepted if it had been openly proffered in his name. With which they requested a stamped receipt, and remained his obedient servants. A great deal of business had likewise to be done, within the so-soon-to-be-orphaned Marshalsea, by Mr. Dorrit so long its Father, chiefly arising out of applications made to him by Collegians for small sums of money. To these he responded with the greatest liberality, and with no lack of formality; always first writing to appoint a time at which the applicant might wait upon him in his room, and then receiving him in the midst of a vast accumulation of documents, and accompanying his donation (for he said in every such case, "it is a donation, not a loan") with a great deal of good counsel: to the effect that he, the expiring Father of the Marshalsea, hoped to be long remembered, as an example that a man might preserve his own and the general respect even there.

The Collegians were not envious. Besides that they had a personal and traditional regard for a Collegian of so many years standing, the event was creditable to the College, and made it famous in the newspapers. Perhaps more of them thought, too, than were quite aware of it, that the thing might in the lottery of chances have happened to themselves, or that something of the sort might yet happen to themselves, some day or other. They took it very well. A few were low at the thought of being left behind, and being left poor; but even these did not grudge the family their brilliant reverse. There might have been much more envy in politer places. It seems probable that mediocrity of fortune would have been disposed to be less magnanimous than the Collegians, who lived from hand to mouth—from the pawnbroker's hand to the day's dinner.

They got up an address to him, which they presented in a neat frame and glass (though it was not afterward displayed in the family mansion or preserved among the family papers); and to which he returned a gracious answer. In that document he assured them, in a Royal manner, that he received the profession of their attachment with a full conviction of its sincerity; and again generally exhorted them to follow his example—which, at least in so far as coming into a great property was concerned, there is no doubt they would have gladly imitated. He took the same occasion of inviting them to a comprehensive entertainment, to be given to the whole College in the yard, and at which he signified he would have the honor of taking a parting glass to the health and happiness of all those whom he was about to leave behind.

He did not in person dine at this public repast (it took place at two in the afternoon, and his dinners now came in from the hotel at six), but his son was so good as to take the head of the principal table, and to be very free and engaging. He himself went about among the company, and took notice of individuals, and saw that the viands were of the quality he had ordered, and that all were served. On the whole, he was like a baron of the olden time, in a rare good-humor. At the conclusion of the repast, he pledged his guests in a bumper of old Madeira; and told them that he hoped they had enjoyed themselves, and what was more, that they would enjoy themselves for the rest of the evening; that he wished them well; and that he bade them welcome. His health being drunk with acclamations, he was not so baronial after all but that in trying to return thanks, he broke down, in the manner of a mere serf with a heart in his breast, and wept before them all. After this great success, which he supposed to be a failure, he gave them "Mr. Chivery and his brother officers;" whom he had beforehand presented with ten pounds each, and who were all in attendance. Mr. Chivery spoke to the toast, saying, What you undertake to lock up, lock up; but remember that you are, in the words of the fettered African, a man and a brother ever. The list of toasts disposed of, Mr. Dorrit urbanely went through the motions of playing a game at skittles with the Collegian who was the next oldest inhabitant to himself; and left the tenantry to their diversions.

But all these occurrences preceded the final day. And now the day arrived when he and his family were to leave the prison forever, and when the stones of its much-trodden pavement were to know them no more.

Noon was the hour appointed for the departure. As it approached, there was not a Collegian within doors, nor a turnkey absent. The latter class of gentlemen appeared in their Sunday clothes, and the greater part of the Collegians were brightened up as much as circumstances allowed. Two or three flags were even displayed, and the children put on odds and ends of ribbon. Mr. Dorrit himself, at this trying time, preserved a serious but graceful dignity. Much of his attention was given to his brother, as to whose bearing on the great occasion he felt anxious.

"My dear Frederick," said he, "if you will give me your arm, we will pass among our friends together. I think it is right that we should go out arm in arm, my dear Frederick."

"Ha!" said Frederick. "Yes, yes, yes, yes."

"And if, my dear Frederick—if you could, without putting any great constraint upon yourself, throw a little (pray excuse me, Frederick), a little polish into your usual demeanor—"

"William, William," said the other, shaking his head, "it's for you to do all that. I don't know how. All forgotten, forgotten!"

"But my dear fellow," returned William, "for that very reason, if for no other, you must positively try to rouse yourself. What you have forgotten you must now begin to recall, my dear Frederick. Your position—"

"Eh?" said Frederick.

"Your position, my dear William."

"Mine?" He looked first at his own figure, and then at his brother's, and then, drawing a long breath, cried, "Ha, to be sure! Yes, yes, yes."

"Your position, my dear Frederick, is now a fine one. Your position as my brother is a very fine one. And I know that it belongs to your conscientious nature to try to become worthy of it, my dear Frederick, and to try to adorn it. To be no discredit to it, but to adorn it."

"William," said the other weakly, and with a sigh, "I will do any thing you wish, my brother, provided it lies in my power. Pray be so kind as to recollect what a limited power mine is. What would you wish me to do to-day, brother? Say what it is, only say what it is."

"My dearest Frederick, nothing. It is not worth troubling so good a heart as yours with."

"Pray trouble it," returned the other. "It finds it no trouble, William, to do any thing it can for you."

William passed his hand across his eyes, and murmured with august satisfaction, "Blessings on your attachment, my poor dear fellow!" Then he said aloud, "Well, my dear William, if you will only try, as we walk out, to show that you are alive to the occasion—that you think about it—"

"What would you advise me to think about it?" returned his submissive brother.

"Oh! my dear Frederick, how can I answer you? I can only say what, in leaving these good people, I think myself."

"That's it!" cried his brother. "That will help me."

"I find that I think, my dear Frederick, and with mixed emotions in which a softened compassion predominates, What will they do without me!"

"True," returned his brother. "Yes, yes, yes, yes. I'll think that as we go. What will they do without my brother! Poor things! What will they do without him!"

Twelve o'clock having just struck, and the carriage being reported ready in the outer court-yard, the brothers proceeded down stairs arm in arm. Edward Dorrit, Esquire (once Tip), and his sister Fanny followed, also arm in arm; Mr. Plornish and Maggy, to whom had been intrusted the removal of such of the family effects as were considered worth removing, followed, bearing bundles and burdens to be packed in a cart.

In the yard, were the Collegians and turnkeys. In the yard, were Mr. Pancks and Mr. Rugg, come to see the last touch given to their work. In the yard, was Young John making a new epitaph for himself, on the occasion of his dying of a broken heart. In the yard, was the Patriarchal Casby, looking so tremendously benevolent that many enthusiastic Collegians grasped him fervently by the hand, and the wives and female relatives of many more Collegians kissed his hand, nothing doubting that he had done it all. In the yard, was the usual chorus of people proper to such a place. In the yard, was the man with the shadowy grievance respecting the Fund which the Marshal embezzled, who had got up at five in the morning to complete the copying of a perfectly unintelligible history of that transaction, which he had committed to Mr. Dorrit's care as a document of the last importance, calculated to stun the Government and effect the Marshal's downfall. In the yard, was the insolvent whose utmost energies were always set on getting into debt, who broke into prison with as much pains as other men have broken out of it, and who was always being cleared and complimented; while the insolvent at his elbow—a mere little, sniveling, striving tradesman, half dead of anxious efforts to keep out of debt—found it a hard matter indeed to get a Commissioner to release him with much reproof and reproach. In the yard, was the man of many children and many burdens, whose failure astonished every body; in the yard, was the man of no children and large resources, whose failure astonished nobody. There, were the people who were always going out to-morrow, and always putting it off; there, were the people who had come in yesterday, and who were much more jealous and resentful of this freak of fortune than the seasoned birds. There, were some who, in pure meanness of spirit, cringed and bowed before the enriched Collegian and his family; there, were others who did so really because their eyes, accustomed to the gloom of their imprisonment and poverty, could not support the light of such bright sunshine. There, were many whose shillings had gone into his pocket to buy him meat and drink; but none who were now obtrusively Hail fellow well met! with him, on the strength of that assistance. It was rather to be remarked of the caged birds, that they were a little shy of the bird about to be so grandly free, and that they had a tendency to withdraw themselves toward the bars, and seem a little fluttered as he passed.

Through these spectators, the little procession, headed by the two brothers, moved slowly to the gate. Mr. Dorrit, yielding to the vast speculation how the poor creatures were to get on without him, was great, and sad, but not absorbed. He patted children on the head like Sir Roger de Coverley going to church, he spoke to people in the background by their Christian names, he condescended to all present, and seemed for their consolation to walk encircled by the legend in golden characters, "Be comforted, my people! Bear it!"

At last three honest cheers announced that he had passed the gate, and that the Marshalsea was an orphan. Before they had ceased to ring in the echoes of the prison walls, the family had got into their carriage, and the attendant had the steps in his hand.

Then, and not before, "Good gracious!" cried Miss Fanny all at once, "Where's Amy?"

Her father had thought she was with her sister. Her sister thought she was "somewhere or other." They had all trusted to finding her, as they had always done, quietly in the right place at the right moment. This going away was perhaps the very first action of their joint lives that they had got through without her.

A minute might have been consumed in the ascertaining of these points, when Miss Fanny, who, from her seat in the carriage, commanded the long narrow passage leading to the Lodge, flushed indignantly.

"Now I do say, Pa," cried she, "that this is disgraceful!"

"What is disgraceful, Fanny?"

"I do say," she repeated, "this is perfectly infamous! Really almost enough, even at such a time as this, to make one wish one was dead! Here is that child Amy, in her ugly old shabby dress, which she was so obstinate about, Pa, which I over and over again begged and prayed her to change, and which she over and over again objected to, and promised to change today, saying she wished to wear it as long as ever she remained in there with you—which was absolute romantic nonsense of the lowest kind—here is that child Amy disgracing us, to the last moment and at the last moment, by being carried out in that dress after all. And by that Mr. Clennam too!"

The offense was proved, as she delivered the indictment. Clennam appeared at the carriage-door, bearing the little insensible figure in his arms.

"She has been forgotten," he said, in a tone of pity not free from reproach. "I ran up to her room (which Mr. Chivery showed me), and found the door open, and that she had fainted on the floor, dear child. She appeared to have gone to change her dress, and to have sunk down overpowered. It may have been the cheering, or it may have happened sooner. Take care of this poor, cold hand, Miss Dorrit. Don't let it fall."

"Thank you, Sir," returned Miss Dorrit, bursting into tears. "I believe I know what to do, if you'll give me leave. Dear Amy, open your eyes; that's a love! Oh, Amy, Amy, I really am so vexed and ashamed! Do rouse yourself, darling! Oh, why are they not driving on! Pray, Pa, do drive on!"

The attendant, getting between Clennam and the carriage-door, with a sharp "By your leave, Sir!" bundled up the steps, and they drove away.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE regular session of Congress closed on the 18th of August. A bill has been passed increasing the pay of Members of Congress. Instead of $8 a day they are to receive $6000 for the entire Congress, with deductions in case of voluntary absence; the mileage remaining as before. The appropriation for this purpose at this session is raised by this bill from $473,920 to $1,247,420. —A bill was passed appropriating $40,000 to purchase and refit the ship *Resolute*. This vessel, belonging to the Arctic Expedition, was abandoned in 1854, and was found at sea a year afterward by the *George Henry*, a New London whaler. The ship is to be refitted and presented to the British Government, in token of the deep interest felt by the United States in the service in which the ship was engaged till the time she was abandoned.—The bill making appropriations for carrying the mails by ocean steamers provides that notice shall be given of the termination of the increased allowance to the Collins line for carrying the mail between New York and Liverpool.—The Civil Appropriation Bills were passed, the House by a majority of five receding from its proviso, that none of the money should be appropriated for the prosecution of persons charged with treason and other political offenses.—The Senate refused to concur in the House proviso attached to the Army Bill. This proviso, in its final shape, was as follows:

"*Provided, nevertheless, and it is hereby declared*, That no part of the military force of the United States, for the support of which appropriations are made by this act, shall be employed in aid of the enforcement of any enactment of the body claiming to be the Territorial Legislature of Kansas, until such enactment shall have been affirmed and approved by Congress; but this proviso shall not be so construed as to prevent the President from employing an adequate military force, but it shall be his duty to employ such force to prevent the invasion of said Territory by armed bands of non-residents, or any other body of non-residents acting, or claiming to act, as a *posse comitatus* of any officer in said Territory, in the enforcement of any such enactments, and to protect the persons and property therein, and upon the national highways leading to said Territory, from all unlawful searches and seizures; and it shall be his further duty to take efficient measures to compel the return of, and to withhold all arms of the United States distributed in, or to, said Territory, in pursuance of any law of the United States authorizing the distribution of arms to the States and Territories."

The House refusing to recede, the bill was lost, and Congress adjourned without making any provision for the support of the army. The President immediately issued a Proclamation calling an extra session, to convene on the 21st of August. In his Message he stated that unless provision was made for its support the army must be in effect disbanded, and the armories must cease operations. The greater part of the army was stationed at remote places, and it would be unjust to disband them there without the means of regaining their homes. The Indians were also in arms in Washington and Oregon Territories, and had manifested hostile designs upon the Western plains. Troops were required to keep them in check in New Mexico; and the hostile Indians were not yet removed from Florida. To refuse supplies to the army would invite the hostile savages to spread devastation along a frontier of more than four thousand

miles, and would deliver a sparse population up to rapine and murder; would inflict wrong upon persons connected with the military establishments; would involve the waste of millions of public treasure, and discredit the country in the eyes of the civilized world. For some days it seemed probable that the House, by a small majority, would adhere to the proviso, while the Senate, by a decided majority, refused to accept it. On the 30th, the Committee of Ways and Means reported the bill, with the proviso altered so as to read: "That no part of the military force of the United States, for the support of which appropriations are made by this Act, shall be employed in aid of the enforcement of any enactment heretofore passed in the bodies claiming to be the Territorial Legislature of Kansas." The Senate, by a vote of 35 to 7, passed the bill, with an amendment striking out the proviso. The House thereupon, by a vote of 101 to 98, concurred; the bill was passed, and immediately received the signature of the President. Of the votes in favor of striking out, 80 were from the Slave States, and 21 from the Free States; those against striking out were all from the Free States. Immediately after passing the bill, Congress adjourned.—The appropriations made at this session of Congress amount to $63,604,023, exclusive of the lands granted for railways. The following are the principal items:

Compensation of Members of Congress	$1,247,460
Contingent Expenses of Congress	592,643
Employées of Senate and House	147,130
Salaries and Expenses of Departments	1,739,265
United States Courts	967,450
Foreign Intercourse	936,862
Post-office Deficiency	2,250,000
Compensation of Postmasters and Clerks	3,479,300
General Mail Transportation	6,140,000
Ocean Steamer Mail Service	2,113,500
Mail Transportation for Congress and Departments	700,000
Public Buildings at Washington	1,300,000
Pensions	1,458,947
Indian Annuities	1,285,276
Collecting the Revenue	2,450,000
Repayment of Duties, Drawbacks, etc	1,550,000
Light-House Establishment	1,300,959
Support of the Navy	13,524,505
Support of the Army	15,047,493

Mr. Marcy has replied to the proposal that the United States should accede to the new maritime code recommended by the late Congress at Paris. This Government, he says, approves of the articles relating to the rights of neutrals and the one making an effective force necessary to render a blockade valid. But the whole code is submitted collectively for adoption, and the United States can not accept the article abolishing privateering as it now stands. This would enure wholly to the advantage of powers possessing a large naval force, who might employ a part of it in holding in check the fleet of a weaker power, leaving the remainder at liberty to prey upon the commerce of the enemy. The policy of the United States has been to maintain a small fleet, relying in case of war upon arming the mercantile navy; and they can consent to no change in international law which shall make it necessary for them to maintain a large navy to protect their commerce. This necessity may be obviated by putting private property upon the ocean on the same footing as upon land. He therefore proposes that to the article abolishing privateering be added the words, "And that the private property of the subjects or citizens of a belligerent on the high seas shall be exempted from seizure by public armed vessels of the other belligerent, except it be contraband." Thus amended, he says, the United States will adopt it, together with the other three principles contained in the declaration.

The August elections in several States have resulted as follows: In *Missouri*, Mr. Polk, Democrat, is elected Governor, by a decided majority over Ewing, American, although a large number of Democratic votes were cast for Mr. Benton. The regular Democratic State ticket was chosen, with the possible exception of the Lieutenant-Governor, which is still in doubt. The Members of Congress chosen are four Democrats, two Americans, and one Free Soil Democrat. It is announced that the "Benton party" will not nominate a separate electoral ticket. In *North Carolina*, the Democratic Governor has succeeded by an increased majority. In *Arkansas*, the same party has succeeded, electing Governor and Members of Congress. In *Kentucky* and *Texas*, the election was for local officers; the result is apparently favorable for the Democrats. In all these States the contest was between the Democratic and the American parties. In *Iowa*, the Republicans have a decided majority, electing their State ticket and both Members of Congress. In *Vermont*, the Republicans have succeeded by a very large majority, electing State officers and Members of Congress.

In *Kansas* fresh disturbances have broken out. The reports published are so conflicting and exaggerated that it is at present impossible to arrive at any definite idea of the existing state of affairs. Companies of emigrants from the Free States have been prevented from entering the Territory by way of Missouri, and many of these have effected an entrance by way of Iowa. The pro-slavery party had established several strong forts, from which, as their opponents alleged, they had committed depredations upon the anti-slavery men, who at last determined to dislodge them. Franklin and Titus's Fort were attacked and taken, with considerable loss on both sides, the assailants suffering most. A considerable quantity of arms were captured, some of which had been taken from the Free State men. Nineteen prisoners were marched to Lawrence, where, by an arrangement with Governor Shannon, they were exchanged for five prisoners in the hands of the pro-slavery men, and a cannon taken at Lawrence in May. These proceedings caused an intense excitement in the adjacent parts of Missouri, and men are gathering to oppose the Free State companies. There are abundant and conflicting accounts of outrages and murders on both sides, many of which are evidently gross exaggerations. The Acting Governor, Mr. Woodson, had proclaimed the Territory in a state of insurrection.—A deputation from the "National Kansas Committee" had an interview with the President on the 30th August. He assured them that the whole power of the General Government would be exerted to repel any invasion of the Territory, from any quarter; and that the civil power of the Territory must be maintained. The General Government, he said, had no power to protect emigrants *en route* through any State; this being the duty of the respective States. The military can act only by martial law, or as a *posse comitatus* to aid the civil power; the possession of arms was of itself no evidence of invasion or insurrection, as all citizens have the right to bear arms. No change in the general policy of the administration was contemplated in respect to

Kansas. On the same day an action took place at Osawatomie between the Free State and Slave State forces, in which the former were worsted. The town of Leavenworth was then attacked, and the Free State men driven out. Intelligence of the state of affairs having reached Washington, an order was dispatched on the 2d of September to Governor Geary, directing him to have the militia of the Territory completely enrolled and organized, in order that they may, at the requisition of the military commander, be brought into the service of the United States, at short notice. General Smith has also been ordered to make such requisitions of the Territorial militia as may be necessary to suppress insurrection and sustain the civil authorities, and in case of necessity he is to call for forces from the militia of Kentucky and Illinois. He is directed to employ all the means at his disposal to restore the supremacy of the law, endeavoring, as far as may be, to avoid unnecessary effusion of blood.

From *California* our accounts are to August 5. The Vigilance Committee maintain their position, and there seems no present likelihood of their resigning or being forced to abandon it. They have put forth an elaborate report in relation to official corruption in almost every department of the government of San Francisco. They assert that gross abuses and frauds have been perpetrated in the financial departments; that official duties have been negligently performed; that exorbitant illegal fees have been exacted; that the courts and prosecuting officers have been unfaithful to their trusts; and that notorious criminals have been unlawfully set at liberty to prey upon the community. They recommend that the system of official fees be abolished; that all public officers be paid a stated and moderate salary; that there be a registry of voters; and that the ballot boxes be properly guarded, and protected from fraud.—Two more executions took place on the 28th of July. Philander Brace, a native of Onondaga County, New York, was executed for a murder committed in 1854; and Joseph Hetherington, an English gambler, for the murder of Doctor A. Randal, four days before the execution.—A man named Bulger, who had been banished by the Committee, returned, and was arrested. The penalty for returning is death, but it appeared that by some accident the sentence was not formally read to him previous to his deportation; under the circumstances the Committee decided not to carry the sentence into execution. But notice is given that, if any one whose sentence has been read to him returns, the penalty will be executed.—Destructive fires have occurred in several places. Some of the reported losses are as follows: At Placerville, $600,000; at Georgetown, $100,000; at Fair Play, $70,000; at Marysville, $160,000. An attempt was made, on the 4th of August, to burn San Francisco. A collection of rags, saturated with camphene, was set fire to in the upper story of an Express building in the heart of the city. The fire was discovered before any special damage was done. Similar attempts are mentioned in other places.—Mining operations are represented as unusually successful, and the crops are very promising.

From *Oregon* it is announced that the war on the Rogue River has been brought to an end. There are rumors that Indian outrages have broken out in other quarters, especially in the north.——From *Utah* we learn that the prospects of the crops are decidedly unfavorable. The season has been very dry; worms have committed great devastations upon the corn and potatoes; and the grasshoppers have done great injury in some sections. The *Deseret News* cautions emigrants not to rely upon Utah for subsistence, but to bring supplies of provisions sufficient to last at least until August, 1857.

Severe storms, during the month of August, have occasioned much damage in various parts of the country and along the coast. In the neighborhoods of Albany and Poughkeepsie bridges and crops were swept away, and considerable injury done to the railroads. The famous "Charter Oak" in Hartford has been blown down and destroyed. In the vicinity of New Orleans the storm was most disastrous. At Last Island, a place of summer resort on the Gulf of Mexico, the waters were driven completely over the low sandy islet, sweeping away every house, and overwhelming the inmates. Three hundred persons are stated to have been drowned on and near the island. The dead bodies were barbarously plundered by gangs of villains who reside in the neighborhood. The steamer *Nautilus* was capsized in the gale, and nearly all the passengers and crew, numbering more than forty, were lost.

The American Association for the Advancement of Science held its tenth annual meeting at Albany, commencing August 20. The session lasted more than a week, and was attended by some hundreds of the leading savans of the country. A large number of valuable papers were read. Among these were: A discussion of La Place's nebular theory, by Professor Pierce, who also demonstrated the fluid condition of the rings of Saturn;—a description, by Professor Mitchell, of new methods of observation by which the time of the occultation of a star may be determined to within eighteen thousandths of a second;—a computation, by Professor Alexander, of the magnitude and form of the lost planet between Mars and Jupiter, of which he supposed the asteroids to be fragments; its equatorial diameter was given as about ten times that of the earth, but it was very much flattened at the poles;—Professor Leconte read a paper on the Gulf Stream, showing that the peninsula and keys of Florida were owing in part to the sediment deposited by the Gulf Stream, and were it not for the island of Cuba, the extension of Florida might go on indefinitely; but as the passage for this current is narrowed, its velocity is increased, so that there will be a limit to the deposits made, and consequently to the extension of the land;—Professor Guyot described the Appalachian chain, and showed that several peaks of the Black Mountains of North Carolina were higher than Mount Washington; Black Dome, in that State, being 6760 feet above the sea, is the loftiest point east of the Mississippi. Professor Henry gave an account of some researches on the nature of sound, as applied to public buildings. Parallel walls produce constant reverberation, and are injurious; the dome of the Representative Chamber at Washington produces a confusion of sound. The Lecture-room of the Smithsonian Institute has been constructed in accordance with the principles developed by these researches; it is fan-shaped—the speaker being placed at the handle—with a smooth ceiling, the wall in front being broken by pillars and galleries.—Professor Agassiz read an elaborate paper on Embryology, which lies at the foundation of the whole

science of the Animal Kingdom.—Mayor Wood presented a plan for a University in New York.—Professor Hare endeavored to introduce the subject of spiritual rappings and table-turning; but the Association refused to consider it officially.—The Dudley Observatory was inaugurated on the 28th, on which occasion Hon. Edward Everett delivered an admirable oration on the Uses of Astronomy. A letter was read from Mrs. Blandina Dudley, to whom and whose deceased husband the Observatory was previously so much indebted, offering to give $50,000 toward the maintenance of the institution. —The next meeting of the Association is to be held at Montreal.

The Yellow Fever has occasioned some alarm in the neighborhood of New York. A number of cases occurred at the quarantine on Staten Island, the greater portion of which are traceable to direct intercourse with vessels from infected ports. At Fort Hamilton, on Long Island, the ravages of the disease have been very severe, hardly exceeded, in proportion to the number of the population, by those committed at Norfolk last year. Cases have also happened on Governor's Island, in the harbor of New York, with isolated deaths in various parts of Brooklyn. With the single exception of Fort Hamilton, the disease has not, as yet, assumed the form of an epidemic, and there it is traced to vessels lying at quarantine in the adjacent waters, or to clothing and bedding thrown overboard and picked up along shore. The general health of New York and vicinity has been unusually good throughout the summer.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

In *Mexico* the liberal articles of the proposed Constitution are being adopted one after another. The Government appears to be increasing in public confidence, notwithstanding a *pronunciamiento* by Vidaurri in the north, of the success of which there seems to be little probability. A decree has been issued for the construction of a railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific, along what is known as the "Ramsay route;" the terminal points of which will be Vera Cruz and Acapulco. Very important concessions have been made to the Company that undertake to build the road. A project has been started for making available the immense deposits of sulphur in the volcano of Popocatepetl, which are said to be inexhaustible.

From *Nicaragua* our intelligence is conflicting. Señor Salizar, a member of the Rivas government now in arms against Walker, has been taken and shot. Padre Vijil, the late Minister to the United States, has returned giving glowing accounts of his reception. Our Minister, Mr. Wheeler, has formally recognized the authority of the Walker government. The ports of the allied Central American States, with the exception of those on the Transit route, have been declared in a state of blockade. A decree has been issued confiscating the real and personal property of all Nicaraguans, who have since October 23, 1855, assisted the known enemies of the State, or who are declared traitors by the decree of April 22, 1856. A commission is appointed to inquire into all such property; real estate is to be sold at auction within thirty days after it is declared confiscated; personal property is to be appraised, and no sale is valid unless it produces two-thirds of this valuation. Payments are to be made either in cash or in the military scrip of the republic.

Honduras is busily engaged in raising troops to join with those of Guatemala, Costa Rica, and San Salvador. All Americans are suspected, and a decree has been issued forbidding them to land within the republic. The United States Consul at Omoa has protested against the execution of the decree. A treaty has been concluded with England by which the colony of Ruatan is placed under the sovereignty of Honduras; the inhabitants to retain their own municipal government, and to enjoy perfect religious toleration.

EUROPE.

Parliament adjourned on the 29th of July. The Queen's Speech announced that "Her Majesty is engaged in negotiations on the subject of questions in connection with the affairs of Central America, and her Majesty hopes that the differences which have arisen on these matters between her Majesty's government and that of the United States may be satisfactorily adjusted." Complaints have been made against Russia of bad faith in carrying out the provisions of the treaty. The charges are, that the fortifications of Kars were in process of demolition previously to the delivery of the place to the Turks; that obstacles were thrown in the way of determining the Bessarabian frontier; and that Russia showed a disposition to retain possession of the Isle of Serpents, near the mouth of the Danube. Orders were given to concentrate a British fleet in the Black Sea; but Russia having given satisfactory assurances, the orders were countermanded.——The Queen Dowager of Oude, mother of the deposed King, has arrived in England to petition for the restoration of her son to the throne.——A terrible explosion occurred in a colliery at Cymmer, in Wales. Of 130 persons in the mine, 114 were burned to death by the ignited gas. It was proved on the coroner's inquest that great carelessness existed in the management of the mine, and a verdict of manslaughter was rendered against the overseers.

It is reported that the health of the Emperor of *France* is seriously impaired.—Marshal Pelissier has returned from the Crimea, the title of Duke of Malakoff has been conferred upon him, with, as is reported, the full consent of the Russian Government.—The vines of France, as is reported by those who have paid special attention to the subject, have apparently recovered from the disease that has for some years affected them, and the prospects for future crops are good.

The insurrection in *Spain* is, for the present at least, at an end, Saragossa, its chief focus, having been entered by the royal troops.

The affairs of *Italy* are as unsettled as ever. It is reported that the governments of France and England have addressed an *ultimatum* to the King of Naples demanding a reform in his administration; and a document has been made public, purporting to be the reply of King Ferdinand. If this be authentic, he declines all interference of the Western Powers in the affairs of his kingdom; he is the best judge of what is required; and if other powers interfere, a fatal blow is struck at the principle of sovereignty. The French cabinet, especially, after having taken such energetic measures to put down revolution at home, can not intend to foment it in Italy. Should, however, the Powers go further, and attempt any positive interference, his Majesty, "relying on the justice of his cause, will appeal to the patriotism of his people, and trusting to his brave and faithful army, will repel force by force."

Literary Notices.

English Traits, by R. W. Emerson. (Published by Phillips, Sampson, and Co.) The fame of Mr. Emerson as a poet and a transcendental philosopher, will naturally attract no small degree of attention to this volume. Readers who have known him only as a thinker of singular boldness and subtlety, if not of a wide and vigorous grasp, will be curious to discover the effect produced on his mind by the study of a people so positive, so practical, and so unimaginative as the English. In the description of their manners, he enters upon a new sphere of thought and illustration. The subject presents a remarkable contrast to his favorite themes of discussion. It brings him from the ideal regions, in which he delights to expatiate, into a world of the most solid realities. But he applies to its treatment the same qualities which characterize his previous compositions. His writings all show a rare power of observation, an unrelenting fidelity in the description of material facts, a sagacious insight into human motives and character, and innumerable felicities of expression, which often operate as a surprise, combined with a love of fanciful analogies, a tendency to rash generalizations, and a total absence of consecutive order and development. His thoughts stand to each other, not in the relation of genesis, but of juxtaposition. They betray no vital, mutual affinities, like the leaves, blossoms, and fruitage of a tree, but are placed side by side, like the brilliant specimens in a cabinet of gems. We are not led onward by a gradual ascent to the sight of new points of beauty in a harmonious landscape, but are transported, as by some strange power, into the midst of magic scenes, each of which has no connection with the preceding, and is often repeated with some slight change of feature, which gives an expression of novelty to the whole aspect.

Mr. Emerson's mind is more disposed to introspection than to the contemplation of external facts. To him, the material universe is merely a type of spiritual being. Events are without significance, except as the exponent of a universal law. His interest in material beauty is derived from the spiritual principle, which it represents. England, with her wonderful developments in the practical order, is an object of curious study, as illustrating the character of her people. His accurate observation of the surface never contents him with the superficial. He values the experience of life as it leads to the discovery of laws. Hence, in this work, the phases of English society are always held strictly subordinate to their illustration of the English mind. It should, therefore, be read less as a descriptive journal of incidents, than as a commentary on character. In this point of view, its value is singularly enhanced by the justice and impartiality which strongly mark the intellect of the author. No man ever wrote with a less degree of prejudice. With a temperament of habitual coldness, his love of truth amounts almost to a passion. We presume that every word in this volume has been weighed with a care and deliberation, as if the destiny of the age depended on its accuracy. One proof of this is the interval which has elapsed between the date of his travels and the publication of his volume. The first visit to England, on which it was founded, was made more than twenty years ago, while it is nearly ten years since his return from his latest tour in that country.

The general impression of England here given by Mr. Emerson is favorable to her character for industrial advancement, the possession of solid material comforts, and integrity and honor in the private relations of life; but the picture which he has drawn is by no means flattering to the intellect of the nation, or her sense of probity and justice in public affairs. On the whole, he regards England as the best of actual nations. But it is poor and imperfect, with all her comparative superiority. It can make no pretensions to ideal harmony; it represents no divine or noble thought; it does not approach the integral symmetry of nature; but is a piece of motley patchwork—an old pile built in different ages, with repairs, additions, and makeshifts. The mind of the English is in a state of arrested development. They do not occupy themselves on matters of general and lasting import, but on the goods of a corporeal civilization, which perish in the using. Their temperament is offensive from its want of facility, and is not relieved by their external refinement. Their habit of thought is one of sleepy routine. They are cramped within narrow limits, and have no wish to break their fetters. They have the instinct of the tortoise, to hold hard to the ground with his claws lest he should be thrown on his back. As an animal, the Englishman is of the best breed—a wealthy, juicy, broad-chested creature, steeped in ale and good cheer, and a little overloaded by his flesh. He has, to a great degree, the qualities of mettle and bottom, which he most values in his horse. No fighting-cock shows more pluck.

In the field of literature and art the English of the present day occupy a lower plane than that which was held by the greatest names among their ancestors. For two centuries England was philosophical, religious, poetic. The national mind flowered in every faculty. But these heights of genius could not be maintained. They were followed by a meanness and a descent of the mind into lower levels. There were no wings to thought. High speculation died out. Locke, to whom the meaning of ideas was unknown, became the type of philosophy. The later English have no insight of general laws. In the region of pure science they move with timid steps. They accumulate mountains of facts, without the inspiration to search for the pivotal law, around which they revolve, as a bad general demands myriads of men and miles of redoubts to compensate for his want of courage and conduct. Bacon is almost unique among the prose writers of his country in the faculty of generalization. Milton, who formed the table-land for the transition of English genius from the summits of Shakspeare, rarely used this privilege, especially in prose. For a long time afterward, it is not found in English literature. Burke was addicted to a certain mode of generalizing, but his thoughts have neither the depth nor the compass of the earlier school. Hume's abstractions are as little profound as wise. Doctor Johnson's oracular sentences have slight worth, except in their tone of feeling. Among recent writers, Mr. Emerson finds the type of English genius in Hallam. In his history of European literature, he steadily denies the expansive element by which literature is created. His eye does not reach to the ideal standards. His verdicts are all dated from London. He passes in silence the more profound masters, and shows that a lover of ideas is not only uncongenial to his taste, but perplexing to his intel-

lect. The English mind lives on the past. Rich in its capital, it makes no account of future acquisitions. It can not discern the signs of the times. It does not hail the new forms that loom up on the horizon—the new and gigantic thoughts which can not find fit raiment in any old wardrobe.

The poetry and fiction of the day, according to Mr. Emerson, are circumscribed by the same municipal limits. Dickens writes London tracts. Like Hogarth, he is a painter of English details, local and temporary in his tints and style, as well as in his aims. Bulwer appeals to the worldly ambition of the student, and reverences intellect for its temporal uses. Thackeray finds that God has made no place in the universe for the heart, and that we must renounce ideals, and accept London. Macaulay explicitly teaches that good means material commodity—good to eat, good to wear—that the glory of modern philosophy is to yield economical inventions—that its merit is to avoid ideas, and to avoid morals. The triumph of the Baconian philosophy over the old Platonic, he thinks, is the disentangling the intellect from theories of the all-Fair and all-Good, and pinning it down to making a better sick-chair and a better wine-whey for an invalid. The eminent benefit of astronomy is its improvement of navigation, enabling the grocer to bring his wine and lemons to the London market at a cheaper rate. The civility and religion of England for a thousand years thus ends in reducing the intellect to a sauce-pan. The English cant of practical covers a world of skepticism. The doctrine of Macaulay makes reason and conscience a romantic pretension. The fine arts fall to the ground. Beauty, except as a luxurious commodity, does not exist.

Coleridge is one of those who save England from the reproach of no longer possessing the capacity to appreciate what rarest wit the island has produced. But even with his catholic mind and his hunger for ideas, the traditional Englishman in him was too strong for the philosopher—he fell into accommodations with the spirit of the age, and attempted to reconcile the Gothic rule of the Anglican Church with eternal ideas.

Doubtless there are exceptions to the limited tone of English thought, especially in the region of general culture, where there is no end to the graces and amenities, the wit, sensibility, and erudition of the learned class. But the artificial character of all English performance is also visible in letters. Much of their æsthetic production is antiquarian and manufactured. Literary reputations have been achieved by forcible men, whose relation to literature was purely accidental, but who were driven by the arbitrary tastes of the day into their several careers. The bias of Englishmen to practical skill has reacted on the national mind. They worship the five mechanic powers even in their song. The tone of the steam-whistle is heard in the voice of their modern muse. The poem is created as an ornament and finish of their monarchy, and not as the morning-star of a brighter day. Every literary production is mechanical in its structure, as if inspiration and wisdom had ceased among men. No poet dares murmur of beauty out of the precinct of his rhymes. No priest dares hint at a Providence which does not patronize English utility.

Still England is not hopelessly given over to material idolatry. Mr. Emerson recognizes the presence of a redeeming power, and offers some profound comments on the nature of its influence. There is a minority of perceptive minds in the nation that appreciate every soaring of intellect, every whisper of a divine idea. They present a strong counterbalance to the prevailing tendencies of the day. Studious, contemplative, experimenting, they are the teachers of their countrymen in spite of themselves. The two classes, which represent genius and animal force, interact on each other, and produce a salutary counterpoise. Though the first consists only of a dozen souls, and the second of twenty millions, their accord and discord forever yield the power of the English State.

We have given a rapid abstract of some of the chief points in Mr. Emerson's volume. But no one should fail to peruse the work for himself. It will not command universal assent, and its inconsecutive, aphoristic style, makes it liable to misconstruction. Still, where the positions of the author can not be accepted, they are rich in suggestion, and open a fruitful vein of wise reflection. The fresh vitality of the composition, though toned down below the standard of blood-heat, presents a constant attraction to the amateurs of marked idiosyncrasies, and with its seductive beauties of expression, will always insure a succession of charmed readers.

The third volume of *Memoirs of Celebrated Characters*, by LAMARTINE (published by Harper and Brothers), contains sketches of William Tell, Madame de Sévigné, Milton, Bossuet, and Antar, the nomadic hero of the Arabian desert. The subjects are treated with the usual gorgeous diffuseness of the author, who never fails to bring their romantic features into strong relief, though he does not always attain to the highest standard of historical precision. Of the notices in this volume, that of Bossuet is written with the greatest unction, the theme affording an enticing field for the display of biographical eloquence. Bossuet is regarded as the representative of the priestly order, and in this point of view he is made to fill a prominent place in the gallery of celebrated men. This eminent person, according to Lamartine, was born for the priesthood. The altar, the vestibule of the cathedral, the pontifical robe, and the tiara, were the natural environment of his being. The imagination could not picture Bossuet in the habit of a layman. His nature and his profession are so indissolubly blended, that they can not be separated even in thought. He was not a man, but an oracle. This idea is expanded through many pages, and wrought up into a magnificent portraiture of a Roman Catholic pontiff. Less felicitous is the memoir of Milton, whose character Lamartine could not comprehend without difficulty, and whose stern and sublime virtues have little in common with the imaginative temperament of the brilliant Frenchman. So little was he intent on historical accuracy in the composition of this sketch, that he makes the wife of Milton's old age the object of his early love and the model of Eve in Paradise Lost.

The Old Régime and the Revolution, translated by JOHN BONNER from the French of M. DE TOCQUEVILLE. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) No two writers are more strongly contrasted than De Tocqueville and Lamartine. The latter imaginative, rhetorical, impulsive, is often lost in a delirium of fine sentiment; the former deliberative, reflective, patient both of thought and research, indulges in no expression that is not marked by logical precision. The tendencies of De Tocqueville to philo-

sophical accuracy are no less strongly-marked than the passion of Lamartine for poetical exaggeration. Both exhibit a natural aptitude for historical disquisition; but while Lamartine is intent on seizing the picturesque and romantic aspects of the scene, De Tocqueville applies the analytic power, of which he is a master, to discover and set forth the latent connection of events. In this work, which is preliminary to an elaborate history of the French Revolution, he enters into an investigation of the social and political condition of the eighteenth century. His special aim is to explain the causes of the development of the Revolution in France, rather than in the other European countries over which it impended; to show why it issued with spontaneous force from the society which it was to destroy; and how the old monarchy was impelled to such a sudden and total fall. Divesting the revolutionary movement of its extraneous appendages, it was not an attack on the sovereignty of religious creeds, but essentially a struggle for social and political progress. It did not tend to perpetuate disorder, but rather to increase the influence of public authority. It was not adapted to change the fundamental character of civilization, or the laws which are at the basis of European society; but to abolish the institutions of the feudal system which had prevailed for centuries, and to substitute in their place a government of more uniformity and simplicity, and resting on the foundation of equality among all ranks. M. de Tocqueville sustains his views by forcible historical illustrations, and the use of an ingenious and refined analysis. His style is a model of philosophical clearness, and though aiming at precision, rather than elegance, is by no means deficient in the latter quality.

History of Greece, by GEORGE GROTE. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) This great work is completed by the publication of the twelfth volume. At this day, it is superfluous to comment on its merits. During its gradual progress through the press, it has gained the reputation, with scarce a dissenting voice, of surpassing all previous works in our language on Grecian history. Equally familiar with classical authorities and modern speculations, at once a man of letters and a man of affairs, Mr. Grote has brought to its composition the resources of a wide and varied experience, of rare philological acumen, of political knowledge, of consummate historical tact, and of no less impartiality of mind than sagacity of judgment. His devotion to freedom is never permitted to interfere with the fairness of his statements. In respect to style, he attaches more importance to vigor than to elegance. His diction is compact, nervous, expressive, but not seldom inclining to harshness, and never softened by the graces of rhetorical art. In the volume now brought out, the conquests of Alexander and the character of Demosthenes occupy the principal place. As a military man, Alexander is regarded by Mr. Grote as possessing all the qualities which go to constitute the highest excellence either in a general or a soldier. He combined chivalrous courage with never-sleeping vigilance against reverse, and abundant resource in adapting himself to new contingencies. His achievements are the earliest specimens of scientific military operation on a large scale, and of its overwhelming effects. He appeals to the imagination, more than any other personage of antiquity, by his matchless development of effective force, not only as an individual warrior, but as an organizer and leader of armed masses. But his great qualities were fit for use only against his enemies. There is no evidence of the grand and beneficent views on the subject of imperial government, or of his intentions favorable to the improvement of mankind, for which some authors give him credit. The acquisition of universal dominion was the master-passion of his soul, and had he lived a few years longer, his career of conquest would probably have extended to the whole habitable globe. Mr. Grote pays a warm and admirable tribute to the character of Demosthenes, vindicating the noble statesman of Athens from the accusations of his enemies.

Victoria, by CAROLINE CHESEBRO, is the most finished performance of the gifted authoress, and fully illustrates her ability to sustain a protracted flight in the realms of imagination. In her peculiar sphere Miss Chesebro has no rival but herself, and in this work we think she has distanced the former productions of her unique pen. Certainly it is not free from the faults to which we have heretofore alluded in her novels, but we do not regret that she adheres to the inspirations of her own genius, in spite of the temptations to a contrary course for the sake of popular effect. She does not aim at picturesque narrative, although there are many passages of remarkable descriptive power in the volume, so much as at the analysis and development of character. The story hinges on a limited number of persons, but they are all the subjects of curious psychological experiment. The writer, though preserving a tone of intense and formidable earnestness, sometimes appears to sport with the strange combinations of passion, like the child with the forms and colors of the kaleidoscope. Hence she is apt to tempt the patience of her readers, who do not wish to dwell on the gradual evolution of character, but are eager to hurry on to the denouement of the plot. Regarding the work less in the light of a novel founded on outward incidents than as an attempt to unfold the hidden mysteries of the soul under peculiar influences, we can not deny its profound and subtle power. It often shows a wonderful insight into human consciousness, and a no less wonderful skill in constructing a tragedy of deep pathos from materials that lie not on the surface, but must be sought in the interior of the heart. The weird character of the story not only sheds its own twilight gloom over the scene, but forces many of the incidents, and one or two of the personages, into what seems a needless obscurity. The uninitiated reader would like a more explicit disclosure of the antecedents of the stately and saintly Margaret Gladstone, and also of some passages in the history of the Reverend Mr. Rossiter, and of the father and mother of Maud. Too much is here left to the unassisted imagination, and a dim haze is thus cast over the constituents of the narrative. (Published by Derby and Jackson.)

Evelyn Marston is a new novel from the fertile pen of Mrs. MARSH. The scene is laid in London, toward the close of the last century, and describes the contrasts between wealth and poverty which were no less characteristic of the metropolis at that day than at the present time. The characters of Marston, Evelyn, and Armand du Chastel are drawn with the vividness of life; and though not without a trace of exaggeration in the incidents of the narrative, present a true picture of the every-day workings of the pride of genius and the insolence of vulgar wealth. (Harper and Brothers.)

Editor's Table.

WE had occasion, three months ago, to review the progress which the United States have made during the past eighty years in the mechanical and industrial arts. The subject naturally tempted us to indulge in a little self-glorification; nor do we now desire to recall what we said. The triumphs achieved by citizens of the United States in art, science, and mechanical enterprise, the noble products of American genius, are legitimate objects of contemplation; and there is nothing unwholesome or unseemly in the feeling of pride they awaken. On the contrary, that sentiment can hardly fail to stimulate energy and quicken emulation. Within proper limits, boasting on such a subject, with such grounds, is both justifiable and useful.

There are other points of view, however, in which it is not less beneficial to contemplate the fruits of the past eighty years.

Without doubt, no single event, or range of events recorded in history, ever effected so much for the cause of human liberty and political science as the eighty years' successful working of American democratic institutions. Up to the close of the eighteenth century, the possibility of a stable republican government was generally doubted or denied by all Europeans who were understood to be the best judges of the matter. Dishonest views of the history of Greece, inaccurate information with regard to the history of Rome, superficial judgments on the republican essay in France, had led to a general conviction among historians, statesmen, and men of the world, that democracies were impracticable, and that changes which pointed in the direction of popular government were certain to be attended with great hazard. There were writers who maintained the opposite thesis; but they were almost invariably theorists, whose opinions had naturally but little weight with the classes practically concerned in, and acquainted with, the administration of government. If they were read, it was for amusement, and no one but themselves ever dreamed of attempting to realize their schemes. Was it not written in history that every republic had succumbed in agony to the inherent vices of its nature, and that society had regained health only by the restoration of monarchy in one shape or other? It is hardly possible to exaggerate the mischiefs produced, directly or indirectly, by this political creed. Every abuse found in it an ally; every reform an invincible antagonist. It was not that people objected to republics merely. They lived in dread of every thing which looked as though it might, at any future time and under any possible circumstances, tend to liberalize governments or institutions: they shuddered at the very name of democracy, which seemed synonymous with revolution, civil war, bloodshed, and military despotism. Hence, for instance, in England, in spite of a tolerably free Parliament, free press, and free local institutions, that steady horror of reform which retained three-fourths of the kingdom in political servitude till within the life-time of men still young; which actually reversed the tide of national movement at the close of last century; which reared strong walls of defense around the privileges of the church and the aristocracy, the abuses of the law courts, the iniquity of the old feudal laws, and a host of absolute fallacies which had crystallized into customs or legislative rules. Not that the English people deemed these things good and right. On the contrary, whenever they expressed an opinion it was to condemn them, to expose their mischief, or deride their absurdity. But with the knowledge they thought they had of republics, they prudently resolved to bear the ills which they understood rather than run the risk of ills which they could not guage, and of which their imagination conjured up a fearful and alarming picture. They were satisfied that democracy was intrinsically unsafe and fraught with danger.

It is the glory of the American Confederacy that it has furnished a practical refutation of the error underlying this theory; that it has proved that peace, and order, and good government, and prosperity, and religion, and learning, and civilization, are not, as was supposed, incompatible with democracy, but that they are in fact easiest attained and best secured by that form of government; and that, consequently, foreign nations need not fear to humanize their laws or liberalize their institutions by reason of any danger to be apprehended from the assertion of the democratic principle. We need not look far to perceive the fruits of the solution of this great theorem. They are plainly visible in the spirit of British legislation, from the Reform Act down to the agitation now pending for the reform of the civil and military service, and more conspicuous still in the tone of the British mind as reflected in Parliamentary debates, books, and the press. We see them in France in the enlightened appreciation that able men have formed of their own republican essays, and in the convictions of the best minds in favor of republican institutions. We note them from time to time in Germany, in spite of the concurrence of circumstances adverse to democracy. We can even detect traces of them in the political condition of Spain, in the constitution of Piedmont, and in the reforms that have been projected and partially carried out in Russia during the two last reigns. Canada bears witness to them in a striking manner; and Mexico, now perhaps first entering upon the career of prosperity that is due to her advantages, shows their influence. Distant Australia, looming into empire, could not have been as free as it is but for the success of American Democracy.

In a word, the United States have now so thoroughly taught the world that it is safe to substitute popular choice for birth or royal favor in the selection of rulers, that no man of any political reputation would venture to assert at the present day that democracies are impossible.

It must not be imagined, however, that the opponents of popular government are reduced to silence. One only needs to glance at the newspapers and periodicals with which any single European steamer is freighted to satisfy one's self that the tone of the adversaries of republicanism is as confident as ever. They have shifted their ground without abandoning the field. They do not tell us now, as they did fifty or sixty years ago, that popular sovereignty is a delusion, and that republics are mere warming pans for military despots; but they say that republican governments are hotbeds of corruption; that in them the profligacy of party

leaders militates as gravely against good government as the selfishness of oligarchies or the tyranny of despots; that their tendency is to produce a general laxity of principle, not only in political but in commercial matters, and a general recklessness of the rules which distinguish civilized from social life; that universal suffrage throws the control of the state into the hands of the least reputable men in the community; and, therefore, that a comparison of its merits with those of a restricted franchise, is simply a question whether the state shall be governed by the best or the worst class of citizens; that the extension of the elective principle to every administrative department involves greater mischiefs, by weakening the hands of the administration of justice, for instance, than it secures advantages; that the absence of a class raised above the necessity of striving for wealth by hereditary rank and means renders every one a money worshiper, and tends to debase the national mind and enervate the public spirit; finally, that the Executive, having always something to hope and something to fear from the masses, is naturally predisposed to court their favor at any cost, and to sacrifice the approbation of posterity for the applause of the moment.

These are some of the objections which the organs of the monarchical and oligarchical interests in Europe are in the habit of urging against the form of government established in this country. The inference from them is, of course, the old one—that, with all their faults, the old established forms of government are still the best.

It must not be supposed that their reasoning is unsupported by evidence. They can prove every thing by reference to time, place, and circumstance.

If you doubt, for instance—they will say—that corruption pervades every political body and government machine in the United States, from the lowest to the highest, you shall be furnished with proof of the fact. It shall be made plain to you, to begin with, that no man can be nominated for office—whether municipal, state, or federal—without a corrupt bargain with parties holding the nomination in their gift, in virtue of fraud and force. You shall be furnished with the name of a man whom it cost ten thousand dollars to be nominated for Congress from this State; of another who paid fifteen hundred for the privilege of running on a certain ticket for alderman; of a third who spent several thousand dollars vainly in the hope of being mayor; of a fourth who, in like manner, invested the value of a comfortable dwelling-house in a fruitless endeavor to serve his State in the capacity of governor. If one example of each of these forms of corruption appear insufficient, you shall have several. The evidence overflows. Other instances may be brought to your knowledge where the bargain between the nominees and the nominors was not a straightforward money operation, but a pledge sought and granted; where the nominor, in consideration of a promise of such and such offices in the gift of the nominee, or of such and such contracts to be awarded by him, covenanted to procure him the nomination. Another form: you shall be given the name of a man who, desiring to fill a lucrative municipal office, bargained with his two rivals that they should withdraw in consideration of a sum equal to thirty-three per cent. of the profits of the office, to be divided between them, and obtained the nomination and the office on these conditions.

Passing from the nominations to the actual elections, these European critics will fearlessly assert that it hardly ever happens that election returns are truly made in such a city as New York. They will refer to an election of quite recent date, at which a certain candidate polled more votes in such a ward than there were male residents; and they will show that in sharply contested elections it almost always happens that the number of votes polled is much larger than the proportion which the most extended experience of free elections would lead one to expect. They will not shrink from saying that these anomalies are due to frauds on the part of the inspectors of election, and they will quote largely, in support of this view, from the evidence taken in a recent famous trial. They may pass over the subject of bought and illegal votes; for though there would be no difficulty in showing that at every election many votes are bought, and many foreigners exercise the franchise illegally, this is a vice that is common to every electoral system that has ever been tried.

But these critics will charge that the nomination and election of public servants appear almost pure when contrasted with the conduct of the persons elected. They will assert that this proposition holds equally good with regard to municipal, to state, and to federal legislative and executive officers. For instance—to employ their language—it can be shown that an alderman of the city of New York exacted and received a sum of money for his vote on a private measure from the individual interested; that a wealthy contractor, high in favor with the members of the Common Council, obtained from that body a lucrative contract, which he neither performed in the time stipulated nor consented to abandon, but retained all his privileges, including the use of a valuable city property, for which he obtains but pays no rent; and that, on a motion to inquire into the matter, a wonderful uniformity was manifested by a majority of the Council against all inquiry; that, quite recently, the same Council deliberately granted to its members individually, and to their friends, a monopoly of certain avenues in the city to build railways thereon; that aldermen, under feigned names, have obtained from themselves and their colleagues various contracts and rights of great value, thereby defrauding the city; that Councilmen have been seen to carry on the business of emigrant-runners, and to use their official authority to defy the police in their endeavor to rob immigrants; that individuals possessing control over the Council have been enabled to defeat the purpose of the charter, by becoming lessees of city property at auction, but afterward refusing to execute the lease therefor, thus obtaining all the benefits without any of the responsibilities of the grant; that municipal officers have expended enormous sums, nominally for the discharge of their functions—which are left unperformed—and that, meanwhile, they have saved fortunes out of salaries of $1500 and $2000 a year; and that, though all these things are notorious, not one man has ever been punished by reason of them. It may be said, in like manner, that the balance of power in the State Assembly of New York has been held for two sessions—to go no farther back—by men who were ready to sell every vote; that they did sell, last session, every vote for which they could find a purchaser; that a score of them, clearly and plainly elected on a certain platform, and instructed by

their constituents to be the exponents of certain party principles, on the very first occasion of importance deliberately turned round and voted directly against that platform and against those principles; that more than one member of that House committed offenses during the session for which they might have been sent to the State's prison, were accused of the same publicly, and dared not reply; that the party which was bold enough to be their accuser had itself no higher interests in view than those of a vast moneyed corporation, and the distribution of canal contracts. Ascending still higher in the legislative scale, it will be found that corruption intensifies in proportion to the dignity of the party corrupted. Thus United States officers are seen employing spies and *mouchards*, who perjure themselves for so much a week, and imperil our foreign relations. Clerks in the Custom-house are openly in the pay of merchants—that is to say, they serve both buyer and seller, and receive hire from both. The amount due to the Treasury by defaulters would carry on the whole Government for several weeks. Corruption culminates at Washington. It is a propensity elsewhere, there it is an art. Long experience has developed and brought it to perfection. Members of Congress begin by sharp practice—to use a mild expression—on their mileage. They proceed to vote themselves a thousand dollars or two apiece in the shape of books, for which the people pay, and which they sell. They then pass to the fulfillment of their duty in reference to the passage of appropriations for mail service, etc., the extension of patent monopolies, and the grant of wild lands to railroad companies. It is in evidence that a sum of fifteen thousand dollars was recently expended by a single patentee in a fruitless attempt to obtain a renewal of his patent. Particulars of individual acts of corruption are not readily ascertained, and when ascertained, are not always safe to publish; but the general fact that money is freely and uniformly expended by all successful applicants for Congressional favor, or even Congressional justice, is notorious. A list of the real stock-holders in the railway companies which have lately obtained grants of alternate sections, and also of the parties who are interested in the works of internal improvement which were passed by Democratic votes over the veto of the President, at the late session of Congress, would be instructive reading.

This is what the foreigners say, who argue that democracy is the mother of corruption. They add, that the quadrennial spectacle of the Presidential election is the climax, and would suffice alone to demoralize any nation. On all sides—say they—one hears of nothing but the spoils. Men are proposed and nominated, apparently, for no other purpose but to provide a living for their partisans. This man is good, because he will distribute the spoils aright; that man will not do, because with him there will be no chance of spoil, as his arrangements are already made. Here and there the feeble voice of a philosopher or a greenhorn mutters something about principles, but his utterance is drowned in the hoarse croak of the practical men who clamor for spoils. It really seems as though the only issue in the contest which convulses the United States once every four years, is whether A B C or D E F shall fatten at the nation's cost. Happy nation! And happier A B C and D E F!

Having, as they believe, made out their case against democracy on this point, the foreign critics will proceed, if required, to quote cases in support of their other charges. They will say, for instance, with Sir Archibald Alison, that no states but republics would have repudiated their debts, or even quibbled about the interest, thus setting an example which banks, railway companies, and individuals have not been wanting to follow; that it is hardly possible for citizens to obtain their rights in the civil courts in the United States in consequence of the tedious march of justice, and that the most notorious criminals escape through defects in the penal system; that wealth is the key to social distinction as well as political advancement, and that nine-tenths of the people of the United States think of nothing else but getting money; that the system of primary elections and nominating conventions does actually, and must, throw the real franchise into the hands of the persons who choose to figure in these assemblies, who are not the leading or the best citizens of the republic; that assaults upon Senators, the homicide of waiters, and a general blood-and-murder tone in the highest society of the Federal Capital, indicate any thing but progress in the social virtues.

Of course answers to many of these cavils will occur to our readers. The duel is an inconvenient institution, no doubt, and physical violence is degrading; but, after all, in times of great political excitement these eccentricities would be likely to occur in almost every country. Wait till the English have something worth fighting about—till the next French Revolution comes around, and see if they have not their duelists. As to the defects of the system of caucus or private party nominations, they exist beyond all doubt, and nothing too severe can be said of them; but this is a vice which is correcting itself. The operation has been evident in California; but even there the cost has been small, yet how thorough the work! In proportion to the rise of the power of the press, the power of mere party leaders must decline; quite recently a remarkable instance of peremptory dictation by the press to a somewhat rebellious convention was witnessed. It is pretty clearly foreshadowed that ere long the newspapers will usurp the place of nominating conventions; and as they work in the light of day, and are dependent on the public for their daily bread, they may probably be trusted. The charge in reference to money-worship has the peculiarity of being as old as Hesiod; every nation that ever prospered has been accused of the same fault. Mr. Tennyson says in Maud that it is ruining England, and M. Ponsard's last plays are written to show that it is the ruling vice of the French. No doubt when art, and science, and letters have secured a better foothold in America, the United States will contain more men who do not always think about dollars; but in the mean time let us console ourselves with the reflection that there is a good deal of cant in the stereotyped outcry against money-getting, that it is the only reliable stimulus of private enterprise, and the only certain guarantee of public prosperity. If the truth were known, poverty engenders more vice than affluence. As to the courts, perhaps it were better to confess judgment: we do not need foreign spectacles to see their defects. Still we have no Chancery, and no Jarndyce *vs.* Jarndyce; nor are our judges afraid of deciding against the state. If we let a stray murderer escape, we imprison no Dorrits in the

Marshalsea, or Heberts in the Mont St. Michel. That reforms are needed in both our civil and criminal courts is perfectly obvious; nor is it clear that in this and other States the desire for reform will not so far coincide with foreign practice as to adopt the system used in Massachusetts. Finally, the charge which Sir Archibald Alison rolls under his tongue with such relish—that public bodies are dishonest here—is rapidly ceasing to have any foundation in fact. Within the past ten years a healthy moral sentiment has sprung up which would render it impossible for States to repudiate, or extensive moneyed corporations to perpetrate frauds at the present time. Interest, the best of all tutors, would forbid any thing of the kind. Policy will hereafter compel corporations as well as individuals to adhere to integrity; and really it is presuming too far upon prejudice to ask even the most determined monarchist to believe that the system which imposes the weightiest responsibilities, and confers the highest dignity upon the citizen, should naturally be the worst educator of his moral sentiment.

It is with less confidence that we turn to the first and weightiest of the accusations made by the foreign critics. That the bulk of the statements of fact on which the charge of corruption rests are strictly true, we do not pretend to doubt. There are Congressmen, there are Assemblymen, there are Common Councilmen, there are executive officers who are above suspicion; and in general we are satisfied that the leading magistrates, as well of the commonwealth as of the confederacy, are actuated by the purest motives, and pursue a course of the strictest integrity. But in the rank and file of both legislative and executive armies corruption is no doubt extensively practiced. It is probably even more common than might be inferred from the tone of the press; perhaps more prevalent than the same form of profligacy in any other first-class nation.

Both its cause and its effects can be clearly discerned. It arises, not as the foreign critics suppose, from the inherent properties of popular government, but from the disinclination of men of character and standing in this country to mix in politics. We have not, unfortunately, a law like that old law of Greece, which obliged every man under a severe penalty to form and express an opinion on every public question, and consequently a large proportion of the citizens of this country indolently or timidly avoid the political arena. Hence, in the first place, bad men are allowed to creep into public station from the want of good men to supersede them; and, secondly, when the day of election comes, the votes which should be forthcoming to secure the defeat of the bad candidate are not polled at all. Of the effects of general corruption among public men and in the various departments of government, history presents two kinds of examples. The one is where the disease—which is very contagious—spreads and fastens itself upon every organ of the public body, soon saps its vigor, consumes its vitality, and prepares it for utter extinction under the heel of a master. This is the natural consequence of corruption when it is left to grow unchecked. In a republic it must lead to a military despotism. The other issue is where the disease, preying with peculiar severity upon a sensitive part of the body, arouses it to action before the whole organism has been infected or the vitals attacked; this issue is revolution. The recent outbreak in California is an example. The agents of corruption in that State had grown so shameless and so exacting, that long before they had ruined the community human nature could bear them no longer, and a bloodless revolution overturned the government and sloughed them off. There is instruction in the example. A steady adherence on the part of the intelligent people of the Atlantic States to the policy of abstaining from the ballot-box, and, to use the common expression, "steering clear of politics," may, before many years pass over, impose upon us a choice between appointing Vigilance Committees, or resigning ourselves patiently into the hands of an Augustus or a Bonaparte.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE Presidental canvass has folded up the great breeches question for the moment, but it is impossible that a cause of such magnitude—which may well be called a pair of causes, since breeches are rather two than one, or two in one—can long be patched up by delays. Even the great statesman who patched his own unmentionables at the public cost—and justly, since they were rent in the public service—would hardly hope to introduce a peace into the breeches question until it had fairly been laid open. The Easy Chair trusts it is all sound upon the goose, and may therefore be tolerated in opening the debate once more. For whoever may be elected President, even if it were an old woman, ministers must still wear breeches, and the proper cut and quality of those garments must be finally and accurately adjusted.

When, a few weeks since, the two greatest countries in the world were convulsed by the whisper that a roaring ruffian from the New World had attempted to thrust himself, *with a black stock* (!!), into the presence of MAJESTY,* calm and conservative men every where naturally ranged themselves around the throne. Of such a stock what might not the barrel be? Nay, did not such a stock imply a previous barrel? Young England, having returned from the Crimea during the war by reason of headache and nausea, pranced about Pall Mall, and demanded to meet the rash intruder upon the rights of royalty, face to face. Should a mere human being dare to confront MAJESTY, in a black stock? A black stock? Why, that was mild, moonbeamy, milky, turtle-dove-y, compared with the crowning enormity. The ink of the thundering *Times* grew blue as it recorded it, and red as it sighed a sanguinary wish of vengeance. There was also a YELLOW WAISTCOAT (!), and the proud British empire, the columns of whose greatness are fast rooted in the hearts of its affectionate East Indian children and colonists, *trembled* with indignant disgust.

"Man, under certain conditions," says the learned Teufelsdröckh, expounding the astute Sir Ernest Maltravers, Baronet, "may wear white waistcoats." But under no conditions, and only at the cost of universal British contempt, may the human being wear yellow waistcoats upon occasion of his contact with MAJESTY.

The issue is known. The amiable American minister spread the national eagle over the offending garment like a healing plaster, by retiring

* This word to be read kneeling, with the band playing *Pop goes the Weasel*; adagio.—ED.

with it from the abode of royalty. The waves of international contention which had begun to calm themselves, rolled up once more and threatened the skies. Central America and the late English minister and consuls were buried under a pile of clothes, and the breeches question resumed its rightful importance in the politics of the world.

Now this Chair settles every thing, and it must settle this debate. Here is our late amiable *chargé d'affaires, ad interim*, at Paris, who has achieved diplomatic distinction by cleaving to his black dress coat. The eyes of his country were fondly fastened upon that garment for several weeks. It was national. History does not record whether the national black-satin waistcoat shared the glory of the coat. But the importance of the position was beyond debate. How did it become important, and what are the principles involved?

It became important because the Secretary of State invited all diplomatic agents to exercise their discretion in wearing their clothes.

August and simple suggestion!

In the United States there is no court, consequently there is no court costume. If an agent of the United States goes to foreign courts, he has therefore no home precedent to guide him. Why should he not conform to the rules of that court?

But, then, he is a free and independent American, with an unalienable right to spit at all the gaudy ceremonies of royalty, and any dress in which he may present himself to the President in his own country is good enough for any king, or emperor, or grand lama in the universe.

True; but he may present himself to the President in his shirt sleeves, or in a striped cotton coat, because it is the custom of the country. The custom of England requires another kind of dress. If he obey the custom at home, why should he not obey it abroad. He would not be allowed to present himself to the President in a shirt pure and simple. The rule has limitations at home; why may it not have limitations abroad?

Besides, in his own country it would not be decent for him to go to a ceremonious private party in a white coat, or in any thing but a black coat. Now the Queen's ball is the Queen's private party. She asks her guests to wear white waistcoats if they wear any; and why should not the invitation, if accepted, be heeded? If a lady gave a masquerade or fancy party, how could you complain if you were denied admittance because you were not in costume? A drawing-room, or court ball is a masquerade of the grotesquest kind. When MAJESTY "disfigures or presents" a peacock, why should you not appear as a popinjay?

The great breeches question is profound, but it is not insoluble. Court life is only an elaboration of it. There are grave officers of state who determine whether you shall wear yellow plush or maroon velvet—whether the shad-belly or the cut-away shall be the only wear—whether green trowsers with blue trimmings, or black trowsers and gold lace shall hold your legs when they bend to Majesty. The shrewd observer must rather enjoy the ante-rooms of the palace, where Lord Bacon requests Mr. Alderman Halfmoon to go home and change his cravat, and Lord Byron is in despair over a question of low-quartered shoes and boots. It is a combination of red-tape and horse-hair, and if an American wishes to have part in it, let him conform to the rules of the game.

In the last case cited in the newspapers, the victim seems to have been an innocent, and by no means bellicose gentleman, who ventured upon the theory that a uniform was a court-dress. It is so, under conditions—one of the conditions being that there shall not be a black stock. But why should any foreigner assume that he knows any thing about it? The whole monarchy is a ceremony, from the King down to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The duty of our Government is plain enough. Let it appoint some kind of dress for its officers to wear when they are in process of presentation to Majesty; and if the great ministers of state complain that it does not suit their ideas, let our officers stay at home. If they want to go very much indeed, then let them conform to the joint wishes of Lord Bacon and Lord Byron, representing Majesty itself. At all events, let the matter be arranged so that we shall have no more of these vast excitements. Courts love fine clothes; courtiers are famous in history for dressing well. They have nothing else to do. They are not going to sit quietly down with a black stock around their neighbor's neck.

There is an easy way to arrange it.

Let Mr. Dallas, or whoever the minister may be, tell the Professor, and every man, woman, and child who is to be presented, what garments and what colors they must wear. Let the innocent American (whose ignorance excites the amused contempt of Young England, returned from the Crimea upon sick leave) be made fully aware that when Majesty says "How do you do?" he is not to answer "Very well, thank 'ee," but is to meekly bend his knees in his breeches, whatever their color and material may be, and say nothing. So will peace perch upon our banners. So will the British soul be put at rest. So will Majesty not be obliged to be so gracious as to send for the offending black stock, but may smile in unruffled sweetness upon rosy-chapped lieges in lawn. So will the great English Constitution and the pillars of our glorious Union be left intact.

But it will, perhaps, still remain a question whether, if the breeches are torn in the approach to Majesty, England or America should pay for the mending. A circular from the Secretary of State upon this point would have great interest.

THE ardors of the canvass naturally obscure the importance of a question which would be very momentous in a calmer time. That is, the question of California and the Vigilance Committee.

The busy groups that hang around our Chair have scarcely a word to this point. They read with interest and admiration the prompt and effective proceedings of the Committee, but they have not decided whether they should have taken place.

There can be no doubt that there was gross and alarming mismanagement in the government of the State and City. Was it of so grave a nature that it could not be endured until the legal means of redress at the ballot-box came round? Whose was the original fault of the disturbances? Who, by abstaining—as respectable New Yorkers abstain—from public affairs, had directly conspired to produce the terrible result? Clearly the better classes of society in California had been so devoted to their own business, that the business of the State went to wreck in the hands of gamblers, pimps, and knaves. The law-loving citizens are to blame that the laws were so outraged.

But, on the other hand, however true this may be—however responsible these people are—yet, when the state of practical anarchy and subversion of good government exists, what is to be done? The lawless power has quite as much desire not to be ejected at the election as the friends of order to eject, and the bad persons have the control of all the machinery of government. It is evident that they will use it all against the law-loving party; and it becomes a question only whether waiting will not endanger the final mastery of order.

The people of San Francisco have answered this question by erecting themselves into a Vigilance Committee. In their view the necessity of a revolution had arrived. It was useless to consider whether they might not have done better heretofore. They were called upon to say whether, because they started late, they were not to start at all. If it be a revolution, so far as we are now informed it is a justifiable revolution. It is one of the extreme and rare cases in which, for no fancied or theoretical difficulty, but by reason of actual anarchy, the people of a State are obliged to resume the powers which inhere in them, and which are usually to be exercised under forms of law. It is a dangerous thing to do, in a certain sense. If people may go behind the law in one direction and at one time, why not in all directions and at all times? Who are to be the judges when the time has come for taking the extreme step? The answer to such questions can not be reduced to a formula. The right of revolution, whether bloodless or bloody, can only be justified upon each occasion by the actual circumstances. Doubtless there were plenty of men who deplored the tea-riot in Boston, and thought Bunker Hill and Lexington quite premature. But those were the acts of a people who saw that the time of delay and patient expostulation had passed. The ability to see clearly when that time *has* passed, is the difference between a hero and a traitor. In the eye of England, Washington and his companions were rebels; and the great men whom we revere for rebelling are only criminals in the esteem of the power they conquered.

It is idle to say the Californians ought to wait and seek redress by course of law; for one of the great reasons of their not waiting was that the course of law was corrupted. To wait was only to invite greater confusion, and to court the necessity of a more fearful change. Of course, it is no precedent. Revolutions never are precedents. They are exceptional, and their success is their justification, whenever they are really revolutions of the people, and not of the government, or of a faction merely. It is one of the splendors of a republic, in which universal respect for law is based upon general intelligence, and the conviction of the close alliance of peace and prosperity, that a revolution can only succeed where it is the actual will of the people. There is no army, which one party may turn against the other, as in monarchical countries, where the victory of the existing government is merely a military triumph. It is the American theory that the people know what is best for them; and we consequently find that, knowing there is no exterior compulsory force, the Americans have a nervous respect for law. There is no country in the world where there is such a respect for the pure authority of law. In other lands there is much more fear of the police which enforces law. But in such countries there are revolutions continually, and with us never.

So far as we know, therefore, we think the Vigilance Committee is justifiable. Many things will be laid at its door. It will be freely called unlicensed and ambitious. We shall hear that it is going to sever the State from the Union—that it has a lawless and boundless cupidity. But these assertions are anonymous, nor are they in the slightest degree supported by facts, while the Vigilance Committee represents the industry, the intelligence, and the morality of California.

That grave philosopher, Gosling, indeed, wishes to know why we should not have a Vigilance Committee in New York. He says that, if total municipal incapacity and corruption are sufficient to justify such a movement, we can supply them. If the abstinence of good citizens from taking part in public affairs, shirking all their civic duties, and leaving them to mousing politicians, will effect a crisis of anarchy, Gosling says we are setting, with all sails spread, toward that result.

"Do human beings suppose," says Gosling, "that, because they are Republicans and govern themselves, they are going to be governed without governing themselves?"

His meaning is clear, although Gosling's style be misty.

"Do order-loving citizens suppose that the city government is to take care of itself, while they sit at home cherishing their feet in hot slippers; that demagogues will not have every thing their own way; that King Snake will not succeed King Log; that their money will not be spent; that their lives will not be insecure; and that, while they are toasting their feet, they will not be generally roasted? If order-loving citizens entertain this theory, let San Francisco open their eyes. How perfectly silly that, in the hottest part of summer, the street commissioner of the first democratic city in the world should suddenly stop his efforts (?) to keep the streets clean—knowing that the Yellow Fever is only waiting for a street dirty enough to come in by—upon the plea that he has no more money. I demand a despotism," says Gosling. "If a democracy can not disperse pestilence by the commonest means, in Heaven's name let us invite William the Conqueror to come over from some Normandy to clean our streets and our politics. The spirit of government which will not heed little bad things, will suffer great bad things. If the government is dirty, the streets will not be clean. A vigorous government has a proper system of sewers."

So the idle, philosophical Gosling rails the hours away—as if it were not much more important that the street commissioner should pocket copious fees than that the city should be defended against pestilence!

THERE was, certainly, some alarm about the Yellow Fever. There was a melancholy stampede from the region of Fort Hamilton, and from the neighborhood of the Quarantine upon Staten Island many families fled. It seemed to be understood, since last year, that we were to have the Yellow Fever in New York; and when the warm weather began, people began to speculate upon the probable arrival of the pestilence.

It came, and Staten Island, near the Quarantine, was more excited by the fatal flotilla of stricken vessels that lay before it than if they had

been a fleet of foreign ships of war. The people flew to erect barricades around the hospital yard, and declared that all communication with the outer world must be held subject to the strictest supervision. Quarantine was put in quarantine.

Angry debates followed between the people of the neighborhood and the Quarantine authorities. Accusations were freely bandied. There was naturally strong excitement upon both sides. But the fever decreased; at least to the time of the present writing it has decreased. There have been no more cases than usual at this season at the Quarantine; and there have been the large stories of its prevalence in the village around Quarantine, which are also quite as large as usual. If a man reflects for a moment that the population around the Quarantine is of the kind which loves to tell a secret rather than keep it, he will soon see that a pestilence could not be raging in such a neighborhood without suspicion. In truth, the report would quite exceed the pestilence, as is always the case under such circumstances.

But if upon Staten Island the fever did not rage, yet upon its neighbor across the Narrows, upon Long Island, it laid its dreadful finger, upon a region hitherto considered peculiarly healthy and secure. The low, green shore of Long Island, seen upon the left as you go out of the Narrows, is dotted with cheerful houses and fringed with lovely trees. You would select it as a spot of alluring attraction as a summer residence. But whether the winds blew the subtle seed of this malady, or whether illicit intercourse between the infected ships and the shore bred the contagion, yet there is no doubt that the Yellow Fever, in its most loathsome form, prevailed upon that smiling shore. It is within an hour's drive of New York, and yet it was said that so great was the panic that the sick were uncared for, and the dead lay unburied. It was not true. The faithful Mayor of Brooklyn, Mr. Hall, visited in person the stricken families; sent nurses to the sick; and took care that the dead were decently interred. Civil life has its heroes. Every officer who is true to his duty in times of pestilence and peril "merits well of his country." The infected district was quite deserted. At the moment in which we write the disease is not spreading; all the cases are traced to actual contact with persons or garments which were already diseased. There has been no general alarm; no panic; and the newspapers invite the wandering citizens to return.

But there *ought* to be general alarm, there ought to be panic. This summer has shown that the theory of the advance of this disease is not fallacious. It has proved that, in its most malignant form, it may intrench itself upon our shores. Within a small circle, just upon the edge of this vast metropolis, it has devastated as the same disease devastated last year at Norfolk. Now experience shows that the spread of this disease, northward, if slow, is sure; and if this summer's experience be that of the green tree, what shall be that of the dry? If, next summer, as is now beyond much doubt, the scourge of this pestilence falls upon the city of New York, what will the result be?

The result will be worse than that of the plague in London two centuries ago.

Of course nothing will be done. Of course every body will suggest that to-morrow may take care of its own yellow fevers. Of course any old Easy Chair that ventures such a prophecy will be quietly counted out among the old fogies. Of course Messrs. Gunnybags and Co. are much too busy with their own affairs to be attending to other people's plagues. Of course the pestilence will come upon us as a thief in the night, and while it steals away our life and our joy, we shall idly and impotently wonder why we did nothing to help ourselves. Ourselves the electors of our fate, we shall writhe under its terrible finger.

Let any man curiously turn his feet and his eyes into the worst quarters of the city of New York, and imagine the Yellow Fever descending upon them. Let him fancy the worst governed city in the world given over to a pestilence and famine. Can he count the consequences? Is he willing to avert them? That is our question. The thunder in the rising cloud has muttered. It is yet far away. There is yet time to secure the harvest from the storm. It can only be done by haste, industry, intelligence, and decision. Are there men of such qualities in the city of New York? If there are, can they be put into the offices in which they can work? If they can be, will they be?

If they are not, if the plague comes, then haply the faint voice of this Easy Chair will be remembered in the day of wrath, as the voice that sounded at midnight in the streets of Jerusalem, foretelling its doom before yet the legions of Titus had marched out of Rome.

But the head of our civic government has his propositions, although they do not relate to the Yellow Fever. The problem of physical health is abandoned as too difficult of solution; but we are to have mental health. Our streets are to be given over to filth, but our minds are to be swept and garnished. Our sewers are to be contemptible, but our studies are to be grand.

One principle is plain in the government of great cities. The first necessity of man being a material necessity, namely, that of food, so that you read poetry in vain to a man who is starving —even so every lawgiver who wishes to make a strong, and happy, and virtuous people must first see that the conditions of physical health are supplied. In the present situation of the city of New York the thing desired is, not a universal academy for cleansing the mind, but a universal bath for purifying the body. If a mayor of New York is anxious to link his name permanently to some great and beneficent institution, let him establish a system of sewerage and street cleaning which will make and keep every street, and compel every street in the city to be kept as sweet and clean as Broadway near Union Place. The people pay taxes enough to have this done, and liberally done. Then let him institute a system of public baths, not free baths altogether, but with a merely nominal charge, and appoint men as superintendents who would see that all assistants were careful and considerate men and women. Let him do all this upon the grandest scale, and he will have woven his best fame with that of the city he governs, and will be gratefully remembered by posterity.

What business has the great dirt and dust hole, called the city of New York, with a vast university? If a people has not yet learned how to conform to the first and most obvious conditions of public health and convenience, why should it fall to learning logarithms? The amiable association of scientific men at Albany reported favorably upon

the proposition of his Honor Mayor Log—of course they did. Abstractly viewed, a university is a fine thing. But a great university in the city of New York is not to be so viewed. Common Sense demands that it should be considered in all its relations. Common Sense sees that the city, as a city, has other work to do, that the taxes of the citizens should go to something more serviceable to the citizens—and Common Sense, as usual, is right.

When Mr. Gunnybags made his rapid European tour, nothing struck him more than the beautiful parks, the noble buildings, the institutions of every kind which met his eye upon every hand. But when he came to inquire into their foundations, he usually found it was the gracious goodness of some monarch, who was the great and good being of his day, which had enriched his country with this evidence of his benignity. Mr. Gunnybags is not much given to reflection, nor eke to reading history, or he would have possibly surmised that the Coliseum and the baths of Rome, which were the club-rooms and cafés of that imperial city, were built by the great and good monarchs to amuse the people whom they fleeced. It was a kind of trout-tickling, not unknown to the present and recent ruler of France.

The finest institutions and works of art and science in the Old World are subject to this unpleasant criticism upon the part of the spectator. They were beautiful masks of selfishness. If we would have a great system of baths, for instance, established in our cities by their governments, it is because those governments represent the people, working for themselves, and not a ruler working for himself and using his subjects.

But while Gunnybags saw these things abroad and could not but admire, even had he thought of the other side, Gunnybags may see at home institutions that make the heart of man happy, not only by their direct contribution to human knowledge, but by the true and profound humanity they exhibit upon the part of those who founded them. The Lawrence School at Cambridge, in Massachusetts, and the Cooper Institute in the city of New York, are illustrations of this spirit, both of which Gunnybags has seen.

But we did not see his name among those of the distinguished guests present at Albany when the Dudley Observatory was dedicated at the end of August. Eminent men were there in every department, but the name of Solomon Gunnybags we did not see. The accomplished scholar and smooth-tongued orator, Mr. Edward Everett, delivered the inaugural address, which was full of interesting information expressed in polished words. The late Governor of New York, Mr. Washington Hunt, was there, and gave a history of the Observatory, and a sketch of the late Mr. Dudley, whose name it bears. All the lights of science in the American world shone in tranquil lustre upon the occasion; but the name of Solomon Gunnybags we did not see.

Yet although he may not have been there upon the happy 28th of August, to have heard read the letter of a noble woman, Blandina Dudley, who contributed fifty thousand actual dollars, oh Gunnybags! to the fund for completely endowing the operations of the Observatory. Some day he will be going to Niagara or Trenton, and then he will see another of the signs of the spirit which saves and adorns a nation. The Dudley Observatory is a monument of that disinterested benevolence and enlightened nationality which have already made the names of Lawrence and Cooper dear to every thoughtful American.

These are the things that, in the midst of the wildest political convulsions, fill with confidence the mind of the patriot. All human society depends at last upon the characters of the men who compose it. All popular government is truly grand just in the degree that the people are intelligent, free, and honest. And when, in a republic, individuals do for the love of human progress what in a monarchy kings do to retard that progress, the heart of every believer in the progressive capacity of the race overflows with joy.

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

We see, from our monthly loophole, looking over ocean, a magnificent procession of princes and generals trailing over the steppes of Russia toward the ancient Muscovite capital, to adorn the fêtes which celebrate the coronation of the new Emperor. We see dismal and broad-streeted Novogorod growing cheerful, and wearing colors of the Fair, as the swarm of great visitors journey through, on their way to the glories of the Kremlin and the Belvidere. We see the summer gardens of the palaces which lie to the north and eastward of the city putting on unusual splendor, and we see the great court of the Kremlin blazing with fires of artifice that would rival the Easter night of Rome, and that shine strangely upon the grouping costumes of every nation, and strangely and fitfully upon the fantastic domes and minarets of the Assumption Church.

Alexander, sitting in his rough wooden chair, brilliant with diamonds, is crowned Emperor, and Europe—represented by her princes with princely suites—accepts and honors the fête. Will Colonel Seymour, in his black coat, illustrate America on the august occasion? The Count de Morny, we hear through a dozen of newspaper paragraphs, is to make the Imperial representation of France brilliant with a score of carriages and a retinue of attachés, which will revive recollections of the splendor of the first empire. The Crimean correspondent of the *Times* is to photograph the ceremonials for the world. There will be a wealth of rubies and sapphires to describe, and of golden and crimson canopies; but is it not melancholy to think how much of abject poverty, of miserable serfdom, and of Polish chains is lighted up by contrast with this great imperial blaze!

And is it not a reflection which we may cherish and grow proud of—in these days of our shamefacedness—that the black-coated Colonel Seymour, utterly lost and unnoticed in that magnificent coterie, where pages are princes, is yet the type and token of a people and a civilization under which bread is cheaper, education wider, liberty fuller, and growth greater than any where else on earth?

Colonel Seymour, overshadowed by the brilliant aides-de-camp of the De Mornys, can find his *aplomb* and support for dignity in a pleasant thought-cast over that suite of sundry odd millions of freemen who have commissioned him to do their business with the empire singly, and singly (with only a secretary for aid-de-camp) to join in such imperial jousting as courtesy may demand.

Is there not something very politic just now in kindling the imagination of Europe by the splen-

dors of a coronal and a baptismal fête? Is there no concert of action among the monarchs? If that active and strong centralization of government which resides in the despotic form is to be upheld and made object of worship, must it not, as in the old days, hedge itself with magnificent ceremonial, and cheat the people out of thoughtfulness by a bewildering succession of court phantasmagoria?

Some ten years ago, when Louis Philippe used to waive formality, and invite a deputy to dine with him *en famille*—when the Emperor Nicholas appeared at the Derby in a white beaver and southwester coat, and when the art-loving old King of Bavaria flirted incontinently with Lola Montes, there was a feeling that the days of grand kingly etiquette were going by; that men every where and in all positions were growing to be men, and that power and reverence were to spring from moral sources; that power was to reside no longer in a gilt bauble called a sceptre, nor reverence be created by the tedious ceremonials which belonged to such languid courts as that of Madrid.

Has the world gone forward or backward in abandonment of this feeling? Most assuredly the feeling, so far as regards Europe, is lost. The Pope does not gad on foot, as in '47, among the Trasteveri, inquiring into their wants, relieving their distresses. He is enthroned now, when approached at all, on the Quirinal or in the Vatican. And elsewhere in Europe, the feeling—so far as we can arrive at it by what comes to us in the journals—is for a revival of the splendors and magnificence of government. The taste does not run toward political Calvinism; belief and faith must have symbols, and the incense must be lighted to carry devotion like a perfume.

Even the Sultan, who it was supposed had broken down, in a Paris frock, from the awful seclusion of an Oriental monarch, has just now given a grand entertainment to the united representatives of England and of France, at which he was not present. The Grand Vizier sat in his place, and reflected the hospitality of the august monarch, whose dignity could not be wounded by a banquet with such as Pelissier and Redcliffe. It would seem almost that the influence of the Oriental forms of obeisance and etiquette had extended to Western Europe, in place of that softening and liberalizing of the East to which the world had been looking forward as a product of the war. The clouted pantalon is still in vigor. The seraglio ladies vail themselves closely as ever; the Circassian girls are still in the market; we hear of no grand conversions to Western Protestantism; the Faithful still adore the Prophet; and the oily tobacconists of the bazar will still fleece you of your piastres, and say—God is great!

Casting our eye round the southern horizon, we see Austria putting her foot on the sea, and, quickened by the sight of last year's fleets from England, building at Pola, an Illyrian port of the Adriatic, her first line-of-battle ship, to be propelled by a screw, to carry ninety guns, and to be called the *Emperor*. Two others of equal magnitude are to succeed her upon the stocks; and, with the Adriatic for a harbor (for Austria virtually controls both coasts as far as Calabria and the Ionian Isles), we may look for the growth of an Austrian navy.

King Bomba still holds obstinately to his tyrannous tastes, and by his hardy despotism is giving hope and courage to the liberal thinkers of Italy. Austrian troops are moving in the north hither and thither—from Modena to Bologna, and from Bologna back to Modena—watched all the while by the envoys of England and of Sardinia; and the conviction is growing stronger, month by month, that the next great battle between court and people—between the august feudal ghosts who wear old armor, and the new idea of ballot-boxes and legislation by discussion—will be fought upon the plains of Italy. There is a dream, which many imaginative ones are dreaming, of an Italian kingdom, which shall join Naples to Lombardy, and cover Rome and Tuscany—which shall disenthrall Sicilians, and leave the Pope only a priest—which shall have merciful laws, and railways—which shall drive away brigandage, and set up schools. We hope the dream may become real.

Can we spend a word—if only for pity—on poor Spain? An old dead hulk of a gallant nation, with only a chivalrous shadow of the ancient bravery to swear by, wrapping its poverty round in the old Castilian cloak grown threadbare, and shading the sunken eye with draggled plumes. It lacks the vigor to cope with newness; it lacks the wealth to sustain the old. What will come out of these Escurial embers, that sparkle from time to time as if heat were in them, Heaven only can tell.

From Madrid toward Paris, as we journey in our journal-car, we come upon the little village of Renteria, in the province of Pampeluna. It is no noticeable village in itself, and only mentioned now because its name has come up in connection with a legal trial in the Paris courts, which has latterly excited a large share of attention. We allude to the action recently brought by a certain Madame Pescatore, in which the famous M. Chaix d'Est-Angé appeared for the complainant.

The story of the affair is this: Monsieur Jean-Pierre Pescatore, born somewhere about 1793, in the city of Luxembourg, after having served through the wars of the first empire, returned to his native place in the year 1814, and associated himself in business with an elder brother, who was at the head of a large manufactory of tobacco. Two years after the elder brother retired, leaving all the business, which was very lucrative, in the hands of Jean Pescatore. This latter, at the same period, married a sister of his brother's wife, who died a few years thereafter without leaving any issue.

In process of time M. Jean Pescatore removed to Paris, and became the proprietor of a magnificent hotel in the Rue St. Georges; he also purchased a large vineyard in Medoc, with the chateau of Giscours. His property still increasing rapidly, he became the owner of that fine estate once belonging to the distinguished agriculturist Morel de Vindé, and lying near to St. Cloud. Between these places M. Pescatore, grown a *bon-vivant* as well as *millionaire*, divided his time. His winters were passed in Paris, summer and spring at the Celle St. Cloud, and the season of the vintage at his chateau of Giscours.

In the year 1839, on his return from a visit to Italy, he brought with him to his hotel of the Rue St. Georges, a lady under the name of Madame Weber, whose history was involved in that graceful mystery which enfolds so many of the fair ones of the gay capital. It is certain, however, that the pretended Madame Weber was simply Made-

moiselle Anne-Catharine Weber, born in Switzerland, of a commanding figure and address, and whose age might be any where between thirty and forty.

It appears that this lady entered the hotel of M. Pescatore in the alleged capacity of housekeeper, and occupied a little room adjoining the kitchen. Two years after she was promoted to a place in the *salle à manger*, appeared at the table of M. Pescatore, though retiring on the removal of the cloth. A year later, she had conquered the position of mistress of the house, and both received and entertained the guests of M. Pescatore. So entire, indeed, was the dominion that she won over the master of the house, by her happy administration of domestic duties, and by the prudent exercise of such charms of person or conversation as she possessed, that she was treated by all the retainers of the house, and by the friends of the millionaire, as Madame Pescatore.

In the year 1851 M. Pescatore made his usual visit to his estates of Medoc, accompanied by (Madame Pescatore) Catharine Weber. It happened that this year the Archbishop of Bordeaux was making his pastoral round of visits to adjoining parishes at the period of M. Pescatore's sojourn at Giscours. The neighboring village wanted a bell, and the proprietor of Giscours signified to the prelate that he would be most happy to supply one, and to assume all needed repairs to the steeple of the parish church. In due time this was accomplished, and the Archbishop returned for the christening of the bell. M. Pescatore invited the prelate to make his home, for the time, at the chateau of Giscours.

The Archbishop regretted that he could not give such countenance to the irregular life of M. Pescatore, and took the occasion to urge upon the old gentleman a change in his scandalous life, and a retrievement of his error, by giving to his union with Madame Pescatore the sanction of a church marriage.

M. Pescatore objected that a priestly marriage involved a civil marriage, which, in its turn, would give a publicity to the affair which he too much dreaded. The world believed him to be privately married; why undeceive people? It would create estrangement from his family: more than all, as a merchant, he was unwilling to make that public exposition of his affairs which the marriage contract would require.

The Archbishop replied that there was a means of avoiding this; to wit, contracting a religious marriage in a foreign country. If Mademoiselle Weber was reared a Protestant, she could forswear her faith.

In view of this easy arrangement, M. Pescatore determined to purify his life by the priestly dispensation. It was too far to cross the Channel for the blessing of Cardinal Wiseman; the parties, therefore, decided upon Spain.

The Archbishop undertook to prepare the way. The first object was to secure a suppression of the usual publication of the bans. By interposition of the Archbishop, an order to this effect was secured from those prelates who governed in ecclesiastical matters in the dioceses of Paris and Versailles (the proper parishes of Monsieur and Madame Pescatore). This license was duly forwarded by the Archbishop to the Spanish bishop of Pampeluna, who, in his turn, transmitted license to the Curé of Renteria, authorizing him to join in marriage certain French parties, who would apply to him within a few days, accompanied by a priest of their own nation.

All happened as arranged; the Curé of Renteria blessed the union of Monsieur and Madame Pescatore; secrecy was strictly observed; the life of the millionaire was purified in the eyes of the Archbishop; and his excellency could indulge freely in the hospitalities of the Chateau of Giscours.

This happened in the year 1851.

In December of 1855 M. Pescatore died in his Hotel of the Rue St. Georges, leaving a fortune of between ten and twelve millions of francs, some three millions of realty, and the balance in personal property.

By his will he devised to Madame Pescatore the life-use of the hotel in the Rue St. Georges, five hundred thousand francs of capital, besides an annual revenue of twenty thousand francs.

But Madame Pescatore, making now public attestation of her marriage, claims not only as legatee, but as legal wife of the deceased. As legatee only, it will be seen, she secures some eighty thousand francs of revenue; but if she can establish her position as wife, she can claim one-half the heritage, *i. e.*, some five millions of francs.

This is the question before the Paris courts: Was Madame Pescatore, or Catharine Weber, in the eye of the French law, the wife of the deceased?

The heirs, it appears, proposed a compromise to the ambitious widow, by which she should be secured one million of capital, besides an annual revenue of one hundred thousand francs. This she declined as *insuffisante*.

The trial has attracted the more attention from the fact of its bringing to view a certain antagonism between the Church and Civil Polity. Is a simple religious marriage good in law? is the question suggested.

The priests say yes; but we think the men of the long robes, countenanced by the imperial smile of the great civil master of the French state, will say no.

A new interest has been added to this trial by the fact that the Archbishop of Bordeaux, perhaps frighted by the position of antagonism to the civil power into which he was thrown, has written a letter to the imperial judge, professing his full respect for the proper laws of the land, and explaining his conduct as prompted by moral considerations purely, and by a wish to give a religious character to what was otherwise an odious irregularity.

We strongly suspect that Madame Pescatore will have to content herself with the legacy of her husband of Renteria, and that the heirs of the wealthy tobacconist will secure the lion's share of his fortune.

We go to the *feuilletons* for another illustration of French life—perhaps true, perhaps untrue, but thoroughly French.

Marguerite, a middle-aged cook in a bourgeois house of Paris, not boasting to be *cordon bleu*, and contenting herself with three hundred francs per annum, finds herself ill one day—very ill. So she asks a notary to be summoned, and her nephew, a fat lout, who sits all day upon the box of a *fiacre* before the Palace of the Louvre. The notary and the nephew come, and go; the former carrying away with him a great budget of papers, which

Marguerite has taken from a shattered *écritoire* hidden in her portmanteau.

She bids her employer adieu, and dies. The notary comes and says he will charge himself with the expenses of her funeral, and tells the astonished bourgeoise, who has just lost her *femme de menage*, that the cook was really the Marquise de Basselin! and her son, the cab-driver, a marquis!

The story, says the French moralist, is simple enough, and natural. Marguerite was a pretty peasant girl, decoyed on a time to live in the Chateau Basselin, where the old Marquis de Basselin devoted himself to a crazy search after discoveries in chemistry. But the curé of the parish wrought upon him to redeem his character and that of the pretty peasant girl by marriage. So Marguerite became Marchioness of Basselin, and her son heir to the title. The old marquis died without a penny, and the bereaved Marguerite, finding her way to Paris, sought a home in a quiet bourgeois family, where she could turn her early peasant education to account, and watch over the interests of the son, who passed for her nephew. She had kept her secret till her last hours, when she had told all to the notary; given to him the papers of the Marquis, and a letter in her own hand to a kinsman of her husband, conceived in this strain:

"Monsieur le Comte,—Monsieur X——, notary, will hand you papers, duly authenticated, which will show you that I stand to you in the relation of aunt, by my marriage with your uncle, the Marquis de Basselin. The same papers will prove that Bichu, who drives a *fiacre* for Monsieur F——, is your cousin-germain, the Marquis de Basselin.

"These revelations have not been previously made, since I had no wish to disturb your quietude by forcing upon you a kinship which I knew must be ungrateful to you.

"But now *that I am dead*, I hope you will reward my forbearance by burying me decently, and by helping my boy Bichu to some better station in life. He will never learn his title till he learns it from yourself."

The Count sent five hundred francs to bury his aunt, but has left the boy Bichu upon his box.

It is not often that we are gratified with American news in our foreign files, but just now our eye falls upon a San Francisco letter, addressed to a leading journal of Continental Europe, conveying to European readers the assurance that the organization and action of the Vigilance Committee of San Francisco is but a preparatory step for a separation of California from the Federal Union, and for a declaration of independence.

The programme suggested by this far-seeing correspondent is, first to impeach and remove those officers, State or municipal, who have gained their election by alleged frauds, to fill their places with sound committee men, to issue writs for the election of a new Legislature, who shall vote the act of separation and of independence!

Yet another foreign bit of Americanism is contained in this pleasant satire from the *Independance Belge* of Brussels:

"The *American Banner*, of Mississippi, the journal of Mrs. Henrietta Prewett, publishes the following announcement:

"'We take great pleasure in informing our readers that we have associated with us in the editorial conduct of this paper, during the electioneering campaign, Mr. John T. Smith, a talented writer and an enthusiastic American. Mr. Smith has been connected for fourteen years with the press of Mississippi; and although a gentleman of extreme courtesy and most charming character, he has already fought five duels, in each of which he has killed his man.

"'He now puts at our editorial service, not only a mass of political argumentation of the first character, but also two capital swords, a Sharpe's rifle, two six-shooting revolvers, a remarkable collection of gutta percha canes, to say nothing of two extremely pretty steel poniards.

"'We ask for him a cordial reception by the body of political writers.

"'N.B.—Challenges are only received at the editor's room from nine in the morning to half-past three in the afternoon.'"

The best, or the worst of the joke is, that this advertisement is published and received in Europe as issued in perfect good faith, and nine out of ten of the *Independence* readers have not a doubt that Mr. Smith has thus provided himself in view of his editorial responsibilities, and will dispose of at least a duel a month until the election shall be decided.

While speaking of editors we must note a most feeling lament of Jules Lecomte over the present lifeless condition of French literature. "We are wearied," he says, "of the sight of the old names of the Academy: they belong to a generation gone. Still it is Guizot, and Cousin, and Thiers, and De Tocqueville which appear upon the placards of the publishers. No new names are coming to fill their places. The romancists are turning their faculties to quite other account. Goslan, Mery, and Lacroix have forsaken the *feuilleton* for the theatre; Xavier Eyma has entered upon finance; Arsene Houssaie is given over to speculation in city enterprises; Albéric Second has turned into architect, and a host of others, more or less known in the circulating libraries, have abandoned the ungrateful task of romance-making for a venture upon that tide of speculation in rents and stocks which has borne many a man in these last years to fortune."

Here and there a pen-holder, however, under Imperial patronage, is working pleasedly and effectively in view of swift returns. Thus Monsieur de St. Albin is engaged upon a magnificent history of the Palaces of St. Cloud and of Versailles, in which every plafond, every corridor, and every court is to have its illustration and its record. It will be printed at the Imperial Press, and will earn, without doubt, an Imperial reward.

Again, another lucky *litterateur*, a *protégé* of the Empress, M. Damas Hénard, has undertaken pleasantly to flatter the Castilian spirit of his Imperial mistress by a grand historic account of the old Spanish poem of the "Cid."

Girardin, the once active editor of the *Presse*, who has now grown silent with his pen, has devoted his energies to speculations which have made him a millionaire. Among the last of these is the project of supplying the working-men of Paris with cheap homes, constructed of timber, and movable. For this purpose land has already been leased upon the site of the old Hippodrome, just without the Arc de l'Etoile, where the erections have commenced. The houses are tenement houses, capable of accommodating four or five working-men, with their families, at the moderate rate of one hundred and fifty francs a year. They are constructed in such a way as to be easily moved wherever low ground-rents or other advantages may favor their location.

Street-goers and strangers in Paris, in the absence of newer things, look curiously at these improvised houses, grouped about the grand entrance to the Bois de Boulogne.

The old, Middle Age town of the Jacquerie has latterly called attention again; and every night a watchman holds his place upon the top of the tower to look after the safety of the city. It is a revival of its old use once more; but with the added appliances of modern art, for now the tower watchman can communicate in an instant, by electric telegraph, with the most distant barrack of the metropolis.

Yet another ornament for the city, and another Napoleonic monument, is proposed by the Senator Dupin. He urges that the action of Louis Napoleon in conducting the nation gloriously and honorably through the late war, and in giving the French name a *prestige* of dignity which it has never had before, is deserving of some monumental commemoration. He therefore proposes a new bronze column of Trajan, to be erected at the intersection of the Boulevard de Sebastopol with the broad avenue leading from the Pantheon to the garden of the Luxembourg; three sides of its base to commemorate, by bas-relief sculpture, recent victories of the French in Algeria and the East; and the fourth side, looking toward the Palace Garden, inscribed "To Napoleon the Third." The spiral of the column is to show a processional array of French glories, and a bronze statue of the Emperor is to crown the summit. Such is the project of the faithful Senate; its execution or abandonment will depend upon the French master.

Of all civic displays Belgium has just now given the crowning wonder. The twenty-fifth anniversary of the coronation of King Leopold has been celebrated by fêtes in almost every city of his little kingdom; but the three festal days on which the anniversary was honored in Brussels were the capital days of the show. One feature of the programme is too noticeable to be passed over without special mention; we refer to the moving representation of the great historic epochs belonging to Belgium or to Flanders.

By leave of our readers we will glance at this—whisking away for the hour's outlook to the royal square of Brussels. The King's palace, the palace of Orange, and the palace of the Belgian deputies, all look down upon this square, upon which opens the Royal Park, whose grand central avenue brings to mind the Garden of the Tuileries.

A warm sun of later July is shining on the pavement and the palaces. The swords and casques of a battalion of carabineers are gleaming on the square. Swarms of people, not wearied with two days of continuous festivity, are crowding up behind the soldiery—looking at the palace balconies, where the royal family and its guests are gathering, and where the splendid costumes of general officers and of European diplomacy are mingling with the gay colored plumes and silks of an army of ladies.

As the clock on the Tower of St. Gudule sounds three, there is an opening in the ranks to the eastward of the palace square, and, preceded by military music, the first great car of the Historic Cavalcade comes in.

Upon its summit appears Clodion, the head of the old Merovingian dynasty, clad in the armor of his time, girt about with his two-handed sword, and reclining upon a huge shield, which is borne up by six Frank warriors. These in their turn stand upon the bastions of an ancient Gallic fortress, from whose base four rivers run, marking the limits of the old Frank domain. Roman prisoners in red tunics, goaded by stalwart warriors, go before and after the car of the conqueror Clodion; and Frankish women with implements of husbandry, and Frankish husbandmen driving their cattle, follow in the company toward such new home as the conqueror may win.

After this comes the car of Luxembourg, consecrated to St. Hubert, patron of the country. There are Amazons, there are pikemen, there are pages in green, who make his escort. There are splendid trophies of the chase, magnificent stag-hounds held in leash, branching antlers, and the winding of a hunter's horn.

Godefroy de Bouillon is on this car of Luxembourg, revived with all the appointments of dress, armor, and escort belonging to his day.

The city of Hainault comes next, with magnificence of other sort. Her car, looming fifty feet above the pavement, represents a Byzantine citadel, with all its turrets, its drawbridges, its bastions; and seated upon one of these, in imperial purple, is Baldwin, the Flemish Emperor of the East, the successor of Constantine. His throne gleams with jewels and gold. His faithful crusading warriors are around him. Men in armor, with vizors down, attend the car, and eight magnificent horses, caparisoned as were those of Baldwin at Constantinople, drag it before the balcony of the King. Arrived here, a cohort of sixty minstrels, in the dress of Troubadour times, advance within ear-shot of the royal circle, and, kneeling, chant a Middle Age ditty of love and war. Then these rise and pass on; and Emperor Baldwin, on his throne, passes around an angle of the palace, giving place to those heroic Flemish commoners and fierce artisans who defended their liberties against France. We see the brave Jacques Van Artevelde, with his son Philip, and a score of gallant companions, and we hear them shouting "*Flandre au Lion!*" in the ears of the King.

After these comes the magnificent cavalcade of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy. First, eighty cavaliers in Burgundian colors, with pennants waving; then fifty yeomen with their staves, followed by six trumpeters; after these the knight-heralds and the pages; then the magnificent company of the Knights of the Golden Fleece in gala dress—the cushions of velvet, with the ducal crown and sceptre; last of all, Philip himself, upon a white charger splendidly caparisoned.

The court and times of Charles V. had also its representation, with pretty Belgian women playing Marguerite of Austria and Marguerite of Parma. Philip of Spain too, made up after old pictures, rode by under the balcony of the King. Rubens, and Vandyck, and Mansfeld had their appropriate places in the cavalcade; and modern Belgium, with her arts, her agriculture, and her trade, brought up the rear of this moving historic pageant.

It had been prepared under the design of the first artists of Belgium, and not a costume or a sword-hilt but was true to its age and use. Rarely, if ever, has there been exhibited such a perfect and gorgeous rendering of national history; such a rendering as would make every Belgian proud of the past and of the present.

Editor's Drawer.

NOW it is October. The "deep and crimson streak" which the sweet Poet spake of is disclosed by the dying leaves. Every where, in a few days, all the woodlands will present a "sea of flowers"—of gold, and crimson, and scarlet, and russet-brown. October!

"Solemn, yet beautiful to view,
Month of my heart! thou dawnest here,
With sad and faded leaves to strew
Pale summer's melancholy bier:
The moaning of thy winds I hear,
As the red sunset dies afar,
And bars of purple clouds appear,
Obscuring every western star.

"I look to Nature, and behold
My life's dim emblems rustling round,
In hues of crimson and of gold—
The year's dead honors on the ground:
And sighing with the winds, I feel,
While their low pinions murmur by,
How much their sweeping tones reveal
Of life and human destiny.

"Alas for Time, and Death, and Care!
What gloom about our way they fling!
Like clouds in autumn's gusty air,
The burial pageant of the spring.
The dreams that each successive year
Seemed bathed in hues of brighter pride,
At last like withered leaves appear,
And sleep in darkness side by side."

Yes; but there comes a spring, when all shall be again renewed: when the flowers shall appear again upon the earth; when the time of the singing of the birds shall come, and the voice of the turtle shall be heard in the land. Precious type of the resurrection of this frail, failing, dying body! —type of the immortal life!

THEY tell a good clerical anecdote of an eccentric clergyman in Massachusetts, which may not be without its influence in places where they do not think enough of the Supreme to keep His House of Worship in repair:

"A neighboring minister, with whom he was about to exchange, said to him, knowing, as he did, the peculiar bluntness of his character:

"'You will find some panes of glass broken in the pulpit window, and possibly you may suffer from the cold. The cushion, too, is in a bad condition; but I beg of you not to say any thing to my people on the subject—they are poor, and can't help it.'

"'Oh no! oh no!' was the reply.

"But before the minister left home he filled a bag with rags, and took it with him. When he had been in the pulpit a short time, feeling somewhat incommoded by the too free circulation of air, he deliberately took from the bag a handful or two of rags, and stuffed them into the window. Toward the close of his discourse, which was more or less upon the duties of a people toward their clergymen, he became very animated, and purposely brought down both fists with tremendous force upon the pulpit cushion.

"The feathers flew in all directions. He instantly checked the current of his thoughts, and simply exclaiming, 'Why, how these feathers fly!' proceeded with his sermon.

"His end was accomplished. He had fulfilled his promise of not addressing the society on the subject, but he had taught them a lesson which was not to be misunderstood. They *took the hint;* for on the next Sabbath the window and the cushion were found in excellent repair, much to the surprise of the resident minister."

"'To all whom it may concern.' My dear Sir, there is a world of plain common sense in the following, 'if,' as Hamlet says, 'our wisdom could but find it out:'

"'Madam,' said a husband to his young wife, in a little altercation, which will sometimes spring up in 'the best of families,' 'when a man and his wife have quarreled, and each considers the other at fault, which of the two ought to be the first to advance toward a reconciliation?'

"'The best-hearted and wisest of the two,' said the wife, putting up her rosy mouth for a kiss, which was given with an unction. She had conquered!"

THERE is affectation of quizzing-glasses, nowadays, by persons who do not require them at all, and who only use them because they make a graceful *dangle* over a shirt-frill, a cataract of scarf, and a virgin-white waistcoat. Let any summer visitor at Saratoga or Newport say if this be not the fact. We have seen a young "blood," with his eye-glass screwed into his eye, when there were observers to notice it, suddenly *forget himself*, and take up a newspaper, which he read without the aid of his dangling appendage, although it was the finest print. Nothing more supremely snobbish can be conceived.

There is a story in point told of a Scottish clergyman of some note, who was one day walking through the streets of Edinburgh, dressed in his rough, country clothes, when a young lady, the leader of a group of fashionable belles, surveyed him through her quizzing-glass rather more curiously than he thought consistent with female delicacy. Seeming suddenly to recollect her, he walked up to her briskly, and seizing her by the hand with the familiarity of an old acquaintance, accosted her with:

"My dear Maria, how do you do? How did you leave your worthy father and venerable mother—those poor but honest people? and when did you come to town?"

All this was expressed with the rapidity and energy of an old and familiar friend, and with an air a little savoring of superiority.

The astonished fair one, who had not time to withdraw her hand, said, with not a little alarm,

"You are mistaken, Sir?

"What!" he replied, "is it possible, my dear, that you do not *know* me?"

"Indeed I do *not*, Sir!"

"Neither do I *you*," said the parson. "Good-morning, madam!" and making a ceremonious bow, he walked slowly away.

The young woman was perfectly cured thereafter of quizzing strangers in the street.

MOORE mentions in his diary a very amusing anecdote of John Kemble. He was performing one night at some country theatre, in one of his favorite parts, and being interrupted from time to time by the squalling of a child in one of the galleries, he became not a *little* angry at the rival performance. Walking with solemn step to the front of the stage, and addressing the audience in his most tragic tone, he said:

"Unless *the play* is stopped, *the child* can not possibly go on!"

The loud laugh which followed this ridiculous transposition of his meaning, relaxed even the nerves of the immortal Hamlet, and he was compelled to laugh with his auditors.

Apropos of Moore's diary; here is another little anecdote which is well worthy of preservation in the Drawer; a good lesson it is, moreover, to those who 'expect to be heard for their *much* speaking' in the pulpit:

"An anecdote of Dr. Barnes, who is now about ninety-five years of age, rather amused me. Being sometimes (as even younger men might be) inclined to sleep a little during the sermon, a friend who was with him in his pew one Sunday lately, having joked him on his having nodded now and then, Barnes insisted that he had been awake all the time.

"'Well, then,' said his friend, 'can you tell me what the sermon was about?'

"'Yes I can,' he answered; 'it was about an hour and a half too long!'"

Young doctors are sometimes pretty hard beset by old invalid "fogies," and are obliged to "put up" with a great many things at first, which they would be very far from "standing" if they had broken the ice and got into a large and lucrative practice.

A case in point occurred in our own good city of Gotham, less than a hundred years ago, because it finds its way to the Drawer from the lips of a friend who heard it.

An old gouty, hipped, hypochondriacal "irritant" of a patient, in the absence of his own physician, calls in a young but very talented new-beginner in the medical way. He is announced:

"How do you do, young man? You are a *doctor*, eh?"

"I have studied the medical profession, Sir, thoroughly, and, for a young physician, have had my share of practice."

"Oh, yes!—I s'pose so. Yes, yes. Well, young man, let's *see* how much you know. What is the matter with *me*, now? You can tell *that*, can't you?"

The young doctor stepped forward, took hold of his patient's pulse and said,

"I can better tell you what is the matter with you when you tell me your symptoms."

"*Symptoms!* that is a good one! I want you to tell *me* what is the matter with me, and you want me to tell *you* what is the matter with me. Shan't *do* it, so now go ahead!"

Thus prompted, still having hold of the old man's wrist, the young doctor said,

"You have pains across your loins, have you not, when you first get up in the morning?"

"No, Sir; never had any thing of the kind in my life, as I ever remember."

"You are subject, I should say, to occasional violent headaches; that arises, no doubt, from—"

"No matter about *that;* you can dry up on *that* point, for I am never troubled with headache."

"Let me look at your tongue. Ah! I *thought* so. You are dyspeptic—flatulence; your digestive functions are out of order. I can soon remedy—"

"Hold on! nothing of the kind. I've got the digestive powers of an anaconda!"

The doctor dropped his "patient's" wrist in disgust.

"Perhaps you think I am a quack, Sir," he said.

"Ah! you have hit it now—you're right for *once*, any way. You can't tell how I *feel*, but you can tell what I *think*. Call yourself 'one of the Faculty'—you haven't *got* a faculty!"

And the old hypochondriac bowed his visitor out of the house.

What a world of pain must have been conveyed to "W. S.," of "Ringwood, Hants," by the following letter in the "Personal" advertisement column of the London *Times:*

"'W. S.'—Your letter of the 19th has been received to-day. The acquaintance has ceased. 'Old times and scenes' are painful, and full of regret. We have parted forever. I am about to be married. Any future communication will be returned unopened. Farewell.—June 30."

Poor fellow! No use in *his* appealing to the "remembrances of the past" with such a stony-hearted coquette as this young lady appears to have been. She had doubtless encouraged him on, until she had found some other string to her bow, and then dropped him with as much indifference as if she had never awakened a tender emotion in his bosom. And to *advertise* his wrongs, too! Shame, madam!

This is a pretty thought, prettily expressed, is it not?

"Take the bright shell
From its home in the lea,
And wherever it goes
It will sing of the sea.

"So take the fond heart
From its home and its hearth,
'Twill sing of the loved
To the ends of the earth."

Tom Moore *might* have written that—but he *didn't.*

Here, reader, is a little picture of *one* kind of "human natur," that, while it will make you laugh, conveys at the same time a lesson not unworthy of heed. The story is of a gentleman traveling through Canada in the winter of 1839, who, after a long day's ride, stopped at a road-side inn called the "Lion Tavern," where the contents of the stage-coach, numbering some nine persons, soon gathered around the cheerful fire.

Among the occupants of the room was an ill-looking cur, who had shown its wit by taking up its quarters in so comfortable an apartment. After a few minutes the landlord entered, and observing the dog, remarked:

"Fine dog, that; is he yours, Sir?" appealing to one of the passengers.

"No, Sir."

"*Beautiful* dog! *yours*, Sir?" addressing himself to a second.

"*No!*" was the blunt reply.

"Come here, Pup! Perhaps he is *yours*, Sir?"

"No!" was again the reply.

"Very sagacious animal! Belongs to you, I suppose, Sir?"

"No, he doesn't!"

"Then he is *yours*, and you have a treasure in him, Sir," at the same time throwing the animal a cracker.

"No, Sir, he is not!"

"Oh!" (*with a smile*) "he belongs to *you*, as a matter of course, then?" addressing the last passenger.

"*Me!* I wouldn't have him as a gift!"

"Then, you dirty, mean, contemptible whelp, get out!" And with that the host gave him such a kick as sent him howling into the street, amidst the roars of the company.

There was *one* honest dog in that company, but the two-legged specimen was a little "too sweet to be wholesome."

Dr. Johnson was thought not to be very courteous, if he was not very impolite, when he replied to a question as to how he liked a very "difficult" but hazy piece of music, to which he had just been compelled to listen,

"*Difficult!* what a blessing it would be if it were *impossible!*"

But the Turkish Sultan, Abdul Medjid, outdoes him (the old, uncouth Leviathan!) both in satire and in courtesy. After listening to the performance of a very energetic French pianist—a sort of Leopold de Meyer, very like—he called the delighted professor to his side, and remarked,

"I have heard Thalberg, I have heard Liszt; but of all the men I have ever heard, I have never seen *one* who *perspires* so much as you do!"

The professor deserved that compliment; he had earned it "by the sweat of his brow."

Nor is the praise here accorded altogether unlike that awarded by a French officer to a company of English troops, whom he was assisting to review in some provincial town of the "inviolate island of the sage and free."

"What do you *think* of them, Sir?" asked the British officer, whose long duty it had been to drill the "awkward squad."

"*Think* of them, Monsieur le Capitaine? There is but *one* thing *to* think. Sare, I 'ave seen ze Garde Napoleon, ze Garde Royal, ze Russ, and ze Pruss; but, Sare, I 'ave *nevare* seen such troops as zat! Sare, NEVARE!"

This praise was reported to the corps, and great was the rejoicing thereat. But by-and-by the satire of the remark leaked out, and the joke was past "hushing up."

One of the most charming and effective essays upon Temperance that has ever "met *our* eye" is Hawthorne's "*Rill from a Town-Pump.*" Take the following as a single "sample:"

"Here they come! A hot day, gentlemen! Quaff away, my friend; you will need another cupful to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there, from your travel in the country, as it is upon your cow-hide shoes. I see that though you have trudged half-a-score of miles to-day, like a wise man, you have passed by the taverns, and stopped at the running brooks and well-kerbs. But drink, and make room for that other fellow, who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potations, which he drained from no cup of mine.

"Welcome, most rubicund Sir! You and I have been too great strangers, hitherto; nor will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy till the fumes of your breath become a little less potent. Mercy on you, man! the water absolutely hisses down your red-hot gullet, and is quite converted to steam in that boiler which you call your stomach. Fill again, man, and tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any kind of dram-shop, spend the price of your children's food for a swig half so delicious? Now for the first time these ten years you know the flavor of cold water. Good-by! and whenever you are thirsty, remember that I keep a constant supply at the old stand.

"Who next? Oh, my little friend, you are let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule, and other school-boy troubles, in a draught from the Town-Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life! Take it; and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now!

"There, my dear child, put down the cup, and yield it and your place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the paving-stones that he seems afraid of breaking them.

"What! he limps by without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine-cellars. Well, Sir—we have done, I hope. Go draw the cork; tip the decanter; but when your



EVERY LADY HER OWN PERAMBULATOR.

A PLAN PROPOSED TO RENDER THE PRESENT STIFF AND IMMENSE DRESS USEFUL AS WELL AS ORNAMENTAL (?)



DRESS AND THE LADY.

great toe shall set you a-roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the gout, it is all one to the Town-Pump."

"SWEET are the uses of adversity," says Shakspeare; but the following colloquy doesn't "make the proposition good:"

"Ah, Sam, so you are in trouble, eh?"

"Yes, Jem, yes; I *am*."

"Well, well, never mind; cheer up, man—cheer up! Adversity tries us, and shows up our better qualities."

"Ah, but Adversity didn't try *me;* it was a country Judge, and he showed up my *worst* qualities."

This argument was a *non sequitur;* and in *this* case, at least, "the greater the thief, the greater the "*argument.*"

"PRAYER and provender hinder no man's journey," is a good old saying, but some people who have plenty of time for the latter, have mighty little for the former, even when they are at home. A Tennessee correspondent writes:

"The Rev. Mr. Derwell, a pious and curious old Methodist minister, went from Tennessee to Kentucky, in 1852, to visit his relative, the Hon. William Bolton. The host was not a religious man, but was a gentleman, and invited the minister to have family worship every evening. While he was yet visiting there, Judge Cone and his wife, from Nashville, arrived to pass the night, and Mr. Bolton being a little embarrassed, said to the old minister, as he brought out the Bible, that he had better be short, as the Judge was probably not accustomed to such things.

"Very well, very well," said he; and reading a single verse, he knelt down and prayed, "O Lord, we are very poor and needy creatures, and we know thou art able and willing to supply all our wants, but Cousin William says that Judge Cone and his wife, from Nashville, are here, and are not used to family worship, and however needy we are, there is no time to spare in telling thee our wants. Amen."

The Judge was taken all aback, and so was Cousin William. They both pressed the old gentleman to conduct the service in his own way, which he did to their great edification.

AN elderly young lady, with a taste so fastidious that she refused to have the *Christian Observer* taken in the house, for she said it was often lying in the room when she wanted to dress, and she would not dress with an Observer in the room, if it was a Christian—this very delicate lady inquired at one of the fashionable dry goods stores for nice silk hose. The attentive clerk displayed the articles, and the lady examined them narrowly, passed her hand down one of them, and holding them up, as if to see their length, asked,

"How high do they come?"

The clerk, not thinking that she meant to inquire the price, blushed to his brows, and stammered out, "Well, really, Miss—Madam—I think about to the *knee!*"

The astonished lady's eyes flashed fire, and as she was a little of a blue withal, she cried out,

"Well, you are the '*ne* plus ultra' of all clerks. I didn't know there could be such a fool," and leaving the hose on the counter, she sailed away.

"KEEP in good humor. It is not great calamities that embitter existence," says an excellent writer; "it is the petty vexations, the small jealousies, the little disappointments, the minor miseries, that make the heart heavy and the temper sour. Don't let them. Anger is a pure waste of vitality; it is always foolish, and always disgraceful, except in some very rare cases, when it is kindled by seeing wrong done to another; and even that noble rage seldom mends the matter. Keep in good humor.

"No man does his best except when he is cheerful. A light heart makes nimble hands, and keeps the mind free and alert. No misfortune is so great as one that sours the temper. Until cheerfulness is lost, nothing is lost. Keep in good humor.

"The company of a good-humored man is a perpetual feast; he is welcomed every where—eyes glisten at his approach, and difficulties vanish in his presence. Franklin's indomitable good humor did as much for his country in the old Congress as Adams's fire or Jefferson's wisdom; he clothed wisdom with smiles, and softened contentious minds into acquiescence. Keep in good humor."

But this counsel is scarcely needed for the readers of this department of our Magazine, for how is it possible that the readers of the Drawer should do otherwise than keep in good humor?



THE HUSBAND AS HE OUGHT TO BE,

ANGELINA.—Well, Love, how do you think I look? Do you like the Dress?
EDWIN.—I think it's perfectly charming. I never saw you look better!

AND



AS HE OUGHT NOT TO BE.

ANGELINA.—Well, E., you don't say a word about my Dress?
EDWIN.—Eh? What? Oh! Ugh!—H'm—beautiful, beautiful, beautiful!

LINES written in a lawyer's office on the approach of

SPRING.

Whereas, on certain boughs and sprays,
Now divers birds are heard to sing,
And sundry flowers their heads upraise.
Hail to the coming on of Spring.

The songs of those said birds arouse
The memory of our youthful hours,
As green as those said sprays and boughs,
As fresh and sweet as those said flowers.

The birds aforesaid—happy pairs—
Love 'mid the aforesaid boughs enshrines
In freehold nests: themselves, their heirs,
Administrators, and assigns.

Oh, busiest term of Cupid's Court!
Where tender plaintiffs actions bring—
Season of frolic and of sport!
Hail, as aforesaid, the coming Spring!

DURING one of the great political conventions of the present campaign, a Methodist church was engaged for a meeting. The boys, who were on the alert for excitement, took early possession of the gallery, well supplied with sticks to beat the floor in response to the speeches. One of the excellent Methodist brethren had been very justly grieved that the house was lent for such a purpose, and hoping to save it as much as possible from desecration, he went up into the gallery before the meeting began, and told the boys that they ought to remember they were in the church, and to behave in a manner becoming so holy a place; especially, he hoped they would not disgrace themselves and the place by making a noise, rapping, or shouting, or whistling, or any thing of that sort. "But if there should any thing be said which pleases you very much, then, boys, you may say, 'Bless my soul,' 'Amen,' and so forth, as the case may be."

The meeting began. The chairman stated the object of the assembly, the great honor he had in being called to preside, the proudest day of his life, and becoming warm, he launched out into such eloquence as to arouse the spirits of the boys, who would have given him a round of applause with their sticks but for the old man's advice, when, recollecting his permission, they at once began to cry out, "Bless my soul!" and at the end of the next sentence, "Amen!" and soon a chorus of youngsters cried out, "And so forth!" to the astonishment of the chairman, who addressed himself to the galleries, and said he should have them cleared if that interruption was repeated, whereupon the whole race of them shouted, "As the case may be!" The excitement became so great between the galleries and the pit, that the boys had to promise to withhold any further expressions of their enthusiasm, and they were then allowed to remain.

ONE must be *easy* in his mind to go to sleep *quietly*, but what must have been the feelings of the stranger who was sent up stairs in a Western hotel to sleep with a backwoodsman, who gave him this welcome:

"Wa'al, stranger, I've no objection to your sleeping with me, none in the least; but it seems to me the bed's rather narrow for you to sleep comfortable, considerin' how I dream. You see, I am an old trapper, and generally dream of shooting and scalping Injuns. Where I stopped night afore last, they charged me five dollars extra 'cause I happened to whittle up the head-board with my knife while I was dreaming. But you can come to bed, if you like. I feel kinder peaceable to-night."

A WESTERN cattle-dealer, who rarely had the privilege of sitting down to meat with a family, and had never been in a minister's house in his life, was not long ago benighted and lost in his ride across the prairies, and compelled to ask for lodgings at the first house he could find. Happily for him it proved to be the dwelling of a good man, a parson, who gave him a cordial welcome, and what was specially agreeable, told him supper would soon be ready. The traveler's appetite was ravenous, and the moment he was asked to sit by he complied; and without waiting for a second invitation, he laid hold of what he could reach.

"Stop, stop!" said the good man of the house, "we are in the habit of saying something here before we eat."

This hint to wait till a blessing was asked the rough customer did not understand, but with his mouth full he muttered,

"Go ahead, say what you like; you can't turn my stomach now!"

DR. ALLYN, of Boston, was a man of stern principle, as became a divine, and withal a man of humor in his way. A well-known merchant had failed in business, but being determined to hold his head up, gave a large dinner party, and invited the Rev. Doctor, who was expected to say grace. As the company walked into the dining-room, Dr. A. stepped back as if he had forgotten something, and left the house. He did not return. His friends asked him afterward the reason of his sudden disappearance, and he told them that when he entered the room and saw the splendid dinner, he thought of poor Davis, who had been ruined by the failure of their hospitable host—it took away his appetite, and he had to leave the house.

This was the same Dr. Allyn to whom the people came to remonstrate with him upon the impropriety of allowing a violin in the choir.

"Why, have we not always had a bass viol?" he asked.

"Oh yes! but that was a very different thing from a fiddle."



BREAKERS AHEAD.

"Certainly it is," said the Doctor, "a much larger instrument, and I think the greater the fiddle the greater the sin."

BELLE BRITTAN writes some very spirited letters from Newport, where the ladies dress nine times a day, a greater number than is usually allowed to the most extra-genteel. First they put on a dress to dress in for breakfast, two; then to bathe, three; after bathing, four; dinner, five; for a nap, six; for a ride, seven; for tea, eight; for a hop, nine! and one more to retire!! But this dressing for show, Belle says, is a rather costly and unsatisfactory business. "What a pity it can not be dispensed with altogether. I should like to live in a planet where costume would grow upon us; where we could leaf out and blow out like vines and lilies, and where children could be gathered from the trees like peaches. Who knows but we shall be put through a course of sprouts similar to this in some of the worlds to come!"



A FULL CARRIAGE.

ANY one who has sought to avail himself of the benefits of Life Insurance, has been amused, if not provoked with the number, variety, and troublesomeness of the questions which he is obliged to answer, and get his physician and some friend of his to make an *affidavy* unto. It is proposed to add the following questions to the printed list:

"Did your great grandmother ever complain of having been frightened to death?

"Are you in the habit of reading Mr. Alison's histories, or the *Morning Advertiser*, or any other publications tending to lengthen life?

"Is your wife a strong-minded woman?

"Do you know any members of Congress, and is there any chance of your getting into political or other arguments with the owner of a revolver?

"Are you a polite man, who does not mind running out of a hot opera-house to get up a carriage on a wet night?

"Do you run after fancy preachers, and do they make you cry?

"What was the general state of your ancestors' health in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries?

"Was any member of your family ever swallowed up by an earthquake?

"Do you always take care not to tread on orange peel in the street?

"Have you ever been afflicted with Irishmen, or any other epidemic?

"Who cuts your hair?"

GOVERNOR FORD, of Illinois, tells a very rich anecdote of one of the early judges of that State, but unhappily the Governor does not put upon record the name of the sensitive and considerate magistrate.

At the court over which this judge presided, a man by the name of Green was convicted of murder, and the judge was obliged to pass sentence of death upon the culprit. Calling on the prisoner to rise, the judge said to him,

"Mr. Green, the jury say you are guilty of murder, and the law says you are to be hung. I want you, and all your friends down on Indian Creek to know, that it is not I who condemn you; it is the jury and the law. Mr. Green, at what time, Sir, would you like to be hung; the law allows you time for preparation?"

The prisoner replied, "May it please your honor, I am ready at any time: those who kill the body have no power to kill the soul. My preparation is made, and you can fix the time to suit yourself; it is all the same to me, Sir."

"Mr. Green," returned the judge, "it is a very serious matter to be hung; it can't happen to a man but once in his life, unless the rope should break before his neck is broke; and you had better take all the time you can get. Mr. Clerk, since it makes no difference to Mr. Green when he is hung, just look into the almanac, and see whether this day four weeks comes on Sunday."

The clerk looked as he was di-



RETURNED FROM THE WARS.

rected, and reported that that day four weeks came on Thursday.

"Then," said the judge, "Mr. Green, if you please, you will be hung this day four weeks at twelve o'clock."

The attorney-general, James Turney, Esq., here interposed and said,

"May it please the court, on occasions of this sort it is usual for courts to pronounce a formal sentence, to remind the prisoner of his perilous condition, to reprove him for his guilt, and to warn him against the judgment in the world to come."

"Oh, Mr. Turney," said the judge, "Mr. Green understands the whole matter; he knows he has got to be hung. You understand it, Mr. Green, don't you?"

"Certainly," said the prisoner.

"Mr. Sheriff, adjourn the court."

Four weeks from that day Mr. Green was hung, but not so much to his own satisfaction as his appearance promised on the day of his conviction.

THESE are queer queries:

Is death's door opened with a skeleton key?

Would you say a lady was dressed loud who was covered all over with bugles?

Is there any truth in the report that the Arabs who live in the desert have sandy hair?

In selling a Newfoundland dog, do you know whether it is valued according to what it will fetch, or what it will bring?

A NEW translation of the Bible making its appearance, in which the passage "Be instant in season and out of season" is rendered "Be on hand conveniently and inconveniently," the *Observer* intimates that "Go forward" should read "Go ahead," and "Yea, Lord," give place to "Yes, Sir-ree."

WE have from Albany, our goodly capital, where the wits of men are sharpened into a keenness of practice in the way of getting the start of one another, some facts of late occurrence that exceed any thing that happened under the Old Regency. T. B. Jones, Esq., being indebted to his political friend, Mr. Brown, in the sum of $25,000, gets Mr. Brown's assistance to get a good fat contract, out of which Mr. Jones makes $40,000; and, instead of paying his obliging friend what he now doubly owes him, he makes it all over to his young and lovely niece, and sets off to Washington to spend the winter. Mr. Brown is very much cut-up at the conduct of Mr. Jones, whose ingratitude is only equaled by his cunning; but Mr. Brown consoles himself in his disappointment by making love to the lovely niece of the defaulting creditor, and after a short courtship he marries her, and proceeds with his bride to Washington to spend the rest of the winter. T. B. Jones, Esq., is red with wrath when he meets the happy couple, and uses many words which have a great resemblance to profane swearing; while his niece, the smiling bride, is quite unable to understand why her generous uncle should settle upon her the sum of $40,000, and then be offended because she bestows it on the husband of her choice, and his friend too!



BREAKFAST FOR A YOUNG LADY.—"Waiter, you may bring me a Steak, and a Lamb Chop, and a bit of broiled Chicken, and, and, that's all, Waiter, except an Omelet and the Rolls and Muffins; and the Coffee, Waiter, let it be very hot and strong."

The Miseries of Mistresses.



SALLY (*loquitur*).—"I wish Mr. Smith would get another bottle of Balm of a Thousand Flowers—it do give one such a sweet breath!"



"Who is them Fellows, did you say, Mum? Them Gentlemen's my Cousins, Mum, jist dropped in to kape me company, Mum!"



"And so, Jane, this is Missis Jones's new Bonnet! Cost only ten Dollars! I'd be ashamed to be seen with such a thing on!"



"If there ain't Missis Jones, with that Bonnet on! Don't let's see her, Jane!"



"I tell you, I won't have any body pokin' about *my* kitchen. You or I has got to keep out!"



"Yes, Ma'am, I'm goin'. I won't poke myself up in the country. Folks as I lives with allus goes to Newport in September."

Fashions for October.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 51 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figures 1, 2, and 3.—Promenade Dress and Children's Costumes.

"WHAT is to be the fashion for cloaks?" is the most usual question addressed at this season to our *modistes*. By way of answer, we present delineations of two, of different styles, which can not fail to be favorites. In Figure 1 the cloak is of stone-colored ladies' cloth, elegantly embroidered; the cape is cross-laced, and furnished with tassels, and ends in tabs, cut pointed at the bottom. The shape behind is similar, the points forming very nearly a right angle. The Bonnet is of buff *reps*, with black velvet tabs, and is trimmed with blonde and fern leaves. The dress is of Lyons taffeta, with very full under-sleeves, closed at the wrist, with *revers*.

Figure 4 represents a cloak of moire and velvet, with buttons of the same materials, of a style entirely new. The centre is of one material, with a wide border of the other. The drops are made to match. Buttons of this and other styles will be much used as trimmings; as will fringes also. Cloth may be very properly used for the material of such a cloak.



FIGURE 4.—MOIRE AND VELVET CLOAK.

A very pleasing traveling cloak, which space will not allow us to illustrate, is composed of gray cloth, having a drawn hood, adorned with a *nœud* and with streamers at the back. The skirt falls full, without plaits; is very long, and somewhat deeper behind than before. The sleeves fit easily at the top, but become wide and flowing, so that they reach the bottom of the skirt when the arms are crossed.

The INFANT'S DRESS is of merino, of robin's-egg color, with *ruches*, and bows of taffeta. The GIRL'S DRESS consists of a basque of black silk. The body is high, with *bretelles*, ornamented with a tie and floats of black velvet. The sleeves and basque are apparently slit open from the indentures of the Vandyke; this appearance is confirmed by the black velvet buttons placed there. The under-sleeves are puffed; the skirt of glacé, striped violet and green, with two flounces. When the hair will not curl, a style of arrangement very becoming to some faces is to bring it over the ears with a round roll, without forming it into a knot, covering it with a black velvet bow, with loops and loose ends.

The CAP forms a *bouillonnée* of illusion tulle, lozenge shaped, inclosing a crown of the same, upon which is a plait of black velvet and rose or straw colored ribbons. Through the *bouillon* is drawn a transparent of satin ribbon, forming a bow upon the opposite side where the ends emerge. Strings of the same. Frills of black and white lace, with tabs of black lace behind, and an ornament of gauze leaves and pensile straw flowers, complete the ornaments of the head-dress.



FIGURE 5.—CAP

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. LXXVIII.—NOVEMBER, 1856.—Vol. XIII.

THE MASSACRE OF St. BARTHOLOMEW.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

HISTORY is our heaven-appointed instructor. The past is the guide for the future. The calamities of yesterday are the protectors of to-day.

The sea of time we navigate is full of perils. But it is not an unknown sea. It has been traversed for ages; and there is not a sunken rock or a treacherous sand-bar which is not marked by the wreck of those who have preceded us.

There is no portion of history fraught with more valuable instruction than the period of those terrible religious wars which embellished, and, at the same time, desolated the sixteenth century. Man never appeared more god-like, never more demoniac than then. The most exalted virtue, the most ignoble crime then culminated.

There is no romance so wild as the veritable history of these times. The majestic outgoings of the Almighty, as developed in the onward progress of our race, infinitely transcends, in all the elements of profoundness, mystery, and grandeur, aught that man's fancy can create.

The pencil of the artist can spread beauty upon the canvas; but what are its creations when compared with the heaving ocean, the gorgeous clouds of sunset, and the thunder-riven crags of the Alps—with glacier, and forest, and heaven-piercing pinnacle. The dome of St. Peter's is man's noblest architecture; but what is it when compared with the majestic rotunda of the skies.

About four hundred years ago there was a small kingdom spread over the cliffs and the ravines of the Eastern Pyrenees, called Navarre. Its half million of inhabitants caught fish in the coves which jutted in from the Bay of Biscay, or trimmed vines upon sunny slopes of the mountains, an independent, frugal, happy people. Catharine de Foix was Queen of this realm. She was a widow, and all her hopes were centered in Henry, her son and heir, then a child of seven years.

Ferdinand of Aragon about this time married Isabella of Castile, and, seized with the mania for annexation—a mania which has not yet died out among the nations—sent an army into these sunny valleys, and wrested from Catharine one half of her dominions. Catharine, in intensity of unavailing exasperation, retired with her son to the northern slope of her mountainous domain, which looked down upon France. She endeavored to inspire her son, even in his infancy, with resolution to strain every nerve, when he should become a man, to regain the dismembered portion of their kingdom.

Catharine died, and Henry, attaining manhood, married the sister of the King of France, hoping thus to gain an ally for the recovery of his lost territory. His hopes were not realized. One child was born to them, Jeanne d'Albret. As years developed her mind and heart, she became one of those rare women who combine every thing which is lovely and fascinating in female attractions with every thing that is grand and magnanimous in nobility of character.

Jeanne, while still a child, was married to Anthony of Bourbon, a near relative of the King of France. She accompanied her husband to Paris. Henry, her father, hoped that from this union an avenger might arise. Twice the now gray-haired monarch took a grandson in his arms, and twice he saw his hopes consigned to the tomb.

World-weary and joyless the aged grandfather still clung to this one great hope of his life. The tidings that Jeanne was again to become a mother kindled the lustre of his fading eye. He sent imperatively to his daughter to return to the paternal castle, that the child might be born in the kingdom of Navarre. It was mid-winter; the journey long and rough; still Jeanne promptly obeyed.

Henry impatiently awaited the advent of the long-looked-for avenger. With superstition characteristic of the times, he extorted from his daughter a promise that, in the most painful moment of her trial, she would sing an exultant song, that her son might be spirited and sanguine—a promise which the heroic mother fulfilled.

The aged King received the child, at the moment of its birth, into his arms. Enveloping the infant in soft folds, regardless of a mother's claims he bore it triumphantly to his own apartment. He rubbed the lips of the plump babe with garlic, and taking a golden goblet of generous wine, the rough and royal nurse forced the beverage he loved so well down the untainted throat of his new-born heir.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



BIRTH OF HENRY OF NAVARRE.

"A little good old wine," said the doting grandfather, "will make the boy vigorous and brave."

We may remark in passing that it was *wine*, rich and pure, which had gushed from the blushing grapes of Navarre—not that mixture of all abominations, whose only vintage is in cellars sunless, damp, and fetid, where guilty men fabricate poison for a nation.

The little stranger received the ancestral name of Henry. He subsequently filled the world with his renown. He became Henry IV. of France, the first of the Bourbon line, and by far the most illustrious of all the *ancient* kings of France. To the story of his varied fortunes, and of his wild and wondrous career, we devote the few following pages.

Henry of Navarre was born three hundred years ago, in 1553. The King, his grandfather, assumed his entire control. He possessed among the Pyrenees an old castle, craggy as the eternal granite which frowned around it. Gloomy firs clung to the hill sides, and eagles screamed over them in their lonely flight. A foaming torrent, impetuous from the mountains, swept by the walls. To this storm-battered castle of Curasse, lowering in congenial gloom among the rocks, Henry was sent to be nurtured in frugality and hardship, like a peasant boy. He was destined to great achievements, and the King resolved that no delicacies or luxuries should enfeeble his frame. A companion of the sturdy mountaineers around him, he rolled upon the grass, waded the torrents, climbed the cliffs, and played with the dogs. His hair was bleached and his cheeks bronzed by sun and wind.

When Henry was six years of age his grandfather sank sorrowingly into the grave, and his mother became Queen of Navarre. Henry was recalled from his mountain home to the palace, where a two years' residence invested him with those courtly graces which ever distinguished him.

Mary Stuart, a beautiful girl of fifteen, afterward the unhappy Queen of Scots, was to be married to Francis Valois, a pale, effeminate boy of sixteen, son of the King of France. Henry, then eight years of age, accompanied his parents to Paris to attend the nuptials. His vigorous beauty, vivacity, and energy attracted the attention of the King.

"Will you be my son?" said the King, as he drew him to his lap.

"No, Sire, no!" Henry replied, "that is my father," pointing to Anthony of Bourbon.

"Well then, will you be my son-in-law?"

"Oh yes, most willingly," Henry replied.

The King had a daughter, Marguerite, six years of age, two years younger than Henry, and it was immediately decided that they should be betrothed.

Henry soon returned to Navarre, and, under judicious tutors, prosecuted his studies with great vigor.

At the close of the sixteenth century, the period of which we write, all Europe was agitated by the great controversy between the Catholics and the Protestants. The writings of the Reformers had aroused the attention of the whole Christian world. England and parts of Germany had adopted the Protestant faith. In France the Protestants, though few in numbers, were powerful in rank, intelligence, and determination. The Catholics were resolved that they would crush out Protestantism by every available energy of persecution. The Protestants, who, for some unknown reason, were there called *Huguenots*, were determined that they

would not be thus crushed out. Calvin was the intellectual head of the Reformers—that extraordinary man of whom it has been said,

"On Calvin some think Heaven's own mantle fell,
While others deem him instrument of hell."

The political leaders of the Protestants were the Prince of Condé and the noble Admiral Coligni, besides others of the most illustrious families in France. The storm of persecution which fell upon the Protestants was so severe that they were compelled to protect themselves by force of arms. In some cities the Protestants were not tolerated at all. In other places their courage and energy had won for them a kind of toleration, and, strongly armed, they met in worship, bidding defiance to their foes. The whole kingdom was in commotion from this terrific strife.

Jeanne d'Albert was a Protestant. Her husband was a Catholic. As the strife between the two parties grew warmer, a separation, mutually assented to, ensued. Anthony of Bourbon returned to Paris, taking with him his son Henry. He was a rough soldier, without a religious thought, and was a Catholic merely from political considerations. Yielding to the solicitations of Jeanne, he allowed Henry to retain his Protestant tutor. The affectionate mother, as she took leave of her son, with tears entreated him never to abandon the faith in which he had been educated.

Charles the Ninth, a boy of some fourteen years, was then nominally King of France. His mother, Catharine de Medici, a woman of boundless energy and of indescribable depravity, was appointed Regent during his minority. She governed France with a treacherous and a merciless heart. History, perhaps, records not another instance in which a *mother* has endeavored to degrade her own son, by every possible vice, that she might plunge him into debasement which would enable her to retain the crown. Henry of Navarre was affianced to her daughter Marguerite. Catharine contemplated with alarm the energetic spirit he developed, and with woman's tact, stimulated by the most fiend-like depravity, she crowded upon him every temptation which could lead him into demoralizing indulgence.

Civil war sprung up. The two parties were marshaled in menacing armies to settle the great dispute on fields of blood. A Protestant army behind the walls of Rouen was besieged by overwhelming numbers of Catholics. Anthony of Bourbon in pressing the siege was struck by a ball, and almost immediately died. Henry was now left fatherless, in the voluptuously dissolute court of Catharine at Paris.

For a time civil war with terrible ferocity swept the kingdom; brother against brother, and parent against child. The Catholics, exasperated by religious fanaticism, thought that they did God service in endeavoring to exterminate a deadly heresy. The Protestants were struggling in self-defense.

And here let us pause to contemplate the important fact that, in the sixteenth century, the doctrine of *Religious Toleration*, in its full significance, was recognized by no one. That great truth had not yet risen upon the world. A few rays only from its feeble dawn were yet perceived. The noble toleration so eloquently advocated by Bayle and Locke nearly a century later, was even at that time almost a new revelation to the human mind.

In the sixteenth century it would almost universally have been regarded impious, and rebellion against God, to affirm that *error* (*heresy*) is not to be pursued and punished. The Reformers themselves did not advocate the doctrine that a man has a right, unrestrained by human law, to believe what he pleases, and to disseminate that belief. They only declared that they were bound to believe the *truth*—that the views which they cherished were *true;* and that, therefore, they should be protected in them.

That *noble toleration* which allows a man to adopt any mode of worship which does not disturb the peace of society, exists, as we believe, only in the United States. Even in England *dissenters* are excluded from many privileges. Throughout the whole of Catholic Europe no religious toleration is recognized. The Emperor Napoleon, during his reign, established the most *perfect freedom of conscience* under every government his influence could control. His downfall re-established throughout Europe the dominion of intolerance.

While France was thus deluged with the blood of civil war, Henry was pursuing his studies in Paris. Having no religious principles of his own, he regarded the two sects merely as two political parties struggling for power. Both parties were extremely anxious to gain him. Upon the death of his mother he would be King of Navarre. He was soon to marry Marguerite, a daughter of the Queen of France. In certain contingencies, which were very probable, he would be heir to the throne of France. His father had died fighting for the Catholics. His mother, from her character and her rank, was now the most illustrious leader of the Protestants. All eyes were thus fixed upon Henry, as he would prove an invaluable accession to either party.

The Queen of Navarre, with a pious mother's solicitude for her son, urged him to return to her; but the wily Catharine threw silken chains around the young man which he could not break. Jeanne then, with a small but illustrious retinue, made a visit to Catharine, hoping thus to regain her child. Catharine received her with the most extraordinary demonstrations of affection, and so adroitly wound around her the golden chains of etiquette, that Jeanne found herself also a prisoner. It at length became necessary for Jeanne to effect her escape by stratagem from this captivity of excessive politeness and attention.

Availing herself of the opportunity which a hunting excursion presented, when all the horses were exhausted by the long chase, Jeanne and



FLIGHT OF THE QUEEN OF NAVARRE.

her party secretly separated from the rest of the company, and met at an appointed rendezvous where fresh steeds awaited them. Then turning toward the south, having relays at appointed stations, they hardly rested day or night until the clatter of their horses' hoofs resounded amidst the mountains of Navarre. Jeanne left a very polite note upon her table, in the palace of St. Cloud, thanking the Queen for all her kindness, and praying her to excuse the liberty she had taken in avoiding the pain of words of adieu.

The flames of civil war now blazed with intensest fury. France was the arena where the Catholics and the Protestants of all Europe met to decide the controversy with the sword. A truly candid mind will not throw all the blame upon the Catholics. The Protestants often needlessly exasperated them by demolishing, in the hour of victory, their churches, their paintings, and their statues, and by pouring contempt upon all that was most hallowed in the Catholic heart.

Truth, however, demands the assertion, that while, as a general rule, the leaders of the Protestants did every thing in their power to check the license of their soldiery, the Catholic leaders, on the contrary, as a general rule, did every thing in their power to excite the fanatic zeal of their partisans.

The Protestant soldiers, in an hour of victory, were barbarously demolishing the great church of Orleans. The noble prince of Condé hastened to stop the outrage. Pointing a musket to a soldier who had ascended a ladder to dash an image, he threatened to shoot him if he did not immediately desist.

"My lord," exclaimed the fanatic Protestant, "wait till I have thrown down this idol, and then, if it please you, I will die!"

Go with me to Rochelle. It is a beautiful city on the western coast of France. The Protestants are there marshaled beneath its walls in battle array. The Catholics, in vastly outnumbering forces, are encamped around them. The blaze of their night-fires illumines the country for many leagues. The Protestants, awaiting the attack, stand shoulder to shoulder to meet the shock. It was a beautiful autumnal morning in 1568.

Suddenly the sound of trumpets was heard, and the spears and banners of an approaching host were seen gleaming from the distant hills. It was the Queen of Navarre, with her son by her side, at the head of four thousand troops, coming to the rescue. As they entered the plain an exultant shout arose from the beleaguered band which seemed to rend the skies. Jeanne, with prayers and anthems, and the most imposing ceremonies of religion, devoted her son to the Protestant cause. The Prince of Condé became his teacher in that terrible accomplishment in which both master and pupil have obtained such world-wide renown.

All Europe was roused by this bitter strife. Catholic Europe on the one side, Protestant on the other. The fleets of England crossed the channel, and the solid battalions of Elizabeth hastened to the scene of conflict. The Pope summoned his legions to the field, and rushing squadrons poured down through all the defiles of the Alps upon the plains of France. Catholic Spain shouted the war-cry, and the blast of the bugle and the tramp of infantry and of cav-

alry reverberated amidst the fastnesses of the Pyrenees, as the long lines of horsemen and of footmen hurried to the battle. Protestant Germany sprung to arms, and from all her vine-clad rivers and sunny plains her marshaled hosts came "pouring onward in the tide of war."

All met upon the plains of France in one awful deluge of conflagration, blood, and woe. Imagination can not picture the scene—the smouldering ruins, the desolated hearth-stones, the maddened uproar of the battle, the shrieks of mortal agony, the wailing of the widow, the moaning of the orphan. Summer passed away in its utter misery. And then came winter, and misery was starved and frozen.

The concentrated hosts met upon the field of Jarnac. The Prince of Condé, the noble leader of the Protestants, just as he was preparing for a desperate cavalry charge, received a kick from a wounded horse, which fractured his leg so severely that fragments of the bone protruded through his boot. Pointing to the shattered limb, he said:

"Remember the state in which Louis of Bourbon enters the fight for Christ and his country."

The trumpet sounded the charge. Like a whirlwind the goaded steeds swept the plain. The carnage was terrific. When the horrid scene was terminated Condé was found, with fractured leg, and arm nearly severed from the body by a sabre stroke, and skull shattered by a bullet, and his whole body pierced with innumerable wounds, buried beneath a mutilated mass of dead men and horses.

The victorious Catholics washed the bloody and mangled face to ascertain that it was indeed the Prince, and then contemptuously threw the body into a ditch. Such was the terrible battle of Jarnac, the first battle which Henry witnessed.

But the Protestants, though defeated, were still unsubdued. The noble Admiral Coligni still remained as their leader. In those days rank constituted power; and Henry, though but fourteen years of age, was declared generalissimo of the army and protector of the churches. He took the following oath:

"I swear to defend religion, and to persevere in the common cause till death, or till victory has secured for all the liberty which we desire."

We have no space to record the ensuing conflicts; we have no heart to depict the unspeakable misery inflicted upon France during lingering years of civil war. And all this unearthly misery came through the one single vice of *intolerance;* all this because Catholics and Protestants could not harmoniously *agree to differ*, could not allow each to worship God in his own way.

Catharine, finding at last that she could not, by open force of arms, crush what she deemed heresy, consented to a truce. She resolved to accomplish by the dagger of the assassin that which she had failed to accomplish upon the field of battle. This truce was but the first act in the awful drama of St. Bartholomew.

The foreign troops were all withdrawn from France, Protestants and Catholics. Henry returned to his ancestral home at Navarre. The Queen lavished smiles and caresses upon the Protestants, invited their illustrious leaders and nobles to her court, and loaded them with attentions. A perfect adept in arts of guile, she lulled her victims to repose.

She insisted now upon the consummation of the union between Henry of Navarre and her daughter Marguerite. This princess was very beautiful, highly accomplished, but haughty, heartless, and unprincipled beyond any conception in these more refined times. She was proudly willing to take Henry for her husband; for he was heir to the throne of Navarre, and very probably would soon be heir to the throne of France. All the Protestants were anxious for the match, as it would increase the influence of their illustrious protector, and would be an additional stepping-stone to place him upon the throne, where he could spread over them the shield of kingly power. The Protestants in France then, compared with the Catholics, were, *in numbers*, just about what the Catholics are now, in this country, compared with the Protestants. I say *in numbers;* for while the Protestants composed less than one-sixth of the population, they were, almost without exception, reading, thinking, intelligent men.

The mother of Henry, though clearly perceiving the apparent political expediency of the union, with great reluctance gave her consent to the marriage of her son with Marguerite of Valois.

There is ordinarily but little of the romance of affection to be met with in a royal marriage. Upon the cold and icy eminence of kingly life the flowers of sympathy and of love rarely bloom. Henry acquiesced in the alliance as politic. Marguerite did the same. They neither liked nor disliked; but, generally, they were perfectly civil to each other.

Charles the Ninth had now attained his majority, and was nominally King of France; but he was an impotent boy, and his depraved yet energetic mother still held her position at the helm of state. Mother and son plotted together for the awful massacre.

"I give my sister in marriage," said Charles, "not only to the Prince of Navarre, but, as it were, to the whole Protestant party. This will be a sure evidence of my good-will toward them."

Catharine and Charles went to the Castle of Blois, where Jeanne and Henry were invited to meet them. The Queen of Navarre and her son were received with the most exuberant displays of affection. The silly King of France quite overacted his part. He called the Protestant Queen "his great aunt, his best beloved, his all."

As Jeanne d'Albret retired for the night Charles said to his mother,

"Well, mother, what do you think of it? Do I play my little part pretty well?"

"Yes, my son," Catharine replied, encouragingly; "very well; but it is of no use unless it continue."

"Allow me to go on," said the King, "and you will see that I shall ensnare them."

The marriage was to be celebrated in Paris with the utmost splendor. The most distinguished Protestants, nobles, statesmen, warriors, were invited to add lustre to the festivities. Some, however, suspicious of a snare, declined. One nobleman remarked to his friends,

"If the wedding be celebrated in Paris, the liveries will be very crimson."

Jeanne and her son, by very urgent invitation, repaired to the metropolis a few weeks before the wedding. She had but entered the sumptuous lodgings provided her when she sickened and died. The ostentatious lamentations of Catharine, the frantic buffoonery of grief of Charles, only tended to confirm the suspicion that she died of poison.

This melancholy event, which constituted Henry King of Navarre, caused a brief postponement of the marriage. It was not deemed decorous that requiems and epithalamiums should blend.

This delay annoyed not Henry; for no ardor urged him to his nuptials. Marguerite, piqued by his indifference, indulged in all the wayward humors of a worse than spoiled child. The Protestant nobles, however, continued to flock to Paris. The Admiral Coligni—one of the most illustrious of men in all excellences—was, by the very special exertions of Catharine and Charles, lured to the court. He was the strongest man in the Protestant party, and his death would be to them an irreparable blow. A friend warned him of danger.

"I confide," said the noble Admiral, "in the sacred word of his Majesty."

He was greeted with lavish caresses. The King hugged him with an Iscariot embrace, saying, "This is the happiest day of my life!" At length the nuptial morn arrived. It was the 17th of August, 1572. The days of mourning for Jeanne had passed, and a gay and brilliant carnival ensued. Protestants and Catholics of highest name and note, from every part of Europe, who had met on many fields of blood, now mingled in the interchange of smiles and congratulations.

The unimpassioned bridegroom led his scornful bride to the church of Nôtre Dame. Before the massive portals of this renowned cathedral, and beneath the shadow of its venerable towers, a magnificent platform had been reared, canopied with gorgeous tapestry. Hundreds of thousands thronged the surrounding amphitheatre, swarming at the windows, crowding the balconies, and clustered upon the house-tops to witness the ceremony.

The gentle breeze breathing over the multitude was laden with the perfume of flowers. Banners, and pennants, and ribbons of every varied hue, waved in the air or hung in gay festoons from window to window and from roof to roof.

Upon that conspicuous platform, in the presence of all the highest nobility of France, and of the most illustrious representatives from every court of Europe, Henry received the hand of the haughty princess, and the nuptial oath was administered.

Marguerite, however, even in that hour and in the presence of all those spectators, gave a ludicrous exhibition of her girlish petulance and her ungoverned willfulness. When, in the progress of the ceremony, she was asked if she willingly received Henry of Bourbon for her husband, a sudden freak of perverseness seized her. She pouted, coquettishly tossed her proud little head, and was silent. The question was repeated. The spirit of Marguerite was now up, and all the powers of Europe could not give pliancy to the shrew.

The question was again repeated. She fixed her eyes defiantly upon the officiating bishop, and refusing, by look, or word, or gesture, to give the slightest assent, remained as immovable as a statue. Embarrassment and delay ensued.

There was a pause in the ceremony, and every eye was fixed in wonder as to what would next ensue. Suddenly the King, Marguerite's brother, fully conscious of his sister's indomitable spirit, quietly walked up to the termagant at bay, and placing one hand upon her bosom and the other upon the back of her head, compelled an involuntary nod.

The bishop smiled and bowed, and acting upon the politic principle that small favors were gratefully received, proceeded with the ceremony. Such were the vows with which Henry and Marguerite were united. Such is too often love in the palace.

For several days these chilling nuptials were celebrated with balls, illuminations, and gorgeous pageants. Among the entertainments there was one peculiarly illustrative of the times, and which the Protestants must have been quite good-natured to have enjoyed.

A large area was prepared for the display of one of those barbaric passes of arms in which the rude chivalry of that age delighted. The inclosure was surrounded with all the polished intellect, rank, and beauty of France. Charles, the King, attended by a retinue of Catholic nobles, all magnificently mounted, stood upon one side of the arena and threw down the gauntlet of defiance. Henry of Navarre, with his Protestant nobles, similarly mounted and accoutred, appeared upon the other side, awaiting the challenge.

The portion of the inclosure occupied by the Catholics represented heaven. Flowers bloomed profusely, and birds of Paradise embellished the grove with plumage of purple and of gold, while the air was vocal with melody. Beauty, decked in robes of almost aerial texture, charmed the eye. Ambrosial odors lulled the senses in luxurious indulgence. All the resources of wealth



THE MARRIAGE.

and art were lavished to create a vision of the homes of the blessed.

The Protestants, in the opposite extreme of the arena, were seen emerging from the desolation, the gloom, and the sulphurous canopy of hell.

The two parties, from their antagonistic realms, rushed to the encounter—the Protestant fiends of darkness battling with the Catholic angels of light. Gradually the Catholics, according to arrangement, drove back the Protestants toward their grim abodes, when suddenly numerous demons appeared rushing from the dungeons of the infernal regions, with cloven hoof and scorpion tail, and chains forged in penal fires. They seized upon the Protestants, and dragged them back into the blackness of darkness from whence they had emerged. Plaudits loud and long greeted the discomfiture of the Protestants by the infernal powers.

But suddenly the scene is changed. A winged Cupid appears, the representative of the pious and amiable bride, Marguerite. The demons fly in dismay before this invincible emissary. He penetrates the realms of despair, liberates the Protestants from their thralldom, and conducts them in triumph to the Elysium of the Catholics, where they are received with acclamations. A more curious display of regal courtesy history has not recorded—and this was in polite Paris!

The Pope, not being informed of the contemplated treachery, was alarmed by these friendly relations. He sent a Legate with expostulations to the King of France.

"I do devoutly wish," Charles replied, "that I could tell you all. In a little time the Holy Father shall have reason to praise my zeal in behalf of the faith."

Admiral Coligni, now anxious to depart, took leave of the King. As he was returning to his lodgings, two balls from the pistol of an assassin pierced his body. His friends bore him bleeding to his apartment. The King and the Queen feigned great indignation at the crime which they had instigated. The Protestants were thunderstruck. All their leaders had been allured to Paris, and there they were, caught in a trap, unarmed, separated from their followers, and helpless. Bewildered, they knew not what counsel to adopt. The plot for their destruction, which had been long maturing, was now almost ripe.

It was on Friday, the 22d of August, 1572, that the bullets of the assassin wounded Coligni. As Henry of Navarre was sitting the next day by the side of his revered friend, Catharine and Charles were in secret council, deliberating whether Henry should be included in the massacre. After much debate it was decided to spare him alone, as he could make no trouble after all the rest of the Protestants were cold in death.

The energetic Duke of Guise, appropriately called the *Butcher of Vassy*, took the lead in the movement. Troops were stationed in important positions, and the Catholic population secretly armed. The Catholics were all enjoined to wear a white cross upon the hat, that they might be distinguished in the darkness. The conspiracy extended throughout the whole of France, and the storm was to burst at the same

moment upon the unsuspecting victims in every city and village of the kingdom.

While Catharine and Charles were arranging the details, they employed all the arts of duplicity to disarm suspicion. The very evening preceding the massacre, which commenced just after midnight, the King entertained at a sumptuous feast in the Louvre many of the doomed guests. In a glow of spirits, the perfidious monarch detained them until a late hour with his pleasantries, and induced many of them to remain in the palace to sleep.

The conspiracy had been kept a profound secret from Marguerite, lest she should betray it to her husband. The sister of Marguerite, the Duchess of Lorraine, whose husband was to be an active agent, knew of the movement. As the hour of midnight approached, her fears were excited lest her sister, in the midst of the Protestants, might be involved in the bloody ruin. She manifested so much emotion in parting as greatly to surprise Marguerite, and her suspicions were roused that something serious was at hand.

When Marguerite arrived in her room, she found, to her astonishment, thirty or forty Protestant gentlemen assembled there. Alarmed by mysterious rumors of danger, they had collected around their Prince. It was evident that something awful was impending; but no one knew from what quarter to anticipate the blow.

In the mean time, aided by the gloom of a starless night, in every street of Paris preparations were making for the enormous perpetration. Soldiers were assembling at their appointed rendezvous. Guards were stationed to cut off flight. Citizens, armed with sabres and muskets gleaming in the lamplight, began to emerge through the darkness, and to gather in motley assemblage. Many houses were illuminated that, by the blaze from the windows, the bullet might be thrown with precision, and that the dagger might strike an unerring blow.

Catharine and her son Charles, in one of the apartments of the Louvre, were now waiting for the clock to strike two, when the signal was to be given. Catharine, inexorable in crime, was very apprehensive that her son might relent. Petulant and self-willed, he was liable to paroxysms of stubbornness, when he spurned his mother's counsels.

Charles, weak as well as depraved, was feverishly excited. He paced the room nervously, peering out at the window, looking at his watch, wishing yet dreading to have the appointed hour arrive. His mother, witnessing these indications that his resolution might fail, urged him to order the alarm-bell immediately to be struck. Charles hesitated, and a cold sweat oozed from his brow.

"Are you a coward?" tauntingly inquired the fiend-like mother.

This is a charge which no coward can stand. It always makes the poltroon squirm. The young King nervously exclaimed, "Well, then, let it begin."

There were in the room at the time only Catharine, Charles, and his brother, the Duke of Anjou. It was a room in the palace of the Louvre, which, rendered memorable by these scenes, is even now daily visited by the curious. It was two hours after midnight. There was a moment of dreadful suspense and of perfect silence. All three stood at the window, looking out into the rayless night.

Suddenly through the still air the ponderous tones of the alarm-bell fell upon the ear, and rolled the knell of death over the city. Its vibration awakened the demon in ten thousand hearts. It was the morning of the Sabbath, August 24, 1572—the anniversary of a festival consecrated by the Church to the memory of St. Bartholomew.

The first stroke of the bell had not ceased to vibrate upon the ear when the uproar of the carnage commenced. The sound, which seemed to rouse Catharine to frenzy, almost froze the blood of the young monarch. Trembling in every nerve, he shouted for the massacre to be stopped.

It was too late. The train was fired. Beacon-fires and alarm-bells sent the signal, with the rapidity of light and of sound, through entire France. The awful roar of human passion, the crackling of musketry, the shrieks of the wounded and of the dying blended in appalling tumult throughout the whole metropolis.

Old men, terrified maidens, helpless infants, venerable matrons were alike smitten down mercilessly, to the fanatic cry, "*Vive Dieu et le Roi!*"—"Live God and the King!"

Coligni, faint and wounded, was lying upon his bed, surrounded by a few faithful friends, as the demoniac clamor rolled in upon their ears. The Duke of Guise, with three hundred followers, hastened to the lodgings of the Admiral, stabbed the sentinels, and dashed down the gates.

A wounded servant rushed to the chamber, exclaiming, "The house is forced, and there is no means of resisting."

"I have long," said the heroic Admiral to his friends, "prepared myself to die. Save yourselves. You can not defend me. I commend my soul to God."

The murderers were now rushing up the stairs. They pursued, shot, stabbed, and cut down the flying friends of Coligni. The Admiral, thus for a moment left alone, rose from his bed, and being unable to stand, leaned against the wall, and in fervent prayer surrendered himself to the will of God. The assassins burst into the room. They saw a venerable man in his night-robe, with bandaged wounds, engaged in his devotions.

"Art thou the Admiral?" demanded one with brandished sword.

"I am," replied Coligni; "and thou, young man, shouldst respect my gray hairs. Nevertheless, thou canst abridge my life but a little."

The wretch plunged his sword into the bosom of Coligni, and then, withdrawing it dripping



THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

with blood, cut him down. The Admiral fell, calmly saying,

"If I could but die by the hand of a gentleman, instead of by the hand of such a knave as this!"

The rest of the assassins immediately fell upon him, each emulous to bury his dagger in the bosom of his victim.

The Duke of Guise, ashamed, as an assassin, to meet the eye of the noble Coligni, whom he had often met in friendly intercourse, remained impatiently in the court-yard below.

"Breme," he shouted to one of his followers, looking up at the window, "have you done it?"

"Yes," exclaimed Breme, "he is done for."

"Let us see, though," replied the Duke. "Throw him out of the window."

The mangled corpse fell upon the pavement. The Duke wiped the blood from his face and carefully scrutinized the features.

"Yes," said he, "I recognize the man." Then giving the pallid face a kick, he exclaimed, "Courage, comrades! We have happily begun. Let us now go for others."

The tiger, having once lapped his tongue in blood, seems to be imbued with a new spirit of ferocity. There is in man a similar temper. The frenzied multitude became drunk with blood. The houses of the Protestants were marked. They burst the doors and rushed through all apartments, murdering indiscriminately young and old. The bodies were thrown from the windows, and the pavements were clotted with gore.

Charles soon recovered from his momentary wavering, and conscious that it was too late to draw back, with fiend-like eagerness engaged himself in the work of death. Perfect fury seized him. His cheeks were flushed, his lips compressed, his eyes glared with frenzy. Bending eagerly from his window, he shouted words of encouragement to the assassins. Grasping a gun, he watched like a sportsman for his prey, and when he saw an unfortunate Protestant, wounded and bleeding, flying from his pursuers, he would take deliberate aim from the window of his palace, and shout with exultation as he saw him fall, pierced by his bullet.

A crowd of fugitives rushed into the court-yard of the Louvre, to throw themselves upon the protection of the King. Charles sent his own body-guard into the yard, with guns and daggers, to butcher them all.

Just before the carnage commenced Marguerite, weary with excitement, and with fears of she knew not what, retired to her chamber. She had hardly closed her eyes when the outcries of the pursuers and the pursued filled the palace. She sprung up in her bed, and heard some one struggling at the door, and shrieking, "Navarre, Navarre!"

In a paroxysm of terror she ordered an attendant to open the door. One of her husband's retinue instantly rushed in, covered with wounds and blood, pursued by four soldiers of her brother's guard.

It is strange how easily the ludicrous can blend with the horrible. The terrified Huguenot burst into the room, and leaping into the bed with Marguerite, clung to her person. The captain of the guard at that moment entered the room.

He was so struck with the ludicrous position of the princess and of the terrified Huguenot, that, bursting into uncontrollable peals of laughter, he turned away, leaving his victim in the arms of Marguerite.

Marguerite, delirious with terror, fled to the apartment of her sister. The palace was filled with shouts, and shrieks, and uproar. As she was rushing through the hall she encountered another Protestant gentleman flying before the dripping sword of his pursuers. He was covered with blood flowing from many wounds which he had already received. Just as he reached the young Queen of Navarre his pursuer plunged a sword through his body, and he fell dead at her feet.

No tongue can tell the horrors of that night. It would require volumes to detail its scenes. Among the most remarkable escapes we may mention that of a lad, who afterward attained great celebrity as Duke of Sully. The Baron of Rosny, a Protestant of lofty character, had taken with him to Paris his son Maximilian, an intelligent and spirited boy of eleven years. The Baron had left the city, intrusting his son to the care of a private tutor. He resided in a remote part of the city, near the college of which he was a member.

Maximilian was asleep in his room when he was aroused by the ringing of the bells and the cries of the populace. His tutor and *valet de chambre* sprang from their beds and hurried out to ascertain the cause of the tumult. They had hardly left the door ere they were shot down. Maximilian, bewildered by their continued absence, and by the dreadful clamor which continued to increase, dressed himself, when his landlord came in, pale and trembling, and informed him of the massacre, and that he had saved his own life only by the avowal of his faith in the Catholic religion. He urged Maximilian to do the same. The noble boy declared that he would not save his life by apostasy.

He resolved to attempt, in the darkness and confusion of the night, to reach the College of Burgundy, where he hoped to find some Catholic friends who would protect him. The distance rendered the undertaking almost desperate.

Disguising himself in the dress of a Catholic priest, he took a large prayer-book under his arm and entered the street. The sights which met his eye in the gloom of that awful night were enough to appall the stoutest heart. The murderers, with wild outcries, were in all directions pursuing their victims. Women and children in their night-clothes were rushing frantic through the streets, uttering piercing shrieks. The mangled bodies of the young and of the old, of males and of females, were strewn every where about, and the pavements were slippery with blood.

Loud outcries were heard from the interior of the dwellings as the fiend-like work proceeded; and struggles of desperate violence were witnessed, as the murderers attempted to throw their bleeding, dying victims from windows and attics upon the pavements.

The shouts of the assailants, the shrieks of the wounded, as blow after blow fell upon them, the incessant reports of muskets and of pistols, the tramp of soldiers, and the peals of the alarm-bell, all combined to create a scene of terror such as human eyes have seldom witnessed.

In the midst of ten thousand perils the young man crept along, protected by his priestly garb, while he frequently saw his fellow-Christians shot and stabbed at his side. In turning a corner he fell into the midst of a band of the body-guard of the King. They seized him roughly, but seeing the prayer-book, they regarded it as a passport, and permitted him to go on. Twice again he was seized, and each time extricated in the same way.

At length he arrived at the college. It was a Catholic college. The porter knew him, and refused him admittance. The murderers began to multiply around him, and to assail him with fierce questions. By means of a bribe he at length got a message to the president of the college, who, an enlightened and a humane man, was exceedingly attached to his Protestant pupil. He received Maximilian kindly. Two priests in the room with the president insisted upon immediately cutting Maximilian down, declaring that the King had commanded that not a single Protestant should be spared—not even the infant at the breast. The good old man, however, firmly protected his young friend, and conducting him to a private chamber for refuge, locked him up. Here Maximilian remained three days, apprehensive every hour that the assassins would break in upon him. He was thus saved, and afterward, as Duke of Sully, became one of the most illustrious ministers of whom any government can boast.

While these scenes were transpiring a body of soldiers entered the chamber of Henry of Navarre, and conveyed him to the presence of the King. The imbecile monarch, with blasphemous oaths and a countenance inflamed with fury, ordered him to abandon Protestantism or prepare to die. Charles allowed Henry three days to decide, declaring that if at the end of that time he did not accept the Catholic faith he should be strangled.

Henry, to save his life, ingloriously yielded; and even carried his compliance so far as to send an edict to his own dominions prohibiting the exercise of any religion excepting that of Rome.

When the darkness of the night had passed away, and the morning of the Sabbath dawned upon Paris, a spectacle was witnessed such as even that blood-renowned metropolis has seldom presented. The city still resounded with tumult. The pavements were gory and covered with the dead. Men, women, and children were still flying in every direction, wounded and bleeding, pursued by merciless assassins, riotous with demoniac laughter and drunk with blood. The report of guns and pistols, and of continued

volleys of musketry from all parts of the city, proved the universality of the massacre. Miserable wretches, smeared with blood, swaggered along with ribald jests and fiend-like howlings, hunting for the Protestants. Bodies torn and gory were hanging from the windows; and dissevered heads were spurned like foot-balls along the pavements. Priests in sacerdotal robes, and with elevated crucifixes, urged their emissaries not to grow weary in the work of exterminating God's enemies. The most distinguished nobles of the court and of the camp rode through the streets with gorgeous retinue encouraging the massacre.

"Let not," the King proclaimed, "one single Protestant be spared to reproach me hereafter with this deed."

The massacre was continued in the city and throughout the kingdom for a week, and it is computed that from eighty to one hundred thousand Protestants were slain in France.

Charles himself, with his mother and the high-born profligate ladies who disgraced her court, emerged in the morning light in splendid array into the reeking streets. The ladies contemplated, with merriment and ribald jests, the dead bodies piled up before the Louvre. Some of the retinue, appalled by the horrid spectacle, wished to retire, alleging that the bodies already emitted an offensive odor. Charles brutally replied:

"The smell of a dead enemy is always pleasant."

On Thursday, after four days spent in hunting out the fugitives from all their hiding-places, the clergy paraded the streets in a triumphal procession, and with jubilant prayers and hymns gave thanks to God for their victory. The Catholic pulpits resounded with exultant harangues, and in honor of the event a medallion was struck off with the inscription: "*La piété a reveillé la justice*"—"Religion has awakened justice."

In some of the distant provinces of France the Protestants were in the majority, and the Catholics did not venture to attack them. In some others they were so very few that the Catholics had nothing to apprehend from them, and therefore they were spared. In the sparsely settled rural districts the peasants, kind-hearted and virtuous, refused to imbue their hands in the blood of their neighbors. In these ways many thousand Protestants escaped the general massacre.

But in nearly all the cities and populous towns where the Catholics predominated, the massacre was indiscriminate and universal. There were some noble exceptions, which it is grateful to record. The Bishop of Lisieux periled his own life in resolutely disobeying the command of the King, and in rescuing every Protestant in his diocese from harm.

The Governor of Auvergne, a Catholic, and yet a heroic and a noble man, replied in the following terms to the King's secret missive ordering the massacre:

"Sire! I have received an order, under your Majesty's seal, to put all the Protestants of this province to death; and if, which God forbid, the order be genuine, I still respect your Majesty too much to obey you."

The infamous order of the King was sent to the Viscount Orthez, commandant at Bayonne. This was his intrepid reply:

"Sire, I have communicated the commands of your Majesty to the inhabitants of the town and to the soldiers of the garrison, and I have found good citizens and brave soldiers, *but not one executioner*. On which account both they and I humbly beseech you to employ our arms and our lives in enterprises in which we can conscientiously engage. However perilous *they* may be, we will willingly shed therein the last drop of our blood."

Both of these men of intrepid virtue soon after suddenly and mysteriously died. Few entertained a doubt that poison had been administered by the order of Charles.

Amidst these awful scenes of depravity and of cruelty we find many pleasing developments of the nobler traits of man. In those barbaric times dueling was a common practice. A Catholic officer, by the name of Vessins, had a quarrel with a Protestant gentleman, whose name was Regnier. They were making arrangements for a duel. In the midst of the massacre Regnier, while at prayers with his servant (for in those days dueling and praying were not deemed inconsistent), heard the door of his room broken open, and looking round, in expectation of instant death, saw his foe Vessins enter in breathless haste. Regnier, conscious that all resistance would be unavailing, calmly bared his bosom to his enemy, saying, "You will have an easy victory."

Vessins made no reply, but ordered Regnier's valet to seek his master's cloak and sword. Then leading him into the street, he mounted him upon a powerful horse, and with fifteen armed men, escorted him out of the city. As their horses at a rapid gallop clattered over the pavements, not a word was spoken by either. When they arrived at a little grove, Vessins presented Regnier with a sword, and bade him dismount and defend himself.

"Do not imagine," said he, "that I seek your friendship by what I have done. All I wish is to take your life honorably."

Regnier threw away his sword, saying, "I will never strike at one who has saved my life."

"Very well," Vessins replied, with a bow. Immediately mounting his steed, he departed, having first made Regnier a present of the horse upon which he had rode.

Notwithstanding this general and awful massacre, the Protestants were far from being exterminated. Several nobles, surrounded by their retainers in their distant castles, suspicious of treachery, had refused to go to Paris to attend the wedding. Others, alarmed by the attack upon Admiral Coligni, immediately retired

to their fortified homes. Some succeeded in concealing themselves in garrets, cellars, and wells, until the massacre was over. And, as has been stated, in several towns the governors refused to obey the infamous law requiring the butchery, and in other towns the Protestants had the majority, and with their own arms could defend themselves behind the walls which their troops garrisoned.

Though in the first panic the Protestants made no resistance, soon indignation roused the survivors to measures of self-defense. Those who had fled from the kingdom to Protestant England and Germany rallied together. Those who had escaped the massacre in France assembled in the Protestant cities, and began to count their numbers. From every part of Protestant Europe a cry of horror and of execration simultaneously arose in view of this crime of unparalleled enormity. Words of sympathy were sent to these martyrs of a pure faith from many of the Protestant kingdoms, with pledges of determined and efficient aid.

As the fugitives from France—emaciate, pale, and woe-stricken—recited, in England, Switzerland, and Germany the story of the massacre, the hearts of their auditors were frozen with horror. In Geneva a day of fasting and prayer was instituted, which is observed even to the present day. In Scotland every church resounded with the thrilling tale. John Knox exclaimed, in language of prophetic nerve,

"Sentence has gone forth against that murderer, the King of France, and the vengeance of God will never be withdrawn from his house. His name shall be in everlasting execration!"

The French court, alarmed by the indignation it had aroused, sent an embassador to London with a poor apology for the crime, pretending that the Protestants had conspired against the life of the King—a charge which had not the slightest shadow of foundation.

The embassador of Charles and of Catharine was received in the court of Elizabeth with appalling coldness and gloom. Arrangements were studiously made to invest the occasion with the most impressive solemnity. The court was shrouded in mourning, and all the lords and ladies appeared in sable weeds. A stern and sombre sadness was upon every countenance. The embassador, overwhelmed by this reception, was overheard to exclaim to himself,

"I am ashamed to acknowledge myself a Frenchman."

He entered, however, the presence of the Queen; passed through the long line of silent courtiers, who refused to salute him even with a look; stammered out his miserable apology, and receiving no response, retired covered with confusion. Elizabeth, we thank thee! This noble deed atones for many of thy crimes!

Very different was the reception of these tidings in the court of Rome. The messenger who carried the news was received with transports of joy, and was rewarded with a thousand pieces of gold. Cannons were fired, bells rung, and an immense procession, with all the trappings of sacerdotal rejoicing, paraded the streets. Anthems were chanted and thanksgivings offered for the great victory over the enemies of the Church. A gold medal was struck off to commemorate the event, and Charles IX. and Catharine were pronounced, by the infallible word of his Holiness, to be the especial favorites of God. Spain and the Netherlands united with Rome in their infamous exultations. Philip II. wrote from Madrid to Catharine,

"These tidings are the greatest and the most glorious I could have received."

Such was the awful massacre of St. Bartholomew. When contemplated in all its aspects of perfidy, cruelty, and cowardice, it must be pronounced the greatest crime recorded in history. The victims were invited, under the guise of friendship, to Paris. They were received with solemn oaths of peace and protection. The leading men in the Catholic ranks placed the dagger in the hands of an ignorant and degraded people. The priests, professed servants of Jesus Christ, stimulated the benighted multitude, by all the appeals of fanaticism, to exterminate those whom they denounced as the foes of God and man. After the great atrocity was perpetrated princes and priests, with blood-stained hands, flocked to the altars of God, to thank him that the massacre had been accomplished.

The annals of the world are filled with narratives of crime and woe; but the *Massacre of St. Bartholomew* stands, perhaps, without a parallel.

It has been said, "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." This is only true with exceptions. Protestantism in France has never recovered from this blow. But for this massacre one half of the nobles of France would have continued Protestant. The Reformers would have constituted so large a portion of the population that mutual toleration would have been necessary. Henry the Fourth would not have abjured the Protestant faith. Intelligence would have been diffused, religion would have been respected, and in all probability the horrors of the French Revolution would have been averted.

God is an avenger. In the mysterious government which He wields—mysterious only to our feeble vision—He "visits the iniquities of the fathers upon the children even unto the third and fourth generation." As we see the priests of Paris and of France, during the awful tragedy of the Revolution, massacred in the prisons, shot in the streets, hung upon the lamp-posts, and driven in starvation and woe from the kingdom, we can not but remember the day of St. Bartholomew. The 24th of August, 1572, and the 2d of September, 1792, though far apart in the records of time, are consecutive days in the government of God.

Henry of Navarre, ere long, by stratagem, escaped from Paris, and renouncing the Roman religion, which he declared that he had accepted by compulsion, immediately placed himself again at the head of the now enfeebled Protestant

party, where he was received with the most cordial greeting.

Very briefly we must pass through the scenes which transpired before these religious wars were terminated by the establishment of Henry IV. upon the throne.

Long years ago, upon the western banks of the Rhine, there was the dukedom of Lorraine, covering ten thousand square miles—about a third as large as the State of Maine—and containing a million and a half of inhabitants. The Duke had an army of fifty thousand men. His family was large. Owning immense possessions in France, he sent his son, Claude, a high-spirited lad of sixteen, to enter upon the possession of the fertile acres, the castles, and the feudal rights which there pertained to the noble house of Lorraine.

Young Claude became a great favorite at court, married one of the most beautiful ladies of France, and by his wealth, his lineage, and his amazing energy of character, soon found himself at the head of the French nobility. He received the title of the *Duke of Guise*, and attained the highest position a subject could occupy. He was a fierce Catholic, and dipped his hand so deeply in Protestant blood that he was called *Claude the Butcher*. After a long life, filled with the wildest adventures of violence and blood, he died, leaving his titles and his power to his eldest son.

Francis, the second Duke of Guise, was, like his father, a man of extraordinary character. His courage, his energy, his passions, his commanding mind, made him a formidable rival of the King. He was equal to the monarch in wealth and in the splendor of his retinue. The Duke of Guise and the King of Poland were rivals in love for the hand of Anne, the beautiful daughter of the Duke of Ferrara, and Guise was the successful suitor. Henry II., who at that time sat upon the throne of France, was an imbecile man, and Francis of Guise gradually gathered all the reins of power into his own strong hand. He even outstripped his father in the zeal with which he persecuted the Protestants, and, from one of his most bloody acts, was called *The Butcher of Vassy*. But time passed on, and his last hour was tolled. The bullet of a Protestant assassin pierced his heart.

It was a beautiful morning in February, 1563. He was at the head of an army warring against the Protestants. The Duchess was at a neighboring castle, and, with a few attendants, he was riding through a secluded valley to visit her. Absorbed in reverie, he rode listlessly along, the reins hanging on the horse's mane, when a pistol was discharged from behind a hedge. Two bullets pierced his side. He immediately fell upon his horse's neck, and was caught in the arms of his friends. They conveyed him to the castle, where the Duchess received him with cries of anguish. He exhorted his wife to bow in submission to the will of Heaven, and kissing his son Henry, who was weeping at his side, gently said to him, "God grant thee grace, my son, to be a good man!"

Henry, the third Duke of Guise, was a lad of but thirteen years of age when he entered upon the wealth, the titles, and the renown which his ancestors had accumulated. This was the Duke of Guise who, advancing to manhood, became, in the reign of Charles IX., the bandit chieftain of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. He was a man of mark. He belonged to an imperious race, and the blood of his sires boiled in his



ASSASSINATION OF FRANCIS, DUKE OF GUISE.

veins. He became the powerful and dreaded rival of the King, and was the idol of the Catholic populace.

The outcry of indignation which the massacre of St. Bartholomew called forth, fell like the knell of death upon the ear of the depraved and cowardly Charles. He became silent, morose, and gloomy. Secluding himself from all society, he, month after month, was gnawed by the scorpion fangs of remorse. A bloody sweat oozing from every pore crimsoned his bedclothes. His aspect of misery drove all companionship from his chamber. He groaned and wept, exclaiming incessantly,

"Oh, what blood! Oh, what murders! Alas, why did I follow such evil counsels!"

He saw continually the spectres of the slain, with ghastly, gory wounds, stalking about his bed, and demons hideous and threatening waited to grasp his soul. As the cathedral clock was tolling the hour of midnight on the 30th of May, 1574, the nurse who sat at the bedside of the dying monarch heard him sighing and moaning, and then convulsively weeping. Gently she approached the bed, and drew aside the curtains. Charles turned his dim and despairing eye upon her, and exclaimed,

"Oh, my nurse, my nurse, what blood have I shed! what murders have I committed! Great God! pardon me, pardon me!"

A convulsive shuddering for a moment agitated his frame, his head fell back upon his pillow, and the wretched man was dead. He was then but twenty-four years of age. Upon his death-bed he expressed satisfaction that he left no heir to live and suffer in a world so full of misery.

His brother, with the title of Henry III., succeeded him. There were now in France three Henrys, rivals, and almost equals in power. Henry of Valois was king. Henry of Navarre would be the heir to the throne should Henry of Valois and his younger brother Francis die without issue. They were both feeble, debased, and impotent, and there was every probability that the race of Valois would soon be extinct. Henry of Navarre, and, as he was also called, Henry of Bourbon, was at the head of the Protestant party in Europe. This party, since the massacre, having lost nearly all its most able men, was exceedingly weak in France. The Catholics resolved that, as Henry was a Protestant, he should not be permitted to reign, notwithstanding his legitimate claim to the throne.

Henry, Duke of Guise, was the idol of the Catholic party, and a vast conspiracy was formed, spreading through the whole kingdom, to wrest the crown from Henry of Navarre, and to place it upon the brow of Guise. Many, indeed, despising the pusillanimity of the degraded sons of Catharine, were impatient immediately to dethrone Henry III., to set aside his brother Francis, and to place their favorite duke upon the throne.

Francis, impatient to grasp the crown, attempted to poison his brother. The poison prostrated the King upon a bed of torture, and expecting to die, he sent for Henry of Navarre and urged him to poison Francis. But the King of Navarre was incapable of such a deed. To the surprise of all the King recovered, and Francis, conscious that he had nothing to expect but a cup of poison or the dagger of an assassin, fled at midnight from Paris, and began to rally around him his partisans for an open war against the King. Affairs were in this condition when Francis was suddenly taken sick, and died. This simplified the question, and hastened the crisis. Henry III. was feeble and childless, and there was not the slightest probability that he would leave an heir. Upon his death Henry of Navarre would be the legitimate king. The Catholics redoubled their intrigues, under the Duke of Guise, to deprive the Protestant Henry of the crown; and deliberated earnestly respecting the expediency of summarily dethroning Henry III., and of placing the sceptre wrested from him in the hands of Guise.

The Duke came to Paris with an imposing retinue, notwithstanding the prohibition of the King. The populace greeted him with enthusiasm, and thronged the streets through which he passed. Henry III., terrified by this bold insolence, and by the clamor of the mob, who began to surround the Louvre with threatening cries, fled to his castle of Blois. Here, affecting reconciliation with the Duke of Guise, he calmly arranged all the details for his assassination.

The Duke was invited to meet the King in his cabinet at an early hour in the morning. Henry of Guise arrived at the appointed time, and just as he was raising the tapestry which vailed the entrance to the cabinet, Lorgnac, a captain of the King's body-guard, sprang upon him and plunged a dagger into his throat. The Duke dropped, pierced with innumerable wounds, dead upon the floor.

The King, hearing the noise, and knowing well what it signified, very coolly stepped from his cabinet into the antechamber, and, looking calmly upon the bloody corpse, said,

"Do you think that he is dead, Lorgnac?"

"Yes, Sire," said Lorgnac; "he looks like it."

"Good God, how tall he is!" said the King. "He seems taller dead than when he was living."

Then giving the gory body a kick, he exclaimed, "Venomous beast, thou shalt cast forth no more venom!"

In the same manner the Duke of Guise had treated his murdered victim, the noble Admiral Coligni—a solemn comment upon the declaration, "With whatsoever measure ye meet it shall be measured to you again."

Henry immediately repaired to the bedside of Catharine, his mother, who was then lying sick in one of the chambers of the castle.

"How do you do, mother, this morning?" inquired the King.

"I am better than I have been," she replied.

"So am I," Henry rejoined, gayly; "for I



ASSASSINATION OF HENRY, DUKE OF GUISE.

have made myself this morning King of France by putting to death the King of Paris."

"Take care," this hardened woman exclaimed, "that you do not soon find yourself *King of Nothing!* Diligence and resolution are now absolutely necessary for you."

She then turned upon her pillow without the slightest apparent emotion. In twelve days from this time this wretched Queen, deformed by every vice, without one single redeeming virtue, breathed her last. She was seventy years of age.

The murder of Guise exasperated the Catholic party to the highest conceivable pitch. They rallied around the Duke of Mayenne, brother of the Duke of Guise, and commenced a ferocious assault upon the Protestants all over France to crush them out. Again civil war, with all its horrors, desolated the whole length and breadth of the kingdom. Henry III. was compelled to throw himself into the arms of the Protestants for protection. There were many in France who, adhering to the ancient doctrines of legitimacy, were still his partisans. The Protestant force was thus strengthened so as to present formidable resistance to their assailants.

The Duke of Mayenne took possession of Paris. Henry of Navarre, aided by the forces of the King, surrounded the city. Henry III., from the windows of the palace of St. Cloud, watched the progress of the siege. The Duchess of Montpensier, sister of the Duke of Mayenne and of the murdered Duke of Guise, instigated a fanatic monk to assassinate the King. Jaques Clement, a man of wild and gloomy imaginings, excited by the extraordinary and lavish caresses of the Duchess, undertook the enterprise. Clement, concealing a dagger in his bosom, went from the city with a flag of truce. Henry III., anticipating proposals to surrender, received him in his cabinet. Two persons only were present with the King.

The monk, kneeling down, drew a letter from the sleeve of his gown, presented it to the King, and instantly drawing a large knife from its concealment, plunged it into the entrails of his victim. The King uttered a piercing cry, caught the knife from his body, and struck at the head of his murderer. The two gentlemen who were present instantly thrust their swords through the body of the assassin.

The King, groaning with anguish, was undressed and borne to his bed. The tidings were immediately communicated to the King of Navarre, who was a few miles distant. It was midnight when he was informed that the King was dying. Accompanied by a retinue of thirty gentlemen, he proceeded at full speed to the gates of the castle.

It is difficult to imagine the emotions which must have agitated the soul of Henry of Navarre during this dark and gloomy ride. The day had not yet dawned when he arrived at the gates of the castle. The first tidings he received were, "The King is dead!"

Henry of Navarre was now Henry IV., King of France. But never did monarch ascend the throne under circumstances of greater perplexity and peril. Civil war now blazed with redoubled violence. Catholic Europe combined to exclude Protestant Henry from the throne. The Catholics were not united on any one of the several candidates who were striving for the dangerous prize.

Battle after battle ensued, and years of bloodshed lingered away. England and Germany

came to the aid of Henry. Italy and Spain ranged themselves beneath the banner of the Duke of Mayenne. The Catholics in France being in the majority, it at length became evident to every one that it would be impossible for the Protestant King peacefully to wear the crown. The Catholics assured Henry that if he would embrace their religion they would accept and support him.

Henry was a Protestant from position and through political considerations, not from religious conviction. He had no objections to Catholicism, and was now anxious for a good opportunity to change his faith. He issued many decrees to conciliate the Catholics; he said that he had not yet had time to examine the doctrines of theology. He invited several of the most learned of the Catholic doctors to meet him, that he might receive instruction from them; and he sent embassadors to Rome to treat with the Pope in regard to his reconciliation with the Church. The Protestants were not unwilling that Henry should thus pass over to the Romish faith, for this would establish him upon the throne; and they knew that he would grant them toleration. But should he be crushed, and should any of the candidates of the Catholic party ascend the throne, the persecution of the Protestants would proceed with redoubled vigor. Under these influences the conversion of Henry was, in due time, fully accomplished.

The renunciation of Protestantism was public, and was attended with much dramatic pomp. On Sunday, the 25th of July, 1593, the cathedral of St. Denis, richly decorated, was thronged. The Archbishop of Bourges was seated at the entrance, surrounded by many dignitaries of the Church. As the King, with an imposing retinue, approached the door, the Archbishop, as if to repel intrusion, imperiously inquired,

"Who are you?"

"I am the King," Henry modestly replied.

"What do you desire?" demanded the Archbishop.

"I ask," answered the King, "to be received into the bosom of the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion; and I promise to protect and defend it against all its enemies at the hazard of my blood and life."

The King then placed a copy of his oath of allegiance in the hands of the Archbishop; kissed the consecrated ring upon his holy finger, and received the absolution of his sins and the benediction of the Church. A *Te Deum*—"Thee God we praise," was then sung, high mass was solemnized, and thus the imposing ceremony was terminated.

The announcement throughout the kingdom that Henry had become a Catholic, almost immediately put an end to civil war. Though the flame was extinguished, still for a long time the embers glowed beneath the ashes. Many of the more violent Catholics, aware that Henry would reward his friends rather than his foes, endeavored, though in vain, to protract the strife. They kept up for some months a petty war in the provinces until all the leaders had given in except the haughty Duke of Mayenne. The Pope, apprehensive that Henry would not prove sufficiently zealous as a Catholic to answer his purposes, for some months refused to ratify the absolution of the Archbishop. At length, yielding to necessity, he accepted reconciliation.

But to maintain his apparent supremacy as



ASSASSINATION OF HENRY III.



ACT OF ABJURING PROTESTANTISM.

the holy father, he stooped to the following silly farce, quite characteristic of those days of darkness and delusion. It was deemed necessary that the King should do penance for his sins before he could be received to the bosom of Holy Mother Church. It was proper that the severe mother should chastise her wayward child. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."

It was the 15th of September, 1595. The two embassadors of Henry IV. kneeled upon the vestibule of the church of St. Peter, as unworthy to enter. Appearing in proxy for the King, they chanted, in strains of affected penitence, the *Miserere*—"Have mercy, Lord."

At the close of every verse they received, in the name of their master, the blows of a little switch on their shoulders. The King, having thus made expiation for his sins through the reception of this chastisement by proxy, and having thus emphatically acknowledged the authority of the sacred mother, received the absolution of the Vicar of Christ, and was declared to be worthy of the loyalty of the faithful.

We have called this *a farce*. Was it so? The proud spirit of the King must indeed have been humiliated ere he could have consented to such a degradation. The spirit ennobled can bid defiance to any amount of corporal pain. It is ignominy alone which can punish the soul. The Pope triumphed. The monarch was flogged. It is but justice, however, to remark, that the friends of Henry deny that he was accessory to this act of humiliation.

The Pope having thus become reconciled, the Duke of Mayenne considered it a favorable opportunity for himself, consistently with his pride, to abandon the hopeless conflict. But the power of the haughty Duke may be seen in the terms which he exacted.

The King was compelled to declare, though he knew to the contrary, that the friends of Mayenne were not implicated in the massacre of Henry III. Three fortified cities were surrendered to the Duke, to be held by him and his partisans for six years, in pledge for the faithful observance of the capitulation. The King also assumed all the enormous debts which Mayenne had contracted during the war, and granted a term of six weeks to all who had been fighting under the banners of Mayenne to give in their adhesion and to accept his clemency.

The King was at this time at Monceaux. The Duke of Mayenne hastened to meet him. He found Henry riding on horseback, in the beautiful park of that place, accompanied by some friends. Mayenne, in compliance with the obsequious etiquette of those days, kneeled humbly before the King, embraced his knees, pledging entire devotion for the future.

Henry, who had a vein of waggery about him, immediately raised the Duke, embraced him cordially, and taking his arm without any allusion whatever to their past difficulties, led him through the park, pointing out to him, with great volubility and cheerfulness, the improvements he was contemplating.

The King was a well-built, vigorous, athletic man, and walked with great rapidity. Mayenne was excessively corpulent, and lame with the gout. With the utmost difficulty he kept up with the King, panting, limping, and his face blazing with the heat.

Henry, with sly malice, for some time appeared not to notice the sufferings of his victim;

then, with a concealed smile, he whispered to Sully,

"If I walk this great, fat body much longer, I shall avenge myself without any further trouble." Then turning to Mayenne, he added,

"Tell me the truth, cousin; do I not walk a little too fast for you?"

"Sire!" exclaimed the puffing Duke, "I am almost dead with fatigue."

"There is my hand," exclaimed the kind-hearted King, again cordially embracing Mayenne. "Take it; for, on my life, this is all the vengeance I shall ever seek."

Of the brilliant reign of Henry we have no space in this brief sketch to speak. He is universally recognized as one of the brightest ornaments of the French monarchy. His reign, at first disputed, commenced the 2d of August, 1589. It was terminated by the dagger of an assassin on the 14th of May, 1610. During the twenty years which he occupied the throne he won the love of the whole nation. He was truly the father of his people. All conditions, employments, and professions were embraced in his comprehensive regard.

In Henry commenced the reign of the house of Bourbon. For two hundred years the family retained the crown. It is now expelled, and the members are wandering in exile through foreign lands.

There is one great truth which this narrative enforces; it is the doctrine of *Freedom of Conscience*. It was the denial of this simple truth which deluged France in blood and woe. The recognition of this one sentiment would have saved for France hundreds of thousands of lives, and millions of treasure. Let us take warning. We need it.

Let us emblazon upon our banner the noble words,

"Toleration; Perfect Civil and Religious Toleration."

But toleration is not a slave. It is a spirit of light and of liberty. It has much to give; but it has just as much to demand. It bears the olive-branch in one hand and the gleaming sword in the other. It says, "I grant *to you* perfect liberty of opinion and of expression, and I demand *of you* the same."

The American mind is now so roused that it will have this liberty. And if there are any institutions of religion or of civil law which can not stand this scrutiny, they are doomed to die. The human mind will move with untrammeled sweep through the whole range of religious doctrine, and around the whole circumference, and into the very centre of all political assumptions.

If the Catholic bishop has a word to say, *let him say it*. If some one, rising in the spirit and power of Martin Luther, has a reply to make, *let him make it*. Those who wish to listen to the one or the other, let them do so. Those who wish to close their ears, let them have their way.

Our country is one. Our liberty is national. Let us then grant *Toleration* and demand *Toleration*, here and every where throughout our wide domain; in Maine and in Georgia, amidst the forests of the Aroostook and on the plains of Kansas. Let us grant Toleration, perfect and untrammeled, to one and to all—to all religions, to all politics, to all humanities—to the young fanatic in his sleepless dream, to the old fogy in his dreamless sleep.



RECONCILIATION WITH MAYENNE.



TRAVELING BY SILLA.

UP AND DOWN AMONG THE ANDES.*

NINE thousand feet above the level of the sea —almost half a mile nearer the stars than the summit of Mount Washington—stands the old city of Bogotá. It is the capital of New Granada, the most important of the petty States into which the short-lived Republic of Colombia was divided about a quarter of a century ago.

We know something, and are likely soon to know more, of that portion of New Granada traversed by the Pacific Railway. But the great interior valleys and plateaus are almost unknown to the civilized world; for it is hardly oftener than once in a generation that any traveler finds it worth his while to visit the country, and bring back a report of his observations. Yet it was in possession of the whites a century before the colonies of Jamestown and Plymouth were founded; and presents natural features scarcely less attractive to the emigrant than the Valley of the Mississippi.

About four years ago Mr. Holton, a gentleman much given to botany, undertook a journey to New Granada. He remained there some twenty months, gathering plants, measuring altitudes, observing manners and customs, and deporting himself in every way as a man in pursuit of useful knowledge, From the portly volume in which he narrates his adventures and observations, we propose to draw a few pictures of life among the Andes, for all of which we hold Mr. Holton responsible, though we fear that it will be quite beyond our power to do justice to the quaint, matter-of-fact manner in which he narrates his Andine experiences.

We land at the old city of Carthagena—old at least for this continent, for its foundation goes back a hundred years beyond that of Boston or New York. It differs in two essential points from any town which we shall find at home. It is surrounded by a wall; and is finished. To all appearance, it must have received the last touches of carpenter and mason long before any man now living was born. It has a history of its own, and its old walls could tell strange stories of conquistadores and buccaneers, of sieges and pestilence. Here it was, as Smollett has narrated and Thomson sung, that the "gallant Vernon" saw his veterans swept away in companies by the fearful pestilence, as he lay before the city. The main entrance to the harbor was blocked up shortly after the siege; and now the inhabitants would be glad that it were opened to peaceful commerce. The fortifications have a formidable look; and probably cost quite as much as all the houses they inclose. But as they are commanded by an unfortified hill, their efficiency for defensive purposes is at best problematical. The money

* *Twenty Months in the Andes.* By I. F. Holton. With Map and Illustrations. Harper and Brothers.



WATER-CARRIER.

they cost might have been better employed in providing some way of supplying the town with water, more efficient than the water-carriers who now sell it by the cask.

But we are bound for Bogotá, four hundred miles away, among the Andes. We pack our baggage on mules and cross the country, sixty miles to the great river Magdalena, the Mississippi of Granada. After only three centuries of occupation by men of Spanish race, it would, of course, be too much to expect a road practicable for carriages between the principal sea-port and the capital. We do not expect this, and so are not disappointed, and take to our mules with a good grace. We have made up our minds also to be cheated in the hire of these mules, and to find the *peon* who takes charge of them a lazy, thievish scamp. So when this proves to be the case, we are not in the least discomposed.

In a couple of days, barring accidents, we reach Calamar, on the river, where, after waiting a proper time, we hear the tadpole-looking urchins, clad in their own natural nankeen, very considerably soiled, shouting "*El Vapor!*" We know that the steamer is in sight, hurry down to the river bank, and embark. If our ideas of a Magdalena steamer have been formed from our Mississippi and Hudson experiences, we are speedily disabused. A score of passengers is a large list, and this number crowds the boat uncomfortably.

A more uninteresting voyage can not well be imagined. The scenery is much like that of the Lower Mississippi, on a reduced scale. We amuse ourselves as well as we can by eating our meals and watching the *bogas* preparing theirs. The steward is a Jamaica negro, who has for assistants a couple of stupid Indian boys, with very crude notions on the subject of cleanliness. We call for a knife; one of the copper-colored rascals brings it, using it, by the way, as a scraper to allay an unpleasant itching on some part of his person. We take exception to employing it to cut our food, hinting that our objections arise from a suspicion as to the cleanness of the utensil. He undertakes to obviate our scruples by wiping the blade on his greasy nether garments, and wonders that, after this, we can hesitate to



THE FUSTIC-CUTTER'S FAMILY.

use the knife. The boatmen cook their food in a huge iron pot, mounted on three stones. They dip out a curious compound into the shell of a turtle, which serves as a common dish for all hands. They attack it with fingers and wooden spoons, and in a wonderfully short time the sides and bottom of the shell are visible. We hope their dinner tastes better than it looks.

At the Conquest the banks of the Magdalena presented a continuous line of Indian villages. The settlements are now few and far between, for the Spaniards depopulated their conquests, but did not supply the places of those they destroyed. As a favorable specimen of the inhabitants, we will take the wife and child of a fustic cutter, who have come down to the bank to take a look at the passing steamer. The single garment worn by the lady is of blue cotton, with no unnecessary waste of material either in length or amplitude, and is so constructed as not to interfere materially with the free action of her limbs. She carries a couple of baskets of ivory-nuts, poised in a way that a professed juggler might emulate. The son and heir is attired in the fashion that prevailed in Eden before the invention of fig-leaf aprons. Absolute fidelity to nature would have required the artist to represent his skin mottled with patches of dirt of all the varieties of soil with which he had recently come in contact.

A more characteristic specimen of the inhabitants of the banks of the Magdalena, is the uncouth-looking gentleman by the side of the ivory-plant. He is of mixed race; but no mortal can tell the precise proportion of White, Indian, and Negro blood in his veins. He is probably classed in the census among the "white mixed" population, which constitutes about one-half of the whole. He is rather over than under-dressed; for the garment which he calls a *tapa*, and which answers the purpose of pantaloons, is considerably longer than is absolutely required by the custom of the country; besides, the tassel that ornaments the sheath of his *macheta* is clearly a superfluity. The paddle on his shoulder intimates that he is the owner of a canoe, while the string of fish argues him the possessor of hooks and lines, and probably of nets. In his hut he has most likely a hammock, a pot or two, and a few gourds. This is the sum of his worldly goods. What more does he want? Plantains are plentiful, and fish can be had for the catching. He could not starve if he tried. Why should he work to obtain any thing more? Yet, as we shall see by-and-by, from the example of his kinsmen the *bogas* and *cargueros*, there is work in him if it could only be brought out by the stimulus of artificial wants.

We paddle slowly up the river, stopping once a day to wood up, and at night making the boat fast to the shore, wherever darkness overtakes us. Now and then we get aground on a sand-bank, but always manage to get off again somehow. At the end of ten or twelve days we are told that the water is too low to permit the steamer to ascend further, and we must finish the voyage in the *champan*, which has been for some days towed astern.

The *champan* is a flat-bottomed boat, some thirty or forty feet long, and seven wide. Over about two-thirds of its length is the *tolda*, an



THE IVORY PLANT.



A FAMILY PARTY.

arched covering, strong enough to bear the weight of the crew, who propel the boat by the laborious operation of poling. The bogas tramp back and forth along the tolda, keeping up a perpetual shouting from daylight till dark, which, added to the noise made by their trampling overhead, renders the position of the passengers beneath any thing but a quiet one. If there is in the world any labor more severe than that of the bogas on the Magdalena, it is that of the cargueros, who transport upon their backs merchandise and travelers over the mountains too steep and rugged to be passable for the sure-footed mules.

This champan voyage lasts another week, at the close of which we reach Honda, a gray old town, which, like most Spanish American cities, bears evident marks of having seen better days. In the palmy times of Spanish dominion—of which we shall know something when Arthur Helps completes his History of the Spanish Conquests in America—the great trade from Quito and Bogotá centered at Honda. It was a place of consequence, and the Spaniards built churches and bridges as massive as though they were building for all time. But when the accumulated wealth of generations of Indians had been seized, there was no more trade ; and now when an earthquake topples down a church or ruins a bridge, there is not in the country energy enough to repair it.

At Honda we leave the river, and betake ourselves to the mules that are to carry us to Bogotá, fifty-five miles away in a lateral direction among the mountains, and a mile and a half or so above us perpendicularly. As independent travelers we get along comfortably enough. But the Granadan *paterfamilias* who would take his family on a jaunt, finds it not so easy a matter to manage. He himself, most likely, must carry a half-grown child before him on his saddle. If the good lady is not in a condition for ordinary equestrian exercises, she is accommodated with a *sillon*, a kind of bamboo chair strapped firmly upon the back of her mule, which is led by an attendant, while a younger blossom of the family tree is borne by a carguero, in the rear, snugly packed away in a rude box, extemporized for the occasion.

To reach Bogotá we must not only traverse the fifty-five miles of horizontal distance, but, as we have hinted, must make a direct perpendicular ascent of more than a mile and a half. This ascent being unavoidable, one might suppose that the road would have been so laid out as to avoid any further unnecessary climbing. Not so thought the old Spaniards, who scorned to turn aside for Indians or mountains. It so happens that several sharp ridges intervene between Honda and the plateau of Bogotá. These might easily have been skirted. But the road runs boldly over them, with a thorough contempt for all engineering expedients. In a single day's journey we twice go up a mountain three thousand feet high, only to descend to the same level on the other side, giving us an unnecessary perpendicular ascent of a mile, and an equal descent, in the space of thirty miles' travel on the main highway to the capital.

At length we see the outer rim of the great plain of Bogotá, rising sheer up like a wall before us. Up this the path climbs by sharp turns and zigzags almost like a circular stairway, along which our mules laboriously wind. Pile the Cattskills on the summit of Mount Washington, then level off a marshy plateau larger than the State of Rhode Island, and heap at the sides of it the mountains some thousands of feet higher, and we shall have the great plain of Bogotá, which the inhabitants believe to be the most charming spot on the whole earth, and worthy to have been, if it was not, the site of the Garden of Eden.

The elevation of this Andine paradise gives it a temperature so low that it produces only grass, wheat, barley, and a few esculent roots. The greater part of it is owned by rich proprietors, who have the reputation of being excessively stupid. They are the perpetual butts of the Bogotans of lighter purses and more nimble wits. They are known by the flattering sobriquet of *Orejones* or "Big Ears." The accompanying illustration, from a sketch by an artist of the country, will give, better than a page of description, an idea of the appearance of a Bogotan John Bull.

We cross the muddy plain by a road actually passable for wheeled carriages, and reach the old city of Bogotá. It was formerly *Santa Fé de Bogotá*—"The Holy Faith of Bogotá;" but the pious prefix has fallen into disuse. Unfortunately for the few travelers who visit the capital of New Granada, it does not boast a single inn, and we must do as others do: hire a *habitation*, and either get our meals at a *fonda*, of which there is no lack, or engage a cook, and set up housekeeping on our own account. If we decide upon the latter course, which is, after all, preferable, a hint or two from Mr. Holton may be of service:

"This implies," he says, "either that you also go to market and have your provisions stolen at home, or send your cook to market to steal your money. The last is preferable, if the cook be not insatiable; but an alternation of evils is always better than the long continuance of the same, so you should at least make a part of your purchases. It is not wise to turn off a servant for peculation, for you may get in his place one who has been long out of employment, and who, consequently, has some months' back stealing to do. It would not be imprudent to take a servant into your service who has just been discharged for theft, for of all thieves an unsuspected one is the worst."



THE OREJON.



STREET AND CATHEDRAL IN BOGOTÁ.

If Bogotá lacks inns, it has a superabundance of churches. There are thirty of them—one for about every thousand of the inhabitants, every one apparently built more than a century and a half ago. Nearly half of the city, it is said, is occupied by churches and religious edifices. This would argue that the Bogotans were a very pious people. Be this as it may, they have little to boast of on the score of morals, and the example of the priests is any thing but edifying. Of the *guariches*—the Granadan representatives of the Parisian grisette—Mr. Holton quaintly says, "They furnish an ample supply of wet nurses, at a very reasonable price." A Foundling Hospital, where the unwedded mother can secretly deposit her infant in the *tour*, and go away without any body being the wiser for it, affords



INDIAN MARKET PEOPLE.

every facility for enabling her to take charge of the child of one who is able to pay for her care.

The streets do not present a remarkably attractive aspect. The houses are low, none of more than two stories, the greater part of but one. They look dingy and prison-like, with long fronts and small grated windows, through which the female population seem constantly peering. If the houses are of two stories, the upper part only is occupied by the more wealthy classes, while the poorer are bestowed in miserable dens on the lower floor, with no communication into the central court.

The markets are in great measure supplied from the warm country below. An Indian and his wife will toil up the steep ascent, with an enormous load of fish and plantains; and then trudge wearily across the whole breadth of the plain to the city, spending three whole days in the trip, and think themselves lucky if after all they succeed in finding a purchaser for their load.



NEW GRANADAN SOLDIERS.

The New Granadans as a body strike one as very diminutive; and the soldiers somehow seem even smaller than the civilians. Their uniform is well enough, only its general effect is somewhat marred by substituting the *alpargata* for the ordinary covering for the feet. This is a kind of sandal, the sole of which is made of hemp braided and coiled, with a cap over the front, from the point of which the great toe peeps through a hole left for that purpose. Besides the merit of cheapness—a pair costing only 15 cents—it is really a very admirable *chaussure* for dry weather. The taller of these sons of Mars is a lancer of the President's Guard. His height may be about five feet six inches. His companion, who is half a head shorter, belongs to the infantry. Both are evidently of mixed blood, as are in fact a majority of the inhabitants of the country.* These may be taken as a fair specimen of the troops of Central America, excluding, of course, the foreign recruits. As one looks on them, he can hardly wonder at, though he may deplore, the almost irresistible propensity of a stalwart, six-foot Kentuckian or Bowery boy to "pitch into them" just for the fun of the thing, and to make the impudent little fellows who want to play soldiers "know their place."

Bogotá and its sights are speedily exhausted. A zealous naturalist, like our author, who is amply rewarded for a hard day's work by the discovery of a new or rare plant, may indeed pass his time pleasantly enough here or any where else. But beyond a visit to the Falls of Tequendama, there is little in the neighborhood to repay the ordinary sight-seer.

The Falls lie a good half day's ride from the capital, and are chiefly remarkable for their height and the tremendous gorge into which the river plunges. To say nothing of the reports of old travelers, some of whom gravely say that the water plunges down half a league at a single leap, measurements professing to be accurate vary from 417 to 724 feet. The most reliable measurement gives the height at 480 feet, just three times that of Niagara. At all events, it is sufficient to dash the water into mist and spray long before it reaches the bottom, so that

* The population of New Granada is thus classified in the census:

Pure Whites	450,000	
Pure Indians, of whom 120,000 are savage	421,000	
Pure Negro	80,000	
Total of Pure Blood		951,000
Mixed White and Indian	1,029,000	
Mixed White and African	283,000	
Mixed African and Indian	100,000	
Total of Mixed Blood		1,412,000
Total Population		2,363,000

the foot of the descent is perpetually shrouded in vapor, and a few hundred feet more would make no difference perceptible to the eye of an observer.

Near the Falls is an extensive quinine factory, under the superintendence of Mons. Louis Godin, a French chemist, who, as our author was told, was domiciled with a lady from North America, to whom, however, he could not be legally married, because she had, unfortunately, no certificate of baptism. Mr. Holton found this country-woman of his to be as black as a coal, "a very good specimen of a Dutch negress," which she in fact was. She left the banks of the Hudson many years ago, "when people were talking about voting for General Jackson and Mr. Van Buren." She became a servant to a lady who was about to travel in Europe, in which capacity she visited Great Britain, Germany, and Russia. She is now a Granadan lady, well-off in the world, with a white servant to wait upon her. In the United States she bore the name of Joanna Jackson, and her mother, she said, at the latest intelligence—which, however, was thirteen years old—was living at Haverstraw, on the Hudson River. If she knew her to be still alive, the good Joanna would gladly send her a few hundred dollars. If that respectable colored lady, or her friends, should see this notice, it may be worth the trouble to communicate with the quinine manufacturer of Tequendama.

The cold valleys and plateaus of the Andes are by far the most densely peopled portion of New Granada; in fact, with the exception of a few portions of the United States, no part of America is as populous. The fertile valleys of the Magdalena and the Cauca, and the sea-coast are thinly peopled, while the immense tract watered by the Orinoco and its affluents is



FALLS OF TEQUENDAMA.



TRAVELING EQUIPMENT.

almost uninhabited. The Bogotános now and then descend from their cold plain to *thaw out*. Our author had frequently seen oranges and plantains descending toward Bogotá from the still colder mountains that girdle the plain. They could not have grown on the mountains, but must have been brought over them from the warmer regions lying far down on the opposite slopes.

One of these thawing places is Fusagasugá, the "Brighton of Bogotá." To reach it one must cross the plain, climb up the mountains a couple of thousand feet and down again, by a road very much like the ascent of Bunker Hill Monument with half the steps knocked away. To be sure all this climbing is unnecessary, since a shorter road might have been built around the mountain than over it, but this is not the way they do things in New Granada. When ladies pass over this road they are forced to ride *à la Turque*, or, in plain English, astride. This mode of equitation is not altogether unknown in and about Bogotá; but there it is confined to the lower classes. The *ladies* of Bogotá adopt a riding costume not very unlike our own, and only *Bloomerize* when passing over those steep rough roads, where they are in a manner forced to avail themselves of the facilities for keeping their seat furnished by the bifurcate anatomy of the human family, irrespective of sex.

As the temperature of the plain is such that plants are liable to be nipped by frost during any month of the year, to say nothing of the increased cold in crossing the mountain, where, moreover, it almost always rains, it needs some preparations to journey with comfort. A well-to-do Bogotan provides accordingly for a pleasure trip. His face is well tied up to protect it from the dry wind and the intense light; his hat is furnished with a case of oiled cotton or silk; his *bayeton* or *poncho*, which by night does duty as a blanket, when not on his shoulders, is rolled up and fastened to his saddle bow; a pair of skin overalls is drawn over his lower garments. Behind him comes a mule driven by a peon, bearing a huge bundle resembling an enormous feather-bed. This is called an *almofrez*, or sometimes *vaca* or "cow;" but no cow's hide would be large enough to make it, nor would the entire animal suffice to fill it. It contains a mattress and sundry articles for personal adornment and comfort, which experience has taught him that he must either carry with him or do without in his visit.

Fusagasugá enjoys a delightful climate, but

otherwise is a poor enough place. The houses are mud cottages, and seem to be wholly occupied as petty shops and drinking-places. Our author spent the Christmas holidays here, looked in at several balls, at one of which he saw a gentleman helping himself and the ladies at supper. He had a double joint of turkey in his hand, from which he would cut a piece and offer it to a lady, who would take it in her fingers. As both his own hands were full, one with the meat the other with the knife, when his own turn came he would cut a slice nearly off and lay hold of it with his teeth, and then proceed to help the next. The character of the Fusagasugá ladies is said to be, with hardly an exception, very questionable, or rather, altogether beyond question; but this did not prevent the Cura from acting as "patron" to a ball on Sunday, after Mass.

To say the truth, the Granadan clergy do not appear to be models in any respect; and our author, as befits a stanch Presbyterian, takes special delight in hinting at their peccadillos. Thus he narrates with special gusto that the Cura of Pandi was sent to another post because, while drunk, he chased one of his parishioners with a knife; that his Reverence of Fusagasugá was wont to prepare himself for his Sunday duties by spending the previous night in the billiard saloon; that the Cura of another place goes from the stocks to the altar, and from the altar to the grogshop, and so again to the stocks; and that the holy man of Banda is annually blessed with several additions to his family. He seems to have made it a point to inquire especially about the personal appearance of the mistress of the Cura; and it always appeared to be taken for granted that the household of the priest comprised such a member.

A company, of which our author was one, set out to cross the Quindio Mountains, the middle range of the Andes. They mustered as follows: Five gentlemen, two ladies, three children, four servant-maids, eleven peons, twenty-five horses and mules, and a dog. Among them they furnished specimens of all the kinds of traveling known in the mountains. Mr. Holton journeyed on foot, and was thus able to keep ahead of the others. The gentlemen and ladies rode, the latter on side saddles, while the servant-maids were mounted astride. A baby was carried by a carguero in a box. Two boys were borne in chairs lashed to the backs of *silleros*, while there were two vacant chairs for the use of the ladies when the roads became too rough and steep to allow them to keep their saddles.

The mode of traveling by silla is depicted in the cut at the head of this article. A rude bamboo chair is fastened to the back of the sillero by two belts crossing over the chest, and another passing over the forehead. Should the bearer slip or stumble, the slightest motion of the rider would cause a fall; he is therefore completely at the mercy of his carrier. A story is told, and the scene of it pointed out, of a Spanish officer, who having a right to compel the unpaid service of a sillero, actually mounted wearing the terrible mule-spurs with which to urge on his human beast of burden. The sillero, goaded beyond endurance, pitched his brutal rider down a tremendous precipice; then took to the woods and was never caught. It requires time and custom to become reconciled to this mode of conveyance; but the ladies with whom our author traveled took it very coolly. While passing some of the worst places, one of them was asleep, while the other whiled away the time in reading, as though a broken neck was not worth thinking about.



A CARGUERO AND BABY.

We have followed our author up and down and over the Andes. Of the general character of the inhabitants of the uplands, he speaks in high terms. "They lack," he says, "but the proper education to make them one of the best races on the earth. The Socoranos are proverbially enterprising, and all the inhabitants of the cold lands are constitutionally industrious." Quite different is the character of the inhabitants of

the great valleys of the Cauca and the Magdalena.

Let us attempt a sketch of a day on the Cauca. The scene shall be La Ribera, a grazing hacienda not far from Cartago. Three or four of the family of the proprietor are at the hacienda; the others are at Cartago, where there are balls and dances. In all, there are some five-and-twenty people at the hacienda.

The house is a long narrow building, built by driving down posts of *guadua* (a gigantic bamboo), lashing to them, outside and inside, slats of cane, filling up the interstices with mud, and plastering the surface with the same. A portion has been whitewashed; but the lime falling short, the work was suspended, never to be resumed. The floors are of brick in the principal rooms, of earth in the others. In front is a long trench, gradually worn by the trampling of horses and cattle, and the wallowing of hogs, affording a plentiful crop of mosquitoes in season. There is no garden, and the only fruit tree of any consequence is a single second-rate orange-tree.

As the sun begins to peer over the mountain tops, Pilar, a mulatto woman, the "mistress of the keys," bestirs herself, and one or two of the servants begin something that looks like work. Three little negro girls, naked from the waist upward, with the single garment below sadly rent and torn, seat themselves astride a low wall, and look about them. Roso, a black urchin, the child of a negro girl, and nobody knows of whom else, who has never had a rag of clothing upon his dark hide, crawls out, and begins to roll in the dirt. Three men-servants set about mending an old bridle; three others watch the dogs, who are amusing themselves with worrying a cow. The cook kindles a fire, lights her cigar, and begins to prepare breakfast. One of the young men of the family mounts a horse to ride to the plantain-field, another goes to the cacao orchard, another dawdles over a translation of a French novel. Half a dozen servants set off to the river for water. They are none too early, for our author has just gone to the water vessel to perform his ante-prandial ablutions, and finds it empty. The next time he comes there will probably be no basin to be found; but in course of time he will succeed.

Breakfast is now ready. A quantity of dried beef has been boiled to make soup; this is thickened with corn-meal or roasted plantains. The meat, which is as dry and tastless as oakum, is served separately. Very likely there is a pot of *sancocho*, an abominable Granadan *olla*, made by boiling the same meat with plantains, squashes, yucas, and whatever other vegetable is at hand. By each plate is the staff of life—roasted plantains. If the fruit is ripe they are very eatable; otherwise not. Unluckily the servants pluck and eat them as fast as they ripen, so that those brought to the table are likely to be somewhat green. There is a single fried egg for each person. This, and a small cup of thick chocolate, closes the meal.

It is now half-past ten. The three young gentlemen, attended by three servants, ride off. Perhaps they are going to look after the stock, more likely to get up a ball. All is still about the house. What the women are about nobody knows exactly—apparently, nothing at all.

So the hot day wears away, and the long shadows fall westward. Pilar lays the cloth for dinner—for Pilar is really serviceable. It is very like the breakfast, with perhaps the addition of a piece of tolerable beef, sweetmeats, and a bowl of boiled milk, concluding with the inevitable chocolate.

As it grows dark the men return to the hacienda; the cattle come back, the calves are shut up, and the goats make themselves at home in the house. The seaward breeze brings up a cloud of mosquitoes, and a smudge is built to drive them away. The family gather in the corridors, some of the women smoking. One man strums a guitar; another reads aloud a chapter from the novel of the morning; the listeners cry "*Caramba!*" at the exciting points of the story. The serviceable Pilar sets the table with a few plantains, a plate of curdy cheese, and cups of chocolate. So closes the eating of the day.

It is now nine o'clock; and all betake themselves to beds and benches for the night. From a distant room are heard the voices of the women going over the rosary. This is interrupted by a sharp crying. One of the mulatto children has fallen asleep on the floor in a dark corner, without being noticed, and has woken up in a fright. They hunt her up, carry her off, and in half an hour succeed in pacifying her. Then all is still except the constant hum of the mosquitoes, the fighting of the dogs, the bleating of the calves, the responsive lowing of their dams, and a series of diabolical performances from the impudent goats. Another day has passed, like all that have gone before, and all that are to come for generations. A Rip Van Winkle of the Cauca might fall asleep and slumber as long as he pleased. He would find little to surprise him when he awoke.

One more sketch, in the words of our author, and we conclude:

"I have just come up from a refreshing dip in the cool mountain stream, and have thrown myself leisurely on the rude and not too clean bank of earth and stone that forms a seat along the front of the lime-burner's hut, under the piazza.

"Here sits the tenant of the cottage on a large fragment of rock, destined some day for the fire, shaping a section of the stem of a bush into a wooden spoon. He uses for this the universal tool, the machete—a knife about twenty inches long, that the peasant rarely fails to have in a sheath belted to his waist.

"His little girl has slipped on her camisa, perhaps the only garment that she possesses, in honor of my coming. The little monkey has hardly improved her appearance by the operation; for the garment, though not so black as

her skin, is infinitely inferior to it in cleanliness. She is doing as her father does, and has taken a large piece of wood, and is busy, with a dull case-knife that has lost its handle of horn, hacking at random, to make, as she tells me, a spoon.

"The older daughter and her mother are busy at a little fire built at one end of the piazza. They are broiling some rather suspicious-looking pieces of beef, and roasting peeled plantains, for the family lunch, which the laboring class convert into a frugal noonday meal, whenever they have the means at hand. The little boy, undisfigured by clothes or dirt, is busy investigating the foreigner, but at the same time seems to have a special anticipatory interest in the operations of his mother.

"We are a little higher than the point of a triangular plain that spreads out eastward to the river. The western angle, near us, is occupied by a village of huts, some of which merit the name of houses, arranged around the Plaza, or public square, that is almost never wanting from a Granadan village. The little stream in which I have been bathing receives, just below, a tributary from a gorge at my left, skirts the village on the north, having also a dozen or more houses on its left bank, makes its way among cane-fields, plantain-patches, uncultivated lands and forests for a mile or two, and loses itself in the yellow current of the river, and hurries off to the north to reach the Caribbean Sea. That river is the Cauca, and the village is Vijes.

"The nook of Vijes is separated from the rest of the world by the river and forest on the east, and on all other sides by a high range of steep rocky hills, with grass-covered sides, and crowned at the summit with dense forest. Over these the road down the river from the south climbs in laborious zigzags, or quingos, as they call them, while, proceeding down the river, it finds room to squeeze itself in between the hill and the river, or, when hard pressed, climbs along the steep side to pass a difficulty and to descend again. I used the word *road*, but I fear it will mislead the reader; a road might imply travelers—might be understood to mean a path on which two mules could always pass each other. The word *trail* would better convey the idea to a Western man.

"Human nature is indeed every where the same in its essence, but infinitely diversified by the modifying power of external circumstances. Unlike instinct, that scarcely yields to the strongest influences, human nature bears the impress of the slightest inappreciable perturbing forces. Ancestry, soil, climate, occupation, bodily constitution, all have their power. But almost every where all these are borne down and modified, if not neutralized, by the resistless power of the great world of European civilization, which circulates through all the arteries of travel, so that the most minute ramifications receive their share. So the traveler who would study the power of local influences on men must go where travelers are not wont to go, nor foreign influences to penetrate. He must set himself leisurely down in a foreign land, with a foreign language, a foreign climate, a foreign religion, a foreign and local literature and commerce, or none at all.

"Such study does Vijes afford to the Anglo-American and Protestant. He comes from a scene where life is a battle, a truceless warfare with adversity and competition, and where not even the dead can rest in peace unless deposited where commerce will locate no new railroad, or health and convenience demand no new street. He comes where winter can never overtake the sluggard, where the maxims of Poor Richard have never been heard of, where it is cheaper to make a field than defend a lawsuit, and easier to raise a new baby than cure a sick one; and where even the sacred office is a quiet monopoly, undisturbed by the severe but salutary strifes which arise from planting two or three doctors and two or three churches in the same village.

"Vijes (or Biges, for the orthography is uncertain) has a latitude of about 3° 45′ N., so you may consider it situated on the equator. The sun ought therefore to set at six invariably; but as it always goes into the clouds when it is about an hour high, the people make no account of it afterward. They say the sun "goes in" about five, but never speak of its setting. Twilight ends between half past six and seven, so it appears quite like a natural sunset at about five; and no one notices whether the sun is vertical or not at noon; so that all the diversities that you derive from the annual changes of the sun's declination are unknown here. It may be that even this has its bearing on character. Let a man with us lose a day by the high water, or by the negligence of an attendant, and if he feels that winter is approaching, or spring coming on, or any other season whatever, he grows desperate; but a Granadino sees day after day run away like so much Croton water, without concern, for there is an indefinite quantity of the same yet to come. The entire absence of clocks and watches aids this illusion. I do not know that in the entire population of this little triangle (1160) there is one of either. Nor is the want much felt. Things go on well enough without.

"We are at an altitude of about 3540 feet above the ocean. This is below the lowest limit of wheat and the potato. In the rare instances in which we see potatoes or bread, they result from trade with higher lands, where the sugar-cane can not be cultivated, and perhaps not even maize. We can do very well without their wheat and potatoes, but they need the product of the cane both for food and drink; so a commerce between the cold lands and the warm is inevitable.

"The weather affects national character, directly by means of dress, and indirectly through agricultural products. The most important of them in this respect is the plátano, which, with bad taste, we represent by the English word

plantain. The plantain saves man more labor than steam. It gives him the greatest amount of food from a given piece of ground, and with a labor so small that that of raising it to the mouth after roasting is a material part of it. 'New Granada would be something,' says my neighbor Cáldas, 'if we could exterminate the plátano and the cane: this is the parent of drunkenness, that of idleness.'"

SOMETHING ABOUT THE HORSE.

BY T. B. THORPE.

THE announcement was, that man should have dominion over every beast of the earth; yet the realization of that delegated power was the result of many centuries of slow and painful progress. The savage had no apparent relation to the horse more than to any other of the wild animals that with him disputed sway in the open field and dense forests. The horse was anxiously sought after only as food. As man learned the value of the fruits of the earth, and consequently the necessity of cultivating the soil, it is most natural to suppose that, by slow degrees, he became desirous of assistance; yet the horse would have appeared, under the circumstances, the least likely to afford the desired help. Smaller animals, more easily captured, and more readily tamed, were necessarily selected, but their inefficiency manifested itself just in proportion as man became conscious of his innate power to govern, and his natural wants increased. From the dog, the sheep, the bison, the ass, up to the horse, a natural ascent can be traced, and probably somewhat in this order did man receive the sublime conviction that he was to rule over the beasts of the field. A foal was first caught and reared without any object save curiosity. Such treatment as a savage would bestow would naturally subdue the spirit of the captive, and familiarize its owners with the possibility of its entire subjection. It was these enervated and degraded specimens of the horse that were first practiced upon, and gave to man a knowledge of its habits, and thus, by slow degrees, was it brought to share its master's labors. Ages would pass away in the joint education of man and beast before even this slight advance would be made. The stories, therefore, told of the "horse-tamers" and others, which represent the animal being originally caught in its adult state, and subdued by a single individual, are contrary to nature. So, also, are the stories which speak of the original horse-breakers, as taking to the pursuit after they had attained to manhood, for it is only by constant practice from childhood that a firm "seat" can be obtained. The primitive wild horse was never caught and ridden. Before this could be done, man would have to be perfect in the equestrian art.

The history of Egypt is the earliest record of the human family, and in it we find frequent notice of the horse. By many it has been supposed that Egypt was his original home, but this is certainly not the case. The horse was only distributed by the people of this ancient country as demanded by the increasing civilization of surrounding nations. The country lying between the Tigris and the Euphrates in Mesopotamia, where the whole race of mankind was collected together after the flood, and from thence dispersed over the earth—this spot, so memorable in the history of humanity, was the primitive home of the horse, and is the place where the best breeds are still found. This is the true Arabia, so far as the animal is concerned—the very spot where, curious enough, the progenitors of the equine race found a natural home after leaving the ark. From this point the horse was easily brought into Egypt, where there was money to buy, and sovereigns to use them; and hence the earliest notice we have of him occurs in Genesis, where the people are represented as giving them to Joseph in exchange for bread. The plagues that were pronounced against Egypt on account of the hardness of Pharaoh's heart, were visited upon domestic animals, and the horse is mentioned among those which are to suffer. To attend Jacob's funeral there came forth from Egypt "chariots and horsemen." The Israelites were pursued into the Red Sea by Egyptian cavalry. Moses, as if associating the horse with the oppression of his people, forbids the Israelites, if they elect a king, to allow him "to multiply to himself horses." Profane history harmonizes with this testimony, for Sesostris, an Egyptian king, is represented as the first one who taught men to train horses and use them for pleasure. The people mentioned in sacred history living upon the borders of Egypt, however, seem to be strangely indifferent to the value of the horse, for in the very careful enumeration of the cattle stores of Abraham, Isaac, Esau, Laban, and Job, though all other domestic animals are abundant, the horse is never mentioned; nor is it alluded to in the fourth and tenth commandments, with other working animals. Throughout Judea he continued to be very rare even down to the days of Solomon, for that monarch obtained his horses from the land of Pharaoh.

Assyria after Egypt, particularly that part of the empire which was watered by the Tigris and Euphrates, became celebrated for its cavaliers among the people of the ancient world. The prophet Habakkuk exclaims of the horses of the Chaldeans that "they are swifter than the leopards, and more fierce than the evening wolves." Among the ruins of Nimroud, discovered by Layard, were found bas-reliefs representing Assyrians on horseback, not only engaged in hunting expeditions but in actual war; yet upon the ruins of Persepolis and of cities of coeval date, are representations in abundance of horses and chariots, but not one of men mounted and going to battle. Throughout the whole of the Iliad we believe there is not a single mention made of a warrior on horseback in the field. Until the discoveries in Nimroud were made, it was supposed that the Persians originated equestrianism, but it seems they only revived what had

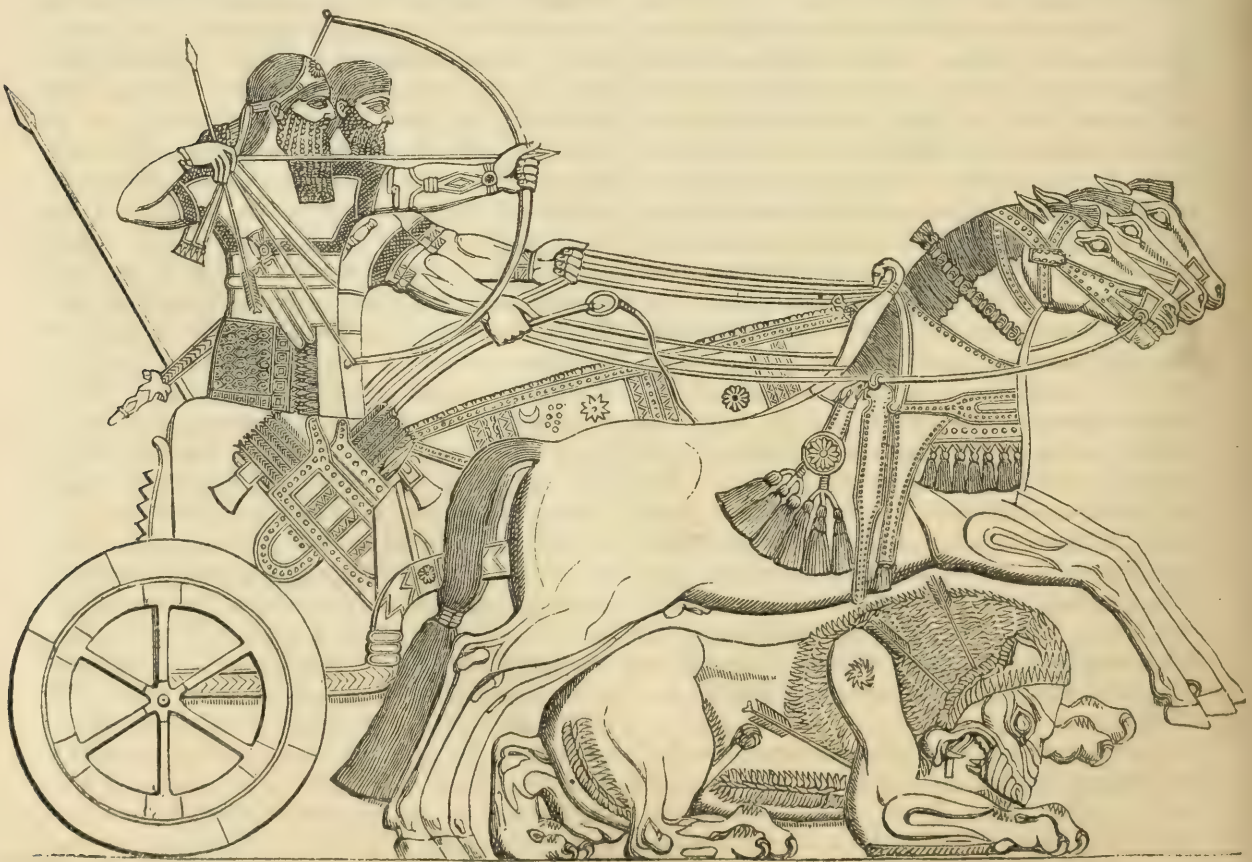


ASSYRIAN HORSEMEN.

apparently been lost with the destruction of Nineveh. The plains of Babylonia furnished horses to the Medes and Persians, which nations finally became renowned for their horsemanship, particularly the latter, although Persia, before the age of Cyrus, was entirely destitute of horses; but after that era, from the personal example, encouragement, and recommendation of her kings, it is stated that every man in that vast empire rode on horseback. So rich, indeed, did Persia finally become in equine wealth, that one author speaks of no less than one hundred and fifty thousand horses feeding at one time upon a vast plain near the Caspian Gates—the very name of the country, coming from *Peresh*, a Chaldean and Hebrew word, signifying horsemen.

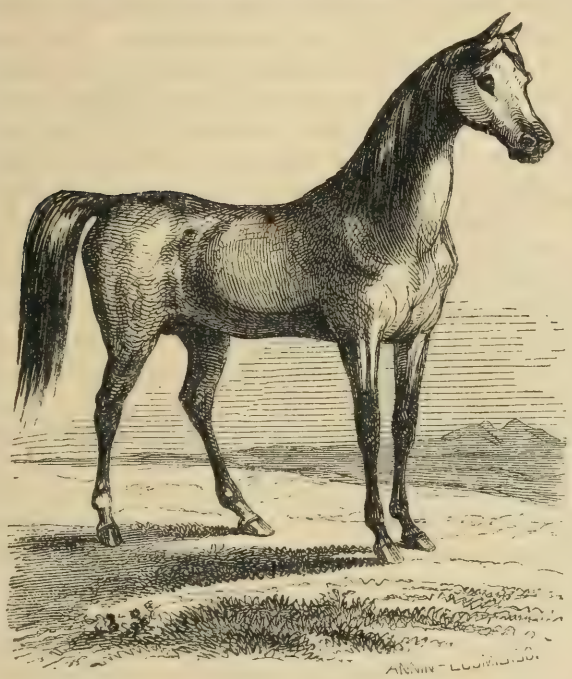
We thus can trace through the dim traditions of the past the horse leaving Egypt, passing into Assyria and Persia, and following the rushing streams of population westward, coming to Phrygia and the southern shores of the Euxine Sea, and, finally, into Thessaly, the people of which, like the Mexicans of modern times, conceived the horse and rider to be one, giving rise to the fable of the centaurs, double-shaped and incomprehensible.

The introduction of the horse from Egypt into Greece is clearly hinted at in ancient mythology, where Neptune is represented as striking a rock with his trident, from which issued a fiery steed; in more simple language, the animal came from beyond the sea. The Romans learned their horsemanship from the Greeks, and soon rivaled their teachers. The attachment of this warlike people for the horse was often carried to the height of folly and madness. Caligula invited his horse to sup with him, giving him food from golden vessels; not content with this, he made his horse a



ASSYRIAN WARRIORS IN A CHARIOT, FROM NIMROUD.

high-priest and consul. Verus, another Roman Emperor, erected a statue of gold to his horse, and fed him with raisins and almonds from his own hand. When the creature died, he was buried with great pomp, all the dignitaries of the empire attending; after which, a magnificent monument was erected to his memory on the Vatican Hill.



THE ARABIAN.

Whatever may be said to the contrary, there is but one true horse in the world, and that is the Arab stallion. His beautiful, nay, sublime description by Job, is the inspiration of one who only sees what he describes in its most perfect state—a thing you look at as you look at the stars, distant, but living with glory. As with all the ancients, the horse in Job's mind was only associated with royalty, spoken of as the attendant of princes, or connected with the fascinating yet terrible accompaniments of war; for he was never seen, as in our times, occupied in the familiar and beneficial purposes of draught in our streets, and husbandry in our fields. A modern reader, therefore, must enter into the sentiment and feeling of antiquity in order to fully appreciate this description of the horse. The old patriarch wrote it while sitting under his tent in the Arabian desert; looking out from under its folds, he beheld all other domesticated animals subservient and deformed by labor—the horse alone shone forth in its primitive glory. We can imagine him in his pride as he stood before Job, who, admiring, in the enthusiasm of the moment, asks,

"Hast thou given to the horse strength?"

The rays of an Oriental sun flash along his silken coat, and he continues,

"Hast thou clothed his neck with the thunder-flash?"

The noble animal displays its energies in playful gambols, when Job, now full of enthusiasm, fairly daguerreotypes the scene:

"Hast thou made him to leap forth like the arrow?
The glory of his nostrils is terrible;
He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength."

It was this high appreciation of the horse which inspired the poet of the land of Uz, that made Solomon liken his mistress for beauty "to a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots."

It is by viewing the horse only in the light of a war-steed, or as an appendage of royalty, that we can explain many passages, not only in the Old Testament but in the Greek and Latin classics. Even during the Trojan war these animals were exclusively in the retinue of princes, and were always associated with the glorious forthcoming of kings. It is in times comparatively modern that the horse has become a beast of burden; in the East, more particularly in Arabia, he is still preserved from labor, save to carry his master on his errands of pleasure, or with him engage in the strife of war.

Homer represents that the horses of Achilles wept for Patroclus, and makes those of Rhesus speak of their good fortune. Aristotle mentions a horse of Sythia that precipitated himself from the top of a high rock in order to punish himself for committing a base act.

The Arab poet, Eldemire, relates that the Calif Merouan had a horse that never permitted his groom to enter his apartments without being called. The hapless fellow chancing one day to forget this observance, the animal became indignant, and seized the groom in his teeth and ground him against the marble of his manger.

Pausanius relates that he knew a horse that showed himself completely conscious of his triumphs, and that whenever he won a prize in the race at the Olympic games, proudly directed his steps toward the tribunal of the judges to claim his crown.

Pride, which is eminently becoming in the horse, sometimes in him degenerates into disdain. Bucephalus, according to Plutarch, when once caparisoned, would let no one approach him but Alexander.

Among the patriarchs of the nomadic tribes the horse is still the intellectual companion of the chief, occupying so large a share of his affections that his wife and children hold a second place. The Arab repeats the immemorial proverb, that "He who forgets the beauty of horses for the beauty of woman will never prosper," and exulting in the favor of Ali, exclaims, "Long tresses and long manes will be seen among us until the day of the resurrection!" The warrior caste still maintains its supremacy, and we hear the lamentations of Abd-el-Kader, that many of the horses of the Arab race have fallen from their nobility because employed in tillage, in carrying burdens, and doing useful rather than ornamental work. He declares that if the true horse even treads upon the plowed land he diminishes in value, and illustrates the idea by the following story:

"A man was riding upon a horse of pure blood when he was met by his enemy, also splendidly mounted. One pursued the other, and he who gave chase was distanced by him who fled. Despairing of reaching him, the pursuer in anger shouted out,

"'I ask, in the name of God, has your horse ever worked on land?'

"'He has worked on the land for four days.'

"'Very well, mine never has, and, by the beard of the Prophet, I am sure to catch you!'

"Toward the close of the day the horse that never labored was victor, and as the rider of the degraded horse sank under the blows of his enemy, he said,

"'There has been no blessing upon our country since we have changed our coursers into beasts of burden and of tillage. Has not God made the ox for the plow, the camel to transport merchandise, and the horse alone for the race: there is nothing gained by changing the ways of God.'"

Illustrative of this spirit of the maternal tenderness toward the Arab horse, is the story of the young chief who had a precious mare and many enemies. Once he went a journey of three days' distance from his home to obtain a large sum of gold, when his foes determined to make him prisoner or kill him. Knowing the swiftness of the young chief's mare, they divided themselves in groups of ten persons, and took their stations at three hours' distance from each other. The first group was to pursue until they came up to the second, and so on, until the young chief's barb should be exhausted. All was done as designed, but the mare never gave way. The three days' journey was accomplished in one; and more than forty-eight hours before he was expected, the blind old father, who sat smoking at the entrance of his tent, recognized the familiar tramp of his son's mare.

"There is my son coming back!" exclaimed the old patriarch, and ere the words fell from his mouth the young chief dismounted, gave the reins to his wife, and laid the precious treasure at his father's feet. But the old man thought more of the mare than of the gold or of his son. "Why did you over-fatigue the creature?" he exclaimed, in reproachful tones; "bring her to me, that I may judge of her condition." The son then explained how obstinate had been the chase of his enemies, and how he had by the mare's endurance escaped. That night the young chief, wrapped in his cloak, rested unnoticed in a corner of his tent; but women, young men, slaves, and effendis, crowded in anxious solicitude around the mare, rubbing her maimed limbs with softening liniments, giving her strengthening beverages; nor was quiet restored to the tribe until it was formally announced that the object of so much solicitude had taken her allotted food, and had full possession of her limbs.

Layard, who had a better opportunity than has ever been enjoyed by any other European of seeing the true Arab steed in his glory, writes of him with all the rich coloring of Job himself: "The Arabs," he says, "would ride up to my tent and give me the usual salutation, 'Peace be with you, O Bey!' then driving their lances into the ground, they would spring from their mares and fasten their halters to the still quivering weapons. Seating themselves on the grass, they related deeds of war and plunder, or speculated on the sites of the tents of Sofuk until the moon rose; then they vaulted into their saddles *and took the way of the desert.*" In another place he writes: "Sofuk was the owner of a mare of matchless beauty, called, as if the property of the tribe, Shammeriyah. Her dam was the celebrated Kubleh, whose renown extended from the sources of the Khabour to the end of the Arabian promontory, the day of whose death is an epoch *from which the Arabs of Mesopotamia date events concerning their tribe.* Mohammed-Emin, sheik of the Jabours, assured me that he had seen Sofuk ride down the wild ass of the Singar on her back. Sofuk esteemed her and her daughter above all the riches of his tribe; for her he would have forfeited all his wealth, and even Amsha (his princess wife) herself."

A number of inquiries respecting the Arabian horse were propounded by General Dumas to Abd-el-Kader. The chief answered in a characteristic letter. He says that an Arabian horse can, for months successively, and without any rest, travel sixty miles a day. That if hard pressed he can go in one day a hundred miles; yet a horse that has completed that journey ought to be spared the following day, and should be ridden a much shorter distance. Upon their power of abstinence he mentions one occasion where he pushed his command into a gallop for five or six hours without taking breath. That during an excursion of five-and-twenty days, the horses had only what would have amounted to eight ordinary meals, no straw, and but little spring-time grass. The horses went without drinking sometimes one, two, and even three days! The horses of the desert do even more than that; they remain three months without eating a single grain of barley. Certain years have occurred when even a twelvemonth has passed, the horses depending upon grass and an occasional feed of dates; and yet, under these disadvantageous circumstances, they were both capable of traveling and going to battle.

Contrary to our custom the Arabs mount their horses at an early age. They have proverbs "that the lessons of infancy are engraved on stone; the lessons of mature age disappear like bird's nests." The first year the Arabs teach the horse to be led by a bridle. The second year they ride him for a mile, then two, then farther; and when eighteen months old, they are not afraid of fatiguing them. The third year they tie them up, cease to ride them, and make them fat; if they do not then suit, they sell them. If a horse is not ridden before the third year, then it is certain he is good for nothing but running, which a good horse has no occasion to learn, because it is his original faculty.

A noble lady visiting Egypt, writing to her friends in England, says: "I fear you may

deem me rather boastful of my horsemanship, when I tell you that the two Arab horses which threw their cavaliers did not throw me. The cause of the exception was not in me or my skill. It was the very remarkable predilection these intelligent animals feel toward individuals of the weaker sex. Let the wildest and fiercest Arabian be mounted by a woman, and you will see him suddenly grow mild and gentle as a lamb. I have had plenty of opportunities to make the experiment, and in my own stables there is a beautiful gray Arab which nobody but myself dares to ride. He knows me, anticipates my wishes, and judiciously calculates the degree of fatigue I can bear without inconvenience. It is curious to see how he manages to quicken his pace without shaking me, and the different sorts of steps he has invented to realize those contradictory purposes. Horses being as liable to forgetfulness as other organized beings, my incomparable gray would allow his natural ambition to overcome his gallantry, and, if another horse threatened to pass him, would start off with the speed of the whirlwind. Woe to me if, under such circumstances, I were to trust to the strength of my arm or the power of the bridle! I knew my gallant charger better. Leaving my hand quite loose, and abandoning all thoughts of compulsion, I would take to persuasion; pat him on the neck; call him by his name; beg him to be quiet and deserve the piece of sugar waiting for him at home. Never did these gentle means fail. Instantly he would slacken his pace, prick up his ears as if fully comprehending his error, and come back to a soft amble, gently neighing as if to crave pardon for his momentary offense.

"Such instances of the tender attachment of the Arab horse for the gentler sex are quite common and easily explained. Among the sons of Ishmael women are the natural and only grooms of their lord's stables. When the horse is still a colt he is reared in the back part of the tent, the movable harem of the Arab. In the third year of his life he has the honor of carrying his master, and when he returns home from a journey, the horse is instantly delivered into the women's hands, who wash his eyes with cold water, and walk him gently to and fro until the foam has disappeared from his mouth and the perspiration from his limbs. It is the master's wife that disencumbers him from the heavy saddle, the complicated and adorned bridle, the embroidered and gilded covering. She fastens a cord to his foot, and taking him first to drink, then leads him where the best bits of grass are to found in that barren country."

Deservedly high as may stand the Arab horse for docility and sagacity, it should not be forgotten that, in absence of all other amusements, the education of the foal becomes a pleasure as well as a business; it thus soon becomes attached to his biped companions, and takes a pride in enacting all that is required of him. If the Arab rider falls, his horse will stand by and neigh for assistance; if he lies down to sleep, the horse will watch over him and give notice of the approach of man and beast. Similar anecdotes are related of all horses kindly treated, no matter where may be their homes. We knew one that had a drunken master, that without any particularly kind treatment surpassed the Arab example even in intelligence; for he would modify his gait so as to keep his reeling rider from falling off; and if this did happen, the horse would stand by for hours together, regardless of food and drink, and with great anger and determination attack man or beast if either approached too near. What farmer's boy is without his tale of the affectionate intelligence of his pony hack? In England, where the higher classes sometimes in their habits approach the nomadic, the horse is the appanage of the aristocracy, and is treated with an intimacy that is never attained by the humbler representatives of their own race. But recently, Lord Raglan's white pony, which that commander rode before Sebastopol, was seen to mount the steps of a palatial residence, and enter through the open door into the hall, and was then embraced and lavished with kisses from no less a personage than Lady Fitzroy Somerset, the daughter of the noble earl. Among people of the highest enlightenment it is only reserved to be simple and natural, qualities common alike to all the children of the desert. Thus, in human expression of sympathy for the horse, the extremes of civilization meet.

The introduction of the Asiatic horse into Europe is involved in mystery. The Persian wars with the Greeks must have materially influenced their character, as Xerxes had eighty thousand in his army, most of which never returned to Persia. The Carthaginians introduced the Barbary horse into Spain and Sicily. From these two points the breed would naturally be dispersed over Western Europe. In the fourth century, the Greeks who entered Europe by the north, and overran it as far as the Peninsula, dispersed the Asiatic horse in their track. In the eighth century, A.D. 782, the Saracens, with two hundred thousand horses, penetrated into France as far as Poictiers, where they were routed by Charles Martel. The horses thus captured were numerous enough to have changed the whole character of their own breeds, and from the Gallic horse thus produced came, no doubt, the early English horses. The introduction of horses upon the Western Continent dates back to the second voyage of Columbus, in 1493. The first brought into any territory belonging to the United States were landed in Florida, in 1527, by Cabeca de Vaca. These importations, from the dissensions which followed among the masters, escaped all control, and finding a home in the wilderness, multiplied to an almost incredible extent, which, with the descendants of the horses introduced into Mexico by Cortéz, and into Peru by Pizarro, have filled the prairies of the north, and extended in countless numbers upon the pampas of the south. Upon



THE MEXICAN HORSE.

the plains extending from La Plata to Patagonia are to be met single troops numbered by tens of thousands. The color of the American wild horse is generally chestnut; but hundreds are often seen which are known as "calico" or "paint horses" from their many colors. They differ from those of Asia in being more easily tamed; in fact, so readily are they subdued that they can not, with real propriety, be said to exist in a truly savage state.

The Mexicans and South Americans are all good riders, and they perform constantly feats of horsemanship which would do credit to the Bedouins themselves. It is a common amusement with them to turn a horse at full speed upon a point designated by a blanket; they will charge a solid rampart with the rapidity of lightning, and stop so suddenly that the feet of the horse will exactly touch the wall. For a small wager some have been known to rush at a cliff, rear their horses' fore-legs in the air, so that they would for a moment tremble over the dread precipice, and then whirl into safety. The Arabs, to show Layard their great estimation of his person, on one occasion amused themselves by similar equestrian feats. They would gallop off at a distance, put their lances at rest, and then make deliberately for his head. The compliment consisted in stopping their charger suddenly short, so that the spear point would *just touch his face.* He naïvely adds, that his life would have been sacrificed if the well-trained steeds had made the slightest false step, or by any inequality in the ground disappointed the expectations of their masters.

The North American Indians inhabiting the vast prairies which reach out from the Atlantic slope toward the Rocky Mountains, are all excellent equestrians, and possess an abundance of horses. They do not, however, become attached to individuals of the species, and conse-



THE PRAIRIE ON FIRE.



NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS AND THEIR PONIES.

quently the "Indian pony" possesses less intelligence than he would if he had a more considerate trainer. When a chief dies they sacrifice his war-steed over his grave, that he may go well-mounted into the presence of the "Great Spirit." The horse, to them, may be considered a vessel to carry them over their boundless prairies, assist them in hunting the buffalo, and aid them in their war excursions. Occasionally these vast fields of vegetation, dried by the summer sun, ignite, and a conflagration takes place such as can be witnessed nowhere else in the world. On roll the devouring flames, crackling and exulting, while the dark clouds of smoke obscure the sun and stifle the atmosphere. It is on these occasions that the Indian and his horse have a chase for life; and often, in spite of their combined sagacity and fleetness, they are overtaken and destroyed.

The same natural causes which operate to make the home of the horse and of man identical in our own day, served to bring them together in the first ages of their existence. The size of the brute rendered it conspicuous; and it is presumable that he was at first hunted alone as a luxurious food. Compared with the flesh of the horse that of the ox is coarse in the extreme, the two presenting all the differences that distinguish the commonest canvas from the finest cambric. The fibre of the horse is delicate, and the colors it displays in its perfect form defy the pencil by their beauty. The muscles of the horse are arranged more symmetrically than those of any other animal, and the general aspect of the creature's frame, upon dissection, enforces the idea of a beast of superior order. Few have ever made themselves practically acquainted with the beautiful mechanical construction of the horse, without imbibing even a higher respect for him than is realized by the superficial examination of his outside form. But all this delicacy and beauty rather destroys than tempts the human appetite, and this circumstance, added to the intrinsic value of the horse, has discouraged hippophagy —a taste attempted to be revived by many intelligent "savans" (?) in France. Acceptable as the flesh of the horse may have been to the palates of the early representatives of mankind, it is probable they were not able to indulge in an excess of this kind of food. The animal was difficult to approach, and could hardly be taken by surprise; once alarmed, pursuit was hopeless, and, in a close encounter, the issue would be very doubtful. It is, therefore, probable that the horse was captured by means of pitfalls and similar contrivances peculiar to all barbarians. The carcass was alone desired—the life of the victim was in no way regarded.

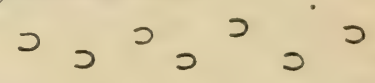
The Scandinavians and Germans, devoted to the worship of Odin, raised with the utmost care, in the "sacred pastures," a breed of white horses destined for immolation to the gods which they adored. Once sacrificed, the fumes of their roasting carcasses were left for the "superior beings;" the flesh was served up at the festive board. From this custom probably originated the taste for this kind of food which existed among all the nations of the north, until Christianity penetrated Europe and succeeded in destroying the custom, because it was supposed to be directly connected with the rites of

Paganism. The wandering tribes of Northern Asia have preserved a marvelous liking for horse-flesh, for it is their favorite dish, notwithstanding they possess innumerable herds and flocks. The inhabitants of South America esteem the horse the best of food, and prefer it to the wild cattle which they possess in such abundance. The Danes, as late as the year 1807, during the siege of Copenhagen, authorized the sale of this meat in the butchers' stalls, and since that time, it is said, the horse has not ceased to supply the slaughter-pens. Hazzard the elder—a veterinary surgeon at the end of the eighteenth century—has stated that, during the scarcity which marked the French Revolution, the greater portion of the meat consumed in Paris for six months was supplied by horses, and that the public health suffered no diminution in consequence. In the campaigns of the Rhine, of Catalonia, and of the Maritime Alps, the celebrated Larrey had recourse to this kind of aliment for his wounded. He "derived from it much advantage at the siege of Alexandria, in Egypt, and was in a great measure indebted to its use for the speedy cure of the sick." We knew "a jolly good fellow of an officer" in the United States Army, who, with his men, was driven, by the perils of the Florida war, to devour a pair of carriage-horses, and although rather famed as a *bon-vivant*, he was accustomed to speak of his equine entertainments with much enthusiasm—the only regret being that the government would not allow him the price of one of the animals thus consumed, because it was his private property. Belgium may be quoted as having partially followed the example set by Copenhagen, and the Austrian Government has recently authorized the sale of the same alimentary material. In Sweden the use of horse flesh is common, the wealthy classes eating a sandwich composed of bread and a piece of the animal, highly salted, just before dinner, to excite an appetite. We are all shocked at these developments, and yet we eat our Bologna sausages without a wry face, and have been thus for years initiating ourselves into the mysteries of consuming horse-meat—a custom which, at first mention, we heartily condemn.

The horse is distinguished from all other animals in having an undivided hoof, and in the singular property of breathing through the nostrils only, and not through the mouth; for in the severest exercises the mouth is never seen to open, unless the lower jaw is brought down violently by force of the bit. This will account for the "speaking-trumpet" nostril seen after hard riding. It is also singular of the horse, that, although one of the most delicate animals in the choice of food, he disturbs the water before he will drink, and his ears, in a wild state, have a tendency to hang down, and only assume their pointed and erect appearance while under the guardianship of man. In this last respect the horse differs from all other animals, for with them the erect ear is the sign of the savage, the falling ear the evidence of civilization. To us the argument seems plain, that the true physical beauty of the horse, as well as the production of his full speed, are alone accomplished under the watchful care of his human master.

A horse, in venturing to make a leap, measures the distance to be passed with his eye, and nothing will compel him to attempt it, if he thinks he can not succeed. In Alpine countries, horses accustomed to the difficult passes in the mountains seldom make a false step, or venture on a place where the footing is not secure. It is thus that a horse accustomed to marshy countries may be safely trusted in crossing bogs; they will not go, if left to themselves, where there is danger of being mired.

One of the most difficult things ever attempted by the artist is to represent a horse in actual motion. The rapidity with which he approaches and passes you renders it impossible to receive a correct and permanent impression of what is before you. All pictorial representations, however dexterously treated, are, after all, in repose, and it is a great tax upon the imagination to suppose we behold locomotive energy. The horse, in galloping, does not strike two feet at any instant together on the ground, but the hoofs pommel the hard earth in a perfect succession of sounds, like the roll of the drum. A race-horse will clear from twenty to twenty-four feet at a bound. The impression he makes on the turf is not of feet in pairs, but one foot following the other—thus:



By listening to a horse galloping upon a hard road, you will find the sounds made accurately imitated by placing your finger on the table and causing the other three to follow in quick rotation—then let there be a pause for the bound, and the 1, 2, 3, 4 again in regular succession. Virgil combines the sense and the sound thus:

Quădrŭpĕ|dāntĕ pŭ|trĕm sŏnī|tŭ quătĭt|ăngŭlă|cāmpŭm.

Which may be thus imitated in English:

Shăkĭng thĕ|moŭldĕrĭng|plaĭn wĭth thĕ|trămp ŏf thĕ|gāl-lŏpĭng|hŏrse hoŏfs.

The age of a horse, up to eight or ten years, is correctly given by an examination of the teeth, those useful appendages, through that period of time, undergoing more transformations than in any other animal. When well treated, the horse lives to a great age, but, from the abuse he receives, his best years are from five to ten. Instances are numerous of his being serviceable for twenty years, and for even a longer period of time. An authentic instance is recorded of a horse reaching the wonderful age of seventy years. They weigh, ordinarily, from eleven to thirteen hundred pounds. Barclay, Perkins, and Company, brewers of London, have long possessed a horse weighing a ton! the heaviest, probably, in the world. The height of the horse is measured by what is termed hands, each hand being equal to four inches. Horses vary in height from the Shetland pony, not much larger than the Newfoundland dog, to the high-metled



SHETLAND PONIES.

racer, whose back is level with his rider's eyes. The "Rocky Mountain horse," called after the vicinity in which he was captured, and quite recently exhibited in New Orleans, was the tallest animal of his species ever known, being twenty-one hands in height (seven feet!), and weighing but little less than his English rival. An experienced person in raising horses states, that after a colt is three weeks old, the number of inches which can be measured from the hair on the hoofs to the middle of the first joint will give the exact number of hands the colt will reach when full grown: thus, if the length be fourteen inches, the colt will in due time, if it lives and no extraordinary accident happens to it, become a horse of fourteen hands in height.

Much importance is attached to the color of horses, particularly with regard to the legs. The Arabs, with "stockinged horses," have the extremes of good and bad luck, according to the disposition of the white. As senseless as these fancies may appear, they nevertheless influence the price of the animal, sometimes to even a sixth part of his value. In our own country, inheriting it from England, this very prejudice about the color of horses' legs was as firmly rooted as in benighted Africa. According to the rhyme,

> "One white foot—buy a horse;
> Two white feet—try a horse;
> Three white feet—look well about him;
> Four white feet—go without him."

The best horses we have ever had in the United States were marked with white stockings—so was Boston, so is Lexington, the noblest steed upon the American turf. It is proverbial that sorrel and chestnut horses with white upon their legs are good-natured, while the same colors without a dash of white represent tricky and unsafe animals. Many suppose that the particolored horses belonging to circuses or performing upon the stage are selected for their oddity, but they are really chosen on account of their docility and gentleness. A black horse, it is said, can not stand heat; yet the inhabitant of Africa is made expressly black for that very purpose. The white horse is pronounced unsuited to cold; yet the polar bear is as colorless as the snows on which he sleeps. The physiognomy of horses is much regarded—if he is broad and full between the eyes, he is supposed to have superior sense, and to be easily trained. "A dish-face" is always unsafe, the dispositions of such horses being as exceptionable as their looks.

In all ages good horses have commanded high prices. This is no doubt owing to the fact that a faultless one is seemingly impossible to obtain, while those of surpassingly good qualities can hardly be appreciated in money. In our own times we find that enormous sums are paid for racers. *Mr. O'Kelly, owner of English Eclipse, asked for that celebrated horse twenty-five thousand pounds and an annuity of five hundred more for life.* We have preserved the prices of horses at two different periods which are calculated to attract attention. In Solomon's time, the wholesale price, and under a government contract, was one hundred and fifty shekels, which, according to Bishop Cumberland's calculation, is about eighty-seven dollars—a great sum in those times. In the days of Xenophon, six hundred years later, the price of a good horse had materially increased, for Seuthes the Thracian paid to the Persian monarch one hundred and thirty-seven dollars for the steed which he rode during his retreat from Babylon. The prices of good horses are enormous, not only on account of their rarity, but also from their liability to disease and death. The constitution of no animal seems to be more subject to derangement than the horse, and consequently the owner of one of rare qualities is in constant excitement. David the Psalmist seems to have had the usual experience, for he exclaims, "A horse for preservation is but a deceitful thing," and such has been their history from time immemorial even unto the present day.

The racing of one horse against another is



RACE-HORSE AND JOCKEY.

probably coeval with their subjection to the use of man, but "racing," as understood in our day, is of comparative recent date. As early as the reign of Henry II., Smithfield, in England, was a mart for horses, and those offered for sale were, no doubt, skillfully displayed and matched against each other to show off their qualities. In these early days speed was not a requisite; it required only strength to carry a warrior and his coat of mail. The invention of gunpowder, and the consequent abandonment of armor, not only changed the art of war, but created a demand for an entirely different horse. Swiftness now became a requisite, and attendants upon this power came beauty of form and the necessity of superior blood. Instead of being associated exclusively with the labors of the plow, or with the alarms of war, the horse insensibly became an object of amusement as well as utility, so that in the time of Elizabeth they were used in the pastimes of festal gatherings. In the commencement of the succeeding reign private matches between gentlemen, then their own jockeys, became common. The true merits of the horse, in the natural course of things, now rapidly developed themselves, and we find that James I. made racing a royal amusement, and set the example of paying large prices for foreign horses of supposed superior breed. In the reign of Charles I. races became common at Newmarket and Hyde Park, and the precedent was established of making the prizes run for silver cups, instead of coin. Charles II. encouraged the sports of the turf, and under



THE HUNTER.



THE STEEPLE-CHASE.

his reign they became national in England. From this time only are the pedigrees of English horses at all reliably authenticated. The Godolphin Arabian, the founder of the best blood, appeared in the reign of George II. In the commencement of that of George III. Eclipse was foaled, and not until that time was racing, as now understood, really established.

The definition of thorough-bred is difficult to give. In England it means a pedigree traced without flaw through the best sources for eight generations, all ending with horses of Eastern origin, the Byerly Turk, the Godolphin Arabians, and the Darby Arabian. For want of attention to this matter, this can not always be done in this country, though some of our most celebrated horses can be traced back to a period long anterior to the Revolution. The Arab of the desert, though he keeps no register to record the descent of his horse, knows his precedents for five hundred years. With the Arab it is a proverb "That a horse of pure race has no vice."

For more than a century the breeding of the "thorough-bred," and the amusements of the turf, have been pursued in this country. As early as 1609 valuable stock was imported from England into Virginia, which, together with the colony of Maryland, was early famous for fine horses and spirited cavaliers. At the time of the Revolution Washington, and many of his Southern compatriots, possessed remarkably fine horses; yet it is a singular fact, that the war-steeds used by the "Father of his Country" seemed to make no impression upon the chronicles of the times that "tried men's souls." Washington was the most perfect of equestrians, and probably when mounted and at the head of his army, presented the most imposing spectacle of a man ever seen. It is possible that the steed, so prominently associated with other commanders, sunk into insignificance when brought in contact with his personal presence.

Careful investigation clearly shows that horses do not degenerate in America compared with the best produced abroad. What our turfmen gain by "lighter weights" is more than counterbalanced by the elastic turf and straighter shape of the English race-course when compared with our circular tracks, generally not carefully wrought, and always wholly denuded of turf. Our trotters are the best in the world, as well as the most enduring, and when tried upon English ground, have always maintained their superiority. No horse but an American one ever trotted in harness twenty miles within the hour. The contest between the race-horses of the two countries is yet to come off; when that exciting event takes place, we have no doubt but that the result will be in our favor.*

* Flying Childers's time, of which there is some doubt, has been beaten by Lexington. Childers ran a furlong in 14½ seconds. Lexington ran a furlong in 13½ seconds, running four miles in 7 minutes 19¾ seconds. The often quoted exploit of England's Eclipse was, that he ran four miles in 8 minutes.

The speed of horses has always been a matter of admiration, and is invariably spoken of in the language of hyperbole. The Orientals use the most beautiful and figurative expressions when alluding to this subject; they say, "Horses are birds which have no wings;" "For horses nothing is distant;" or, "My steed possesses the wings of the wind." Among the more matter-of-fact people of temperate climates we find equal exaggeration, but expressed in less poetical phrase. The meaning of "low down in the twenties," is, if analyzed, quite as improbable as to say that "for horses nothing is distant." The great Anglo-Saxon ideality, however, is to speak of a horse going a mile in a minute, which is really the absurdest of fictions, such a feat never having been accomplished, save by Pegasus, or by the steeds of Phaeton, which dragged the chariot of the sun.

Before the introduction of railways the horse was the swiftest mode of conveyance man possessed; when, therefore, extraordinary distances, within a given space of time, were made by their assistance, or feats of a remarkable kind were performed upon their backs, the details were heralded abroad as "exciting news," and solemnly recorded among the wonderful events of the day. Among the famous things particularly remembered is the journey of a Mr. Thornhill, an innkeeper, of Stilton, in Huntingdonshire, England, who rode from that place to London, then back to Stilton, then again to London, making a journey of two hundred and thirteen miles in twenty-four hours. With the aid of several horses, this man made the same journey in twelve hours and a quarter. Sir Robert Carey created an intense excitement in his day by riding three hundred miles in less than three days, when he went from London to Edinburgh to inform King James of Elizabeth's death. It is noted by the chroniclers of the time, that the valiant horseman had several falls, and received many sore bruises on the way, which occasioned his going battered and blood-stained into the "royal presence." In more modern times General Lafayette displayed his zeal and strength of constitution by riding from his head-quarters, Rhode Island, to Boston, nearly seventy miles, in seven hours, and immediately upon having an interview with Washington, returning the same journey in six and a half. On the 3d of May, 1758, a Die Vernon ventured a considerable wager that she would ride a thousand miles in a thousand hours, and finished the match in little more than two-thirds of the time. So delighted were the country people at her success, that they strewed the road she passed along with flowers. Seventy-five years ago it was very common to make bets upon riding a long distance "in short time," by constantly changing horses. In this way a Mr. Wilde, an Irish gentleman, made himself temporarily famous by making, over the Kildare course, one hundred and twenty-seven miles in six hours and twenty minutes, winning a wager of a thousand guineas. A man named Nicks (Dick Turpin), having committed a robbery about four o'clock in the morning, and fearing detection, "made for Gravesend, where he was ferried over the Thames, and appeared the same night at eight o'clock on a bowling-green in the city of York. Upon his trial he was acquitted, the jury deeming it physically impossible for the same horse to bear the same man *three hundred miles in sixteen hours.*"

A highly interesting volume might be written upon the garniture of the horse. It was not customary in ancient times to shoe his feet with iron, according to our modern practice, so that a strong hoof, "hard as brass," and solid "as the flint," was reckoned one of the good qualities of the steed. In Oriental countries the dryness of the soil made an artificial defense of the hoof less necessary than in the mire and muddy ways peculiar to the north of Europe. Necessity first suggested the shoeing of horses, and custom confirmed the practice. There is historical testimony, that before the use of metal horse-shoes the hoofs of the poor animals became worn away during fatiguing journeys. When Mithridates was besieging Cyzicus, he was obliged to dispense with the use of his cavalry, because the hoofs of his horses entirely wore out. Diodorus Siculus, in speaking of the army of Alexander the Great, states that on one occasion the hoofs of the horses had become, by uninterrupted traveling, totally broken and destroyed. Hannibal's cavalry, which were principally Numidian, lost all their hoofs in the embarrassing march through the swampy grounds between Trebia and Fesulæ. The ancients had no saddles, judging from all sculptures that have been preserved, yet they are alluded to in Leviticus and in Numbers. Many rode without even a bridle, and thus resembled the Indian tribes of our day, at least in this particular. The sculptures of Kouyunjik and Khorsabad represent the riders "bare-backed." The Elgin marbles are also without saddles; but the want of these things were more than compensated by other trappings, particularly of the bridle and reins, which were of extraordinary splendor. In the bas-reliefs found in Nineveh the trappings of the horses and chariots are remarkable for their richness and elegance. Above



HEAD-DRESS OF AN ASSYRIAN WAR-HORSE.

the heads of the horses rise gracefully plumed and fanciful crests, ornamented with long ribbons or streamers, which were probably of many colors. The bridle consisted of a head-stall, a strap divided into three parts joining the bit, together with straps over the forehead, under the cheeks, and behind the ears. Embroidered trappings, such as are described by Ezekiel as the precious clothes for chariots from Dedan, covered the backs of the horses. The bits, as well as the metal used in the harness, were often of gold and other precious metals. The manes were either allowed to fall loosely on the neck, or were more frequently plaited; the tails were bound in the centre with ribbons adorned with tassels. The most gorgeous displays of cavalry in modern times must be incomparably behind those early days in every thing that constitutes grandeur either in numbers or costly in uniforms.



ASSYRIAN WAR-HORSES.

Horses are subject to uncontrollable fits of terror, and many incidents are remembered illustrative of this nervous sensibility. To horses thus seized, if in large numbers, and accustomed to military discipline, the effects are very terrible. In June, 1810, Colonel R. M. Johnson's regiment was stationed on a beautiful grass plain, near St. Josephs. At midnight some of the horses grazing in the vicinity became alarmed, which instantly communicated itself to those belonging to the regiment, and the whole body united in solid columns, and commenced a whirlwind course around the camp. Incredible as it may seem, so compactly did they keep together in their fear, that the whole body of six hundred did not seem to occupy a space of more than forty by sixty yards. The moon was shining in full splendor, the camp was an open plain, and the scene presented was awfully sublime. At length the horses forced a passage through the lines, overset tents, carried away the fences, and were soon lost in the surrounding woods. Many were found the next day twenty and twenty-five miles distant, and all were more or less lamed, or otherwise injured by having their hind-legs cut by the feet of those crowding in the rear. A more thrilling illustration is recorded among the incidents of the Peninsular war. Two of the Spanish regiments which had been stationed at Funen were cavalry, mounted on choice Andalusian horses, the whole numbering over eleven hundred. In retiring from the place it was found impossible to bring the animals away, and the commander and men were too much attached to their steeds to deliberately destroy them, so their bridles and housings were taken off, and they were turned loose upon the beach. A scene ensued, such as probably was never before witnessed in equine exhibitions, surpassing in all the elements of terror the bloody scenes of the Roman circus. The abandoned horses, apparently sensible that they were no longer under human protection, and seemingly despairing of life, ranged themselves in squadrons, retaining, meanwhile, the strictest military discipline. Once in position, they charged on each other, biting, tearing, and kicking with the most ferocious rage, and trampling upon those which were beaten down, until the shore became strewn with the dead and disabled. Part of the animals had been turned loose on rising ground in the distance, but no sooner did these warriors "smell the battle afar off," than they came thundering like a whirlwind over the intermediate hedges, and catching the prevailing madness, plunged with equal fury into the raging fight. Sublime as was the scene, Romano and his men found it too horrible to contemplate, and too dangerous to interfere; and when the last boat quitted the beach, the few surviving horses were to be seen still engaged in the work of mutual destruction.

In the steppes of Russia it is not uncommon to see a young colt, made furious by the persecution of his enemies, rush singly at a band of wolves, and striking out with his fore-feet, pound his enemy beneath his murderous pestles, and then seize them by the shoulders and toss them into the air. These horses are made savage by the extreme changes of climate which they are subjected to; at one time broiling under a tropical sun, at another bewildered amidst snow-storms, and by hurricane winds scattered over the frozen surface of the Black Sea.

An English soldier of the 12th lancers, by the name of Dance, was engaged at Balaklava in drawing water for the troops, and while thus occupied, a horse, with mane and tail erect, galloped furiously toward him, seized him by the shoulder and threw him down, and then kneeling on his body, commenced tearing the soldier's clothes off, and lacerating his breast and shoulders in a frightful manner. The poor fellow put out his hand to protect his body, when the infuriated animal seized it in his mouth and bit it off! Before the horse could be subdued he bit off the finger of another man, and severely injured the veterinary surgeon of the regiment. This horse was of the Arab breed.

A Mr. Hannan, of Peru, Illinois, one morning observed his horse, a fine animal, acting strangely. He would lay hold with his teeth of every thing that came within his reach, and shake them as a terrier will a rat. While the gentleman was watching, the horse reached into a pig-pen, and seizing hold of one of its inmates, threw it up into the air. This strange feat he repeated two or three times, then setting his teeth in the body of the pig, he crushed it to the earth, gnawing and mangling the body in the most frightful manner. The horse then took a second pig, served it in a similar manner, and then tossed a calf into the air as easily as a cat would a mouse.

The owner immediately sent for a popular farrier, but when he arrived the horse was more quiet, whereupon the farrier ventured into the inclosure, and called the horse to him. The animal came up apparently very docile, but the moment he was within reach he seized the man violently by the shoulders, threw him forcibly with his face on the ground, then setting his teeth in his back, endeavored to crush and gnaw him, the animal's eyes meanwhile becoming glassy with rage. Mr. Hannan with difficulty rescued the farrier from his perilous situation. No other cause than hydrophobia could explain the phenomenon, and the animal was consequently shot.

A man by the name of Stephen Wigley, while crossing a field near Hammersmith, England, was attacked by a horse, seized by the head, and dashed to the ground. The animal then fell on him with his knees, and bit him in such a furious manner as to cause death. Another man, William Perry, came near a horse, which suddenly reared into the air, and struck the unfortunate Perry in the chest with his fore-feet, then deliberately kneeled upon the body, as if to crush it into the earth. More recently, Lawrence Steers, of Sullivan County, New York, was whipping a vicious horse, when the enraged creature seized the man with his teeth, and threw him on the ground with such force as to cause instant death. Quite recently a son of David Huckelbury, of Craig Township, Indiana, in crossing a field occupied by a vicious horse, was attacked by the animal, knocked down, torn with his teeth, and stamped upon until he became utterly insensible. The mother of the boy saw the dreadful occurrence, and became so much excited that she swooned, and was carried into the house in a helpless condition, in which she remained for a few hours, when death relieved her of her sufferings. The boy was rescued, but not until hopelessly injured.

Copenhagen, the charger that carried Wellington at Waterloo, died at the age of twenty-seven years. He was in his prime at the great battle, and his master rode him seventeen hours and a half without dismounting. When the Duke finally dismounted, the horse was playful, and showed that his hard work had done but little harm. Upon his return to England, Copenhagen had a paddock assigned him, in which, in the most perfect comfort, as may be imagined, he passed the rest of his life. In his latter days his oats were broken for him, and "the Duchess" used regularly, with her own hands, to feed him with bread; and this kindness gave him the habit (especially after the lady's death) of approaching the sex with the most confiding familiarity. From the effects of age he became partially blind, lean, and feeble, and in the manner he approached a casual visitor there was something to demand sympathy, an appeal to human kindness, which is often observed in a very old dog when he approaches his master. Copenhagen was buried with military honors, but his remains did not long repose in peace; a curiosity-hunter dug them up, stole one of the hoofs, and escaped with the relic without being discovered. The skeleton of Marengo, the horse Napoleon rode at Waterloo, graces the museum of the United Service, London, and is by all visitors regarded with intense curiosity.

A farmer's family in England had a young colt which was raised about the house; from an occasional indulgence it became very fond of boiled meat, and retained this carnivorous appetite throughout its life, being frequently seen to secure a bone, and gnaw it with all the intense satisfaction of a hungry dog. In some parts of India, where proper food is not abundant, the natives feed their horses on boiled sheeps'-heads, and the animals not only thrive under such regimen, but become very fond of it. In Iceland, during times of great scarcity, the small breed of horses peculiar to that country will go down to the sea-shore and satisfy their appetites by catching fish. The expression, therefore, "that all flesh is grass," is less figurative than is generally supposed.

A horse owned in Belchertown, Massachusetts, was driven a few miles out of town, and on his return in the afternoon was fed with meal and "cut feed," as usual, but for his supper had nothing but dry hay, which did not agree with his sense of fair dealing, after traveling twenty miles through snow-drifts. Remaining perfectly quiet until his master had retired for the night, he then by some means got loose from his halter, passed through the cow stable, around the barn-floor and the carriage-room, to the granary, where he found two bags of corn-meal.

After apparently examining them, he selected the one weighing about sixty pounds, took it in his teeth, and carried it about twenty feet to a clean spot on the floor. Finding it difficult to untie the mouth of the sack, he cut a hole in the side and shook out about a peck of its contents, and ate what he desired. Noticing the cow, his only companion of long winter nights, looking with wistful eye upon his treasure, the intelligent animal carried the bag some ten feet farther, shook out more meal, and the two were found lovingly feasting together in the morning.

A gentleman possessed of a span of sprightly little horses, which, whether in the stable, in the field, or in harness, were always together, proceeded to Lake Minnetooka on a fishing excursion. Taking them from the carriage he tied them some rods apart, near the lake-shore, and left them to feed. Repairing to a shanty near by, the gentleman threw himself upon the floor, with the intention of dozing away the time which would elapse before the return of the fishing party engaged on the lake. But a short time passed before the sound of a horse's feet aroused his attention, and a moment after one of the horses appeared at the shanty door. The animal put his head in, gave a loud neigh, and then, in a slow gallop, but evidently under great excitement, returned toward the spot where he and his companion a few moments before had appeared safely fastened. Surprised to find the horse loose, and struck with his singular conduct, the gentleman immediately followed, and found the other lying in the water, entangled by the halter, and with great difficulty keeping from being drowned. While efforts were being made to disengage the unfortunate horse, his noble and intelligent benefactor stood by manifesting the utmost solicitude and sympathy, and when his mate was fairly extricated from his perilous situation, and once again safely upon solid ground, the generous creature exhibited the most unequivocal signs of satisfaction and joy. That this sagacious animal should have noticed the accident happening to his companion—that he should know where to apply for help, and in his efforts successfully sunder a strong rope—and, finally, that he should exhibit so high an appreciation of the event, are curious circumstances, and commend themselves to the thoughtful consideration of those who limit the power of reason to man alone.

A traveler on a dark night presented himself at the door of a country inn, and demanded lodging. The landlord, after some general remarks, suddenly turned pale, and asked of his guest what road he came? Upon being informed, he almost fainted with terror. On examination in the morning, it was found that the horse rode by the traveler had walked with safety the string-piece of a long bridge, and maintained his footing on the single extended timber, scarce a foot wide. The planks of the bridge on the day previous had been torn up for repairs; a miss-step of the sure-footed animal would have precipitated himself and rider into a chasm a hundred feet below.

"In the good old times" when pillions were in vogue, an old New England family owned a horse that was accustomed for many years to carry some two or three persons to church, wait for the services to be completed, and return home with his dutiful load. In course of time, the services of the animal were no longer needed, yet he did not take advantage of his well-earned freedom, for as regularly as the Sabbath came, he would let down the bars of his inclosure with his mouth, and decorously wend his way to the "meeting-house," where he would remain until the congregation was dismissed, and then, with a conscience full of self-approval, would return to his quarters.

Horses are capable of great attachment for each other. A French cavalry officer relates, that an old horse of his company, that was very full of mettle, suddenly became, from the wearing away of his teeth, unable to chew his hay and corn; in this condition he was fed two months, and would have continued to be fed, by two horses on each side of him, that ate out of the same manger. These friendly creatures drew hay from the rack, which they partially masticated, and then placed it before their aged companion; they did the same with the oats, which they ground very fine between their teeth: this was often witnessed by a whole company of cavalry, officers and men. A more intense feeling of sympathy was displayed in a Hanoverian, which, with his companion, had served through the Peninsular war. They had drawn the same gun, and had been inseparable companions during many battles. One of them was at last killed; the survivor was picketed out as usual, and his food brought to him; but he refused to eat, became restless, and constantly looked about as if in search of his companion. Although surrounded by other animals of his kind, he took no notice of them, and finally died, never touching food after he lost his associate.

A terrible murder was committed in Raleigh, Shelby County, Tennessee, and the person convicted of the crime was indebted for his punishment to the sagacity of a horse. The trial came off in a district, divided from one of another jurisdiction by the highway on which the dark deed was committed. The body was found some forty or fifty steps from the road, from which it had evidently been dragged, and the doubt arose as to in which civil district the murder had been committed. The probabilities were that the guilty party would escape. Several months elapsed before the trial, when one of the witnesses, mounted on the deceased's horse, and accompanied by many persons, was riding toward the court-house. When the horse reached the vicinity of the scene of the murder he began to exhibit symptoms of alarm, which conduct greatly surprised all who witnessed it, for the other horses in company showed no signs of fear. As the party proceeded onward, the

agitation of the horse increased; and when he reached a point in the road opposite to where the body was found, the excitement of the horse was so great that he became altogether unmanageable. The gentlemen present checked their course, and looked on with profound astonishment. His flesh quivered, his nostrils distended, and his eyes glancing into the woods near by, he stood snorting and neighing—a sublime picture of the wildest excitement. One of the gentlemen present, suspecting the cause of the horse's agitation, suggested that he should have a loose rein, which being granted, the noble animal instantly rushed into the thicket, and coming to a certain tree, commenced pawing at its roots, then trotting farther into the forest, he circled round and returned to the same spot, where he stood pawing and trembling with agitation, until violently forced away. Similar conduct was always observed in him whenever he passed that particular spot.

Upon the trial, the startling testimony of this "eloquent witness" against the prisoner caused a thrill of feeling like an electric shock to run through the court-room. No blood had ever been seen on the road, and no appearance of any unusual struggle was visible. If the killing took place in the highway, the horse would have known nothing of the terrible tree in the neighboring thicket; if the fatal deed were committed where the body was found, then the court had no jurisdiction, and the murderer would escape. But all this was not to be. The intelligent horse —whose sagacity in his neighborhood was proverbial, whose attachment to his master was such that he followed him like a spaniel about the farm-yard—in thrilling pantomime enacted the scene of the terrible murder, pictured the decoy into the wood, the robber's demand for gold or blood, and the death-struggle under the fatal tree! Nature eloquent vindicated by a seeming miracle the unerring certainty of retributive justice—*the venue*, by this voiceless witness, was proved beyond a doubt—proved by faithful affections steeled to the wiles of the corruptor, and whose testimony was "confirmation strong," as proof of Holy Writ. The doom of the prisoner was sealed. In that gloomy catacomb of human hearts and hopes — the penitentiary — the prisoner, for the eternity of his life, now expiates his crime.

There are no better judges of horses than itinerant preachers. From the very necessities of their calling, they are constantly dependent upon their services, and thus naturally become acquainted with all their good and bad qualities. We have one of these backwoods' apostles in our mind's eye, whose "circuit" was in a Southwestern State. He was born in Virginia, and I have always suspected that his infant eyes opened upon a race-track. Be that as it may, a certificate of character from him in favor of a horse was of commercial value. Indifferent about his personal comfort and personal appearance, he insisted upon being well mounted, and seemed always ready to "run the good race." On one occasion he was pressing his way to "meeting," when his progress was obstructed by a crowd in the road engaged in the preliminaries of a "scrub race." Compelled to stop a moment, he involuntarily examined "the cattle" entered for the sport, and spontaneously gave his opinion which one would win. Suddenly remembering that it was the Sabbath, he apologized for his "worldly mindedness," and would have passed on, but the crowd had become uproarious, and "the parson must stay and see the thing out." After some properly expressed repugnance he consented, on the condition that the "Sabbath-breakers" would accompany him to church and hear his sermon: this was agreed to without a dissenting voice. The parson fulfilled his contract with commendable zeal, and "his constituents" acted in like good faith. As a result, to use the language of one of the congregation, "the parson, for their evident wickedness, used a moral curry-comb with such coarse teeth that he nearly took all the glossy hair of their self-conceit off their backs." Unfortunately for the lasting effects of this well-timed and excellent discourse, the parson's horse, after the sermon was over, "*took the bit in his mouth*," and beat "every thing on the road," in spite of all the owner's endeavors to restrain him. The more sober and discreet "brethren" professed to believe it was an untoward accident; but the "sinners" thought there was design in it, and, singularly enough, the parson's influence was greatly increased among this "branch" of his congregation.

In the simple biography of one of these "primitive men," we read that it was his habit, in sparsely-settled communities, when night overtook him in a strange place in the forests, to give his horse the rein, and take up his lodgings at the first house his faithful creature and companion stopped at; and he records, with hearty simplicity, that his quarters, thus "providentially selected, were always the best in the neighborhood"—not seeming to be aware that a well-filled crib, which would naturally attract his horse's attention, always gave promise of thrift and comfort in the human habitation attached. Bishop McKendree, one of the early and most esteemed among his people, in his will left ample provision for the well-keeping of his horse while the animal lived, illustrating that a merciful man is merciful to his beast. John Wesley, no doubt influenced by the many obligations he felt under to the faithful horses that had carried him from place to place in his long pilgrimage, entertained the idea that they have a hereafter, and will live at peace and rest in their spirit-land.

Snediker's, on the road leading from New York to Jamaica, Long Island, is the nestling-place of the first-rate jockeys and "fast men" of Gotham. If there is any thing that *can* get down in the thirties, it is to be seen at Snediker's. If there is a great match to be made, the preliminaries are settled at Snediker's. Albeit, an itinerant preacher stationed at Jamaica, oc-

casionally on his way to New York, would pass Snediker's, and do it in such a way that the spokes of his sulky were quite invisible—in fact, there was something so promising about the animal's gait, that it provoked a veteran of the turf to inquire "who owned that 'ere horse?" Upon being told it was a parson's, he assumed a thoughtful look, and internally worked out this apparently natural problem, "Ef a Methodist preacher can get that 'ere animal down to two forty-five, I think, with my larning, I could knock off sixteen seconds;" and thus assured, he very soon paid an extra handsome price for the horse, and put him in "scientific training." The result was perfectly overwhelming to the jockey, for he found, by sad experience, that the despised preacher had got all the work out the animal he was capable of; and the jockey, contrary to his former habits, never allows preachers to be spoken of disrespectfully in his presence, coming to their rescue with the remark, "that some on 'em knows something, and that they ain't so green as some people take 'em to be."

MOTHER AND CHILD ARE WELL.

AS I was sitting in my room the other forenoon, who should come in upon me suddenly but Mrs. Mary Bivins. I have a slight acquaintance with Bivins, for I have occasionally seen her at the houses of my friends after an addition to their families. She is a monthly nurse.

"Good-morning, Sir," said she, courtesying as she entered. (I am always "Sir" to Bivins.)

"Ah! Bivins, is that you? I had no idea that you were here yet. Mother and child well, eh?"

"Yes, Sir," she answered briskly; "it's all over now. It took place this morning, before the doctor or any body came. It's a fine child."

"My dear woman," said I, maliciously, "you needn't trumpet its praise to me; I am not the unfortunate father. I know it's a fine child. All children are fine, if we may believe you nurses. Why, there was Pilkins's baby, a pitiful specimen of humanity, born two months before its time—a frail, lifeless thing—the nurse called *that* a fine child, and, what's more, made Pilkins think so. Bivins, my dear" (you know I am a friend of the nurse), "I have seen that elephant before. Between you and me, now—it won't go any further—what sort of a baby is it?'

The nurse smiled a faint smile, not quite sure that it was not her duty to be indignant, and was about to answer my query, when the article under discussion, as if desirous of postponing the matter to a more favorable opportunity, set up a dismal howl, which called the good lady hurriedly away.

"It's a girl," said I to myself. "I'm sure it's a girl from its crying. Girls never cry like boys. A practiced ear can tell the difference between their voices as far as it can hear them."

Before Bivins did me the honor to visit me, I was in the full tide of composition, turning out some splendid writing; but her entrance, the dialogue narrated above, and the thoughts to which both gave rise, broke the spell. To write afterward was impossible. I began thinking of the mother and child below, and wandered off to mothers and children every where. That there were mothers and children every where I knew, but I never realized it as I did then. We know that all who have lived are dead, and that all who live will die, but it seldom comes home to us, unless we see a funeral in the street, or hear that Tom, or Harry, or some one next door is dead. So with babies. We shut our eyes to their existence, until some one tells us that Tom or Harry is a father, or we hear, at night, the little piping voice next door.

Could the late lamented Dr. Malthus—who was himself, if I am not mistaken, a family man—could the poor man have seen one-tenth part of the children that I see in my mind's eye, he would have given up his theory in despair, or would have become—what I have no doubt many fond parents thought him—a second Herod. What multitudes of babies have grown from the baby below—babies of all sorts, sizes, and conditions; beautiful, homely; smart, stupid; rich, poor; boys, girls—their name is Legion! They are as plentiful as flowers. And what are they, pray, but flowers—human flowers—roses, lilies, violets—what you will? They are as common as flowers, budding and blowing every where. There is no monopoly in them, or you may be sure the rich would take the first choice, and select all the beautiful ones, leaving you and me, and poor devils like us, the remnants. They bloom every where, these pretty human flowers: in little country villages where the woods are thick, and the grass is tall and green; and in great cities, where Nature comes only by stealth. I like to see children in the country, tottling around cottage doors, or in the middle of winding roads; and I like to see them in the city, walking, like little men and women, up and down the hard, cold pavements. I like to see them chase each other across fields and meadows, and I like to see them whispering over their dog-eared books in buzzing country school-houses. They look pretty at church, packed by themselves in the gallery, or scattered among the grave congregation down stairs; and prettier still in dusky-luminous drawing-rooms, building card-houses on the sofa, or in the corner giving those splendid tea-parties! But these are the larger children—those who can walk and talk—not the lesser lights of the household, the babies, of which I intended to speak. Let me return to them.

But let me begin at the beginning.

When Tom and Mary, or any other young couple, discover that they will one day, God willing, have a second edition of themselves—a miniature diamond edition—they begin to make ready for it. Mary, by her several purchases of dry-goods suitable for infant's wear, and Tom, by an increasing thoughtfulness for Mary's com-

fort and welfare. She must no longer take those long walks; must avoid sitting in draughts and wetting her feet; in short, must take care of herself. You visit them unceremoniously, and find their chairs nearer neighbors than at any time since their courtship. Perhaps, on entering, you find Mary's head on Tom's shoulder. Being, like myself, an ignorant bachelor, you surmise nothing from this, but chat and rattle on as you always do, wondering what in the world makes Tom and Mary so stupid. They may have been quarreling, you think; but the close proximity of their chairs, the head on the shoulder, and the hands that creep together when you pretend not to be looking, all are against the supposition. You say "Good-night" at an early hour, and go to the club, and speculate about matrimony.

You ask yourself whether you like Miss Jenkins, and whether you honestly think, puppyism apart, that Miss Jenkins likes you. You fall into a brown study, and twirl your mustache, balancing the pros and cons, till you feel a hand slap you on the back, and turn around and see Jack or Harry, who asks you to a game supper with a jolly set of dogs. You go to the game supper, having a weakness for that sort of thing; and, what with that delicious bit of scandal in the evening's *Herald*, and the wine you drink, Jenkins fades from your mind. You wonder how Tom can stay at home, night after night, so quietly, when there are such delights as game suppers. What A. says in reference to a certain lady—in strict confidence, mind—and B. hints about C.'s wife, rather unsettles your faith in women. "Marry who will," you say, "I prefer being a bachelor a little longer." So the game supper continues.

A few days later you drop in on Mary again, perhaps because Tom happened to mention that Miss Jenkins was to spend the day with her. Not expecting the visit of a gentleman, both ladies blush, and throw their work hastily aside. You beg them to go on as if you were not there, and they do so, if they can lay their hands on any indefinite piece of needle-work. But they are constrained and ill at ease. You have interrupted the making of the expected baby's linen. It would be well to recollect a pressing engagement. "Good-morning, ladies."

"How glad I am he's gone," says Mary, while you are putting on your gloves in the hall. "I couldn't bear to have him look at me."

"Never mind him, dear," Jenkins replies. "He suspects nothing, he's such a delightful goose." And down goes Jenkins on the carpet, to pencil out the pattern of a little shirt.

But Jenkins for once is wrong in her estimation of you. You do suspect something; and when you come back for your cane, and see the embryo little shirt, your suspicions amount to a certainty. There will be an increase of population in that neighborhood before the next census is taken.

Days upon days the little wife sits in the sunshine making baby-clothes. It is a charming back-parlor that of hers—the very place to sew in and to dream in. There are books for the young wife to read—a mahogany what-not full of them; pictures for the sweet wife to sun herself in, pretty water-color drawings and engravings; long chintz curtains to muffle the too fierce light; and a prim little bed, inviting rest when the dear wife is a-weary. Sew on, little wife, sew on! Many a year ago, a little wife like you sat in an old house in the country. The sunshine moved on the floor, the wind blew in the window, but she heeded them not, for she thought only of you, her unborn child! Your mother made baby-clothes for you, her child; and here you are making baby-clothes for a child of your own. Isn't it strange?

We often remarked the wonderful hemming of Tom's handkerchiefs, and the miraculous embroidery on his shirt fronts. Could we see the linen of Tom's baby, never would we notice Tom's again. Peerless hems on even the smallest bandage; incomparable scollops round every little sleeve and flounce; divine insertings and edgings of lace; angelically-dainty conceits in embroidery! Mary's baby-linen is perfect. I would almost be a baby again myself to be wrapped in such swaddling-clothes!

Who can describe the feelings of a young wife about to become a mother? Assuredly no man, least of all a bachelor like myself. What will the new-comer be—a girl or a boy? If a girl, she hopes it will be pretty, with an early tendency to ringlets and drooping black eyes. If a boy, he must look like papa, and grow up to be as good a man. (Nothing said of papa's red whiskers!) She sees, in fancy, the boy flying his kite, tossing his ball, trundling his hoop, and coming home with such red cheeks! But the girl pleases her most; for she imagines her, as she remembers herself when a child, on a little stool, nursing a noseless doll!

But if there should be no baby after all? (Such is sometimes the drift of the young wife's thoughts.) "If baby should die, as so many babies do? Or if I should myself cross the threshold of the black gate, which my feet will surely touch, instead of returning triumphant from it, with a little soul in my arms? How can I die!" Courage, dear wife, courage! Your mother suffered, in bearing you, all that you will suffer in bearing your child; she lived through it—there are gray hairs in that portrait of hers—and why should not you live too? It is natural, my child, however fearful it seems, and whatever is natural can be borne. We utter the usual commonplaces, but they fail to cheer our disconsolate Mary. When Tom comes she will brighten up. You had better be at home as much as you can, Tom, for there is no telling when it may happen.

It happens at last. For late at night, on your way home from a political meeting, you meet Tom in the street, and receive a hasty "Can't stop!" from him, in answer to your friendly "Hillo!" He is hot-foot for the nurse, who generally lives several blocks off. He shoots

past you like a shadow, and you hear his steps echoing on the pavement, fainter and fainter, and then only your own, as you plod drowsily on, dreaming of bed and a late nap in the morning. Just about that time matrimony is below par with you.

The next morning you see the doctor's carriage in front of Tom's door. You are anxious to learn the result, and question the doctor after one of his flying visits. There is no danger, he tells you, and would, you suspect, if Mary were dying. You think of poor Tom in the house—not in the sick room, for you have a myth that husbands are not admitted there on these occasions—but in the library, making believe read, or in the parlor, walking the floor feverishly. "Poor Tom!" you say. Then you think of poor Mary, and, wondering whether she will live or die, you will catch yourself looking up to the sky. You needn't be ashamed of that silent prayer. It does you credit.

I have no wish to preach, nor shall I; but the birth of a child, it seems to me, is worth a few minutes' thought. Like many things to which we are accustomed, it impresses us less than it should. We should see in the newcomer not merely Mary's baby, or Tom's baby, but baby in the abstract—a fresh creation of God. The child that was born last night, no matter whose, is as much a direct creation of God as the first-born of Adam and Eve. We know how children are born, even we bachelors—the medical books and plates explain that; but there is one thing they do not explain—*How children become!* The miracle is still a miracle, although it has been worked thousands of years.

"The hands
That reach through Nature, moulding men,"

perform their work, leaving the rest to man. Another child is born. Another human being enters the world. Another spirit is clothed in flesh. No man can say whether its life will be long or short, merry or mournful, good or bad. It is in our midst, one of us: we know no more!

But now the doctor emerges from the sick room, and, shaking Tom by the hand, he informs him that he is a father. Tom asks permission to see his wife, if only for a minute. The dispensers of future pap and paregoric royally condescend, and he steals on tip-toe to the bedside, where he is rewarded by a faint smile from Mary, and a little glimpse of the baby. He kisses the one, and makes faces at the other, and then strolls out for a walk, leaving the pair to their slumbers. We meet him in the street, and seeing by his looks that all is well, we shake him by the hand and wish him joy.

"How are they?"

He blushes the least in the world, but manfully replies, "Mother and child are well."

If we crack a bottle of Champagne together, I hope our good friends, the framers of the miraculous Liquor Bill, will forgive us. We must have a little license, for—mother and child are well!

Morning after morning we see the doctor's carriage in front of Tom's door, and night after night lights in the house. Although mother and child are well, they are not yet out of danger. The doctor must watch their slightest changes, and the nurse must attend to all their wants. And how many wants there are in a sick room! Pills, powders, and potions to be given at stated hours; curtains to be drawn or undrawn, according as it is too light or too dark; shifting of pillows and moving of helpless limbs; peevish questions to be answered kindly and forgotten; and a universal humoring of the myriad ailments and whims of the baby!

Tom is congratulated by all his male friends on the addition to his family, and made to run the gauntlet of shaking all their hands. They waylay him in the street, when he hasn't time to stop; startle him in the bank when he is trying to procure a discount; dog him into hotels and public buildings; and ride home with him every night in the omnibus. Truly that baby of his is an event!

But this is nothing to the stir among Mary's lady friends. Dear creatures! how rapidly they spread the news, and how eager they are in the pursuit of knowledge! The baby's sex; its hair, and the color of its eyes; who it is like; how much it weighs; their questions are numberless. And when Mary is well enough to receive their visits, what deputations wait on her! But first of all comes Jenkins, the faithful Jenkins. After Tom's, hers is the first kiss imprinted on the sick woman's lips. Motherly old dames with red cheeks and false hair; unmotherly old maids, their scraggy fingers in mits; young wives, not yet over their bridal blushes; simpering misses, neither woman nor child; every body wants to see Mary's baby. Propped in the bed with pillows, or, grander still, sitting in the large armchair, Mary receives her guests. Forgive her, good people, if she seems a little important. It is her first baby!

"Bivins, bring me the child!"

The child is brought, and laid carefully on her lap. The motherly old dames chirp to it and chuck its dimpled chin; the old maids inquire if the pins are all right; the young wife stoops and kisses it, wishing it her own, mayhap; and the young misses study the anatomy of its stumpy toes. First old dame declares it looks like its father; second thinks it looks like its mother; third sees no resemblance to either, but a marvelous likeness of its grandfather. The old maids are certain that its nose reminds them of some one; a simpering miss whispers her friend that its eyes are like Mr. Blank's; while the young wife, who by this time has the child in her arms, declares they all slander it vilely—it is such a perfect little cherub! No, there was never such a baby before!

By-and-by we call round and spend an evening with Tom, just as we used to before Mary was sick. At first we are requested not to smoke, unless with our heads out of the window, and not to tell very boisterous stories, for

fear of waking the baby. We obey, and send Tom into the sick room with a number of pleasant messages. He returns with a like number of pleasant answers, and among them the sarcastic inquiry, "When did we last see the nymph Jenkins?" We discuss the topics of the day—Kansas, the Vigilance Committee, and the last number of *Harper;* then we branch off on babies, and hoping we shall soon have the pleasure of seeing *the* baby, we probe the paternal feelings of our host. We ask him if a great change has not come over his moral nature; if he does not shrink from the immense responsibility which rests upon him; if he has heard that the President of the Chittagong Mining Association, in which, we believe, his funds are invested, Schuylerized that very day for a million, ruining all the stockholders, besides making them liable for the over-issue of scrip; and, finally, if he is aware that the corner druggist is in the habit of mistaking laudanum for Godfrey's Cordial? He is aware, he tells us, of our last items of intelligence; he *does* shrink from the immense responsibility which rests upon him; a great change *has* come over his moral nature; and what more do we want to know? But do *we* know that *The Gospel Banner* abuses our last article in *Putnam*, and that Jenkins, our Jenkins, is really in love with Augustus Foosey? Ah, Tom! you can afford to banter, and be bantered, for mother and child are well!

"Can't we see the baby to-night?" we ask, at our third or fourth evening.

"Yes; I suppose so," Tom answers. "I will go and see."

"If the nurse objects, tell her that we are young married men, and that it may be worth her while to oblige us. Inquire too, if you please, if she is a relative of Sairey Gamp, and if she knows Mrs. Harris."

Bivins is agreeable, for she makes her appearance with the child. We lift the corner of the little blanket wherein it lies snuggled away, and peer curiously into its face. How unconscious and helpless it is! You can hardly say yet, "It lives!" Its eyes quiver and wink, they are so weak, and its tiny hands are lifted as if in fear of a blow! How soft and rosy the texture of its skin! how delicate the feel of its hair! but how firm the clasp of its fingers! It seems as if the child grasped the clew of heaven, and meant to keep it, until it was wrenched and torn away. Keep it, my child, for in a little while it will be gone. You will either drop it for the butterflies over your head, or the flowers under your feet, or the strong hand of the world will wrest it from you, as it has from us. Robbed of that golden cord, we grope along the dusty paths of life, over the hills of manhood, and down the vales of age, while you, dear babe! sweet babe! you still lie in the garden of childhood, at the gate of heaven!

We go home that night after seeing the baby, and have a fit of paternal blues. The current of our thought sets into the Sea of Youth, and carries us back to the Island of First Love. We walk again in its moonlight groves arm in arm with our beloved. (I beg your pardon, Bodgers, for the liberty I take with Maria!) The odor of night-flowers loads the air; fountains glitter and murmur; nightingales sing in the roses; lutes tinkle afar. We take the white hand that rests on our arm so confidingly, gaze into the soft eyes that look over our shoulder, and breathe, I know not what, impassioned vows! We loved each other when we were young, my dear Maria, and never thought we should cease to love when we were old. Bodgers was then a myth to you—a middle-aged fogy with a bald head, and your future rival, the fair Jenkins (but which of us is it that loves Jenkins?), a miss in pantalets. But Bodgers has won you, and Jenkins, I fear, will win me. Neither you nor I had money, so we could not marry; but Bodgers was more fortunate, so you and Bodgers are one. Do I complain of that? Not I. I would not marry you, at least I think not now, if you were young and poor again, provided I could marry the richer Jenkins. But what I do complain of—no, what I sometimes regret—is, that your baby is so unnecessarily like its father. Bodgers is not a bad man; I admit that; and, for his age, not bad-looking. But one Bodgers is enough; or, if we must have two, I should prefer his showing us a picture by Elliott, instead of a miniature by himself!

It is not pleasant to see a woman whom we have once loved the wife of another; it is painful to see her children. The lapse of years may teach us patience and forgetfulness as far as the mother goes, but the sight of the children in her arms, the children that should have been our own, unseals the fountains of memory, and makes us cynical and moody. We are a gay set, we bachelors; still we have our moments of sadness, our hours of regret. Many's the time we sit in our chambers, lolling in our easy chairs, and listlessly rocking our feet. We are not thinking of our embroidered slippers and new dressing gowns, but of what we might have been had we married where we loved. We compare our lonely chambers with the cheerful parlors of some of our married friends. Our empty grate suggests the domestic hearth, our vacant chairs the family circle. Beside us sit our Marias, no longer the wives of others, but what they should have been years ago, our own true wives. We wind our arms around their waists, and draw their heads upon our bosoms, dreaming of fairy children.

> "We see their unborn faces shine
> Around the never-lighted fire."

If we stifle a curse when the dream departs, and fall to reading the worst parts of Rabelais, don't be too hard upon us. Disappointed bachelors are not saints, albeit some of them are tolerable martyrs!

But the mother and child in the sick room, how fares it with them? We have seen Mary's baby; when shall we see Mary herself? And

how does she contrive to kill time during her confinement? She must find it wearing enough. Without doubt she does; but she has something to occupy and console her. Since we beheld her last another life has been engrafted upon her own, modifying and changing her whole nature. Old thoughts and affections no longer suffice her; new feelings and new ideas divide her mind and heart. The love that she formerly lavished on Tom alone, is now lavished on Tom's baby. But Tom is not therefore loved the less.

"True love in this differs from gold and clay,
That to divide is not to take away."

My mind is full of pictures of mother and child; beautiful domestic pictures, common in all houses where there are children. I see the young mother not yet risen from the sick bed; a lily still shattered by the storm that prostrated it. She is pale and weak; her hands tremble, her face is as white as her cap, and her eyes are heavy and languid. The light steals in through the blinds, revealing the sleeping child. It lies on the bed with its mother, in a shady nest formed by the sheets and pillows; a little bird sheltered under its parent wing. You see nothing but its tiny face, so jealously does its mother brood over it, lying where she can watch its least movement. If you approach the bed, she motions silence; if you come too near, she pushes you back. She almost fears to have you look at the child. But she—she looks at it for hours, thinking the thoughts of mothers. "Can it be that that is my child, really my child? How strange it seems! A few days ago it was not here. Tom and I were alone in the world. We felt no need of another in our life, we were so wrapt in each other; but now that another has come, we feel that life would be incomplete without it. My child—Tom's child—*our* child—it is wonderful!" The more the young mother thinks, and the longer she gazes, the more her languid eyes sparkles, and her pale cheeks glow. It quickens the blood around her heart, and makes her well again. But it wearies her also, for she soon drops off in a quiet nap. Mother and child are asleep.

Days and weeks pass, each painting a different picture. Mary is no longer confined to the sick bed and the back parlor (for when we visit Tom in the library of an evening, she contrives to spend an hour or two with us), but she never appears motherly to me elsewhere. In the library, or front parlor, she is the Mary of old times, even when she has the baby with her. It is merely on exhibition there—a model baby which we are all expected to admire. But in the privacy of her own room Mary is a mother, and the model baby is her child. She is not ashamed to hug and caress it there, nor to give it the breast when it wants it. She lays it on its back and arranges its mysterious bandages when they are out of order. She walks the room with it when it cries, tossing it up and down until her arms ache. And when it is still she rocks it to sleep, humming a low lullaby. There is always enough to do in the nursery.

For the sake of your baby, Mary, if for no other reason, I am glad that we men are not called upon to be nurses. None of us would have the patience of you mothers; none of us would do our duty as you do yours. We are altogether too selfish by nature. Besides, we could not content ourselves with such unintellectual employment. We ought to be very grateful to you for taking it off our hands. How tiresome it must be to still a fretful child—to dandle it on one's knee at a dog trot, or to walk the chamber with it, perhaps at midnight! But admitting the child to be good, which few young children are, it must still be tiresome to hold and tend it. We can manage a baby for a few minutes, if the baby and ourselves are in good-humor, but we consider it an act of condescension on our part, and soon weary of it. It is otherwise with you, ye mothers and nurses, for it is your daily duty, the business of your lives. Poor women! I pity ye. Permit me to thank ye, in the name of men the world over. We thank you, Mary, for taking care of your child. And you too, Bivins, for we owe you a trifle which was not mentioned when we settled your little bill.

Whether it was because I mentioned Bivins in my reverie, as the close of my last paragraph shows, or by mere chance, is more than I can say, but at this moment the old nurse tapped at the door. I was on the eve of rhapsodizing about the child in its cradle, comparing it to a bud swayed in leaves; a pearl in the depths of a shell, etc., with a dim intention of giving a minute history of the measles and its first tooth; but I checked myself, and came back to earth and Bivins.

"You have hushed that abominable howl which took you away so suddenly a while ago, and have returned to answer my question. Well, what kind of a girl is it?"

"Lor, Sir, how did you know it was a girl?"

"A little bird whispered it in my ear."

"I never! You author gentlemen know every thing."

"Not every thing, Bivins. I don't know how the baby down stairs looks; but you do, so pray tell me."

Bivins went into a long account of the new baby, from the sum total of its weight—nine pounds and a quarter, if I remember rightly—to the length of its toes and ears. But as I am not beginning its autobiography, but, on the contrary, ending this desultory paper, I shall not give the Bivinsian description. I am on good terms with the baby's mother (she has the highest admiration of my genius!), and how could I ever look in her face, after what I should write. Could I conscientiously make her babe the cherub she thinks it, I would gladly do so. But since I can not, I prefer remaining silent. But handsome or homely, good or bad, I am glad that mother and child are well. They are nothing to me. The woman is not my wife,

the girl is not my child. I have no interest in either. But when I think of those who have, and when I admit the possibility of some day marrying the goddess Jenkins (who shall have her, you or I?), who will perhaps make one in a similar duet, I rejoice heartily that mother and child are well!

PASSAGES OF EASTERN TRAVEL.

BY AN AMERICAN.

I SAID I walked along the way over sand and rocks toward Philæ. Did I not say so? For I finished my last article in the cabin of the *Phantom* on the Nile, and I write this in the Hotel at Cairo, while that which I wrote before is rocking to-night on the Mediterranean, homeward bound, and my memory is but poor of its contents. How the desert wind howls around the house, and shakes the trees in the gardens of the Ezbekeeh to-night! I have heard it sometimes like the rushing of the wings of a host, and again like the sound of the pines on the mountains. There is a fireside in a far-off land by which, could I but warm my cold and weary feet to-night, I would lie down content, and sleep such sleep as God giveth his beloved. Sometimes I think I have not slept for months; and I have not, save only that dreamy, restless sleep that is filled with visions of dear faces looking on me through impassable bars, or out of unapproachable distances. And that night, as I walked along, the moonlight falling all around me out of that fathomless sky, I felt as if to lie down on the sand would be blessed, and to sleep there glorious, if I could but dream once more of home.

For an instant, lonesome and weary, though I had with me the dearest company in all the world—for an instant I thought of turning the boat, and going down the cataract, and northward to the sea; but the next instant drove all such thoughts far off.

I have described the pass. The high black rocks, seamed and riven with ancient convulsions of nature in the childhood of this old world, now towered on my left, and the river ran blackly and with a heavy roar on the right. A low, long, snarling bark or yell startled and stopped me.

It came from the river-side, five hundred yards before me, and was followed by the quick barking of the jackals, of whom I saw three or four dash across the path and disappear in the direction of the sound.

The first bark was not a jackal, nor was it a fox. So far as I can learn there is no distinction now made in Egypt between these two animals, unless in the Delta. I have shot a number of them, and the people call them *taleb* (fox), and *abou l'houssein* (jackal), indiscriminately; nor am I able to learn that there is any other animal known to them as a jackal than this, which is but a small fox.

But that the voice did not proceed from one of these I was very certain, and the more so as their sharp, piercing bark now arose furiously and increased in noise; so that I imagined a council of the little rascals disturbed in a banquet by a wolf or hyena. The prospect of getting a shot at either of these animals was too good to be lost, and I examined my pistols and advanced cautiously in the direction of the angry disputants.

I had proceeded two hundred yards or so when a second loud and now more fierce yell or howl interrupted the sounds, and they were then renewed with ten-fold earnestness; but one of the foxes was snarling, howling, and yelping in a broken and disconnected way that could not be mistaken. Some strong compression was on his lungs. He was, in fact, in other hands than his own. I judged, as it afterward proved correctly, that the wolf had made a dash among his foes and seized one of them.

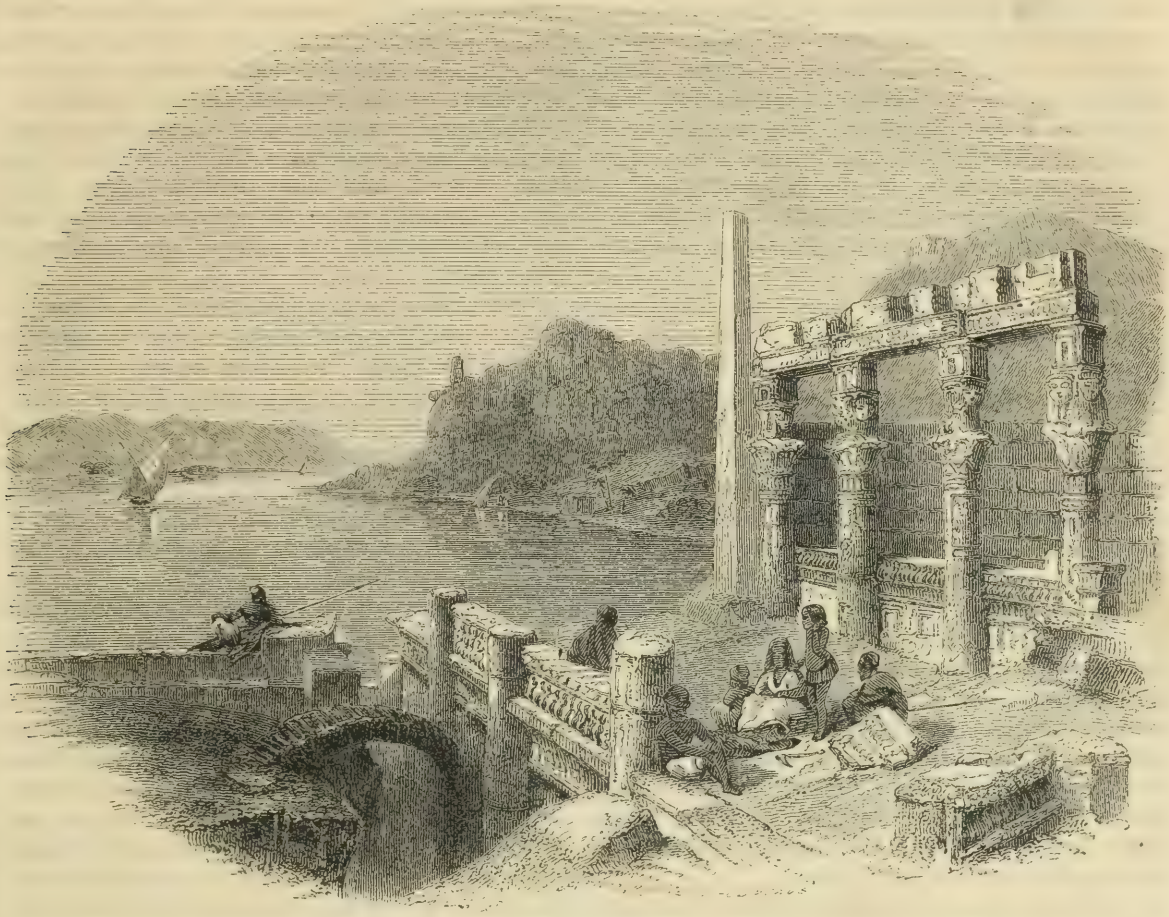
I started on now at a fast run, and at length the ascent of a rock over which the path led brought me in sight of the battle. A large wolf—large here, but what I should call at home a very small one—was standing over the body of a dead donkey on the shore of the river, and half a dozen foxes were fighting him in true Arab style, with terrible voices, but at a safe distance. One poor little villain of a fox was in his jaws, and he would shake him for amusement occasionally. There was no need of it. He was dead, or shamming dead, and I do not think there was any sham about it. There certainly was none when he dropped him, as he did a moment afterward, when a ball from my Colt went down through his shoulder and broke the bone. The howl that he uttered on that night-air rings in my ears this moment. It made the rocks of Biggeh echo. It filled the whole pass with its unearthly sound. It was a long wild cry of intolerable anguish and pain.

He threw up his head as it escaped him, as if he were invoking the gods of Lycopolis to avenge him, and then leaped into the water. A second ball bounded from the stone as he left it, and went glancing over the river in the moonlight, leaving a sparkling track; and a third dashed the water about him, if it did not hit him, as he swam out for the current, which swept him downward, and I lost him.

The silence that followed was as startling as the cry had been. Only the river among the rocks sounded as steadily as it had sounded through the centuries, and the moonlight seemed to be in harmony with the sound.

Ten minutes afterward I came out by the village on the sand above the pass, and we entered it in search of our new pilot, a Shellalee, who was to take charge of the boat to the second cataract, and back to Philæ.

Under a tree, the sycamore fig, in the middle of the village, was a curious seat which is not uncommon in Nubia. It was circular, made of mud, on a raised platform of the same material. A seat or divan ran round this platform, having a high back, so that a dozen or twenty persons could sit here in a circle, all facing the centre. It was occupied by women, who



VIEW FROM PHILÆ.

were busy talking over the village gossip, and who answered very pleasantly our inquiries after Hassan. He had gone to the next village, which, like this, consisted of two rows of mud houses, a hundred yards apart, with the moonlight on the yellow sand between them. We walked through them, shouting "Hassan! Hassan!" and at length he emerged from a low doorway and replied to his name.

He was six feet two at the least, and black as ebony. He did not know that we expected to sail that night or he would have been on board; so, hastening off for his baggage (a pipe, and an empty bag in which to bring home dates from the upper country), he promised to join us at the small boat, and we walked on. We found her where we left her, and Hajji Hassan and Abdallah both asleep in the bottom. What did they care for the moonlight and Philæ? And yet, I dare to say, that nowhere, on the face of the earth, is there a moonlight scene more rich in all that reaches and rouses the heart of man than was that same view. I looked on it as one looks on the faces of a dream when he knows he is dreaming, and fears to move or approach lest they vanish.

At length Hassan Shellalee made his appearance, accompanied by his mother. She was an old woman, and though it was but a two weeks' parting, she wept bitterly, and embraced him again and again. When we pushed off she begged me to treat him kindly, and then knelt on the moonlit bank and prayed for him: "God bless him! God keep my son! Allah, Allah, bring him back safe!" and, as we crossed, we could hear her mournful voice sounding over the river.

I know not what comfort there is in all the universe for an old woman among these miserable people, or what hope there is in her heart to keep out the cold. To the young, life is always bright, and the future presents joys in anticipation, as well to the poor as to the rich, which are enough to make them glad. But to the old, with dim eyes gazing on the sand, and feeble footsteps scarce prevailing to pass through it, without love, without God, without heaven, saving only the uncertain belief that it is remotely possible that they may have souls—a belief utterly rejected by half their teachers—and, even when trusting to that belief, entirely forbidden to expect, in any future life, to meet the beloved of this; hopeless of ever renewing the embraces that death has unlocked; hopeless of ever opening their eyes again on son or husband, daughter or mother; to them I know not what spirit there can be to live, what endearment to life, unless it be the horror of death itself.

For if the grave were pleasant, they might long for its repose. To lie down in some pleasant spot under the trees and find rest, even though it were dreamless and eternal; to sleep where the breath of the wind would be laden

with the odors of roses; to have resurrection in the sweet scent of flowers and shrubs; to have sunlight love to linger over one's place of rest, and moon and starlight fall with delight among myrtle leaves—all this would be delicious hope to them, if this might be. But a grave here! God forbid that I die here! to be laid, coffinless, three feet deep in the dry sand, and to-night disentombed by the jackals, or to-morrow by the wind. Such burial, and no immortality, who would not abhor?

We strolled an hour longer on the island. The moonlight was brighter each moment. Jacques and Amy sat down in the front of the great Temple of Isis, and I could hear him occasionally discoursing to the ruins and the moon in almost every language with which those hallowed spots were familiar. May and myself sat near them; but we selected the shade, and looked out of it on the wild scenery with indescribable admiration and awe. We could not tear ourselves away. It was midnight; but still we lingered in front of the Temple of Isis, still gazed up the shining river from the corridor near the small obelisk, still sat on the terrace and looked over at Biggeh and its lofty rocks. But yielding at length to the persuasive breeze that freshened every hour, we came down to the boat, and while we slept she sprang away before it, and in the morning was far up among the mountains of Nubia.

We were told by the Reises of the Cataract, that our boat was the first which has been taken up the Cataract in a single day. They solemnly asseverated the truth of this, but I did not believe them. Nevertheless, at noon the next day, just twenty-four hours after leaving Assouan, we were fifty-two miles from that place, having ascended the Cataract and passed the evening at Philæ in the mean time. This, I have no doubt, surpasses any thing ever before done by a traveler's boat. The wind failed us in the afternoon, and I walked a while on shore taking my first view of Nubia.

The difference between Egypt and Nubia is marked and great. Not alone in the color of the inhabitants, but in almost every respect. Egypt may perhaps average five miles in width, exclusive of the river. Nubia averages just about as many rods. This is seriously true. The mountains of rock rise abruptly a few yards, or at most a few hundred feet from the river's edge, and in large portions of Nubia nothing is cultivated but the actual slope of the bank, one or two rods in width. The inhabitants live on the scanty supply of beans and doora (corn) which their small amount of land yields, but chiefly on dates, for palm-trees abound, and their produce is most excellent. The people are generally industrious. They must work or starve. Their clothing is simple, many of them being nearly naked, and all the unmarried females wearing the fringe around their waists, and in cold weather wrapping a piece of cotton cloth loosely about them.

The women plait their hair in heavy folds, which they soak with castor-oil and with butter. Hideous shining masses cover their heads, which they exhibit with all the pride of a city lady, and they like the intensely disgusting odor quite as well as we like the most delicate geranium.

The people are quarrelsome, notwithstanding their industry, and many Nubian villages have been burned, and many Nubian bodies have swung between trees and ground for this bad trait of character, but without producing very great effect.

One of the features of Nubia is the sakea, or water-wheel, for raising water from the river to irrigate the land. It is seen at every hundred rods, and heard all day and all night long, creaking a most melancholy and mournful creak. The small amount of land which each sakea waters, makes the contrast with Egypt more forcible in this respect, and shows the greater amount of labor required of the Nubian to produce the same result.

I know no part of the world in which life is so very small and worthless a matter as here, nor do the inhabitants themselves appear to set any high value on their own existence or that of each other. Life is but existence; nothing more. They rise from the ground on which they sleep, or the heap of stalks of doora, or mat which keeps their naked bodies from it, and eating a coarse lump of corn meal, half baked, if they are so fortunate as to have it, but generally eating a dozen dried dates for breakfast, they go out to the bank of the river and work in the scanty soil, or watch the sakea, relieving their companions who have kept it going all night. And when the day is done, and work is done, they sit in groups in the dark or in the moonlight, and talk at intervals, but mostly keep silence, passing around from lip to lip the small pipe of native tobacco, and one by one rolls himself up in his own nakedness, curling his knees above his head, and sleeps profound and dreamless sleep till morning.

Their huts are miserable substitutes for even the vile huts of the Egyptians. Many travelers speak of the contrast between the Egyptian villages and the neat cottages of the Nubians among the trees, speaking of the beauty of the latter, and one traveler even calls them "neat white cottages." He must have been far away from Nubia when he wrote that, and had doubtless forgotten the low piles of Nile mud, never, or scarcely ever, high enough for a man to stand erect in, which constitute a Nubian village; and as to trees, I saw none in Nubia that were near the houses. On the contrary, without exception, so far as my observation went, the Nubian villages were built on land where trees or plants would not grow. Soil is too valuable there to be wasted for building purposes. Hence the houses, which are of the rudest form and smallest possible dimension, are usually built in a honeycomb mass at the foot of the mountain, and it requires a quick eye to detect them, their color being similar to the sand and rock.

One night I went into some of these huts at a

late hour. No doors prevented intruders, nor was there any safeguard against robbers. The inhabitants lay on the ground, huddled together in masses, sound asleep like so many hogs, and grunted, as hogs would, when we stirred them up with our feet and voices. Life in such a country has no great amount of variety, as one might well imagine.

There was an old man that I found one day on shore as I walked by the boat, whose history was strange and worth the hearing.

He was a puny, dried-up, old fellow, whose weight, I think, might come within seventy pounds. He sat on the end of the pole of the water-wheel, immediately behind the tails of the bullocks, and followed them around the little circle which they walked, his knees up to his chin, which was buried between them, and his blear eyes gazing listlessly on the cattle and the outer wall of the sakea, for it was inclosed in a stone and mud wall. The everlasting creaking of the wheels—that strange sound that no other machinery on earth emits—seemed, and was to him, the familiar music of his life.

I questioned him, and his story was simply this: He was born just there. It was long before the days of Mehemet Ali, when Hassan Kasheef was king, that he was a boy, sitting on the pole of the sakea, and following the bullocks around. He sat there more years than he knew any thing about, and grew to be a man. Life was to him still the same round. His view was bounded by the mountains around him, and he never went beyond them. He rode the sakea, and at every circle he caught through the open doorway a vision of one mighty hill, with a grove of palms at its foot. In the night he saw it still and solemn among the stars, and sometimes he had seen tempests gathered around it. It was the one idea of his life, and it was something to find in such a brain one idea, though it was but a rock. He looked out at it as he told me of it with a sort of affection that I well understood, but which surprised me none the less. But so he had lived. He grew heavier as he grew older, and then he could not ride the pole, but sat down in the doorway and watched his bullocks, looking behind him often at the hill, and so the years slipped along, and age came and he wasted away, and when his second childhood was on him, he mounted the pole again, and was riding to his grave.

He had been a great traveler. I know not how many thousand miles he had been carried around that centre pin. Had he never been away from the valley? Yes, once; he climbed the hill yonder, and from its summit saw the dreary wastes of sand that stretched far away in all directions, and he came back contented? Did nothing occur in his lifetime that he now remembered as marking some one day more than another? Nothing. Yes! one day the wheel broke, and he was startled and frightened; but they came and mended it, and all went on as before.

I left him there to follow his weary round till death overtake him; and if I find life oppressive at any time hereafter, I shall know where to seek a hermitage and undisturbed calm.

Korusko figures largely in the geography of Upper Egypt, and I had expected to find there a village of considerable size, if not a flourishing city. But there was nothing of the sort. There was not even an ordinary village. A few scattered huts along the foot of the mountain were the only residences of the natives. Along the shore were tents, and camels, and piles of goods, and bales of various sorts of merchandise, for this is the point at which the caravans leave the Nile to go to Upper Nubia. The River here returns to its course after a great bend to the westward, which bend the caravans avoid, as well as the many cataracts which forbid navigation. We approached it in the evening, just at sunset, and sending the boat on ahead, we went ashore to walk through the grove of palms which covers the bank. We found groups of traders around their camp fires, and the effect of moonlight on them became very picturesque. One party of Europeans surprised us not a little. It appeared that they were going to the upper country on a trading expedition, and their camels were ready for the journey.

We lay all night here, and in the morning tracked up to Derr, the chief city of Lower Nubia.

We had sent on word that we were coming, as the course of the river from Derr to Korusko is nearly southeast, and it was necessary to track all the way, no wind blowing against that current, and we wished additional men to take the ropes.

Abdul Rahman Effendi, the governor of this section, who resides at Derr, sent us down a small army of nearly a hundred men, under charge of Mohammed, one of the sons of Hassan Kasheef, the old king of Nubia, and they took us up at a flying rate. About eight miles from Derr, Abdul Rahman himself met us on horseback, and came on board the boat.

He was a young man, who has been a favorite with Latif Pasha, and has been steadily promoted by him until he has reached his present elevation. But he is not exactly contented, for he is in a place of exile to a man of his peculiar tastes. He was accompanied by his physician, who was a keen old fellow, full of fun and sharp as a razor. In reply to his inquiry whether in America the law made any distinctions in favor of the rich over the poor, I enlightened him by the history of some medical men, of good position and connections, who had recently suffered its penalties, and he seemed greatly astonished. I think he gathered from what I said that medical men in America were not the most safe class in the community, and were somewhat given to killing other people. But I disabused his mind on that score very soon.

Abdul Rahman was sent to Derr some time ago to settle the will of old Hassan Kasheef,



ABOU SIMBAL.

for the old man left a numerous progeny. Having successfully accomplished his mission, he was sent back again as governor of the country. But he wished for a place below the Cataract, a little nearer his friends and comparative civilization. During my stay at Derr, both going up and coming down the river, he was exceedingly kind and attentive to us, and we felt under obligation to him. I afterward had it in my power to do something for him, which, I trust, will in some measure repay him. At my request, Abd-el-Kader Bey and Latif Pasha promised to remove him from Derr to Luxor, which was what he especially desired.

At the bank of the river, on our arrival at Derr, we found a crowd standing to look at us, among whom stood conspicuously, head and shoulders above the rest, Suleiman, the oldest son of Hassan Kasheef, and the heir of the fallen throne of Nubia. Hassan Kasheef was a giant in his day. He was seven feet high, could eat a lamb for his breakfast, and a sheep for his dinner, had over a hundred wives, and left more children than could be counted. He was in the habit of marrying every girl that he fancied, his ceremony being simply to ride up to the door of the hut in which she lived and fire his gun. The people shouted instantly, "The Kasheef is married!" and after remaining a day or two with his wife he went away, and she never heard of him again. Thus he had wives every where. The first Turkish governor endeavored to reform his morals; but Hassan could be a Mussulman in all but that. He got rid of all but seven of them, and when he died these appeared to claim a share in the property. But there were three more than the Mohammedan law could recognize, it allowing only four wives to one man. It was this knotty subject that Abdul Rahman was sent here to untwist, and he succeeded admirably by inducing them all to submit to his arrangement and make an equitable division of the property.

We passed that night under a rocky bluff above Derr, and the moonlight scene will remain long impressed on our memories. We sat, all four of us, on the rocks till nearly midnight, and the boat of an English gentleman and lady (residents of Cairo), who had been all the fall on the river, joined us here, and remained with us to the second cataract.

It was on the afternoon of the 23d of December that we came in sight of the grand front of Abou Simbal, the most impressive of the monuments of Egyptian grandeur. I say the most impressive, because here is all that can impress the heart. Here are the remains of ancient wealth, splendor, and taste united. Here the sublime idea of the great Sesostris stands graven on the rock, and the men of the nineteenth century after Christ respond with their hearts to the call which the man of the fourteenth before Christ utters on the face of the mountain. Human power may not hope to accomplish more than this, or to equal again the magnificence and beauty of this temple. It was the thought of a kingly intellect to hew down the face of the mountain, leaving four colossal statues sitting

before it, and then to excavate a temple in its very depths, and leave the statues of the gods looking from its inmost chamber out to the bank of the swift Nile. The thought has long outlasted the man—outlasted his dynasty—outlasted his race and nation. The desert sands have in vain sought to hide it and cover it up. It is the grandest remaining monument of old Egypt.

Three colossal statues sit silent and majestic in a niche cut in the face of the mountain. The fourth has fallen into ruin, and only his throne remains. The sand of the desert, yellow as gold, flowing around the end of the mountain and across the front of the temple, has covered the northernmost statue to his neck, the second to his knees, the throne of the third, which is vacant, and the feet of the fourth. The doorway, between the two middle statues, is not now filled with the sand, though it appears to be so. The highest point in the flow of the sand is thirty feet in front of the doorway, from which it slopes each way, to the river on one side and into the temple on the other. Learning that the temple was actually closed, we had sent on from Derr to the villages opposite Abou Simbal, directing the sheiks to have a hundred men ready to go to work and excavate the front. On our arrival we found the entrance open and the men waiting. Of course, there was nothing for them to do, and we discharged them; whereat they were not a little rejoiced, for they detest excavations above all things.

Sitting down on the sand, we slid down, feet first, into the grand hall of the temple. Eight immense pillars of square stone support the roof, and in front of each pillar is a statue seventeen feet high, with folded hands and countenance of calm majesty. Beyond this is a second and a third room, opening at last into the holy of holies, where the altar yet stands before the four seated statues of gods, on which the great Sesostris offered his sacrifices three thousand years ago. A screen has formerly crossed this room in front of the altar, but it has gone long ago; doubtless, it gleamed with gold and jewels once. Nine other chambers open in various directions in this strange subterranean temple, and the walls are every where covered with legends and paintings of old triumphs of the great king.

The smaller temple of Abou Simbal is also hewn in the rock like this, and presents a front much smaller but more elaborately executed. Seven large buttresses, sloping backward from the base, have between them six colossal statues standing. The temple itself consists of five rooms, on a smaller scale than the great temple, but possessing quite as much interest historically.

We paused a very short time here on our way up the river. Wady Halfeh and the second cataract were close before us, and we were anxious to be there and on our return. So as the breeze freshened toward evening, we again shook out the sail, and the *Phantom* again sprang forward to the gale. The mountains of Nubia now assumed a new appearance. Solitary hills rose out of the desert plain like sugar-loaves. Others had long levels on their summits, and some were covered with ruined villages. Behind one ruined town, which the men called Diff, we saw strange tombs with domes, like the ordinary sheik's tomb of the Mussulmans; but which they say (the Mussulmans say) are not of men of their faith. I think they are.

In the night the breeze freshened, and as we dashed swiftly up the river, Hassan Shellalee, the pilot, trusting entirely to his good luck and nearness to the end of the journey, went to sleep, and the boat brought up on the rocks with a terrible thump. Then ensued a scene. Such a row as we had on deck! We rushed out and found Abd-el-Atti laying on his whip. Every one who came within his reach took a full share, and the poor pilot got most of all. It did them good, for they kept a good watch all night, and when we awoke next morning we were near the end of our journey. At two o'clock that day, the 24th of December, we fired ten guns as we came to the shore at Wady Halfeh, and made our boat fast at the end of our water travel.

Wady Halfeh (the Valley of halfeh, a coarse grass, which abounds here as well as on all ruins in Egypt), is but a small village, like all the Nubian villages. We saw nothing of it, though within a few minutes of our arrival a dozen boys with dromedaries and donkeys were down at the boat, and the governor, the postmaster, and the sheik of the village, had made themselves comfortable with pipes and coffee on deck. Leaving them to their *kief*, we crossed the river and looked for agates and pebbles on the opposite side, where they abounded. The sand was covered with exquisite stones, and having gathered enough for a hundred persons, to select the choicest at our leisure, we returned in the evening to the boat, and slept early, that we might be ready for an early start to the Cataract.

The last fall or rapid of the second cataract is about seven miles above Wady Halfeh. A small boat can go up very nearly to this point. But a large boat like ours can not approach much nearer than the village, and we accordingly took donkeys and dromedaries to cross the desert to Abou Seir, the high bluff of rock which overhangs the cataract.

It was Christmas-day. The English party whom we saw at Derr had arrived the evening previous; and with six Christian travelers and a dozen or more Arab attendants, we formed a party that presented a large appearance on the desert. Some of us were on dromedaries, some on horses, and some on donkeys. I mounted a dromedary for the start, and it was my first attempt at this sort of riding. The road lay across the sand around and behind the mountain, and in a brief time we had lost sight of the river, and were on the desert. My dromedary was not the best specimen of the animal that

Egypt could furnish, but I managed, after I became somewhat accustomed to the novel style of locomotion, to get some good paces out of him; and at length the Governor—who, by-the-by, accompanied us on horseback—rode up to me and proposed a race. In this I readily acquiesced, and while he ran his horse I put the dromedary through, and we were off together over the sands. We had gone half a mile or more, at a rattling pace, when suddenly I caught sight of some gazelles ahead of us, and shouting to the Governor, directed his attention that way. He rode up, and said he had no gun. I offered him my pistol, for the idea of a gazelle-chase with a dromedary had not entered my head. As he advanced to take it I stopped the animal. Whether I used a word or a motion that the animal understood as directing him to kneel down I know not, but down went his fore-legs, and the pistol and I went off together, about twenty feet on the soft sand.

The Governor—I believe now, on reflection, that he was only a Cadi—sprang from his horse to help me; but he was scarcely out of his saddle when I was in it, and away after the gazelles, leaving him my empty saddle on the dromedary. I rode three miles on a full gallop, but the drove of gazelles kept just ahead of me, pausing occasionally, as if in wonderment at what I could be riding so furiously for, and then going on with their long, easy leaps, that put to shame my poor horse in the heavy sand.

Once I got within two or three hundred yards of one of them, and sent the pistol-ball after him, but he only leaped into the air, I think quite ten feet high from the sand, and was off like the wind.

Still I followed them, mile after mile; and suddenly I looked around me, and the desert had closed in, and I was alone. There was an excitement in it I had never before felt. On—on! I drove the shovel stirrups into the sides of the horse, and we went like the desert storm over the hills and through the hollows. Sand, sand, sky and sand—nothing else was visible! It was my first realization of the solitude of the desert, of its desolation and loneliness. I saw at length something white lying among the yellow gold around me, and riding toward it I found an empty basket, a broken water-gourd, the pieces of a jar, and some bones. Was this the spot where some desert wanderer, having exhausted his last drop of water, lay down and died, never dreaming that the Nile with its glorious flow was within ten miles of him? I picked up the basket, remounted, and rode slowly to the southeast, hoping ere long to catch sight of my companions from some hill-top on the desert. Nor was I disappointed. Five miles brought me to a place where I saw them, like black points, moving over the yellow sand, and in an hour more I rejoined them at the hill of Abou Seir, on the second cataract of the Nile.

This cataract is less a cataract than the first. But the river spreads wider among more minute islands, and is broken up into a thousand streams, up which no large boat can be taken. The rapids extend through twelve miles, and the breadth of them may be from three to five, but in this space little of the river is visible. The rocks and islands are covered with a low shrub, or bush, somewhat like the *sont*, or *acacia nilotica* in appearance, but I think it is not the same, though I did not examine it, and it may be. The green appearance of this makes the view over the cataract exceedingly fresh and beautiful, contrasting forcibly with the desert around. Under the rocky bluff the last plunge of the Nile is seen and heard, and it ascends with solemn roar around the hills, as it has since the rift was made and the waters let through.

Here we spread our carpets and ate lunch, the wind blowing over our heads. Then we read the names of travelers carved here and there on the stones. They were every where, and we found among them many friends. We carved our own here. It was the only place in all my Nile travel that I had been willing to cut my name; but I enjoyed the pleasure of reading those of my friends so keenly, that I could not forego the hope that in some future day some one would come to this spot who would find a momentary pleasure in looking at mine. It is under the edge of an overhanging piece of the rock, and May's is by it. If they but last half so long as some that we found there, they will be read when we are dust, and when the stones that friends shall carve at our heads will long ago have crumbled in our stormy land.

Eliot Warburton's was cut near Belzoni's. Before the former some one has cut, "Alas! poor," and no one could read the name without a passing shadow of sadness at the memory of his fate.

We turned our backs at last on the south, and with a half sigh, half shout, commenced our northward travel. I promised myself that I would some day penetrate that land yet farther, and contenting myself for the time with the promise, rejoiced as each step of my dromedary brought me nearer home and civilization. At length our southern journeyings were ended, and the limit of our travel was reached.

Now for Jerusalem! The thought was like wine, and roused me.

We found the boat dressed by Abd-el-Atti for Christmas. She was covered with green palm branches from stem to stern, and the cabin was a bower fit for a queen. And such a dinner-table as Hajji Mohammed got up that day who shall be able to describe! There was a turkey, made drunk on brandy before he was killed, and consequently as tender as a partridge—so said the cook—and I saw the brandy administered myself, but I can't say it was that which made him tender, though tender he was. There was a roast goose, wild and delicious; four roasted teal, and chickens in three forms. There was a pigeon-pie made of macaroni, and one whole lamb, with folded arms and bent legs, and head and tail complete, every inch of him, stuffed with almonds, raisins, and rice, and

done to a turn. There were innumerable dishes of kabobs and small bits of meat and game, and there was a curry of chicken that would have suited my friend, the Indian general, of whom I formerly wrote to you. Then there were calves'-feet jelly and blanc-mange in moulds, and mish-mish and apple and mince and pumpkin pies, and there was a cake made of sugar and almonds, which you struck with a stick or a knife, and when you broke it, out flew a white pigeon; and this was but half the variety wherewith our indefatigable dragoman had loaded our Christmas table.

That night the weather changed. We had been on deck always before this until nearly midnight, and now we went up to see the boat illuminated. Fifty colored lanterns, crimson and blue, yellow and green, were hung out from all the spars and ropes and awning-posts. Blue-lights sent their glare over the surface of the water, and altogether it was about as strange a scene as Wady Halfeh is likely to have in the next half century.

The boat was rigged for the return voyage; the great yard was taken down, and laid fore-and-aft over the cabin, while the small yard from the mast at the stern was placed on the fore-mast, and the deck-plank were taken up, leaving the seats for the men to row. At midnight, when the wind had gone down, the boat was cast off, and with a long shout and a new chorus she swung her head to the current, and the downward voyage had commenced. It was cold and clear, and looking upward one might imagine that the night was a Christmas-night at home, when the stars hold their most joyous revel. I sat on deck till long after the voyage commenced, and then slept. So ended Christmas at Wady Halfeh.

The next afternoon, as the sun was setting, we approached the rock-hewn temple at Ferayg, a few miles above Abou Simbal, and while the boat went on we took the small boat and pushed ashore, and climbed the rocks to the doorway, which was thirty feet above the water. Entering the hall, the roof of which is supported by four square pillars, we were astonished at finding the principal object in view a picture of the Saviour on the ceiling, his head surrounded by a halo. This, like many other of the Egyptian temples, has been used in later years for Christian worship, but not in late years. I have much veneration for these evidences of the faith of the early Christians. Here martyrs worshiped in days when martyrs suffered for the name of their Lord, and in many of these places martyrs died with eyes fixed on the image of their Saviour. There was an inner room—an adytum—in this, as in all temples, and I walked into it. It was the veriest trap in Egypt. I walked heedlessly, perhaps, but as I entered the doorway I stepped forward on nothing. There was a square tomb into which I had fallen. It was about ten feet deep, fortunately no deeper, but it was enough to injure my left shoulder seriously, and prevent my using that arm for more than a month. It was a great annoyance in shooting, as it required me to hold my gun with my right hand alone, and entirely prevented my climbing any high places which required two arms to help one up.

Mohammed Hassan lifted me out, and I found myself in good condition to walk down to the boat. It was now nearly dark, and we pulled on down to Abou Simbal, and came at length to the large boat lying under the front of the smaller temple. The colossi looked down on us with a majesty and grandeur that surpassed all that I had anticipated even from my view of them a few days previously. They lifted their heads up in the gray and solemn night, and gazed over the river. I could have done homage then and there to the magnificence of Abou Simbal.

As we were approaching, the idea occurred to us to illuminate the temple and scare the spirits that haunted its gloomy chambers. Abd-el-Atti entered into the idea, and we were all at work immediately, preparing lanterns and candles.

The ladies, as yet, had seen only the outside of the temple, and when we had our arrangements made we formed a line to climb the heap of yellow sand that lay between us and the doorway. Two torches led the way, and four more brought up the rear, and the ascent being at length accomplished, we left the ladies on the sand at the door while we entered to arrange the lights.

Never since the days of Rameses has his great temple shone so brilliantly. Every statue held bright lanterns, and for two hundred feet through the long rooms we placed them—rows of every color, shining on painted walls and lofty statues. The altar was in the shadow—for so we arranged it—hiding the lights behind it that they might shine on the faces of the gods, and not on the altar front. When all was ready, we called in the ladies, and as they entered, the sailors, who had busied themselves about the lamps, suddenly disappeared, and the temple was apparently empty. But at the moment of our re-entering, in place of the chorus of priests and attendants that was wont to arise in the hall, deep, sepulchral voices, from unknown recesses, uttered in loud and terrible unison the well-known cry, "Bucksheesh, Howajji!"

It was vain to resist such an appeal, and we answered it instantly; whereat the voices changed, and the men emerged from their hiding-places with shouts of thanks.

It was a gorgeous scene, worth visiting Egypt to look on, that illumination; and we sat for hours in the hall, gazing with never-ceasing wonder and awe on the splendid statues and lofty walls. Then we wandered with torches through all the chambers, scaring the owls and bats from their hiding-places; and when it was nearly midnight we came out to the air, and there lay on the river and on the temple front such a moonlight as we dream of in other lands but never see except just here. The hoary

rocks looked like silver, and the gray statues gleamed in the mellow light and seemed to know its beauty. We threw ourselves down on the sand, and drank in all the beautiful scene; and at last, when the ladies had gone down to the boat and were sleeping, I re-entered the temple, and sat down in the centre of the great hall alone, and watched the fading lights, and pondered on the old, old story of the decay of empire.

That altar seemed waiting the sacrifice, but who shall supply the victim or kindle the flame? The silent gods sat on their throne and invited worship, but who will kneel to rock-hewn gods in Egypt now? There were times, said I to myself, when the tramp of armed men and the rustle of soft silks were heard in these halls; when priests and princes were here with maidens and matrons. There were times when men worshiped at that altar; when this stone was worn with the knees of devotees. Where are they all? One by one my failing candles answered the question. One by one they went out in gloom. A flicker, a spark, a little smoke, and all was over; and at length all were gone but three that stood behind the altar, and all was gloomy except in the holy room; and then, suddenly, as if a bat or an owl swept over them, they too vanished, and the blackness of darkness was around me.

I was alone, at midnight, two hundred feet from the air, in the deep caverns of Abou Simbal. Bats were flitting around me, and certain sounds were not pleasant to hear, sharp rattling noises that were much like scorpions. I had killed one in the temple that evening. But I have felt more alone in my own country many a dark night than I did here. It was but a few paces in a direct line, and when I had taken them the hill of sand was before me, and up this, creeping on hands and knees through the doorway, I emerged into the pure atmosphere. My shoulder had by this time become exceedingly painful, and sleep was out of the question. So I managed to get myself up into the corner, under the ear of the great statue at the north, and here I sat and waited till heavy sleep wellnigh overpowered me, and then, hastening down to the boat, I lay in my bed all night, but restless and in pain, and glad to welcome the dawn.

Next day we saw the sun rise, and devoted the day to measurements of the temples and taking copies of the most interesting hieroglyphics. Some idea of the size of the colossi may be gathered from a few of the dimensions of the face and head of one of them. The length of the nose is three feet five inches; height of the forehead to the edge of the cap or crown twenty-eight inches; width or length of the eye twenty-nine inches; width of the mouth four feet; distance from the nose to the bottom of the chin three feet; length of the ear three feet. The entire length of the head is about twelve feet, including an estimate of that part of it concealed by the cap or head-dress. A remarkable circumstance in connection with one of the colossi, the second from the north, is a fracture of the right arm, probably contemporary with the making of the statue, for the elbow is supported by a stone wall under it, on which are carved many hieroglyphics.

The smaller temple stands two hundred yards to the north of the large one, the ravine, down which the sand pours, being between them. Both temples are of the same period—that of the great Sesostris, whose name is carved on every pillar and portion of the walls. This great monarch appears to have devoted much of his wealth to beautifying this spot. Why he chose it for such expenditures tradition or story saith not. No mounds remain to mark the site of an ancient city, nor is there evidence of a palace or royal residence near it. Possibly some great event occurred on the Nile at this point, which led him to mark the bank in this manner, and future ages may succeed in reading the story on these tablets.

As we left Abou Simbal, shooting rapidly down stream, we passed a niche in the rock in which is a seated statue. Had I seen it before, I should have paused to examine it. None of the books mention it, but it is worth stopping to look at. It was late, however, and we were literally by it before I caught sight of it, and it was too late to return, and I was, withal, suffering too much from my wounded arm to climb up to it.

We reached Derr again on the 28th, and Abdul Rahman was on the shore with his suite to receive us. The large boat could not approach the city for want of water, and we accordingly took the small boat, and the ladies sat in that and dropped slowly down stream, while we walked with the Governor and his attendants along the shore to his residence, under a large sycamore fig-tree, the largest, with the exception of one near it, that I have seen in Egypt. Here we had pipes and coffee, and here, to our surprise, Abdul Rahman produced various presents which he had been collecting for us since we went up the river. Foremost among them he literally trotted out two ostriches, for which he had sent off to the desert, and which stood up in the square as proudly as desert lords. It was something to own ostriches, but what to do with them? Either they or we must move off from the boat if we took them on board. We felt much like the celebrated individual who became suddenly possessed of an elephant. A small and beautiful monkey was much more acceptable. He was just what we had been wishing for, and we received him with no little delight. The ostriches we retained in our possession during our stay at Derr, but when we left we were obliged to return them to the Governor. He had also provided sheep, and fowls, and Nubian mats, and indeed loaded us with his presents, for all of which we could make no return other than that which I have stated that I afterward attempted to make. I hope to hear before I leave Egypt that Abdul Rahman is appointed to Luxor.

We visited the temple at Derr. It is in sadly ruinous condition, and of little interest except for its great antiquity. Amada, a few miles below Derr, on the opposite side, is of much more interest, as well as possessing much beauty of painting and sculpture. We passed some hours very pleasantly at Derr, and then returned to our small boat, with the Governor in company, and pulled down to Amada, where the large boat was awaiting us. Having visited the temple, we bade him good-by, and once more resumed our downward passage.

We now began to meet boats of travelers. We met one English boat just at Derr, and in the afternoon we were startled while at dinner by a cry of "Letters, letters!" Springing out on deck, we found that we were meeting two English boats, and rounding to the land as they did, we hastened on shore to learn the meaning of this strange sound in Nubia. Lord P——, an English nobleman, had brought us letters from Luxor, which he had very kindly taken charge of when he saw them lying there, and we welcomed them as letters were never welcomed before. Tearing off the envelopes in the palm-grove, I read enough to know that the dear ones at home were all well, and then hastened back to the boat with the news. It was strange to read of the return of Dr. Kane and his gallant party; and as I read it, I turned to the crew and told them the story of that expedition. They were deeply interested in it and its result, and evinced their interest by repeated exclamations of astonishment as I related it, and by a general outbreak of satisfaction at its conclusion.

Who can imagine the pleasure which these letters brought to us? They were, too, nearly three months old, but they were as welcome as if but one day from the hands that penned them; and that evening as we approached Korusko we were more full of quiet satisfaction and delight than we had been on any evening since we left Cairo on our Nile voyage.

It was nearly midnight when we reached Saboa—the Valley of Lions, so called from the lion sphinxes, an avenue of which was in front of the temple. The moon was up, and we determined to see the temple and go on. Coming to the land near the village, we climbed the bank and found profound stillness among the huts. Not even a dog barked at us. There was a donkey tied near the houses, and Abd-el-Atti mounted him and performed some feats of riding for general amusement, but no one awoke. They sleep soundly, these poor dogs of Nubians. So we walked up to the temple and around it, and viewed its ruins, and returned to the boat and were away. These moonlight views are, after all, the pleasantest memories we shall have of Egypt. The temple at Saboa dates from the time of the great Remeses, and around it hang the memories of thirty centuries. It is as well to have seen such a spot in the silver light of the moon, and not by broad day, for one can thus better imagine it the abode of ancient stories. The men had other ideas of night and moonlight, and on our return to the boat we found each one of them loaded with fuel for cooking, which they had stolen in and near the village.

The next day a strong wind from the north forbade our advancing, and we lay at the shore and waited its going down. I passed the day among the hills and in the villages on the shore, learning what I could of the domestic life of the poor Nubians. Their houses and furniture were simple enough, and their dress even more so. The purchase of milk had been a source of amusement as well as difficulty all along the river, and while waiting here we endeavored to secure a supply. Abd-el-Atti sent for his pail, and we sat on the rocks among the huts on the hill-side, and told the women to bring their milk and pour into it. Singularly enough the great objection which they had to parting with it originated in their love of butter. Not for eating purposes. That would be a waste of precious material. It was for the head only, to soak their black locks withal. Hence one brought but a pint, and another half as much, and another but a little more. Before they would pour the milk into a common receptacle they must have the money; and as for copper, they would not touch it. No, it must be silver. But we had no silver coin small enough to pay for such small amounts of milk, and after a long parley, Abd-el-Atti made a dash at the calabashes and poured them all into the pail together. Then arose a cry, and while three or four of them shouted their indignation, one, a tall and beautiful girl, one of the most elegantly-formed women that I have seen, and displaying her beauty in unvailed freedom, seized the handkerchief which Abd-el-Atti had laid on a rock, and in which was a dollar or so of money, and sprang like a deer up the side of the rocks to a high point, where she turned and shook it at us with a shout of delight. Abd-el-Atti raised his gun and pointed it at her, but she knew well that it was only a threat, and she did not fear it. The entire fearlessness of the women in this part of the world is remarkable, and appears to be an evidence that they are well treated. In all the blows that I have seen struck here I never saw a man strike a woman; and oftentimes when I have observed a man putting to flight a crowd who surrounded a doorway or who annoyed travelers, the women remained undisturbed, never apprehending violence. It was a long time before we could induce the girl to return with the money, but when she did, she approached without a moment's fear of personal violence. A woman near this scene was grinding the castor-bean between two stones, and obtaining the oil for anointing purposes. Others were pounding corn into meal and making bread; and all were stout, fat, sleek women, looking as if fed on the fat of the fattest of lands, instead of the dry meal of Egypt. One man in America could not live a day on what will keep a Nubian family in good feed for a week.

While I was wandering over the hills in search of foxes the wind went down, and the Reis, with a stupidity for which he had become somewhat remarkable, cast off the fasts and went on down the river without looking for his passengers. I saw this from a hill-top nearly a mile away from the river, and had the pleasant consciousness withal, that every one on the boat had probably gone to sleep, and I might follow them till night in vain. Abd-el-Atti was somewhere among the mountains also, and I determined instantly to look him up, and at that moment saw him a mile below the boat, hurrying to the bank of the river. He stopped them, and I came up an hour afterward, foot weary and glad to get on board again.

At nearly midnight that night we were at Dakkeh, and determined to see it, as we had seen Saboa, by the light of the moon, which in fact had not yet arisen. The villagers were sound asleep, and did not hear us as we pulled the dry corn stalks from the roofs of their houses, wherewith to build a fire in the desolate court of the temple.

By their light I copied a quaint picture of a



HARPER AT DAKKEH.

man, or a devil, or a god, playing on a harp. It is on one of the pillars at the left of the door as you enter, and serves to illustrate one of the ancient styles of musical instrument. This temple is well worth a visit, if only for the exquisite state of perfection in which many of the sculptures remain, especially those in the small sepulchral chamber on the east of the adytum, where, but for the smoke and blackness, one might almost imagine every thing fresh from the builders' hands. Returning from the temple, we found some of the villagers awake, and pushed into their houses. There were the usual strange groups lying on the ground in profound slumber, forgetful for the time of the labors and the ills of life. An old man and an old woman, very old, lay by the embers of a fire, and when I entered rubbed their eyes at the strange vision that interrupted their slumber, and looked piteously at me, as if they thought I had come to disturb them in their few remaining days. I dropped money into their hands, and they looked like new beings. Some antiques were here, a few broken vases, a coin or two, and some trifles of that kind; and having bought all that were of any value, we left them to sleep again, and hastened back to the boat. It was a grand night again. The moon lay in the east with an air of majesty and calmness that I never saw surpassed, and I had blessed sleep that night and the dreams that most of all I longed for. Thank God again for dreams!

MARY BURNIE OF THE MILL.

MAIDS of the Mill have been celebrated in opera, story, and legend. They have done good service to English song, and the mill-wheel clacks through many a sweet Saxon ballad. I am not surprised that poet and legendary should thus affect the mill in their rhymes and stories. There is something very picturesque and graceful in that fine old-fashioned institution, the water-mill. Thank Heaven that while rivers run, and rain falls, the monster, Steam, will never hustle them out of the country!

There is on the banks of the river Passaic, New Jersey, some thirty miles below its source, one of the prettiest grist-mills I have ever seen. The lake above it, which the dammed-up waters have formed, is surrounded by rising, and sometimes precipitous grounds, covered with a luxuriant growth of white oak, hickory, and lofty elm-trees. A few noble tulip-trees crest the heights, and in the months of blossom fling out their green arms and hold aloft their golden chalices to catch the dews of heaven, like some great Norse giants holding forth their goblets for the flowing mead. Down by the water's edge a wilderness of wild flowers tangle together, and drag each other down into the cold stream, while over the crests of the uplands the blue edges of Schooley's Mountains fade into the distant sky.

The mill itself is aged, and consequently picturesque. Green slime, the deposit of many a flood of water that is now absorbed in the great sea, lashing the shores of Algiers, or leaping to meet the thirsty clouds, hangs in green locks from the old wheel like water-kelpie's hair. The roof is sloped and ragged, and the shingles hang tattered round the eaves. The stakes that, driven deep into the soft bed of the river, form the dam are black with age and long immersion, and sometimes in the winter time, when the great yellow floods come pouring down from the hill-side, scooping out the clayey banks, and snapping low-lying trees, the old dam quivers terribly, and sometimes fairly reels before the roaring water. But in the sweet summer time, when the river is calm and clear, it lifts its black stumps peacefully from the flood, and seems to find the repose to which its age has entitled it.

But Burnie's Mill, though old, does good serv-

ice, let me tell you. All day long, except in days of great drought, the slimy old wheel clacks round and round, and clouds of white dust fly before the doors, where corn enters and flour comes out. For old Miller Burnie is an industrious man, who works through rain and shine, and folks in the neighborhood say that pretty flaxen-haired Mary Burnie will have a nice penny when he dies.

Oh, pretty, winsome Mary Burnie, if ever there was the type of a merry miller's daughter, it is you! The clack of the mill on summer days is not more cheery than your voice, and the young fellows that toil among the sacks with powdered jackets and floury faces, would, any one of them, leap into the mill-dam and take their chances under the wheel for one glance from your bright blue eyes.

But Mary Burnie, when she trips down to the mill from the snug farm-house on the heights, does not care to look much among the dusty jackets and floury faces, for her eyes are always bent straight upon the little shed where Miller Burnie has his office, and where his gay young foreman, Tip, keeps his books.

It has been long a settled affair between Tip and Mary. They arranged it between themselves one day returning in the wagon from camp-meeting, and the next day Miller Burnie was notified of the fact by his dutiful little daughter. But I am inclined to believe that the Miller knew all about it months before that, for he did not appear in the least surprised, and only laughed and said, God be with them!

So from that day forward, on all Sundays and holidays, Mary was splendidly gallanted every where by Tip, who, in a short-waisted green coat and purple-flowered waistcoat, cut so magnificent a figure that half the young millers had like to die with envy.

Things went on gallantly with the pair for some months. Tip was the best of lovers, the most exemplary of foremen, and poor, fond, bright-eyed Mary Burnie almost doubted if there could be a heaven happier than the life she led by the calm Passaic. She was not clever, to be sure, like Nellie Bryce, who had received a New York education, and could talk French and play on the piano, but she was satisfied in her innocence, and the certainty that the sun-burned, little-waisted, handsome Tip, loved her better than any thing in the world.

Very few people can be worldly happy without causing somebody else pain. Our extra good fortune has generally been subtracted from some one's total of joy, and while we laugh and snap our fingers over the legacy or the love, we never think of the neighbor who is mourning perhaps for both.

Miss Nellie Bryce did not behold unmoved Mary Burnie's conquest of the gallant Tip. She had thought that her own varied accomplishments, the "extras," in fact, of a fashionable boarding-school, had effected an impression on that gay youth's heart; and, indeed, if Master Tip could remember all he said on one certain moonlight night, the young lady had tolerably good grounds for her belief. For Tip, I grieve to say, was a young man of a facile disposition, and something like a privateer, was willing to sail under more flags than one. And Nellie Bryce was one who was not to be baffled with impunity. She was a strong-hearted, strong-minded woman, full of fierce passions and unrelenting resolves, and her hates and resolutions were both equally strong. She hated poor Mary Burnie for taking her lover from her, and she resolved to be revenged.

There was no mistaking it—although Mary Burnie did her little best to mistake it—there was no mistaking it, but of late Tip Clarke was changed. He had grown moody and sullen, he whose face used to shine with perpetual sunlight, and he no longer seemed to take the same pleasure in gallanting pretty Mary Burnie on Sundays in his wonderful green coat and purple vest. Nay, even once or twice he had come home with a thick voice and flushed countenance, and Mary had heard him out on the stoop with his companions blaspheming with a drunken tongue. Poor thing! she suffered very silently, but suffered none the less. Telling no one, not even her old father, but wasting on Tip a whole mine of love, which the more she bestowed upon him, the more morose and sullen he became, as if he did not care for it, or felt that he did not deserve it.

Mary moped and grew pale, but said not a word of her sorrow to Tip, though she could not help noticing the difference in his air when he walked beside her, and the way in which he avoided her glance; he who used to spend holiday hours looking into her eyes. She was perplexed too, by the strange ways of Nellie Bryce, who, when she met her, laughed in her face with an expression of mingled pity and scorn. Mary shrank from this bold girl, and passed with lowered eyes when they met.

One evening, in the months when autumn was making his fire in the woods, and the crests above Burnie's Mill were blazing with scarlet foliage, Mary Burnie walked, one Saturday evening, as the dusk fell, down by the silent mill, and out on a little tongue of land that jutted into the river a little above the dam. It was a favorite spot with her for such innocent musings as she indulged in. Poor innocent bird! she had but a limited range of thought. What Tip said and did, and whether he would like her in her new bonnet. But then her love was so good and pure, and her heart so tender, that one would scarce wish that she had been taught the "extras" of Madame Cancan's establishment.

It was a quiet, pretty spot, that little tongue of land on which Mary Burnie loved to dream. A thick brush of sumach and sassafras trees, with here and there a Rose of Sharon, covered the soil, and dipped the tips of their branches into the stream. There were paths worn through the underwood by Mary's tiny little feet, and the cover was so thick that the sweet bird might

nestle there all day long, and one pass within a few feet of her and be none the wiser.

On the evening in question, however, her musings in the sumach grove were of a sadder nature than usual. Her heart instinctively seemed to prophesy disaster, and more than ever she felt that Tip Clarke was changed to her. She seated herself in a clump of bushes, and sighed and sorrowed as the stream stole by.

Presently it seemed to her that she was not quite alone in her retreat. Voices, muffled by the intervening leaves, struck on her ear, and, alas! it seemed that both were familiar. She listened, and ah! what ears love has, when it scents misfortune!

"But you love her still, Tip. I know it. You have lied to me as to her, and I will not be your dupe."

"On my soul, Nellie, you wrong me. Let this kiss prove it. I only wait for some opportunity to rid myself of this engagement. It was a passing fancy. I am not fit for her, or she for me. I feel ambitions stirring within me that she could never sympathize with or gratify. I want a woman who can aid me in my struggle with life, not a clog to chain me to a wretched farm and a crazy mill. Now you—"

"I! I will go with you out into the world. We are both clever, Tip, you and I. We will, together, conquer fortune. A man who has a wife that comprehends him, has more than half won the Battle of Life. But swear to me that before next Sunday you will break off this engagement with Mary Burnie."

"I swear it, Nellie Bryce. I swear it by all that I hold sacred. By my old mother's gray hairs!"

A kiss—a long, long kiss came fluttering through the leaves, and the voices faded; and a white, white face, that had been buried in the grass as if it would have sought a living grave, rose up, and there never on earth was seen a countenance more convulsed with sorrow than that which Mary Burnie upturned to the rising moon.

* * * * * *

"Where is Mary? Winsome, pretty Mary Burnie? She is not at home; she is not at the mill; the neighbors know naught of her. Where is blue-eyed Mary Burnie?

The questioning echoed through the mill, and across the moonlit fields, and Tip's face grew pale as the hours went by and the cries of the seekers were unanswered. The old father—old Miller Burnie, with his gray locks floating in the night air—ran here and there calling his daughter. The mill-men, who lived close by, divided into searching parties, and sought every where for the lost child. Even hard-hearted Nellie Bryce, as the time went by, felt an unwonted pang in her heart, as if she presaged some terrible disaster.

Mary was not to be found. They had sought through loft and garret, and mill and woods, and yet she was not found. All thoughts centred on one awful suggestion, yet none dared to utter it. At last old Miller Burnie, choking his terror with a strong hand, said, bravely, "Boys! let us drag the mill-pond."

The whole village crowded on the dam to watch. The light of torches flashed over the water, mingling with the sad moonshine, that seemed like a sorrow that could not be driven away. Old Burnie stood in one of the boats, pale but stalwart, and with voice and action directed the throwing of the nets that each time came up empty, with a "God be thanked!" from all on shore.

"She can not be here!" murmured the old father; "there is not an inch of the place unsearched."

Suddenly a loud shout arose from the mill-dam; a wailing shout, that told its tale. Not the triumphal jubilation of danger passed, but the cry of terror for death encountered.

There was Tip stooping down over the black, slippery logs, and immediately under these rose out of the water a great white swash of garments, and then a pale, discolored face floated into the mingling torch-light and moon-light. Poor Father Burnie fell in the boat like one dead, and hard-hearted Nellie Bryce turned away, and walked, sore-hearted, homeward.

They carried Mary Burnie home—no longer pretty, winsome Mary, but livid and discolored—and the village gossips guessed that she had missed her footing, and so fallen in. But two people guessed better than that; and Tip, who found a handkerchief, marked with her initials, in the sumach clump, and Nellie Bryce, who saw him find it, knew that they had murdered that gentle heart.

* * * * * *

Some five months after a paper came to Widow Clarke, with a small paragraph marked in black ink, telling how Lieutenant Clarke, of the Nicaraguan army, being taken prisoner by the Costa Ricans, had been brutally butchered. And Nellie Bryce heard the news; and that night the hard heart was melted, and she knew that there was a God who punishes as well as rewards.

THE GREAT EPIDEMICS.

YELLOW FEVER.

RECENT events have invested this pestilence of the warmer regions of our country with new and terrible interest. We have seen it marching northward with steady pace, seizing upon city after city in its path, and ruthlessly devastating each town which it had stormed. The wail of the mourners has scarcely died out of our ears; the gloom of the funerals still shadows our hearts. We have gazed sadly and helplessly at the doomed cities, while they lay swooning in the deadly embrace of the merciless pestilence.

Like all other epidemics, yellow fever hides its origin in the mists of the past. These giant devastators of nations have had no chroniclers to record their birth and early history. Nursing their tremendous potencies in some obscure

corner of the earth till they have arrived at adult vigor, their assault is always as sudden and impetuous as that of the hurricane. Some physicians imagine they can find this fever described in the writings of Hippocrates, but they forget that the peculiar symptoms on which they rely to establish the identity—black vomit and yellowness of the skin—are by no means peculiar to the disease in question, but may be, and have been found attendant upon quite a variety of acute and chronic disorders. The prevalent opinion among those who have investigated the subject is, that the disease is of modern origin; and some facts seem to connect it mysteriously with that dark blot upon the world's commerce, the Slave-trade. It certainly made its appearance simultaneously with the inauguration of that infamous traffic, and some of our Southern physicians are convinced that it, like the blacks, was imported from Africa.

However that may be, we have no satisfactory evidence of its existence till near the middle of the seventeenth century, although an attempt has been made to show that the companions of Columbus suffered from it. The sallow hue of those who returned, the suddenness of the seizure, and the rapidity with which the disease ran its course, are the only facts relied on to establish this opinion. The ordinary diseases of the climate, however, are amply sufficient to produce sallowness, while the malignity and speedy fatality of the disorders which affected the earliest European visitors to the shores of this Western world, excite no astonishment in the mind of the physician who has seen and treated the terrible congestive fevers of our Southern States.

As far as our knowledge extends, Père Dutertre is the earliest writer who can be said to have alluded to this frightful scourge of the warmer shores of the Atlantic. He saw it in 1635, in the Antilles, and expressly tells us that before that time it was unknown in those islands. He called it *Coup de Barre*, in allusion to the severe muscular pains which accompany it, and which could only be compared to heavy blows. He also alludes to the yellowness of the skin, and believes in the importation of the malady. In 1647 it was in Barbadoes, whence it spread to other West India islands. Père Labat, on landing at Martinique, in 1649, found it raging there. The monks in the convent of his order suffered severely. He says that he had it twice in his own person, and speaks of those scenes which have since his day become too familiar to American medical men—the bleedings from the mouth, nose, and stomach; the "walking cases" dropping dead in the street, and other characteristic phenomena which we now witness so often in New Orleans and Charleston. He tells us that it was first introduced into Martinique by a ship-of-war, the *Oriflamme*, coming from Siam, which contracted the disease by touching at a Brazilian port. Hence one of the numerous aliases of yellow fever, *Mal de Siam*. The earliest epidemic in the territory of the United States occurred in 1693, at Boston, into which city it was believed to be imported from Martinique, by the fleet under Admiral Wheeler.

Since then it was unfortunately too well known to our ancestors over the whole Atlantic coast. Numerous epidemics of it have been recorded by our earlier medical writers. Their accounts, however, must be closely examined, as this disease and bilious fever were then almost universally, as they are now often, confounded. Many of the so-called epidemics of yellow fever were only high grades of bilious fever, occurring in an uncommonly unhealthy autumn. Such, for example, was unquestionably the so-called yellow fever of Virginia in 1741–2. With all these allowances, however, we shall find that this malignant pestilence was any thing but uncommon in our growing seaports during the eighteenth century.

There is a marked peculiarity which distinguishes yellow fever from the other epidemics which we have been considering in this series of articles. Plague, we have seen, has ravaged the earth from the torrid sands of Africa to the icy mountains of Norway; cholera has stricken down its victims alike on the steaming deltas of the tropics and the cold plains of Asiatic Russia; but yellow fever is essentially a disease of hot climates, and is consequently confined to a particular zone. It requires a certain amount and duration of heat to awaken it to life, and can never prevail where Indian corn will not ripen. Nor does it only haunt a particular zone, but a special portion of that zone. It is confined to the neighborhood of the hot coasts of the Atlantic and of the rivers which flow into it. Bilious fever, and the pernicious and congestive varieties of the paludal fevers, prevail alike in all the hot regions of the world, but yellow fever infests a limited portion of the lands "too near the sun." While it has ravaged repeatedly the western coast of Africa, Spain, and Portugal, it has never made its appearance in the Levant or on the eastern coast of Africa. While the islands of the Atlantic have over and over again been swept by it as by a tornado, the archipelagoes of the Pacific have never heard its name.

It loves the haunts of men, frequents cities, garrisons, and ships, but never gets far from the sea-coast, except along navigable rivers. Only in violent epidemics is it wont to scourge rural populations, and has never succeeded in penetrating the heart of the continent. It thus partakes of the nature of both endemic and epidemic diseases. In some of the cities of the tropics it is rarely or never absent. In higher latitudes, as in New Orleans, Mobile, and Charleston, it is frequently present, but does not prevail, as a matter of course, every summer. Farther north, it is only an occasional visitant, and always epidemic. A marked difference exists between the common and the epidemic forms—so striking, indeed, that some have considered them as two distinct diseases. Physicians, who have seen both forms, recognize the deadly epidemic variety at once, and can

almost predict from the first case the probable extent of the visitation.

Those who like to trace coincidences, have not failed to point out that epidemic yellow fever moves in cycles of from fifteen to thirty years. Thus, in 1762 the disease prevailed in Philadelphia, but did not visit that city again till 1793, thirty-one years later. At this time there was, as we shall presently see, a general activity of the cause of yellow fever. Thus, in 1791 it was in New York, in 1794 in Baltimore; and it continued to rage, summer after summer, among the different cities, till 1804, when it subsided, to break out again in 1819, fifteen years later. This period of activity lasted till 1824; and again, in 1854, thirty years later, we have had it on the shores of the Chesapeake Bay.

As our space is limited, we must confine ourselves to the account of a few characteristic epidemics. The first which will attract our attention is that which revolved around the pestilence of 1793 in Philadelphia. The origin of this well-known epidemic is still in doubt, although it has been discussed by some of the most able of medical controversialists. Without committing ourselves to any theory of its origin or spread, we give a brief history of the pestilence.

In April, 1792, the ship *Hankey* sailed from England with more than two hundred emigrants on board, for a new settlement at Bulama, a fertile island on the west coast of Africa, opposite the mouth of the Rio Grande. There was no accommodation for them on shore, so that they were obliged to make the ship their head-quarters during their stay of several months at the island. A fever soon broke out among them, and became extremely malignant. No attention being paid to cleanliness—the clothes, bedding, etc., of the sick and dead being allowed to remain on board—the fever was so fatal that when the time for which the ship had been chartered expired, there were no seamen left to navigate her. She therefore went to sea with the captain, the mate, one of the settlers, and two sailors, three-fourths of the original number having perished.

In February, 1793, the *Hankey* entered the carenage at St. George, in the island of Granada. Shortly afterward a malignant fever broke out at that port. Two-thirds of the inhabitants were attacked, and one out of every five died. The vessels in port suffered severely. Out of five hundred regular sailors, two hundred died. The severity of the fever caused Chisholm to call it *Nova Pestis*, for which he has been sharply criticised. It should be remembered, however, that the physicians of the South, who have long been accustomed to seeing yellow fever, were struck with the uncommon malignity of the recent epidemic, and that many of them entertain an opinion concerning it very much like that which Chisholm promulgated concerning the pestilence of 1793. Few medical men approached the bedside of a patient laboring under the Norfolk fever without being painfully sensible of the presence of a morbid element to which they were unaccustomed. Chisholm traces the subsequent frightful epidemic which so severely scourged the United States and the West Indies to this importation. This has been stoutly denied, and the whole subject will be discussed in a future article.

The most terrible of these visitations of yellow fever in that pestilential year was the well-known epidemic in Philadelphia. Dr. Chisholm was of the opinion that the disease was imported into that city from the West Indies; Dr. Rush, as we shall presently see, attributed its origin to the effluvia arising from some damaged coffee. In deciding the question, it would be necessary to know whence this coffee came, a point upon which we have been able to learn nothing whatever.

The situation of Philadelphia is known to most of our readers. It lies upon a low and level tract between the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers, and the disposition of its authorities to make streets with very low grades, adds to the natural difficulty of ventilation. Hence, it is one of the hottest cities of the Atlantic coast, the range of the thermometer being usually several degrees higher than in Baltimore, which is one degree of latitude further south. Devèze, the French physician who had charge of the hospital at Bush Hill, complained that the heat was more oppressive than in his former home, St. Domingo. The wharves, being built in slips, included water which was cut off from the current of the river, so that the filth which was brought in by high tide remained there. Chips and all sorts of vegetable matter slowly sunk to the bottom and mingled with the mud, where, under the influence of a burning sun, they slowly putrefied and sent up deadly gases into the air. Below the city were extensive marshes, and around it numerous pools left by the removal of clay for brick-making. The stagnant water, left here by the rains, slowly evaporated during the summer, and could not fail to render the city very unhealthy. Hence the great frequency of intermittent and remittent fevers every autumn. Besides this, it must be remembered that there were numerous unpaved spots in which the water settled, forming little marshes in different parts of the town. At that time no water-works had been erected, and the inhabitants were compelled to use wells, which, being shallow, were tainted with all the impurities which can filter through the soil of a city. Devèze says, that the drainings of the graveyards found their way into some of these wells, and that the water from them became putrid within twelve hours after it was drawn.

The summer of 1793 was unusually hot and oppressive. The air was calm, or stirred by but feeble breezes, and the drought was protracted. During the month of July, the average range of the thermometer, at three o'clock in the afternoon, was 88° Fahrenheit; and in August, one degree lower. The dew-point is not recorded, since the meteorologists of that day were not in

the habit of noticing it. It must have been high, however, for there was a universal complaint of an unusual oppressiveness in the heat. Laborers were often compelled to cease work when the mercury stood no higher than 84°. It was noticed that the sweat on the surface of the body dried but slowly. On the 25th of August there was a heavy rain, the last which fell till the 15th of October.

Early in August Dr. Rush noticed a peculiar aggravation of the ordinary bilious fever, which was then prevalent. On the 6th of the month a young man was taken violently ill with a fever, which, after a hemorrhage, proved fatal on the 12th. Shortly after, two other young men sickened. On inquiry, it was ascertained that the three had spent the greater portion of their time in a counting-room near one of the wharves where a quantity of damaged coffee had been thrown out. This lay upon the wharf and in the dock, putrefying and emitting a most horribly offensive smell, which sickened many persons who came near it. About the same time a number of persons living on Water Street, between Arch and Race Streets, in the immediate vicinity of the pestilential dock, died of fever, some of them being carried off in twelve hours. Dr. Rush maintains that all the early cases of the disease can be traced to this source.

Convinced that the city was on the eve of a great calamity, this eminent physician gave the alarm. At first it was met in the usual spirit of trade. The fact was denied, and the informant was ridiculed. It soon became evident that the information was only too true, and on the 24th the Governor of the State directed the port physician to inquire into the matter. The result of his investigation was to establish beyond doubt the fact, that a malignant fever existed along the Delaware front, especially between Arch and Race streets, and in Kensington, and that it was spreading toward the heart of the city. Sixty-seven persons were sick in that part of Water Street, and the deaths throughout the city were estimated at forty. The bills of mortality, however, show that already a hundred and fifty had perished. On the 26th of the month, the College of Physicians issued an address to the public, in which they acknowledged the presence of yellow fever, and suggested certain precautions to be adopted.

A sudden change came over the feelings of the people. They passed from apathy and derision to the wildest alarm. The merchants and the United States authorities hurried away from the city. Business was at a stand-still. The infected portion of Water Street became a desert. The streets and roads leading into the country were thronged by the terrified fugitives. Even physicians, dead to the lofty instincts of their profession, fled ignominiously from the helpless city. Such was the alarm that the very hospitals were closed. At this crisis, the Mayor called a meeting of the inhabitants at the State House. Some of the most influential citizens met and organized a permanent Committee of Public Health. The poor especially attracted their attention. They were laboring at once under the evils of disease and poverty. A hospital was opened on Bush Hill, an elevated, dry, and airy portion of Philadelphia, and some feeble efforts were made to put the city in a better sanitary condition.

When fairly established, the disease spared no age, sex, nor complexion. Men, indeed, were more subject to it than women, and the extremes of life enjoyed a comparative exemption, those between the ages of fifteen and forty being most liable to its attack. Fear was observed to predispose strongly to the disease. Any irregularity of living, violent and unaccustomed exercise, undue exposure, and in general any deviation from accustomed modes of life, had a similar effect.

The physiognomy of the disease was peculiar. The eyes were usually inflamed, and had a sad and watery look, and sometimes an unnatural brilliancy and ferocity. The face was lividly flushed or dusky, and its expression gloomy and downcast. Toward the close of the disease, and sometimes not till after death, it assumed the yellow hue which has given rise to the common name of the fever. A dark matter, like coffee-grounds, was rejected from the stomach, and this symptom also has increased the nomenclature of the malady, by the significant title, Black Vomit. The mental condition was various. Occasionally there was delirium, but ordinarily the faculties remained apparently unimpaired. Dr. Rush has observed a tendency to self-deception, the patients being unwilling to acknowledge that they were afflicted with the prevailing epidemic. He has also told us that there was usually great depression of spirits and irritability of temper. This differs from the mental condition ordinarily observed in epidemics of this disease. It is characterized by a hardihood and self-possession painful to the beholders. The victims are fully conscious of their condition, laugh at their dingy complexions, and find subjects of amusement in the most frightful accompaniments of their malady.

The "walking cases" were observed in this, as in all other great epidemics in yellow fever. In some of these the patient appeared to enjoy his habitual health, till suddenly he was seized with an indefinable terror and a universal trembling; he fell senseless, and died in a few hours. More commonly, however, the persons so affected experienced a vague uneasiness, to which they attached but little importance. They maintained that they were not sick, that they had only a slight indisposition, arising from cold or imprudence in diet, that it would soon pass off of itself. The physician, on examining them, detected signs of the most profound disturbance of the vital organs, but could not convince either them or their friends of their danger. They continued to walk about and attend to their business or pleasure for the few hours of life which remained to them.

These cases are, as has already been said, common in all countries where yellow fever prevails. Dr. Fergusson tells us of an officer who, on the fourth day of the fever, rose from his bed in perfect possession of his senses, dressed himself, went to the market, bought fruit, and returned to his room, where "he shortly expired in a torrent of black vomit." In New Orleans, during the epidemic of 1853, a physician, going into a livery-stable, noticed one of the men sitting on a wheel-barrow. He asked after his health, and received for reply that he was perfectly well. "My good fellow!" urged the doctor, "you ought to go immediately home and attend to yourself; you are dangerously ill with the yellow fever." The man laughed at him, and rose to attend to his duties. In a few hours he was dead. One more case to illustrate this peculiar feature of yellow fever and this digression will be brought to a close. It is quoted from Humboldt:

"A person with whom I was on friendly terms during my stay in Mexico, had spent a very little time at Vera Cruz, on his first trip from Europe to America. He arrived at Jalapa without experiencing any sensation to apprise him of the danger in which he soon found himself. 'You will have the *vomito* this evening,' gravely remarked the Indian barber who was lathering his face, 'the soap dries as fast as I put it on; it is a sign which I never knew to fail, and for twenty years I have shaved the *chapetons* who pass through this city on their way to Mexico. Out of every five of them three die.' This sentence of death made a strong impression upon the mind of the traveler, who was at great pains to explain to the Indian how exaggerated was his estimate, and that a great heat of the skin by no means proves the existence of infectious fever; but the barber persisted in his prognosis. The disease declared itself a few hours afterward, and the traveler, already on his way to Perote, was obliged to have himself carried back to Jalapa, where he narrowly escaped falling a victim to the violence of the *vomito*."

The disease gradually increased in severity till it reached its height on the 11th of October, on which day it swept into eternity 119 souls; a fearful mortality for a population originally only 50,000, and now greatly diminished by flight and death. The entire number of deaths in the city from the 1st of August to the 9th of November was 4044. It is supposed that, in addition to these, 500 persons who had contracted the disease in the city died of it in different parts of the country.

The blacks, who escape the fever in ordinary seasons, enjoyed no exemption at this time. The same fact has been observed in all the violent epidemics of yellow fever, and has led some to believe that there are two distinct maladies confounded under this name. Prisoners in the jail, and those families who voluntarily imprisoned themselves, escaped the disorder. Dr. Rush has noticed the remarkable immunity afforded by certain employments. Thus, out of nearly a hundred butchers who remained in the city, and most of whom attended market daily, only three died. Strangely enough, a similar exemption was enjoyed by persons whom we should suppose to be specially liable to infection. The grave-diggers very generally escaped; out of forty scavengers employed in removing the dirt of the streets, only one sickened and died; and there was scarcely a case of fever among laborers employed in digging cellars.

By the 12th of September the whole city was infected. Narrow streets and alleys, as might have been expected, suffered most severely. In the latter few escaped. Even those residents who were not actually sick with the fever, gave evidence of the influence of the poison by various external signs, such as yellowness of the eyes, sallowness of the skin, preternatural quickness of the pulse, yellow sweats of an offensive smell resembling that of the washings of a gun, and other symptoms of a poisoned condition of the blood. Country people who visited the city and remained in it but a few hours were attacked by the disease and died.

The streets now put on the aspect of desolation, so common during the prevalence of mortal disease. More than half the houses were shut up; grass grew up between the bricks of great thoroughfares; and an ominous silence reigned at mid-day. The passer-by heard only the echo of his own footsteps, or the dull rumble of the dead-cart, and the cry of its driver, "Bring out your dead!" He saw none of the activity of a great city, no groups of people hurrying along in pursuit of business or pleasure; only now and then an anxious and agitated face looked hurriedly at him, as its owner hastened to summon the physician, the nurse, or the sexton to the side of some loved one. The streets which led to the cemeteries still retained a ghastly imitation of the old sound of carriage wheels, in the heavy, slow, continuous roll of the hearse. At no hour of the day or night was that sad sound out of the ears of the dwellers along these dismal thoroughfares. Funeral processions were given up, bells ceased to toll, but at all hours those who were in the streets met corpses driven to their last home, often alone, sometimes with half a dozen relatives or friends following at a distance, for fear of contagion.

At first, when the disease had fully established itself, the city resounded with the noise of lamentations. At all hours of the day and night voices of wailing women and children were heard through the open windows of the plague-smitten houses. Later in the pestilence, however, "grief descended below weeping," and the blows of fate were received with a silent, sullen resignation. A settled gloom rested upon every brow; no cheerful face met the eye. An eminent physician records the shock given to his feelings by seeing a little child look up into his face and smile. "I was strangely affected with this sight (so discordant to my feelings and

the state of the city) before I recollected the age and ignorance of the child. I was confined the next day by an attack of the fever, and was sorry to hear, upon my recovery, that the father and mother of this little creature died a few days after my last visit to them."

The moral effects of this pestilence were not so deplorable as those which have been recorded of other visitations. Its influence seemed saddening and softening rather than hardening. Robberies were rare, only two occurring in more than two months, although many hundred houses were left wholly unguarded. Sympathy was excited on behalf of the unhappy sufferers, and a thousand acts of open and secret benevolence soothed the pathway to the grave. The Sisters of Charity were conspicuous here as elsewhere; so were the clergy of all the religious denominations; and a few benevolent negroes, trusting to the supposed immunity of their race, rendered invaluable services to the sick. The neighboring cities, and indeed the whole country, sympathized with the capital, and sent liberal contributions of money, provisions, and fuel.

Still the pestilence raged with unabated violence. The stagnant air teemed with deadly vapors. Scarcely a breeze ruffled the unbroken calm. The light of the sun, shining steadily in the sky, became hateful to those who were sickening under his beams. In vain they looked up to the unmerciful heavens for the shadow of a cloud. The blue arch bent over them, hot and stifling, like the dome of a furnace. Anxiously did they look for the change of the moon, in the hope of an alteration in the state of the atmosphere; but no change came, no breeze blew, no rain fell. Occasionally a haze would overspread the sky, light clouds would form, and supplicating eyes would gaze upon the mocking promise, only to see it fade away into the general vapor that had no healing in its misty wings. So the hot September wore away, and October, usually so balmy, arrived, but only brought increased mortality. The springs and wells began to fail; the pastures were burnt up; the dust extended two feet below the surface of the soil. To add to the universal distress, medical aid began to fail the people. Some of the physicians had fled, many were dead, more were sick, and all were worn down with extreme fatigue. In one day it was estimated that six thousand persons lay burning with fever, and that only three medical men were able to be out of their houses. The stoutest hearts now began to fail, and despair reigned supreme over the city. At this moment, as if to verify the adage, "man's extremity is God's opportunity," a change took place. Dark clouds gathered over the sky, and on the 15th of October the long-desired, the prayed for, the benignant rain, came pouring upon the panting city. The pestilence had received its death-blow. The number of the sick immediately diminished, and by the 9th of November the plague was over.

General statements have far less force than the record of individual feelings, and as the object of this sketch is to give a vivid idea of the visitation of a great pestilence, a brief extract from a record of personal experience can not be out of place.

Dr. Rush has not only given us a history of the disease, but has also left us a sketch of his own personal experience and feelings. His wife and children had gone to the country on a visit, before the outbreak of the epidemic, and his family consisted of his mother, his sister, who had unfortunately selected this season to visit him, and two servants. He had five students, three of whom took rooms in his house after the disease had made some progress. The whole of them were actively engaged in practice. The Doctor visited a hundred or a hundred and twenty patients daily, and several of the students attended a fourth or fifth part of that number. The hours for meals were necessarily shortened, and even then they were encroached on. The house was thronged with patients, and the benevolent physician rarely ate a meal without prescribing for several as he sat at the table. His continual presence in infected places caused him to suffer many of the symptoms which have already been mentioned as present in many who did not fully develop the fever.

"My nights," says he, "were rendered disagreeable, not only by the sweats, but by the want of my usual sleep, produced in part by the frequent knocking at the door, and in part by anxiety of mind, and the stimulus of the contagion upon the system. I lay down in conformity to habit only, for my bed ceased to afford me rest or refreshment. When it was evening, I wished for morning; and when it was morning, the prospect of the labors of the day caused me to wish for the return of evening. The degree of my anxiety may be easily conceived, when I add, that I had at one time upward of thirty heads of families under my care.

"Every moment in the intervals of my visits to the sick was employed in prescribing in my own house for the poor, or in sending answers to messages from my patients; time was now too precious to be spent in counting the number of persons who called upon me for advice. From circumstances, I believe it was frequently 150, and seldom less than 50 in a day, for five or six weeks. The evening did not bring with it the least relaxation from my labors. I received letters every day from the country, and from distant parts of the Union, containing inquiries into the mode of treating the disorder, and after the health and lives of persons who had remained in the city. The business of every evening was to answer these letters, also to write to my family. These employments, by affording a fresh current to my thoughts, kept me from dwelling on the gloomy scenes of the day. After these duties were performed, I copied into my note-book all the observations I had collected during the day, and which I had marked with a pencil in my pocket-book in sick rooms or in my carriage. To these labors of

body and mind were added distresses from a variety of causes. Having found myself unable to comply with the numerous applications that were made to me, I was obliged to refuse many every day. My sister counted forty-seven in one forenoon before 11 o'clock. Many of them left my door with tears, but they did not feel more distress than I did from refusing to follow them. In riding through the streets, I was often forced to resist the entreaties of parents imploring a visit to their children, or of children to their parents. I recollect, and even yet I recollect with pain, that I tore myself at one time from five persons in Moravian Alley who attempted to stop me, by suddenly whipping up my horse and driving my chaise as speedily as possible beyond the reach of their cries."

To add to all this, his students were taken ill, and three of them died. His servant man, his sister, and his mother all fell sick, so that the only person left up about the house was a little mulatto boy eleven years of age. "At 8 o'clock in the evening," he continues, "I finished the business of the day. A solemn stillness at that time pervaded the streets. In vain did I strive to forget my melancholy situation by answering letters, and by putting up medicines to be distributed next day among my patients. My faithful black man crept to my door, and, at my request, sat down by the fire; but he added, by his silence and dullness, to the gloom which suddenly overpowered every faculty of my mind.

"On the first day of October, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, my sister died. I got into my carriage within an hour after she expired, and spent the afternoon in visiting my patients. According as a sense of duty, or as grief has predominated in my mind, I have approved and disapproved of this act ever since. She had borne a share in my labors. She had been my nurse in sickness, and my casuist in my choice of duties. My whole heart reposed itself in her friendship. Upon being invited to a friend's house in the country, when the disease made its appearance in the city, she declined accepting the invitation, and gave as a reason for so doing that I might probably require her services in case of my taking the disorder, and that if she were sure of dying, she would remain with me, provided that by her death she could save my life. From this time I declined in health and strength. My short and imperfect sleep was disturbed by distressing or frightful dreams. The scenes of them were derived altogether from sick-rooms and grave-yards. I concealed my sorrows as much as possible from my patients; but when alone, the retrospect of what was past and the prospect of what was before me, the termination of which was invisible, often filled my soul with the most poignant anguish."

His house had by this time become a focus of infection, and before the close of the epidemic he was attacked by the fever, and narrowly escaped falling a victim to it.

In 1794, Baltimore suffered from the same visitation. That city consisted of two portions, connected by straggling houses, known as the Point and the Town. The Point, as its name implies, was built on and near a tongue of land jutting out into the estuary on the banks of which the city stands. It lies low, and at that time was filthy, and badly or not at all paved. The docks are in long slips, and necessarily contain more or less stagnant water. The tides are much governed by the winds, so that the daily rise and fall of water in the docks varies very greatly.

The summer of 1794 was hot and moist, and the water unusually low. At Bowly's Wharf, then much shallower than at present, when the wind blew long from the northwest, the mud was exposed. The rooms over some of the stores on that wharf were used as residences. They were without cellars, and water from twelve to eighteen inches deep, black, putrid, and offensive, stagnated under the floors. On the Point many cellars were filled with stagnant, fetid water. "Its effluvia," says Dr. Drysdale, "were so envenomed, that if a fly came within its influence it fell dead upon its surface. This was so notorious a truth that it could not escape the observation of persons in the neighborhood, who led me to witness the immense number of those dead insects floating on the surface of the putrid water."

Here were elements of disease sufficient, without resorting to any hypothesis of importation. This was charged against certain ships, but upon what appears to us very unsatisfactory evidence. The fever broke out almost simultaneously at these two places. The first recorded case occurred on the 4th of August on Bowly's Wharf. At the same time an unusual malignity was observed in the bilious fevers on the Point. Other cases followed in rapid succession, and though their true character was, as usual, loudly and pertinaciously denied, the alarm was such that many persons fled from the infected districts. Several physicians and priests were taken sick, and some of them died. Late in September a favorable change took place in the weather, which checked the further progress of the disease, and saved the city from further suffering. The disease confined itself to the places in which it originated, and did not spread over the hills. No case occurred in the upper part of the city which was not carried thither from one or other of the infected districts.

The entire number of deaths from the fever was 360. Small-pox, of a very malignant character, prevailed before the commencement and during the continuance of yellow fever, and proved nearly as fatal. The population of Baltimore at that time was about 18,000.

Philadelphia was also visited this year.

The following year, 1795, the disease prevailed to a limited extent in New York. It broke out in Water Street, in the neighborhood of some unfinished docks, which were full of all manner of vegetable and animal corruption.

Across one of these a bulkhead had been built, in consequence of which a pool of stagnant water was inclosed and suffered to putrefy under a burning sun. There was much new ground in the same region, made up of dirt from the streets and cellars of the city. Fortunately the disease did not extend far from its place of origin.

The next year the unfavorable sanitary condition of the lower part of the city was increased. Numerous cart-loads of dirt, not only of the original soil but of the sweepings and refuse of the streets, were used to make new docks; and this perishable material lay putrefying under a burning sun. As early as June a horribly offensive odor arose from this decaying mass, and by July it had become so insupportable that the people who lived near were compelled to close up the windows which looked toward it. Yellow fever broke out here, and was peculiarly fatal among the market-men who frequented Whitehall, and the ferry-men from Staten Island and Jersey. Ships lying off these new docks also suffered severely with the same disease. The same section was visited again in 1797.

Baltimore suffered again in 1797. The fever began, late in August, on Fell's Point, to which it was entirely confined until after the launch of a frigate, on the 3d of September, at which many persons from the upper and healthier part of the city were present. Several who witnessed the launch were attacked with fever. The epidemic lasted till the 29th of October, and destroyed 545 lives, chiefly among a population of 2679 souls who remained on Fell's Point.

The year 1798 was characterized by an increase in the violence of this disease, and a widening of the sphere of its devastation throughout the country. It attacked Boston and many of the smaller New England towns, desolated Wilmington, Delaware, and raged terribly in New York and Philadelphia. The accounts we have of that summer indicate some remarkable meteorological phenomena. The weather was both hot and moist. The rains were frequent and heavy, so that in New York the cellars in the lower part of the city were inundated. These copious showers had but little effect in cooling or clearing the atmosphere, for the thermometer soon rose, the heat became more stifling in consequence of the dampness, and a fog hovered over the city nearly every morning. The iron railings rusted with unusual rapidity, and it was said that the pump-handles became corroded over night—that the leaves of the trees were spotted by the unwholesome mist, and that linen exposed to its action contracted indelible stains.

In addition to this, New York grossly violated the laws of health during that fatal summer. In different parts of the city spoiled provisions were stored. It having been observed that the mortality was considerable in the neighborhood of such nuisances, the authorities ordered an inspection of all the provisions in store, and the removal of the tainted meats. By some strange oversight, the putrid pickle was emptied into the gutters—a piece of folly which was attended by a great increase of the disease, not only along the course of this poisonous current, but about the wharves into which it finally emptied, and throughout all those portions of the city to which the prevailing winds could carry the effluvia.

The population of New York, at that time, was about 54,000. Of these, it is said, two-thirds, vividly remembering how fearfully Philadelphia had been scourged, fled into the country—many of them leaving at the very commencement of the epidemic. Nevertheless 2086 persons fell victims to the remorseless fever.

In Boston, similar violations of hygienic laws were visited by a similar, though milder penalty. That city lost 145 of her inhabitants. Philadelphia suffered most. Forty thousand people are computed to have left. The deaths by the fever among those who remained reached the number of 3645.

In 1799 a few cases occurred in the Northern cities. Charleston suffered severely.

In 1800 Baltimore and Norfolk bore the heaviest brunt of the pestilence in the United States. We have already made a slight sketch of the topography of the former city, but some further description of localities is necessary to give the reader a clear idea of its sanitary condition. Jones's Falls, a stream varying greatly in depth, in accordance with the season, divides the eastern and western sections of the city. At its mouth there was, at that time, a land-locked expanse of water, known as the Cove, which extended well up into the Point. For several weeks before the outbreak of fever, the prevailing winds had blown so much water out of this confined pool that the bottom in many parts was bare, and the mud sent up horribly offensive gases. Not satisfied with the deadly emanations of the reeking mud, the residents on the margin of this infectious water used it as the receptacle of all the refuse of their houses. Dead animals and every variety of offal floated on the green and slimy surface, or lay half buried in the soft and oozy mud, exposed to the burning rays of the sun. So overpowering were these noisome effluvia, that men who were employed to fill its margin with earth, for the purpose of making new docks, were driven away by the stench. The floating impurities, unfortunately, could not get out, as the only breeze which could drive them through the narrow opening which communicated with the harbor failed, and the prevailing winds came from the south. The attempts which had been made to close up this pond by filling up new docks, only increased the mischief by the exposure of fresh earth to the action of the sun.

The neighborhood of the Cove soon became unhealthy, and it was rumored that a fever of unusual malignity was ravaging the dwellings in its immediate vicinity. The rumors were, however, contradicted; every effort was made to smother up the facts, and the inhabitants re-

covered from their alarm. At length, concealment being no longer possible, the Board of Health published a very guarded acknowledgment of the existence of fever of a graver character than ordinary, studiously suppressing the name of the disease, and at the same time informing the public that the Town (the western part of the city) was unusually healthy. This announcement was not made till the 22d of August, and three days afterward they commenced a daily report of deaths and of new cases. A hospital was opened, capable of accommodating 130 patients at a time, and it was soon filled.

Meanwhile, new distresses were added to those of the pestilence. The merchants on the Point soon took the alarm and fled, and the citizens west of Jones's Falls became so frightened that they suspended all intercourse with their diseased neighbors. The consequence was, that many poor men were thrown out of employment, and were unable either to get away from the city or to find the means of subsistence in it. The authorities, touched by their misfortunes, spared no pains to ameliorate their condition. The Mayor and Board of Health established a camp north of the hospital. Sixty wooden huts were erected, and into these the people from the most infected districts were removed. The plan was a good one, and its success was admirable. The citizens came forward and contributed liberally both provisions and money. The Mayor, in his annual Message, stated that from two to three thousand persons, who otherwise would have perished either by famine or by pestilence, were supported upon these contributions. In spite, however, of these commendable efforts, there was no little wretchedness in the city. The streets were full of beggars, who could not gain admission to the Alms House because the Trustees of that institution had fled, and could not be accommodated in camp because of its crowded condition.

On the 4th of September the health officers announced that some cases had originated west of the Falls; and by the 12th the flight of those who could escape became general. The newspapers of the time are full of various appeals to the absentees, the most urgent of which related to the necessity of leaving their fire-buckets in some accessible place if they wished to find their houses standing upon their return. By the middle of the month the pestilence had reached its height, and continued with little abatement till October. Then a favorable change taking place in the weather, a diminution of the number of deaths was observed, which induced many of the absentees to be guilty of the folly of too speedy a return, though cautioned by the Board of Health against such rashness. The consequence was a marked increase in the mortality from the fever—a re-kindling of the half-extinguished flame. On the 22d of October, the Board formally announced that all danger was over, very few new cases having occurred within the preceding ten days.

One of the most painful accompaniments of the disease was the number of helpless creatures it threw upon the world. The health officers, in their rounds through the infected district, met with many houses in which the adults were all dead, and little children, from two to ten years of age, were wandering about the desolate abodes, and wailing for those who were forever deaf to their appeals. Fortunately, there appears to have been a peculiar tenderness and thoughtfulness in the men who at that time held municipal office. Their hearts were moved; they took a vacant school-house, fitted it up as a hospital, and employed a matron to take charge of the little orphans. Confident of success, they appealed to their fellow-citizens to assist them by donations of linen and other clothing, and met a generous response.

The population of Baltimore at that time was 26,114. Of these there died, during the two months of pestilence, 1197 of all diseases. The deaths by the fever were not published separately.

Other cities and towns in our country were visited during the same year, but none so severely as Baltimore and Norfolk. The disease also crossed the Atlantic, and fell upon Spain with great fury. Seville alone lost 21,000 of her inhabitants.

The disease continued to assail our sea-board cities till 1805, after which it bade farewell to our shores for a time. It is not necessary to give a minute description of its progress from place to place during the last five years of its first epoch of activity. We can not, however, pass over in silence its visit to Spain, in 1804. During that awful year not less than twenty-five Spanish cities and towns, with an aggregate population of 427,228, were attacked by this fever, which destroyed 52,559. Other accounts raise this mortality to 124,200.

In certain cities it was peculiarly fatal. Thus Carthagena lost 14,940. In Gibraltar, out of a population of 9000, 4864 died, and only 28 persons in all escaped an attack. Malaga was terribly desolated. After losing nearly 7000 by the same disease in 1803, the town was again attacked in 1804, and out of a population of 31,460, there perished, *in four weeks*, 11,486. A letter from that place, dated the 3d of December, 1804, increases this terrible mortality to 26,000, and says that only 7000 escaped.

This awful visitation left the place almost a desert, and it seemed that the pestilence wore itself out for want of victims. The people—pent up within the limits of the city, not allowed to seek safety in the surrounding country, such was the dread of the pestilence—abandoned themselves to despair. Famine was added to disease, for the farmers and gardeners about the town would carry no provisions to their perishing brethren. There were soon no physicians, no nurses, no magistrates. The sick tossed on their untended beds, and turned their pale faces to the wall to die alone. The well were almost frantic with fear. The panic extended to the rural districts, and desolation girdled the

plague-smitten city. The grapes rotted on the vines for want of hands to gather them, and famine finished what pestilence had begun.

The whole frame of nature seemed disjointed during that mortal year. Earthquakes added their horrors to those of the other deadly visitors of the unhappy peninsula. There was mourning all over the land, for the census revealed the fact that the population of the kingdom had diminished one million during those fatal twelve months.

HOW WOMEN LOVE.

"YES, she was beautiful. I tell you, Philip, if Lucifer had fallen for love of such a daughter of man, the angels that shared his glory would have envied his debasement. She was royally beautiful. Every look was a gleam of starlight, every smile a ray out of heaven. Oh, yes! it's all well enough for you, Philip Phillips, to sit there smiling at my fancies, and you may keep on calling me extravagant, and all that sort of thing, but I tell you that Clare Milbank was an escaped angel out of the land of light."

It was a winter night in the up country. My friend, Stephen Wilson, had sent me a most urgent invitation to come up to the old hall and pass a quiet Christmas with him, and I had accepted it for the sake of the quiet. I knew that no one would disturb us there, and the day after I arrived a snow storm set in, and it blew and snowed, and snowed and blew, until there was no fence, and scarcely a barn left visible around the house. The morning after the storm cleared off we held a council and decided to forbid the breaking of the avenue road for a week, and it was a clear case that no visitors could approach through that mile of snow, varying from two to ten feet in depth from the house to the gate. It was a barrier between us and the outer world all sufficient, and we sat down in the library to our books, and talk, and thoughts with much of content and satisfaction.

It was the evening before Christmas. Christmas Eve, hallowed by thousands of memories other than those of the birth-night, in every human heart. I say human, for that heart is not of the same mould, nay, is scarcely of the same clay with mine which fails to thrill with emotion in the memories of Christmas Eve. I have lain at night in the starlight of Bethlehem, have heard the sons of God singing their everlasting song of joy upon the plains whereon the shepherds watched, but I did not feel in the night time at the city of David much greater emotion (though it may have been more sacred) than I have felt each Christmas Eve in homeland in my own old house, when I have called around me visions of the companions of other Christmas times in long-gone years, who have passed to the assembly of those that look with undimmed eyes on the Child of Mary.

We sat in front of a blazing fire, and on the table between us stood the golden Ivourne and the last few sparkling drops of a bottle of St. Peray. Dinner was removed but a few moments ago, and Stephen, having left his wine to praise itself, had commenced a conversation which I, not without a design, had led on to the point at which I have commenced this narration.

My friend was a man of fifty, the proprietor of a fine estate, wealthy, and withal a lover of his ease. Having wherewithal to gratify his tastes, he did not think it wrong to pay liberally for pleasure, and hence there were few places in the city or country that could boast as complete furniture as his. A choice library, splendid rooms, horses, dogs, and every means of killing game and time you found at your service here, and among all these appliances we two were not at a loss in helping the progress of the hours. But there had always been a certain something in Wilson's way of speaking when we talked of the past, that led me to fancy there was a history concealed in his memory, that, once told, would throw light on many points in his character which I did not fully understand. It was when he had roused himself, or I had provoked him, to the emphatic declaration with which I have commenced, that I said to him, falling back in my chair and sipping the Ivourne from a blood-red glass that made it look like blood, "Tell me all about her, Stephen."

He looked into my eyes. They expressed no great anxiety, nor yet any coldness. I feared to frighten him away from the subject by one, and to offend him too much by the other. I lifted the glass to my lips, and eyed him over the ruby rim. He fixed his gaze on me for an instant before he spoke.

"Put down the glass, Philip. Put it down, I say, and I will talk to you, but not while you drink that stuff. It is too cold tipple for a December night like this, and there is that in the cellar that would warm the blood in the veins of Pharaoh the First, could we but find his mummy. John—John—bring up the mountain dew."

It came; and, all being ready, he thus began and continued even to the end:

"Clare Milbank was the daughter of the rector of the parish in which I was born. It was far from here—very far. It was a country place not unlike this in many respects. The old church stood in a grove near the crossing of three roads, and a hundred yards from it was the farm-house, deep among trees and vines, which was the rectory. In it for many years my father's counselor, friend, and companion, Henry Milbank, had lived, and from its vine-covered door he had carried out his Clare—the beloved of his younger years, who had slept on his heart for almost a score of winters—had carried her out to a grave in the church-yard under the moaning trees. From his study window he could look to her grave, and there, for ten years, he never failed to sit at the hour of sunset, and look and long for the hour when he too, having been carried out even as she, should be permitted to pass through the church-yard to the upper sanctuary wherein she was now worshiping.

"His daughter was a fair child, at those early years when children first begin to be interesting; and I remember well, when I was a boy of ten and she a girl of six, that I thought her the veriest beauty in all the world. And so she was, with one, and only one exception. She had a cousin, Philip, whose name you have never heard me mention—have never heard mentioned in this world; whose name has never been uttered on the cold winds of earth since —since— But no matter. I know not what impels me to a different course to-night. I feel a strong desire, instead of the reluctance I have usually felt, to speak of these things to-night, and I will even yield to it. I do believe that on the surface of this earth now there is no one living being but myself who remembers the name of that radiant girl that was once so glorious in her young, glad beauty, and is now so utterly forgotten. She was the niece of the Rector, the cousin of Clare; her mother was his sister. Lily Ray was the only rival of her cousin, yet no two persons could be more wholly dissimilar. The one was tall, queenly, and grand; the other was slender and exceedingly timid. The one had black and flashing eyes; the other's were blue and gentle. In all respects different, they were nevertheless bound to each other by a love that was more than the love of sisters, and that even surpassed the love of man for woman.

"Philip, I loved Lily Ray. From boyhood I loved her. Not all the magnificent beauty of Clare could win me from her cousin. I dreamed of her all day and all night. I sought opportunities of meeting her. I gathered for her fruit and flowers. I carried to her all my boy treasures, and with them all the treasure of love my heart could bestow. Who could forget the long rambles in the forest; the seat by the rushing mountain stream; the evenings of summer beauty on the lake? Or who could wish to forget the long winter evenings when we sat by the blazing hearth and talked or dreamed, or heard the Rector tell stories of his youth, or wove fabrics of air and dream stuff for these years that we now live in so coldly, Philip? These years! how far away they seemed! Those years! how close behind me now they appear!

"Well, I left home. This is a dull story, Philip. Be patient; you shall come to the point at length. I left home for school, and in my vacations twice a year I returned to my home, and met always the glad welcome of my friends at the rectory. My father died during the first year of my college course, and before I graduated I was twenty-one, and heir to his large property.

"During the four or five years of my school and college course, I had never for an instant thought of any other future than that which my boyish fancy had pictured when I sat by the rector's fireside on the winter evenings of younger days. And yet, strange as it may seem to you, I had never mentioned to Lily my hopes, nor had I given her any distinct intimation of my love. You wonder at this: so do I. It was not till afterward that I thought of it myself, and then it was too late—too late. They were both more like sisters to me than like friends. We had studied together many years, and had lived from childhood in constant intimacy, but I never doubted that she knew my love. It seemed so perfectly natural, so much my whole life, that I thought it always evident above all things on my actions and on my lips. It was, therefore, a terrible blow to me when I returned from my last term in college, flushed with no few honors, expecting their congratulations first of all, to learn that Lily was absent from the rectory and might never return. Such a possibility I had never before thought of—nor had any of them. Her father had so long permitted her to remain in her uncle's family that she had become as much a part of it as Clare herself, and it was like taking away his daughter from the Rector, and her sister from Clare, when Mr. Ray made his appearance and said that Lily must go with him to be mistress of his house in the city. In vain she strove, protested, begged. In vain the Rector and Clare implored and demanded. He was a stern, cold man, and he came and went, and with him vanished one of the lights of the rectory, and when I came home it was to the saddest welcome of a stricken house. For some days after that Clare and I talked and planned what we would do. We would go and storm the city house of Mr. Ray. We would coax Lily to elope with us. We would steal her back and keep her concealed. We would do a hundred things that at length resolved themselves into going together (with the Rector) to the city to see her, and so we all went.

"'She was not at home.' So said the servant again, and again, and again, as we repeated our calls at the door. We left our cards and the name of the hotel, but she did not come. We called in the evening and received the same answer. Philip, we were green and simple people, and did not know that this phrase had other meaning than the words expressed.

"But the next day I met her in the street, and she sprang toward me, and then shuddered and looked around her as if she feared that some one saw her.

"'Oh, Stephen! where—where are they all?'

"'At the —— hotel.'

"'Here in New York?'

"'Of course. Did you not receive our cards?'

"'Your cards?'

"'We called four times yesterday.'

"'Stephen, I am a prisoner—my father is—' and here she burst into tears even in the broad street of the city.

"It all came out soon. Her father was a scoundrel who had been glad to be rid of the care of her for the years of her childhood, but when he found that she was a beautiful woman, had thought it worth his while to take her to the city to be mistress of his house, and a greater attraction to call those into his society whom he desired to entrap and fleece.

"But she was too pure for his purposes, and he found that there was no hope of making her useful unless he could reduce her moral character nearer to his own level. I will not believe, I never did believe, that he designed to wrong her, or that he would have consented to debase her to the level of those women who sometimes formed part of the evening company in his house. He had some sense of shame, some reverence for the holiness of her mother left. His idea was not to destroy, only to sully the purity of her character. Not to make her bad, but only to make her look without a shudder on sin. But to accomplish this he must detach her from her former associates and friendships, and, above all, from the old rectory. So he threw every possible obstacle in the way of the reunion of those bonds which he had so rudely sundered.

"It happened somewhat curiously that on the same day that I had met Lily in the street I met an old servant of my father, a man who had lived with us from my childhood, and who was discharged with a legacy from my father on his death. I had no knowledge of his whereabouts, but now learned that he was in the employ of Mr. Ray. Having been engaged but a few weeks previously, he had just begun to find out the character of his employer, and was about to discharge his master, when I begged him to serve me by remaining a little longer. I had a plan in my brain for the rescue of the fair girl, which I had not matured in the half hour since I met her in the street, but which the meeting with David seemed to make perfectly feasible.

"I need not pause to relate to you how the Rector sought and obtained an interview with his unworthy brother-in-law, or how he failed. We were not a sad party, for we were too indignant for that when we returned to the country. All our passions were aroused, and when we reached home we had an excited conversation, in the midst of which, with characteristic impetuosity, I revealed my plan.

"We were seated in the old house, in the chief room, the room that had been for many years the scene of our happiest hours. Where the golden sunshine all day long found its way to the carpet through the branches of the vines that overhung the windows, in showers of soft and gladdening light—where the cheerful hearth-blaze all the evening made candles useless, while we sat and talked, or sang, or read, or (as I have said before) dreamed, for we dreamed much, all of us—we all were dreamers. I remember well that Clare stood near the west window, into which the last twilight rays were streaming. She had just finished some furious sentence about her uncle, and her eyes were flashing with indignation. Mr. Milbank was seated in his old chair in the corner, listening with a smile, that I could see through the gloom, to the earnestness of his beautiful child, and I was walking swiftly up and down.

"'Sir, will you help me marry her?'

"Clare sprang with a bound to the middle of the room and looked at me. The Rector rose from his seat and took my hand in his.

"'Are you serious, my boy?'

"'Most certainly I am.'

"'Then if God help you I will, and we will be happy again. Is it not a grand thought, Clare?'

"But Clare had vanished.

"Then we arranged it all. We had learned that they were going to Ballston in a few days, and we arranged to go on to the Sans Souci and meet them. The meeting was to be accidental, and we accomplished it precisely as we had intended.

"Clare led her the first evening from the crowd in the saloon and on the piazzas to the darkest corner of the colonnade, and here, for the first time, I approached her.

"Philip, I can not tell you of that interview. It is recorded somewhere in the book that is sacred to the record of those hours in man's life which more than all others stamp him for immortality. It was an hour that you may see written here in my forehead, here on my gray hair. I was an old man then, for she told me my hopes were vain—I must forbid them thenceforth forever.

"Men talk of love as they talk of money. Men write of love as they write of travels, of pleasures, of pains. Some men even laugh at love; but such men, in their inmost hearts, abhor and curse themselves for the words they utter, and lie in lonesome places among the beautiful things of existence, and perish of thirst on the banks of the purest fountain that flows into the River of Life.

"The memory of that beautiful woman, as she stood before me, with her white hand laid on my shoulder, and her blue, deep eyes fixed on mine, fixed *in* mine, for their light was in my brain and soul, that memory will not perish so long as I have eyes or soul here or hereafter. I bowed my head and wept, and she never shed one tear. I implored, and she was calm. 'No, no, no!' that terrible word was reiterated again, and again, and again.

"'And what shall I do—whither shall I go for hope on earth?' said I.

"And she came close to me, Philip, as I stood with my head bent forward, and she lifted her beloved face close up to mine, and she put her arm, her small, white arm, around my neck, and whispered, 'Love Clare, Stephen!' and her lips were on mine one instant, one thrilling instant—yet, Philip, one eternity of emotion—and she was gone.

"And Clare stood ten paces from me, with her head bowed over the rail; and when it was all over and I staggered toward her, she took my hands in hers and held them in a close clasp, and said but one word,

"'Stephen!'

"'My sister Clare!'

"And then she wept. I never saw her weep before, and now it was but for a moment, and she drew me away, and I obeyed her.

"More than a year passed with the swiftness of thought, and I had never left the seclusion of my country home. My own house and the rectory, these were the two places between which my path now lay, and beyond which it did not reach. Clare left home in the early autumn to pass the winter in the city. During the year after my parting from Lily it would be vain to deny that I often recurred to her last words, sealed as they were with that last thrilling kiss, and when I looked into the face of beautiful Clare it did not seem so very difficult to obey. One can worship a star well enough if one has not already bowed the knee to another, but the devotion of boyhood and youth can not easily give place to another object of adoration. Yes, call it adoration, if *laborare est orare*, surely it is more true that *amare est adorare*. But the reverse is far from true. To worship is not to love. I worshiped Clare. I bowed before her royal beauty, her clear intellect, her noble soul. In the year that passed so darkly over me she was a constant light, companion, comforter. She made the rectory bright with her presence, and her father's heart full of delight all the day long with her cheerfulness and love. To me she was always the same sister—gentle, faithful, and constant; and when she went away I felt the blank more than I could have believed possible, and the autumn was long and desolate. In the middle of December I was called to the city by peremptory business, and went, leaving my home with reluctance, and intending to return within a week.

"I found my business more perplexing than I had anticipated, and after a few days I determined to look up Clare. Relying on my intimacy to pardon an evening call, I went at a late hour on Christmas Eve, and found myself in crowded rooms, having, as I now found, stumbled on an evening party. I did not retreat, for the home of my sister's friend was one of my own homes in old times, and I was not disappointed in my reception.

"Clare was the centre of a brilliant circle, and at home as a queen among her subjects. I believe that a thrill of momentary jealousy passed over me as I saw her—a sort of regret that she who had seemed always to belong to me should now be, in some sense, the property of the world, and I looked swiftly over the circle to see if there was any one there on whom she would be likely to waste one of her royal smiles. But she sprang toward me with such manifest joy in every feature, and gave me such a welcome that my foolish jealousy, if it existed, was gone on the instant, and I was the envied man of the night by all the hangers-on in the saloons of the fascinating Mrs. Whitney.

"The hours sped swiftly with dance and song. It was near midnight when I stood with Clare in the library room at the rear of the saloons, while all the party were down in the supper-rooms. A servant entered with a note, saying that it had been brought by a man, now at the street-door, with urgent haste. Stop, I will get the note."

Wilson crossed the room, opened a desk and private drawer, and returned, bringing in his hand a small yellow note, stained with that ineffaceable stain—ineffaceable from paper, cheek, or heart of man—the traces of tears.

"They are not my tears, Philip. They are Clare's.

"'Clare, Clare, come to me before I die! David will bring you. Do you know, Clare, where Stephen is? Send him word to come, to come quick, quick, Clare, for I fear—I hope—yes, I hope I shall not see the New Year! But come to-night, Clare, if you would see me, for God knows whether I shall see the Christmas morning. LILY.'

"We were wrapped in cloaks, and at the front door in an instant.

"'You here, David?'

"'Yes, Sir. I have never left Miss Lily since you told me to stay with her.'

"He led us up one street and down another until we came to an obscure street, running west from Broadway to the North River, and a house half way down this, at which he paused and knocked.

"'Who's there?'

"'The doctor and a nurse.'

"The door opened and we entered.

"I did not know then, as I have since known, the appearance of the splendid room into which we passed. It was a hell. You know what that is. The upper portion of the house was devoted to the private rooms of Mr. Ray and his family. The lower part was arranged in gambling-rooms, gorgeously furnished, in which we heard the sounds of the money on the boards, and the quick, sharp commands of the banker, succeeded by the silence that waits the turn of the card. Passing through the hall and a sort of reception-room, we ascended a broad flight of stairs and entered a room that was dark and gloomy, and unmistakably the abode of sickness.

"'Have you come, dear Clare?'

"'I have, and have brought Stephen with me.'

"There was a strange half cry half sob from the bed, and I advanced toward it!

"Philip, in that dim light I saw the radiance of heaven again, and over it was the very light of God, into the outer circles of which she was already passed, and into the central glory of which she was soon to be gone.

"Shall I tell you all the horrible story she now told us. How she had been compelled to preside at the foul feasts that her father gave; how she had been forced to admit the presence of gamblers and harlots; how night after night she had striven with indescribable agony to induce her parent to abandon this terrible life, and how all in vain. You will ask why she clung to it? why she did not abandon him forever? I will tell you, Philip.

"I will tell you of a love high as heaven, deeper and broader than the sea that rolls around all the world.

"She sent Clare out for a moment, and then she told me all.

"Philip, she loved me with unutterable love. Yes, I knew that before. But once, once in the last spring-time of our happy home in the rectory, one holy evening when Clare had been moved by her gentle cousin's loveliness to speak as never before of her own soul, she had learned that Clare, my noble sister Clare, loved me with more than sister's love. Yes, she told her all, and she thenceforth shut up the fountain of her soul, and laid a stone on the mouth, a heavy stone, to keep back the flood forever.

"This was why she consented to go with her father, and in this resolution she gave herself up, soul and body, to a hope that she might make her mission on earth the reform of her father, and the reunion of all of us in later years in some happy home that she dreamed of as distant but sure. But now the end came, and hope was gone, and love, human love, was triumphant. She could not die without seeing me once more; and spite of her father's commands, spite of all her agony, spite of all her woman's shame, she told me all, and in the moment of our parting I knew what a great flood of love, pure, holy love, God had forbidden to flow over the gardens of my life, but had commanded into the channels that make glad the eternal city. She was going to heaven with all that love that might have been mine, and I could but hope that sometimes in starry nights I might bare my forehead to the sky, and feel the far-off spray, some blessed drops out of that deep, strong flood.

"And then Clare came back, and we sat down side by side, and held her hands in ours, and the swift moments of her life ran out.

"She never told Clare her love; mark that, my friend. That glorious creature never told Clare one word; never hinted to her of what we had spoken in the hour that she had been absent; and she never knew that Lily loved me.

"The doctor came in toward morning, and was startled at the change he found in his patient. He told her she was dying, and she heard him calmly, and looked at me with one long longing gaze, and closed her eyes on us for a moment, and opened them again with the soft radiance of the land of angels in their light.

"Once, only once, she took my hand in hers and drew me down to her, and whispered, in a low, soft whisper, 'I love you, Stephen!' and a light, as if of the great glory of triumphant love, flashed on her countenance; and then, a little later, she took my hand, and placing Clare's in it, she said to each of us,

"'Kiss me, Clare; kiss me, Stephen!'

"And Clare kissed her, and I touched my earthly lips to her saintly lips, and with the last kiss, the last breath of life, she whispered,

"'Love Clare, Stephen!'

"And her life, that she had laid down for her friend, God took and made immortal life thereof in the gardens of His land.

"Philip Phillips, for fourteen years after that time Clare lay upon my breast, my faithful, loving, and beloved wife, and then I laid her glorious head low in the valley dust down yonder. The snow to-night lies deep on both their graves, and I am here. What am I that such women should have loved me? What am I that God should have permitted such treasures to be poured out on me? What are these lips that the kisses of such affection should have been pressed on them? these arms that they should have been permitted to enfold such forms of beauty?

"Sometimes when I ask myself these questions I begin to doubt the past, and to think that the old rectory and its beloved inhabitants are all a dream. But at such times I come into this room and draw that curtain yonder, and then I know that I am a man, and that the years have not deceived me. No, I am no dreamer now."

As he finished he drew the curtain from a picture that hung before us on the wall. It was a picture of two faces; I saw only the faces, and if I live a thousand years I shall not again see two so beautiful on canvas or on earth.

RUN FOR THE DOCTOR, JOE!

"RUN for the doctor, Joe!"

"What's the matter, my dear?"

"Baby's swallowed my wedding-ring. Run as fast as you can!"

The reader is now in possession of the facts of the case as my wife announced them, looking over the banisters at the top of the stairs; and following her injunctions accordingly, I did run.

We were boarding for the summer at the pretty little village of Wanhosset. Indian names are always pretty, and so expressive of the transfer of real estate. I'm in the real estate business myself, and perhaps that's the reason for my predilections in this case.

We were boarding for the summer, as I said, or, rather, my wife and her encumbrances were. As for myself, I slipped out of town on Saturday evening, and was back again bright and early on Monday morning. Occasionally, to be sure, I did take a day in the week, if things were flat.

"He's swallowed the ring, has he?" said I to myself as I went down the door-step, that I had only a moment before gone up from a very pleasant morning's walk. "Well, that's a pretty go!" It wasn't until some time after that it occurred to me that he had come by the trick honestly, or, as one may say, in an hereditary way; for, you see, I'm well to do in the world. I've swallowed a good many gold rings in my time, metaphorically speaking.

On my way up the road to the doctor's house there were two women standing by the pump.

"Wonder," said the one who was leaning on the handle, "if it'll be a girl or a boy?"

"Dunno," said the other. "The doctor was there all night, and sent Pat Roony back with

his buggy this morning, and allowed him to go for him after dinner time."

"Is the doctor at home?" I asked of a half-stable and half-garden looking lad who came to the door.

"Is it yerself that'll be poorly?" he inquired. "Step in. Docther'll be back the minnit. Any how in half an hour."

"Pat, you're lying," thought I, recalling the conversation at the pump. A little wheedling and a bright silver dollar worked wonders in Pat's views, and soon seated us in the doctor's buggy in pursuit of that worthy practitioner.

"The patient warn't choking when you left?" inquired Pat, as soon as we were well settled in the vehicle, and got fairly under way. "Hope the folks wouldn't get scared, and send for Dr. Littlego. He's the homeypat, d'ye see, and we're the rigglers. He'd tell ye that he'd get the ere ring out o' that ere babby in a jiffy; but I'm thinking it's a case that'll take some of our big pills. His little uns would slip through that ring, and take no hold on't. We'd seven cases of ring-swallowing last summer, and lost only one. He had four, and every sowl of 'em died. He couldn't stop them gettin' out of the stomach into the lungs, and so they choked. The last one he made swallow another ring. Them's a kind of doctors as say Like cures like. Both rings stuck. We allers finds whereabout the ring is stuck; well, if it's high up, then we gives ipick, and so it comes by vomiting; and if it's out of reach of the ipick, then we gives oil, and so gets it any how. Oil's a mighty greasy thing! We've some in our office that I'm expectin' wouldn't stay in a man two minits; and yet it don't look so when you pour it out of the bottle —it comes throbble, bobble, sticky-like. If I was a married mother, that's babby had had its ring took out by oil, wouldn't I keep that ring! Why, ye see, it's like Cap'n Cook, that's life's in a book in our office, that sailed in a ship all round the world."

We found the doctor, luckily, had got through with his duties; so half an hour brought me back home with him.

"Oh, Joe! don't be angry, but I'm so glad!" said my wife. "I found the ring on the floor after you'd gone. He hadn't swallowed it." And sure enough, there he was kicking up his heels on the floor, as lively as a grasshopper.

Such were the circumstances under which my wife's exclamation, "Run for the doctor, Joe!" brought me acquainted with a friend from whose instructive conversation I first gathered a glimmering of as to how I live, why I live, and what's the best for me to do as long as I live. Well was it for me that I was spared from the hands of Dr. Littlego, and from those of Dr. Pepper, the Indian herb physician, and set about reflecting that if I should swallow a ring myself, whether it would find its way to my stomach, my brain, my backbone, or my liver.

Here we go breathing and breathing, twenty or more times a minute, all our lives. What is it for? Is it to ventilate the inside of our bodies, or to shake up gently the contents of our stomachs, that digestion may be promoted? Or, take another instance. It don't matter whether you try it by day or by night, summer or winter, you always find the warmth of your body the same. When the Sage of Brooklyn reports a heat of 100 degrees, or when you see the ice-carts going from the stagnant, filthy, frozen pools round the outskirts of the city to the confectioners' cellars, instead of speculating on the ice-creams or cold lemonades afterward to be made, try the temperature of your own mouth, by putting the bulb of a thermometer therein—you will always find the heat is 98 degrees. It is of no use for us to be told that our bodies are hot naturally, and can keep up their warmth themselves. Common sense assures us that where there is warmth there must be fuel. And so I believe that a man's body is like a flame, that keeps hot as long as it is fed.

It is surprising how little common sense people use in considering the nature of their own body, and its infirmities. In other matters of interest they think for themselves in the best way they can; in this they give up the whole affair as incomprehensible. Yet, after all, it is not so very difficult to collect clear ideas on these subjects. Here are some which I have met with in a work I have been reading.

For the maintenance of the life of man three conditions must be complied with: he must have air, water, and combustible matter.

Under the same conditions, also, all animals exist. Even in those which seem to furnish us with instances of departure from this general rule, the exceptions are rather apparent than real. To breathe, to drink, to eat, are the indispensable requisites of life. If there be among insects some which seem never to take water, or among fishes some which never taste solid food, these peculiarities disappear as soon as we understand them thoroughly. Where a high development has been attained, as in man, experience assures us that the same inevitable result awaits a cessation of respiration for a few moments, an abstinence from water for a few hours, or from food for a few days.

The supply of a part of these necessaries of life is adjusted to the urgency of the want. The act of breathing is incapable of delay, but the air is accordingly every where present and always fit for use. We can bear thirst for a little time, and the earth here and there furnishes her springs and other stores of water; but far otherwise is it in the obtaining of food. It is the lot of all animals to secure nourishment by labor, and even of men the larger proportion, both in civilized and savage countries, submit to a hard destiny. To obtain their daily bread is the great object of life.

What is the explanation of this necessity for a supply of air, of water, of food? Why is it that the system will bear so little delay?

The answer to these questions is an answer of ominous import. The condition of life is death. No part of a living mechanism can act

without wearing away; and for its continuance there is, therefore, an absolute necessity for repair.

Life, far from being a state of immobility, is a state of ceaseless change. An organism is only a temporary form to which millions of particles, passing through a determinate career, give rise. It is like the flame of a lamp, which presents for a long time the same aspect, being ceaselessly fed as it ceaselessly wastes away. But we never permit ourselves to be deceived by the simulated unchangeableness which such a natural appearance offers. We recognize it as only a form, arising from the course which the disappearing particles take. And so it is even with man. He is fed with more than a ton weight of material in a year, and in the same time wastes more than a ton away.

There is, therefore, a general balancing which every animal presents, depending upon its receipts and its waste, as may be very well understood by considering a special case. Thus, to have a uniform standard of reference, we may assume 140 pounds as the weight of a healthy adult man. Now the constant consumption of food, water, and air, tends steadily to increase that amount, and even in a very short time a disturbance arising from these sources would be perceptible, were there not some causes of compensation. But even after a year of a state of health is maintained, the weight may remain precisely what it was, and this may continue year after year in succession. The consumption of large quantities of solid, liquid, and gaseous matters, does not, therefore, necessarily add to the weight.

If there be thus causes for the increase of the weight of a man, there are also causes for its diminution. These are the various transpirations and excretions. There is, therefore, a tendency to an increase and a tendency to a diminution of the weight, and in the adult condition we are considering these must balance one another.

If a man of the standard weight abstains from the taking of water and food, a good balance would prove that, in the course of less than an hour, he has become lighter. If he still persists, it needs no instrument to detect what is going on; the eye perceives it, for emaciation ensues.

How, then, is it possible for a living being to continue at its standard, except the causes of increase are precisely equal in effect to the causes of diminution? We may therefore assert that the food, water, and atmospheric air, taken at a given period of time, is precisely equal to all the losses; for if the receipts were greater, the weight must increase; if the losses were greater, the weight must diminish. Persistency in this respect proves equality, and the case is just as simple as, in the common affairs of life, he who pays less than he receives grows rich; if his payments are more than his receipts, he becomes poor; but his condition is unchanged if his payments and receipts are equal. Infancy, old age, and manhood answer to these circumstances respectively.

From the army and navy diet-scales of France and England, which, of course, are based upon the recognized necessities of large numbers of men in active life, it is inferred that about 2¼ pounds avoirdupois of dry food, per day, are required for each individual; of this about three-fourths are vegetable, and the rest animal. At the close of an entire year the amount is upward of 800 pounds. Enumerating under the title of water all the various drinks—coffee, tea, alcohol, wine, etc.—its estimated quantity is about 1500 pounds per annum. That for the air received by breathing may be taken at 800 pounds.

With these figures before us, we are able to see how the case stands. The food, water, and air which a man receives, amount, in the aggregate, to more than 3000 pounds a year; that is, to about a ton and a half, or to more than twenty times his weight. This enormous quantity may well attract our attention to the expenditure of material required for supporting of life. A living being is the result and representation of change on a prodigious scale.

It can not be questioned that the materials which are rendered back to the external world, after having subserved the purpose of the animal, and passed through the system, are compounds of those which were originally received as food, drink, and air; though they may have assumed in their course other, and in our estimation viler, forms. Recognizing as indisputable the physical fact, that not an atom can be created any more than it can be destroyed, we should expect to discover in the substances thus dismissed from the system every particle that had been taken in.

What, then, is man? Is he not a form, as is the flame of a lamp, the temporary result and representative of myriads of atoms that are fast passing through states of change—a mechanism, the parts of which are unceasingly taken asunder, and as unceasingly replaced? The appearance of personal identity he presents, year after year, is only an illusion. He begins to die the moment he begins to breathe. One particle after another is removed away, even from the inmost recesses of the body.

But how is it about personal identity? It is related of a country youth, to whom a knife had been given, that in the course of time the rivets got loose, and one side of the handle came off. He carried it to a cutler, and had the missing part replaced. After a time the other side came off, and this he likewise renewed. The blade likewise fell out, and he had a new one put in. And so, by degrees, all the original parts were gone, and there were others in their stead. He had never any doubt that this was all along the same knife he had originally possessed; for it would have been impossible for him to tell, if it were not so, at what particular point the identity was lost. But a certain friend of his, having found all the separate parts as they had been

successively missed, carried them to the cutler, and had them all joined together. Now, what knife was that?

If you can settle the question about the identity of the knives, you will find yourself not very far from settling the question about the identity of men.

What has thus been said respecting the waste and repair of the body, implies the provision of many complicated mechanisms. There must be means for effecting the introduction of the air; these, in man, depend on calling into operation its pressure. A system of tubes is necessary for its distribution to the points at which it is required, and in like manner a system for carrying away the wasted products of decay. The new material which is destined to replace the parts which are disappearing, and to keep the economy in repair, must be submitted to such processes of mechanical and chemical preparation, that it may be dissolved in the blood, and carried wherever it is wanted. It must, therefore, be cut and crushed by teeth, driven by powerful muscles, dissolved by acid and alkaline juices in digestive cavities set apart for that purpose. From these it must be taken by arrangements which can absorb it and carry it into the torrent of the circulation. Physical means must be resorted to, not only for the impulsion of these newly absorbed nutritive juices, but likewise to drive the blood in its proper career of circulation. It is needless here to dwell on the manner in which the most refined principles of hydraulics are brought into play: how there are valves which open only in one way to let the current pass; and how some of them, as in the like human contrivances, are tied down in their action by cords. Moreover, since it is necessary that the animal should go in search of its food, muscles of locomotion, which act upon purely mechanical principles on the skeleton, must be resorted to, and so the animal structure becomes a most elaborate and complicated machine.

In this regard, as is said by Dr. Draper, from whose recent work on Physiology most of the preceding facts are derived, the human body may be spoken of as a mere instrument, or engine, which acts in accordance with principles of mechanical and chemical philosophy, the bones being levers, the blood-vessels hydraulic tubes, the soft parts generally the seats of oxidation. But if we limit our view to such a description, it presents to us man in his most incomplete and unworthy aspect. There animates this machine a self-conscious and immortal principle—the soul.

Such being the nature of man in his mature condition, let us next look at his career. At birth he is the very representative of weakness and imbecility. Though, unlike many other animals, he opens his eyes at once, he exhibits no tokens of visual perceptions; though he may be subjected to sounds and noises of various kinds he takes no notice of them. This condition of inertness is followed by a condition of confused sensation, which by degrees is succeeded by a capability of appreciating special ideas. It is said that an infant smiles soon after it is forty days old; though it can cry, it can not shed tears. But before long it gives indications of its satisfactions and dislikes. The power of moving in an erect posture is gained by it in the course of a year, and by the close of that time it can masticate. Articulate speech is displayed within twelve or fifteen months; and henceforth the mind emerges with rapidity from the confusion of a multitude of impressions, and learns to concentrate itself at pleasure upon one. Throughout infancy and childhood the features, and even the gestures indicate the profound changes going on. The countenance, instead of expressing pleasure and pain in the aggregate by smiling or crying, as was the case at first, gains the faculty of representing every grade of feeling. Long before maturity is reached, we read without difficulty the thoughts which are passing in the mind from the movements of the lip or the eye, and the painter can express every shade of feeling, and every emotion, by the mere configuration of the outward form.

With regard to the rate of growth, it is most rapid immediately after birth, and continually diminishes till about the fifth year. It then remains equable till about the sixteenth year, the average annual growth being a little over two inches. For the next two years it is an inch and a half, and for the following two one inch only. The greatest height correctly recorded was that of a Swedish body-guard of Frederick the Great—he was eight feet three inches; the least, that of an individual, thirty-seven years old, whose height was sixteen inches. New-born boys are heavier than new-born girls; 20,000 of them weighed in one of the hospitals of Paris gave as an average 6¼ pounds. For about a week after birth the weight diminishes, owing to respiration. In their twelfth year boys and girls are of an equal weight. Men are the heaviest at about forty; women at about fifty.

Through the successive changes that thus attend his infancy, man at last reaches maturity. In some cases his stature increases even after the twenty-fifth year, and throughout the whole of the mature period, even after what is termed the meridian of life is gained, the weight becomes greater. This increase of weight, however, has not so much a relation to the muscular as the respiratory system. The mental powers are now advancing toward maturity, an advance which they continue to make until about the fiftieth year. Throughout this whole period, and even at the extreme date, we still notice how much intellectual capacity is connected with the perfection of corporeal development. It needs but a little experience for us to determine at a glance the intelligent from the obtuse, and to read even the minor shades of character in the aspect of the face. Without being aware of it, we are constantly putting into requisition the principles of phrenology and physiognomy, and drawing conclusions respect-

ing character, to a certain degree correct, from the expression of the eyes, the lineaments of the countenance, or the configuration of the head.

The actions of man are closely connected with the physical and moral circumstances under which he is placed. The greatest number of crimes against persons and property is among the inhabitants of river-banks. The period of the maximum of crimes against persons coincides with that which is the minimum against property, and is the summer season. As respects each individual, his tendency to crime is first against property, and this reaches its maximum at about twenty-five years of age, whereas the tendency to crime against persons commences later than that against property, and increases with the increase of strength. In crime, man, as he grows older, substitutes stratagem for force. If brought up in a liberal profession his tendency in crime is against persons, but that of the workman is against property. Elementary instruction, so far as reading and writing go, does not lead to the diminution, but rather to the increase of crime—a very important conclusion, more particularly in the United States, in many portions of which this kind of education is chiefly patronized by Government, to the exclusion, to a certain extent, of that which is of a higher grade, and which serves to correct this important defect.

As regards women, their tendency to crime, when compared with that of men, is as 23 to 100; at least this is the case in France. Their tendency to the perpetration of crimes against persons is less than that for crimes against property, in the proportion of 16 to 26. It is interesting to observe that the physical force of woman as compared with that of man is also as 16 to 26. From such considerations it may, therefore, be concluded that the morality of women is about the same as that of men, their physical feebleness and modesty being taken into account. In woman the maximum tendency for crime occurs at about thirty years, but then she relinquishes that disposition sooner than man. Her tendency to theft begins early, and lasts through life. When she desires to commit murder, she employs, by preference, poison. In this may be discerned the influence of her constitutional element, physical feebleness. Timid at explosions and at the sight of blood, if driven to the extremity of self-destruction she instinctively resorts to drowning. Women, like men, who are the residents of towns, are much less moral than those who live in the country. However, the passions are gratified in a manner that seems to be independent of religious profession. The open dissoluteness of one country is counterpoised by the secret crime of another. Protestant England and Catholic France exhibit a striking illustration. In the former, in 1845, the number of illegitimates was 70 per 1000, of the whole number of children born; in France, it was about 71.

To the foregoing statements, in which contrasts have been drawn between man and woman, the following may be added. Not only is there a difference in the entire stature, but the different portions of the body have not the same relative size. The capacity of the skull in the female is less, the body is longer, the lower extremities shorter, the chest more convex, its diameter at the shoulders smaller, and the hands and feet, fingers and toes, of less size. The surface presents a more elegantly rounded form, without angularities, the skin is thinner and more translucent, the hair of the head is longer and finer, the nails smaller and thinner. The muscles contract with less energy, and are more easily wearied. The peculiarities of the construction of the bones gives rise to peculiarities in the movements; hence the characteristic manner of walking, and the movement of the arm in attempting to throw a stone.

From these dry details of the constitutional peculiarities of the female, as set forth by statistics and anatomy, it is pleasant to turn to the family and social relations, for it is therein that her beautiful qualities shine forth. At the close of a long life, checkered with pleasures and misfortunes, how often does the aged man with emotion confess, that though all the ephemeral acquaintances and attachments of his career have ended in disappointment and alienation, the wife of his youth is still his friend. In a world from which every thing else seems to be passing away, her affection alone is unchanged; true to him in sickness as in health, in misfortune as in prosperity, true in the hour of death. When the schemes which occupied his active years have vanished, or, if realized, are now no more to him than vanities which hardly fasten his thoughts, when, in the feeble extremity of age, every thing is a burden to him, and the passing excitements of others can not even arouse his attention, the echo of those prayers is still heard which his unskillful tongue first learned at his mother's knee. The stern, the avaricious, the hard-hearted, the intellectual, all are equally brought to confess who was their first and who is their last true friend.

So much for a man's body and its well-being; so much for the way in which, from being an infant, he grows up to be a man; so much for our physical and mental peculiarities, and the differences between men and women. If he has read about these things, and thought about them, he will be better prepared when his wife screams out, "Run for the Doctor!" to run in the right direction, and to pull the bell at the right office. Even if he has gathered only a superficial idea of the amazing complexity of the human structure, and the harmony with which all its parts work together, he will put at their proper value the impostures and quackeries of the times. He will hardly be guided by the gratuitous recommendations of the demure spinster, Miss Tabitha Dorcas, who would not for the world be caught looking in the nasty, indecent doctors' books—she only did once peep at the pictures in them, on the sly; nor

by those of the Rev. Dr. Barnabas, whose medical reading has not yet corrected his impression that the spleen is only one of the affections of the mind.

FORTUNE-TELLING.

I WAS spending a few days with my friends, the Cumingses, in the country, last summer, when, one evening, in the midst of a terrific thunder-storm, the door suddenly opened, and a gentleman entered, and apologized for his unceremonious intrusion by saying that his horse had become terrified at the lightning, and not being able to proceed he had taken the liberty of fastening him under the shed, while he sought refuge, and, as it afterward turned out, not unwilling society in the house. He was rather a tall man, apparently about forty or forty-five, with thin dark hair and quite gray whiskers, and a very keen dark eye, which yet beamed with a remarkable kindness as he took the seat offered him by one of the young ladies.

I have thus introduced the stranger; let me now introduce the family. It consisted of Mr. Cumings and his wife and two lovely daughters —the eldest a dark-haired, dark-eyed, and exceedingly beautiful girl of eighteen years, evidently moulded, in her physical constitution as in her mind, after the pattern of her father. The younger of the two was in all respects the reverse of her sister. You would hardly suppose them to belong to the same family. She was not, perhaps, less beautiful than her sister, and for the wonderful mildness of her deep-blue eye, and her fair skin and light hair, might perhaps, with some, dispute the palm with the other. But in the face of the elder could be seen a strength of mind and a decision of character which is rarely found combined with so much noble and queenly beauty as hers was.

"You are wet, Sir," said Mr. Cumings, as he looked at the garments of the stranger.

"Only a trifle, Sir. It was only in front of your house that I was forced to alight," was the reply.

"I am glad that you did so. One feels less of the terror of such a storm in the company of others."

"Should you not say 'awe,' Sir? I think 'terror' is not the feeling which thinking men experience at such times. But I have forgotten to introduce myself. My name is Morris—"

"Doctor Morris?"

"The same, Sir."

"I have heard of you often, Doctor; and you will excuse me as not intending to flatter you, if I say that I have been anxious to make your acquaintance. I have heard much of you for the year that I have been living here; but you live at such a distance I have never been able to meet you."

"I thank you, Sir. I am not what men call sociable, and rarely seek the society of others. I pursue my profession here in the country in a very quiet way, and have a better and wider reputation, I believe, for professional skill than for social powers. Still I enjoy the society of intelligent men, and am happy that accident has thrown me in here to-night."

"Will you not stay with us till morning, Doctor Morris?" asked Mrs. Cumings.

The Doctor looked at his watch. It was past eleven, and there seemed no mitigation in the storm.

"If it will be no inconvenience, Madam."

"Not the least in the world, my dear Sir."

"We country doctors are accustomed to making ourselves at home every where."

"Let us hope you will do so here," said Mr. Cumings.

"It shall be my own fault if I do not."

The Doctor's horse was stabled, and, after the little bustle of preparation for his comfort, late as it was, we sat down as if it had been only the beginning of the evening, and were soon charmed—I ought to say entranced—by the wonderful intelligence of our guest, and the brilliancy of his conversation.

"I have witnessed such storms as this among the mountains of Switzerland," he said, after a pause, produced by a sudden and near explosion of thunder.

"You have been abroad, Sir."

"I spent eight years in travel, and in that time have visited every country where any citizen of the United States ever effected an entry. I have no disposition to be a pioneer into unexplored regions, but my fancy for the study of man and human character, joined to a fondness to see new places and new faces, led me, when a young man, to be a wanderer."

"You are not old now."

"Not in years, Sir; but in experience and intercourse with men, and knowledge of them, I am older than my years."

"May I ask you, Doctor Morris," said Nina, the dark-eyed daughter, "if your intercourse with men has not led you to judge of men's characters by their faces? We were talking on that subject when you came in, and I was arguing in favor of physiognomy."

"Do not try to forestall the Doctor's opinion, Nina," said Mr. Cumings.

"Not at all, father. I only hoped that the Doctor's observation would enable him to help me in my cause. He says, Doctor, he could as soon believe in palmistry as in physiognomy."

"And why not in both, my dear young lady?"

We were all surprised at such a question, and asked in so serious a way by a man we were beginning to look upon as a sort of human wonder, and Mr. Cumings drew himself up as if to make battle against such a preposterous idea. But the Doctor continued.

"Mark me—I do not say I believe in fortune-telling, though I do to a very great extent in the other. But as an art the former, I think, is far the easiest to practice."

"Do you think so, Doctor?" asked Mrs. Cumings.

"Certainly, Madam. In the former, you

have to take in the ever-changing and varying expression of the human face, under all circumstances, and combine it with the quite as hypocritical—perhaps the term is too strong, and I ought to say artificial—conduct of the individual, and arrive by a roundabout road at your conclusions. It requires great skill, and long-continued and constant study of faces and actions. Men hide their motives in their hearts, and in this false age of the world they are constantly striving to mould their faces to cover up their thoughts. You must take them at unguarded moments."

"And in fortune-telling?" Nina inquired.

"You have only the unchanging lines of the hand, which are not under the control of the will, and the book is open before you."

"You do not mean to say you are a believer in palmistry?" Mr. Cumings asked.

"By no means. But you will not understand me unless I relate my own curious experience. May I do so?"

"Do, Doctor," said Nina.

"Certainly," said Mr. Cumings.

And the Doctor proceeded:

"I had just finished my travels in England and Wales, after my return from the Continent, and was spending a few weeks with a friend in the North, to recruit a little before I sailed for home. We were one day walking in one of the shady lanes near his residence, when we came across an encampment of gipsies. I had often met them in different parts of Europe, and especially in Spain, where they are very abundant, but had never tried their skill in fortune-tellling, because, like you, Sir, I looked upon it with incredulous contempt. But now, when a pretty girl belonging to the tribe approached us and offered to tell our fortunes for us, I unhesitatingly extended my hand. She, however, refused to look at it till I had 'crossed her palm' with silver. Giving her half a crown, with the stipulation that it should pay for both of us, I held out my hand again, and after gazing at it a moment, and tracing the lines with her finger, as a child would trace out the letters of the alphabet, she absolutely startled me with the relation of some events in my past life, which I supposed were known only to myself. She then proceeded to read my future destiny. I will not say how much of this has proved true. My friend followed, and, as he confessed to me, with a like result, and we left the place laughing at the coincidences.

"But the more I thought of it, the more my curiosity—I can call it by no other name—was aroused to know and see more of the singular science. I returned the next day to the encampment, and attempted to gain some information from the girl as to her mode of seeing into the past and future. But she would tell me nothing, and even the considerable amount of gold that I offered, though it evidently tempted her eye, could make no impression upon her will. She was obstinate and incorruptible.

"I must confess to a good deal of surprise, and perhaps some approach to belief in the matter. In vain I reasoned against it. I told myself over and over again, day after day, that it was all accidental. But then I would recollect the oft-told experience of others, and the fact that my friend had acknowledged a remarkable agreement in his own case, and my mind became painfully confused with the question. I could not successfully cast it off, even when the laughter—almost ridicule—of my friend and his family was directed at me. I determined to investigate the subject as far as I could. But how should I proceed.

"The comparison of my friend's hand and my own with the prophecy, or rather the history given by the gipsy girl, occurred to me as the leading idea, but I found it like the study of the hieroglyphics on the old monuments of the East. I had nothing to begin with, and nothing to compare. I then took all my friend's family, one by one, to the same girl, and added their fortunes to ours. I also took accurate casts of the palms of the whole in wax, rejecting every one which had the least defect, or any want of correspondence. Occasional visitors to the house were easily persuaded to see the wandering tribe, and these I added to my list. The servants, too, were not left out of the experiment. The fortunes of each one were carefully written out and numbered to correspond with each cast that I took, and in this way I readily collected quite a volume of manuscript fortunes, and a very respectable cabinet of human hands, and of no little variety.

"You will observe, that I did not care to inquire into the truth or falsity of the predictions. All I wanted was to ascertain if there was any correspondence between certain lines which were alike in all the casts, and the events connected with them in the history given by the gipsy girl, and thus reduce them to a system. If I should find a certain line in all the hands, and one event in all their histories, by following this rule out I might make an art of the thing, which would remove all the mystery that was hanging about it. But I found it a difficult and perplexing task. However, I *had* studied out inscriptions in Nineveh and Thebes, and could I not do the same thing here?

"I found similarities—no, perfect agreements in the written accounts of all, and just as striking differences—and I found the same resemblances and disagreements in their hands, and after a long, and tedious, and patient investigation, in which I became intensely interested, I thought I saw order beginning to arise out of the confusion, and my collection of hands beginning to look, to me, like so many indistinct faces, the expression of which I fancied I could read. Gradually they became more distinct and plain as I progressed in the study, till I could see the whole with the utmost clearness.

"Mind, I do not say that I had demonstrated the truth of fortune-telling. I was a great way off from that. I only say that by the lines traversing the palm of the hand, I could tell the

same *past* events in the life of any individual that one of the gipsy tribe could tell. Of *future* events I had yet an infinity more of study to do before I could arrive at any degree of skill, though I had the same book open before me, and by perseverance I succeeded here also. I put it to the test, and did not fail. My friends were all astonished, as well they might be—as I was myself. It was a system regulated by fixed rules. Lines which were the same in the hands of any two persons denoted the same thing. Each line had its peculiar meaning, as well as the relative position and the crossings and curves of the lines, and by the aid of a good memory I soon became as expert as the gipsies themselves."

Through all this strange narrative we listened with the most intense interest to the Doctor, almost compelled, by his perfect air of truthfulness and veracity, to believe, even further than he seemed to, in it.

"Tell mine, Doctor," said Nina, approaching him with her hand extended.

"I can read it, Mademoiselle, but not tell it."

"Oh! there is no satisfaction in that, Sir."

"I have always used my knowledge in this, my dear young lady," the Doctor replied, "for a selfish end—simply the gratification of my own fancy. I do not believe in it as a true science, all its apparent truths being only correspondencies, and therefore I can not use it for the entertainment of others, while there is danger of their being deceived by it, or frightened into credulity to the strange and surprising coincidences it presents."

"You do find correspondencies, then, between what you see and the lives of persons, Doctor?" said Mrs. Cumings.

"In my own case, certainly, Madam, as also in the history of all whose past lives I am acquainted with."

"But you can not have the same objection to tell us of the past as of the future," said Nina.

"Precisely the same. For if I tell you events which have really occurred in the past, you may easily lead yourself to believe I can tell future ones. No, no, young lady. Rest contented with your own experience of the past, and learn lessons from it to guide you in the future. *Its* experience comes fast enough and bitter enough to most."

"Most truly spoken, Doctor Morris," said Mr. Cumings. "And yet I must confess you have greatly surprised me."

"We might do the same thing, Sir, with the leaves upon the trees, or even the walls of our houses, by accidental marks left in them. Believe me, it is all folly. You have all become too much interested in the matter. The lines in the hand are all accidental. It is in our faces, and especially in our hearts, that the past makes the deepest impressions."

There was a strange sadness in the Doctor's voice as he said this that spoke volumes of suffering, but his face was calm and almost smiling, and a silence of more than a minute followed, which he broke by saying,

"Miss—Nina, I think they called you—you seem strangely affected by my foolish story. Let me look in your hand."

Almost before she thought her hand lay extended in the Doctor's hard palm, and for a moment he seemed to be studying intently, and then dropped it.

"I could tell you of the past, young lady, but you know that already. Stop—let me look again."

This time she hesitated, and a slight shade of fear or apprehension, caused by the Doctor's manner, stole over her face.

"You need not fear. I shall tell you nothing I see there."

"Nor any one?"

"Certainly not."

He looked long and closely into her little hand, and a shade of deep seriousness gathered about his forehead, and directly he took the hand between both of his, and looked into her face with the kindest—saddest interest I ever saw in the face of man.

"Doctor!" exclaimed her sister, springing to their side, "you believe more in it than you are willing to confess to yourself."

"Be still—I do not. I promised to tell you nothing I saw there, my child. Will you let me speak one word?"

"Not one—not a syllable, Doctor."

"It is nothing I read there—it is only one word of counsel."

"No—Doctor—no! I will not have it."

"Think a moment, young lady," and he looked in her face with the same serious gaze, while her eye was fixed on his.

"Have you decided?"

"You may tell it to me alone."

"You would certainly excuse me, my dear Madam, if—" and he hesitated while he waited for the consent of Mrs. Cumings. There was an expression of deep anxiety in her face as she gave it. We had all, even to the cool and incredulous Mr. Cumings, become deeply interested in the scene.

What the Doctor said to her none of us knew at the time, but Nina told us two days afterward. It was this:

"Beware how you take the step you are now meditating, my dear girl. Your own firmness of character, and your resolute will, if you pursue the right and reject the wrong, will carry you safe through the darkness that is now around you. Be true to yourself. I know not what it is. Your own heart will tell you if I am right."

There was something in the troubled look and flashing eye of the girl as she turned away from the Doctor toward us, and in the anxious care that showed itself in the face of the mother as she watched this conference, that made me suspect that there was something in the history of Nina which I did not know or understand, and about which her family felt no little solicitude. The Doctor resumed his seat, and immediately

turned the conversation into a different channel, and for the time, at least, we seemed to forget what had taken place. In the morning, after breakfast, he left us.

Two days afterward we were all surprised by another visit from the Doctor. He was on his way down to see the same patient whom he had visited the evening he had passed with us. It was just after breakfast when he called, and as we all rose to receive him he said,

"If I may judge from your faces I am not an unwelcome visitor. But I could not pass you without stopping, for I felt no little anxiety about the effect of our conversation the other night."

"You are most heartily welcome, I assure you, Doctor, as you will always be," said Mr. Cumings, "and especially now, as I have a good opportunity to test the accuracy of your skill in palmistry; or rather, perhaps, to determine whether there is really any truth in it."

"You know I make no pretense to the latter, Sir. But you can not be more solicitous than I am to learn all that can be known about it. But what is your test?"

"Nina has told us this morning the communication you made to her. Will you look again in her hand and tell me if there is really any thing there to warrant such a caution as you gave her?"

We all gathered around him as he took Nina's hand, which he looked at but an instant before he said, as if speaking to himself,

"Could I have been so much mistaken. I must have been, or there is some unaccountable change here. Will you allow me, Miss Nina, to say this morning what I saw in your hand at that time?"

"Yes."

"Remember, I believe nothing—you must believe nothing. You will observe these lines in this part of the hand. The night before last there was great confusion in these lines, which suddenly merged and terminated in this point. In the language of the gipsy this would denote trouble and care which had been gathering about you for some time, and was now centred in the present. A little farther on they appeared again, separated into two, one following a uniform course till it gradually vanished, the other dividing into several, which again became confused, and contorted, and lost. These were in the future, and denoted two paths, one leading on through sunshine and peace, and the other through trouble and sorrow, and perhaps through sin and shame."

"And which was her path, Doctor?" asked her mother.

"It would depend upon her own choice. I could not tell. But I have the utmost confidence in a resolute will to choose its own path, and I had seen in her face and actions all the firmness necessary to decide for herself, and therefore I gave her the advice I did."

"And you say there is a change since then?"

"Or else I was-mistaken then. I see now but the one clear line traversing the future, denoting a calm, and peaceful, and tranquil life."

"But alone, Doctor," said Nina, with a sad smile.

"Perhaps so, my dear girl, though they are never solitary who walk in company with their own hearts. Trust in God and always do right."

"Ask my father if I have not done so."

Mr. Cumings put his arm around her and drew her to his side and kissed her.

"Then my caution had meaning in it?" asked the Doctor.

There was a most strange coincidence in the case. For two years Nina had been receiving the attentions of a man who, in the opinion of her parents, was no way suited to her by education, or station, or habits of life. There is no doubt but she loved him, as the young love, forming in their own minds a bold ideal, and clothing it with all the splendid drapery that fancy creates, and then attaching all these charms to some individual without stopping to inquire into his real worth. It is the misfortune of early youth, and not rarely the folly of maturer years. To the firm and decided mind of Nina the opposition of her parents made no difference. She thought she was consulting her own happiness, while they were selfish and cruel in standing between her and her love for him. They had always, however, treated him with kindness and respect, though they made no concealment of their opposition to his suit.

But the evening before the Doctor's first visit an altercation took place between him and Mr. Cumings, in which he used insulting words, and was forbidden the house, and he departed saying,

"In a few days your family, Sir, will number one less."

The next morning a letter was placed in Nina's hand by a messenger from the village, the contents of which she did not communicate. But all day long there was a look of unaccustomed indecision and care in her countenance. She moved about the house as if in a dream, and not till toward evening did she manage to throw it off and appear herself again. But a sad suspicion or fear oppressed the heart of her parents, which showed itself most clearly when the Doctor was talking with her alone. Whether his communication had any effect in determining her future conduct I can not tell; but the following evening, as she was returning from the village with her father, he noticed that some person was following them, and, pausing, he came up. It was Nina's suitor.

"Why are you following us, Sir?" Mr. Cumings inquired.

"I have come to claim my bride," was his reply.

"I do not see her, Sir."

"She is by your side, Sir. Nina, will you come with me?"

"Villain!" exclaimed Mr. Cumings.

"Nay, father," said Nina.

"Well, then, my daughter," he said, dropping her hand which had been resting on his arm, and taking one step aside, "decide for yourself. Peace of mind and comfort in your old home with us, or poverty and an accusing conscience with him. Reflect well, Nina, before you speak. Will you go with me?"

"With me, Nina," said the young man. "You can not hesitate."

"No—I do not, Henry. If I could be honorably won, I would be yours gladly. But this—no, never. Farewell. Father, let me go with you."

Not a word was said as they walked home, and the next morning no trace of emotion or regret was seen in her face, whatever might have been in her heart.

"What do you think now?" Mr. Cumings asked, when he had related this to the Doctor.

"I think there are a thousand coincidences in our daily lives just as striking, if we could only see their connection," was his answer. "I do not believe any more in my art than I did before, but I have derived from this an additional caution against using it."

I have been relating very simple facts in this story. Shall I make it a romance by telling the sequel? The Doctor did not see himself in Nina's hand as mingled with her destiny; but could he look down now, after only one year has passed, into her heart, he would see there his image in lines of the noblest and purest love. She almost worships him, and, with the consent and hearty joy of all the family, she is to marry him to-morrow.

A LION HUNTER IN NEW YORK.

I.

DURING the last winter I formed the acquaintance of a gentleman who had for me an especial interest. He was a tall, melancholic man, of a placid demeanor, which appeared never to have been ruffled by the storm of excitement. And it was this mildness and amiability which particularly attracted me toward him; for I saw that some great sorrow hung upon his memory, and depressed his soul.

Mr. Cressley was an Englishman, though he had passed much of his life in foreign lands, and the hot sun of the tropics had indelibly browned his sad face. He had just arrived, bringing to me a letter from a dear old friend, and we became at once, through such a medium, like intimate acquaintances. Whenever we met, and that was often, I looked hopingly, but vainly, to see the cloud dispelled. It occurred to me that, as he was engaged in no occupation, he was perhaps a victim to ennui; but his bold, manly, vigorous step refuted the conjecture. And then I settled down into the conviction that long years before his heart had received a grievous wound, which time nor scene could heal. I longed to know his history. He had often alluded to his travels, and on many occasions, with animated countenance, had commenced the recital of some stirring adventure, but would check himself with a sigh, to my great disappointment.

It was on a very cold December evening that, drawing up to the crackling fire a cushioned chair, wheeling to my right hand a small table on which my reading-lamp was placed, and the soft light of which, subdued by the ground-glass globe, cast a warm tint on a St. Cecilia that hung over the mantle, and vivified the flowers of the carpet, I prepared to cut the leaves of Cumming's "Southern Africa." Under any circumstances, these books of daring travels and wild adventures have a peculiar fascination. But when perused amidst all the comforts of a home in the cold winter's night, with the storm howling and the sleet driving, they become doubly attractive.

Mr. Cressley had been out of town for a fortnight; he often left for a few days, but before his last jaunt I had prevailed upon him to make my house his home, and he had accordingly domiciled with me. My last injunction was, that at whatever time of day or night he returned, he should at once seek his little room, where, as I had expected him for several days, a small fire was then burning.

He was in my mind as I cut the leaves of the hunter's volume, and as the wind increased, I thought that, were he on his way, he would be supplied with an incident of travel rather different from his tropical experiences.

I had got far in the book; truth to tell, I had skipped along until I came to the lion hunts, and was in the full excitement caused by the hero's description of his ambush near the stream where the royal beasts came at night to drink. I could even hear the loud lapping of the fierce brutes—not a little pleased, by-the-by, that to me it was only a description—when a carriage drove rapidly to the door, the bell rang, and Mr. Cressley had returned.

The book was turned down, and I welcomed him with sincere fervor. "Was he cold—hungry? Would he sup?" No indeed! He appeared delighted to be back; would put my little household to no trouble; had taken a bite and a cup at the last station. But my wife knew his wants better, and she insisted that for the honor of the house he should have something. At last he compromised for a cup of tea, to be prepared while he made some alterations in his toilet.

He returned after a few minutes' absence, but not before Mrs. Turrett, my wife, had spread our little table with a selection of very palatable odds and ends, and was herself prepared to officiate at the sacrifice of tea, toast, and ham, to our own particular penates. He shook my hand heartily once more. "This is indeed kind! What a picture of comfort" (rubbing his hands). "This is luxury!" In obedience to my good little wife's request, he took his seat opposite the glowing fire, and as he did full justice to the meal, we were all well pleased, and lingered over the last crumbs of toast and drops of tea until an object of more interest interrupted us.

If I have forgotten to mention that we had a baby, which I believe I have, Mrs. Turrett distinctly recollected the fact; nor indeed did Mr. Cressley forget it, being treated to a sight of the little one dreaming of Paradise in her crib. That baby, however, was the cause which deprived us of my wife's company.

So the table being removed, we drew up, as before, by the fire, and replenished the consuming coal.

"Well, my dear friend," said our guest, "how pass the long evenings? Ah, I see! with your old companions, the books. Delightful! How blest are you, that find such perfect content in the quiet enjoyments of home. For myself"—Here he hesitated, then saying "Ah, well!" with a sigh, paused.

I tried to bring him back to the subject, and remarked, that surely it was the highest possible combination of mental and physical enjoyment to be able, without any inconvenience, indeed in the utmost comfort, not only to command the best thoughts of poets and philosophers, but to enjoy with an appetite as great almost as that of the relaters, incidents and adventures that were perhaps paid for with great danger and suffering.

He disagreed with me. "No, no," said he, "it is the danger, the suffering alone that gives adventure all its zest. True, the description may interest those who have had no experience, but to him that has passed through the 'imminent deadly breach,' all else is a weak dilution of the actual fact."

I suggested that perhaps the danger might be too great, leaving a predominant sense of pain. But he was not to be affected by even this.

"I assure you," he remarked, "the peril is all the pleasure."

"Well, my dear Sir," I observed, "I have an illustration at my elbow." Here I turned up the book and read the title.

"Gordon Cumming's!" he interrupted, "I was well acquainted with him."

He surprised me. I asked, "Were you ever in Southern Africa among the lions?"

He smiled, and seemed to brighten up, but by an effort, which he vainly attempted to conceal, the emotion was subdued. I was puzzled, vexed, but trusting to time and opportunity, I inquired if he had read the book? He had not. Then he wanted to know if it were cleverly written, and I said it was, and at last offered to read one of the most exciting descriptions. He was much pleased, but I think that, as he adjusted his head immediately in a convenient position for a snooze, and stretched his feet upon the fender, his satisfaction was not wholly derived from the anticipated perusal. I had been sitting thus far by his side, but desiring to keep a watch over his countenance, shifted the table between us, and drawing up another chair, over which to rest my feet in the manner of my country, and holding the book low, so that I could see him by raising my eyes, I commenced to read a passage that, to me, had been of the most exciting character. My impression is, that had I not paused after the first paragraph, he would have been asleep ere I had finished the second, which, however complimentary to the soothing melody of my voice, was not what I desired. But after pausing awhile, he turned to me with a quiet half laugh, begged me to continue, denied the seductions of Morpheus, and expressed himself highly interested in the subject. Consequently the reading was resumed.

Soon we followed the lion-slayer into the jungle, heard the roar of the savage monster, the crackling of the bushes—saw the rifle brought to the shoulder, felt the iron nerve and steel muscles. My friend was thoroughly awakened; his eyes glistened with excitement; crack goes the deadly tube, and Mr. Cumming has a defunct foe before him. Cressley sprang from his chair.

"By Jove! that's capital."

I had never seen him so animated.

"Glorious! glorious!" he continued, pacing the floor; "that's what I call life!"

I was astonished and amused at his fervor, and said, "You would have liked that, I warrant."

"I have liked it," he replied.

"What! have you killed lions?"

"Indeed I have, with gun and dagger too."

He seemed endeavoring to repress his communicativeness, so I prompted him. "With dagger?"

"Yes, when one thrust was all I had to depend on for my life—when the beast's hot breath was suffocating me, and his tremendous paw lay deep in my torn and quivering breast."

He was glowing with excitement.

"Glorious!" he continued, not so much addressing me as himself. "Nothing in the world like it, except perhaps the week's elephant hunting I had with my friend Baker in Ceylon."

"Elephant hunting!" I cried, in increased astonishment, "that must be terrible sport."

"That *is* sport," he resumed. "What description can do it justice! the wild shriek of the monster; his crashing rush; the uplifted trunk; the glaring and vindictive eyes; no hope but in the rifle; a touch of faint-heartedness; the slightest tremor; an untrue eye; a stumble; a bad percussion-cap, and you are mashed to a jelly; but no, your nerves are strung like wires of tempered steel; your eye is like an eagle's; your hand is as steady as a rock, and your foot as firm; you keep as cool as a melon: he comes; you almost feel him on you, and look deep into his eyes; he lowers his trunk; now you have him; pull; there, there he gets it! over goes the mountain—hurrah! hurrah!"

My wife opened the door at that moment to say we would wake the baby, but stopped in surprise at the unusual appearance of Mr. Cressley. I laughed outright, and he, blushing to the tips of his hair, extinguished himself in the chair.

Mrs. Turrett looked around, perhaps for the

bottle. "My dear," said I, "Mr. Cressley has had exciting reminiscences recalled by a book I was reading to him."

Mr. Cressley was really ashamed that he had been so carried away, and Mrs. Turrett laughed, and asked what he had been doing. So I told her that he had been describing an elephant hunt, and, moreover, that he had himself shot elephants, upon which Mrs. Turrett begged him not to apologize, concluded the baby would not be disturbed, and volunteered to hear the end of it. "That was all." She had time, and would of all things like to hear another.

Mr. Cressley was perplexed, Mrs. Turrett was cool—she is generally cool when the baby sleeps—and appeared to have not the least notion that he could entertain any objection. At last he commenced a more sober recital, and with graceful manner and pleasant language narrated to us many adventures among the wild beasts, described their habits, the modes of hunting them, alluding but little, and that modestly, to his own exploits. He had some difficulty in explaining, to the complete satisfaction of my inquisitive little wife, the reason why he had so adventured himself; I think he did not do it after all. It was also necessary to give her a distinct idea of the difference between the character of the wild elephant and the one she had seen in the show uncork bottles and untie knots. She was alarmed by the account of the lions, and told me the next morning she had dreamed I was going to take her to the opera, tracing, very ingeniously, her dream to Mr. Cressley's exciting narrative.

We sat long into the night conversing pleasantly. I discovered my friend's secret sorrow. Of an adventurous and desperately daring disposition, he had abandoned a comfortable home for the excitement of the chase in Asia, Africa, indeed wherever sufficiently ferocious beasts abounded. This he continued until the remittances which had come from England unfortunately ceased. A return was absolutely necessary. His fortune, never very large, had been dissipated through the neglect, and very likely the villainy, of his agent. Nothing was left except some stocks, which having been purchased in our country, and representing shares in *air*-lines, and other ingenious speculations for which we have obtained some celebrity, the agent did not think worth while to retain. I felt, as my friend reached this portion of his narrative, as though I could have throttled the despicable fellow of an agent for the indignity. In the hope of deriving something from these—alas! too visionary securities—Mr. Cressley had voyaged here.

"And I am happy to say," he concluded, "that things are not so bad as they might be, and that I hope to realize, as you Americans express it, a very handsome sum."

This greatly gratified me; I offered some observations upon the credit system, and mildly deprecated any too severe judgment, but it was quite unnecessary. He looked at the matter in a very philosophic spirit, and made many complimentary remarks concerning our enterprise, general education, and prosperity, and predicted, with an expression of great sincerity, the future glory of America.

His secret was now disclosed. The excitement of the chase, to which much of his past life had been devoted, was become necessary to his happiness. I suggested fishing, deer-hunting, and mildly mentioned woodcocks, but without administering, as I could see, any effective consolation. He arose to retire.

"I have heard much of your Western bison," he remarked, with his hand on the door-knob; "I have hunted the buffalo in many parts of the world, and I must say an old bull is not such small fry after all, and promise myself, as soon as my business matters are arranged, to give them a trial."

I advised him, as he would be in the neighborhood, to try the panther and grizzly bear, and he seemed pleased at the suggestion.

"The grizzly bear," he observed, "being of immense strength, tenacious of life, and wonderful ferocity, would, no doubt, afford great sport. I anticipate much pleasure from that hunt."

He had formed no high opinion of the panther, but I expected to change his views the next evening by a reference to one of Cooper's novels, and so we separated for the night. I was in high spirits, and felt much like a Nimrod; indeed, awoke Mrs. Turrett to intimate that perhaps I should accompany Mr. Cressley to the Rocky Mountains, there to pursue the grizzly; but that good lady, in a manner not so amiable as was her custom, significantly suggested that I should go to sleep, and not wake the child. I dreamed that I was pursuing an elephant, armed—that is myself—with several revolvers, two rifles, and a tomahawk. The animal turned upon me; I hesitated—"he who deliberates is lost"—I dropped my warlike implements, and achieved a pedestrian feat of which I had had no idea I was capable. I did not relate my dream at breakfast.

II.

It will be readily understood that in our future intercourse I should endeavor to tempt Mr. Cressley into a renewal of those subjects which had so absorbing an interest to me. Mrs. Turrett also added her persuasions, but with slight effect; for he gently intimated that it interfered sadly with the resolution he had formed of removing from his memory, if possible, the scenes and adventures of former days. His altered fortunes might, in all probability, oblige him to enter into some occupation for his maintenance; and with much good-humor he pictured the lion-hunter selling tape or peddling patent medicines. And although I have no great faith in gentlemanly lion-hunting as an industrial pursuit, a regret, looking at his tall and muscular form and manly presence, passed over me at the suggestion. As he did not again introduce the subject of stocks, it would have

been indelicate to allude to it, though very anxious, from no mere curiosity either, to know something more. I fear, however, there must have been a further depreciation.

Dreary January had passed, and much of February, when Mr. Cressley, who had been many times away from New York, informed me that, as he could do nothing of moment for at least some months, he should avail himself of the opportunity to accept a pressing invitation from a Canadian friend to pay him a visit. He did not expect to return until May or June.

It was rare indeed to see my wife exhibit so much genuine emotion as she did when our friend took his leave. Nor will I do her the injustice to insinuate that she was at all consoled because Mr. Cressley kissed the baby so fondly, and clasped at the same time around its neck a necklace, which—well, I won't boast, but I may say there is not such another in all the jewelers' windows in Broadway; I looked in them, every one. Indeed, his departure for so long a time, making a great void in our very little family, caused us much sadness. Mrs. Turrett and myself had grown very fond of him; and she had declared to me, in confidence, on more than one occasion, that she loved him quite as much as a brother (she never had any); and took these opportunities to institute a very strong comparison between him and a few Dicks and Harrys, rather harum-scarum friends of my bachelor days. At last Mr. Cressley departed in a carriage, almost lost amidst a variety of packages prepared by my wife, without which, she seemed to think, life in Canada would be absolutely insupportable.

My business—well, that's neither here nor there—at any rate, my time, at the opening of spring was much occupied, and, in short—such is the transitory nature of all griefs as well as joys—we became accustomed to be without our friend. Yet we did not forget him. He wrote regularly every week, and we as regularly reciprocated, my wife always suggesting some kind communication in acknowledgment of his warm expressions of love and regard for her and the little one. But each succeeding letter betrayed the fact that he, poor man! was being given up to a state of dreadful melancholy. He longed to hear the lions roar.

In the usual order of things, spring passed away about the beginning of June, and the summer, with its accustomed regularity, prepared for its three months' service. Yet Mr. Cressley had not returned. I was anxious that he should, as a little, I hope pardonable, pride possessed me on account of my beautiful garden, which was now in full bloom. The house we occupied was situated some distance up town, quite isolated in its position, and standing a few feet back from the street. A garden, which we gloried in, was densely planted with a variety of flowers, and many kinds of vines were clambering over the fences and along the walls. This was our first summer in our new house, and I will not attempt to describe the delight we took in seeing the rapid growth of vegetation, nor the deluge of water we sprinkled over the plants out of a watering-pot purchased for that particular purpose. The neighborhood was not built upon for some distance around, and was otherwise susceptible of improvement. Pools of stagnant water, now that warm weather had come, dispersed a questionable fragrance; and by a most satisfactory unanimity of sentiment, my wife and I agreed that the love-song of the frogs, though no doubt sincere, was far from musical. The conditions of the neighborhood were also favorable to the propagation of flies, and on the morning of the 1st of June, Mrs. Turrett awoke with a huge blotch alongside of her nose, between that and the right eye, which Bridget confidently pronounced to be the work of a mosquito. How I shuddered when I heard it! I am not a brave man, in the popular sense of the term. I should not like to kill any one, and, though I ought to be ashamed to own it, I should not like to be killed, or even hurt. I pay my debts, however; and I have known many courageous men seem very afraid of that. But a mosquito was always my abhorrence. Strange, too, when they seem so fond of me! I wouldn't mind contributing the blood which appears to be the main object of their attack, but I have a keen sense of the unnecessary cruelty of their sting: the maliciousness of that I can never forgive. Some men are blessed with rhinocerian cuticle, which defies them, but on me they cause effects equal to any which Mr. Cribb, of the English P. R., ever produced in his palmiest days. I have not mentioned their tantalizing, aggravating hum; I dare not trust myself to attempt it.

That same day a carpenter came to my house and measured the windows for frames; and the same afternoon each particular window was provided with a nicely-adjusted mosquito-net. A large one was also canopied over the bed. I breathed easier that night, and the next we got along very well. On the third evening we heard two sing a diabolical duet, but awoke in the morning unscathed. I regained my usual calmness.

Notwithstanding all our vigilance, these persevering torments intruded themselves into the house by slow degrees, until it held a very fair numerical representation. By the most active and unceasing hostilities, we managed to prevent any very large increase in their ranks, and their lists of slain were just about balanced by their reinforcements. In the early evening, sweltering in the back parlor, so that the garden might be overlooked, it was a sight at once horrible and interesting, to observe the dense swarm of these sanguinary insects assailing the defenses which intervened between them and the object of their bloody desires. But, fortunately, our mosquito-net was proof against their fiercest assaults; so, repelled by the main body of our works, they could do no more than enter by some neglected key-hole of an embrasure, or, by a more daring movement, descend the chimney. As might have been expected, the pest increased

with the advancing season; but by the aid of what I have before described, and a calm, philosophic spirit, my health was preserved and my appetite retained.

On the 28th of July (I approach a period of my narrative in which it is necessary to observe the utmost particularity) we received a letter from Mr. Cressley, in which he informed us that in a few days he should return; accordingly, on the 31st July, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, our friend once more clasped us by the hand, and went through the ordeal of kissing the baby.

As much as his letters had prepared me to find him even more depressed in spirits than ever, I was surprised at the appearance he presented. The fine bright eyes, keen as a hawk's in former days, were now expressive only of a brooding melancholy, and his whole manner indicated a willing waiting for a welcome dissolution. Like those unfortunate ghosts who arrive at Charon's ferry unprovided with the necessary change, and wander disconsolately along the banks of Styx, Mr. Cressley seemed like one whose mission having been lost, has no more to do, and is waiting for a free passage to get home again.

He had tried some of the Canadian sport, in the way of deer, moose, etc., but not having got hurt, nor having even run any imminent danger, he gave it up in disgust. Perhaps if some desperate moose or deer had insinuated the end of his horn into any not vital part, my friend might have been restored. Unhappy man! whose only hope for life lay in the chance of being killed.

I was much affected, as we sat at tea, by observing the effort he made to seem cheerful, that we might not be depressed by his melancholy. A few mosquitoes were hovering around, harassing my wife and myself, but he appeared not to notice them. At length one, the leader of the crew, attracted by some novelty perhaps in Mr. Cressley's appearance, having probably an epicure's dainty palate, singled out our guest, and commenced a *reconnoisance*. I may remark that the only alloy in the pleasure of receiving Mr. Cressley—always excepting his prostrate condition—was occasioned by those vile insects. We were proud of our snug little house, of our quiet situation and fine garden, but feared that his appreciation of the *tout ensemble* would be materially affected by what I must acknowledge was a most intolerable nuisance. I dared not allude to the subject, but watched with much nervous anxiety the result of this introduction to my friend of one of the least satisfactory productions of our glorious country. Sailing around, in gradually-diminishing circles, the microscopic monster approached the extreme tip of his nose. Mr. Cressley, holding in one hand a piece of bread, with the other brushed him off. He disappeared—I was relieved. Alas! man is but the creature of disappointment. When I again raised my eyes, the persevering villain—the winged Zouave—recovering from the first repulse, was making a determined attack full on his forehead. Again, by a flourish of Mr. Cressley's napkin, he was driven back. Taught more caution by experience, but with undiminished ferocity, he assailed the neck of my friend. This time, apparently annoyed in an infinitesimal degree, Cressley struck himself audibly upon the point of attack, but his active persecutor escaped unharmed. I was in agony.

"The flies are somewhat troublesome this evening," he remarked.

I was guilty of a prevarication, a reservation for which I am ashamed, and only said, "They are, indeed."

While Mr. Cressley was talking to me, and, of course, looking at me, I heard at my ear the direful hum of one of the little villains. I trembled with fear. Why did I hesitate? Why delay a disclosure that must be made? Thus does man, in defiance of his reason, cling to the reprieve of an hour, and doubly die on the one sentence. The hum grew more distinct, fierce as a war clarion, and at the same instant I saw, oh, horror! perched on the cheek of my unconscious friend his merciless foe. The *dénouement* could not be delayed. My wife's voice was heard. "Don't move, Augustus; there's a mosquito!" and then with a blow, I have no doubt as gentle as was consistent with success, she demolished the enemy, leaving a tingling reminder of her conjugal attention. At the same moment our guest brought his hand down upon his gorged assailant; too true a type of ourselves, eager to get and incautious to keep, and withdrew it, holding on his finger the carcass of the bloated creature. He looked surprised. "This is not a fly," said he. "What name did you give it, Mrs. Turrett?" he inquired.

"Mosquito."

"Mosquito—mosquito," he repeated; "what a savage it is! I declare he has raised quite a lump." My wife recommended some salt.

Mr. Cressley asked if we had many of them. I answered that we had a superfluity for all practical purposes; but directed his attention to the means taken to exclude them.

"Strange," said he, "that I should never have noticed them before."

I thought it was.

"I do remember being tormented with insects of various kinds in the tropics, but they gave me little concern. What a poisonous fellow this was!" he went on, feeling the large protuberance; "and there's another"—here he made an ineffectual dash at a skirmisher, who "got away laughing." My wife smiled, and I shook my head despairingly, saying, "It's no use."

I was astonished to find that Mr. Cressley, while no doubt annoyed at his assailant, who appeared to appreciate his flavor, at the same time seemed to have an interest excited, not altogether disagreeable, in attempting to destroy them. And it was somewhat of a consolation to think that, perhaps, he might extract from that pursuit a temporary relief from his

despondency. When we retired to the parlor, he did not, as had been heretofore his custom, enter into a quiet conversation or peruse some publication, but at once had his attention fixed upon a few mosquitoes who were flitting about the light.

For myself, I confess that even one disturbs my equanimity to that extent as to incapacitate me for any employment which demands fixed thought; so that, on such occasions, I am obliged to take refuge in Tupper, or some equally inoffensive author. But Mr. Cressley, contrary to the melancholy tone of character to which I had been accustomed, was dodging about with a waving handkerchief that, like a knight's pennon, seemed dancing in impatient eagerness for the fray.

"I have him, the rascal!" he cried at last, in great glee, holding a large specimen by the wings and bringing him to the light for more accurate observation; "why, Turrett, my boy, he's a desperate fellow! Look at his proboscis, like the trunk of an elephant. There's another; quiet now; I'll have him!" Here he started off after another, but was unsuccessful, and thus the game continued until we left for bed.

I had serious misgivings as to whether his interest would be continued during the night. My own experience suggested doubts, besides which I feared that his chamber, not having been occupied in so long a time, might be filled with a horde of hungry fellows, whose company would be decidedly more exciting than pleasant.

The number that was dotted on the walls of his room was greater than could reasonably have been expected. I advised Mr. Cressley to keep his mosquito-net close; but unfortunately, not being used to such bed furniture, he tore a great gap in the frail fabric as he rolled on his couch. This I learned afterward.

Our friend occupied a room immediately over ours, and Mrs. Turrett, whose ears are more acute than mine, informed me that he appeared very restless. Indeed, before I had got to sleep, I heard him moving about the room, lie down, rise again, strike several times against the walls, and then, apparently, lie down to sleep. At any rate, I slept for some time; it might have been two o'clock when, awaking, the first thing I detected was the walking of Mr. Cressley about the floor. I feared he might be unwell, and was on the point of getting up, much loth to do so, I acknowledge, when the sound as of a heavy wet towel against the wall convinced me that he was still engaged in a valiant but unavailing attempt to exterminate his assailants. His situation excited my keenest sympathies.

We met next at breakfast. My friend's countenance indicated an unquiet night, but at the same time a living interest to which it had not been accustomed. My wife asked how he had rested. There is, I have noticed, a moral courage about women in difficult emergencies to which man need not pretend. Mr. Cressley said that really he did not sleep quite undisturbed, and also remarked that the pertinacity of the mosquito was wonderful.

My wife very kindly told him that many blotches on his face attested to their prowess, and Mr. Cressley increased her womanly sympathy by exhibiting some equally strong indications on his hands. I said it was fortunate that they did not last long; to which our friend responded that they ought to be exterminated at once. I smiled sadly at so visionary a proposition.

"Why?" resumed he. "I assure you that I killed every one in my room last night. The fact is, that at first I was partially unsuccessful, but, by the aid of a wet towel and a little practice, I became toward morning quite expert."

Mrs. Turrett remarked that she should endeavor to keep them out hereafter, and apologized for their intrusion.

"My dear madam," said Mr. Cressley, "don't give yourself any trouble. As for the mosquitoes, to be sure they are very annoying and somewhat painful, but then there is something humiliating in availing ourselves of such elaborate defenses against so diminutive a creature. And, in fact, I must declare that my operations against the enemy were not devoid of a species of interest."

We were both astonished. My wife, I am sure, imbibed with such a declaration ineradicable doubts as to his sanity, while I was unable to form any satisfactory solution of so extraordinary a fancy.

That evening Mr. Cressley waged war with increased activity and unrelenting purpose against the ravenous insect. He dexterously caught them in his hand while flying, and became singularly proficient in knocking them from the ceiling. Indeed, he infused a portion of his enthusiasm into myself.

"Insignificant as he may appear," said my friend, "the mosquito is, in reality, as great an annoyance, and, I may say danger, as the wild beasts of the jungle."

I heartily agreed with him. He resumed by saying that but few human beings were destroyed by lions and tigers; but that when they came near a settlement, domestic animals were occasionally killed. He opened his eyes when I told him that, in New Jersey, mosquitoes had been known to kill cattle; and he insisted upon my telling him how the farmers, during the summer, make great fires on the meadows, in the smoke of which the poor animals cluster, and that at times they fed only in the night, during which their persecutors were generally less active. I did not tax his credulity by relating the insufficiently authenticated story of the Louisiana mosquito carrying a brick-bat by way of sharpening stone, nor the singular and somewhat apocryphal anecdote related of a carpenter, who, while shingling a roof in Georgia, was attacked by a swarm of monsters. Hammer in hand he fled; they were upon him; no refuge but a large iron pot, he popped underneath. Undaunted, they attacked the shield

interposed—thrust their bills through the iron. The shingler, with his hammer, clinches each as it penetrates. Fast and furious grows the hammering, when, to the amazement of the poor fellow, their numbers being sufficient, the great pot is raised and they fly far away. Nor did I relate to him the description of the Tennesseean mosquito that drinks out of a pint pot. Nor of Cairo, at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi, where they have driven out the inhabitants and keep sole possession. He had, however, heard enough.

"Mr. Turrett," he inquired, with much earnestness, "can it be possible that no efforts have been made for the extermination of so great a pest?"

Of course, I knew of none.

"It appears to me, Sir," he continued, "that their destruction should have the assistance of a national effort, and I am astonished that no means have been taken to effect that end."

I observed that our people, growing up in the midst of the evil, did not fully appreciate its greatness, and suggested that our proverbial ingenuity might ultimately devise a remedy. He seemed surprised at our indifference. That evening we conversed much about the mosquito. I read Bryant's verses and those of the late Edward Sanford, and related a humorous fancy of Franklin, who, in one of his Poor Richard's Almanacs, predicted that during the next summer the country would be invaded by an immense army of *musketeers* coming from over the water, and who, after for several months ravaging the country, would suddenly disappear; and explained the joke in the next year's edition by correcting the spelling. This Mr. Cressley appeared to think was of deeper import than the surface exposed. He became eloquent, and perhaps a little diffuse on the topic; but the continuity of his remarks was much broken by intervals in which he practically illustrated his deep interest in it. He discovered an ingenious manner of killing the insect when against the walls. Holding the flame of the lamp close to him, the invariable result was that the mosquito, in his attempt to avoid too high a temperature, dashed himself into the flame. This pleased him much.

That night we heard palpable rappings overhead, and the tread of a most vigilant spirit, and in the morning Mr. Cressley, though somewhat stale for want of sleep, displayed an increased animation gratifying to witness. My wife, with great delicacy of attention, and with truly characteristic forethought, removed the net from his chamber window the same day, which enabled him to indulge, most satisfyingly, his new-born passion.

He procured a microscope, and in the evening astonished us with the magnified appearance of the mosquito's proboscis. We had never before adequately appreciated its formidable proportions. He had also procured a work which treated of the insect, and the description therein contained increased our surprise. It was impossible not to perceive the delight he felt at our wonder, and he was no less pleased in being able to add, from his own observations, much original information.

About a week had passed when Mr. Cressley, who now enjoyed a mental health that beamed brightly upon us, informed us, to our great satisfaction, that his stocks had recently risen in value, and also that he felt justified in leaving the city for a more extended and prolonged tour, which he had the politeness to say was attended with only one regret; that he should part from us.

It occurred to me that he would post at once to the Rocky Mountains, there to encounter the fierce grizzly and wild bison; but I was much mistaken.

"You will smile, perhaps," he said, "but my intention is to pass a week in New Jersey. I am much interested in the study and pursuit of the mosquito. Indeed, it has supplied a want that had deprived me of all enjoyment of life. I feel that my investigations may not be utterly useless to mankind, and perhaps" (his countenance shone with heroic light) "I may be the means of ridding your land of its greatest scourge."

Mr. Cressley in a few days departed, and we have not seen him since.

The promise of mutual correspondence has thus far been punctually fulfilled, and I have already received a letter, which, as telling his own story better than could be expressed by myself, is here appended:

"Nipperman's Cove, New Jersey.

"My Dear Turrett,—Congratulate me, my dear friend; I have not been able to sleep for a week. Mrs. Turrett is enjoying good health, I hope. I am amazed at the number of mosquitoes hereabouts.

"Excuse me for having forgotten your little darling. How is the pretty one?

"You can, I am sure, form but a very inadequate idea of the immense swarms of that vile insect which abound here. I have just looked at myself in the glass, and can safely say that neither yourself nor my dear Mrs. Turrett (to whom my kindest regards) could recognize me. Yet I am once more happy.

"The people down here can't understand me, and I am not surprised. My dear friend, did you know that within four-and-twenty hours of your city, by the most abominable of roads, and the shabbiest of horses, you have a species of *homopotami*? The hides of the people are as thick, but not a tenth-part as tender as those delicious breakfast cakes I admired so much at your house last winter; buckwheats, I think, you call them. The mosquito's bite appears to have no effect upon them whatever. But their poor cattle do really suffer intensely. I see a herd of very lean kine from my window, this 7 A.M., returning from the meadows, where they had hoped to get some food, but from which they have been driven by this terrible torment. They will remain upon the hill, in what shade they can find, until nightfall, when they will again try to feed, and will perhaps obtain as much sustenance as may be required to supply the loss of blood they must suffer in the process.

"I have recommended that the cattle should be covered with sheets, or washed with some preparation obnoxious to the insect, but those who had the politeness not to laugh in my face, I am confident compensated themselves by a roar behind my back.

"I can give you no idea, for I can form none myself, of the number I have slaughtered. You may believe, however, that I never relax my exertions. For the last

two days I have been experimenting with various preparations, in the hope of finding some powerful poison. If I succeed—ah! well, I shall not indulge in too great hopes. Give my best love to my dear Mrs. T., and kiss the darling for me. I mean the little one, of course.

"For yourself, my dear Turrett, believe me, your warm friend, ALFRED CRESSLEY.

"P.S.—A conversation I have just had with a gentleman from the South has determined me to go to Northern Alabama.

"I should proceed to New York to bid you good-by, but, as the gentleman informs me, it is now the height of the season, I shall at once go to Philadelphia, and thence by rail to Irritation Creek, where please direct your next letter. A. C.

"P.P.S.—While writing this letter I have killed just thirty-four.

[He had written thirty-three, but killing one at the moment, I suppose, altered it to thirty-four.]

"P.P.P.S.—Two more, making thirty-six—and one is thirty-seven."

I am daily expecting another letter, but have no need of further assurance that my friend is restored to an appreciation of life.

SIX YEARS IN A GERMAN PRISON.

IT is said that the first year of solitary imprisonment is the worst to bear. In my case the first year was made the most endurable by an incessant occupation of the brain upon the planning of escape. When hope of escape was first removed came the worst time for me, while the mind struggled to regain its equilibrium. The busy brain was to be quieted, the energies were to be repressed, the man was to submit to years of burial alive during that period of life when manhood is most active.

It was October when I first entered my cell as a political prisoner at Bruchsal, and very soon afterward began the heating with hot air. There were no means of shutting the opening out of which it came in a constant blast like the sirocco. The window could not be opened by the prisoner himself; he must, if he wished to have it open, ring for the overseer, who came with a long stick. My hair had been cropped so much that I felt every draught, and became almost mad with headache and with toothache. The feet were cooled by the cold current of air coming through the badly-fitting door and window, while the head was swimming always in a steam—worse than a steam, for it was not moist, but hot and dry—of thirty degrees of Reaumur. Came my turn to go down to the walking-yard; then I must go, whether it poured or not. The same linen dress was to be worn summer and winter, and we were more acutely sensitive to the inclemency of the weather, because we were not only dried by heat in-doors, but also fed upon the very lowest diet that would maintain life. They gave me a small cast-off soldier's great-coat, very short and threadbare, which I should have been glad to use as protection against the rain, if I had been permitted. This, however, was for wear in the cell, not in the court-yard; that was quite out of the question. When the doctor of the prison saw me cast down in the first days, he said, in a light, swaggering manner:

"Oh! I have seen people here who would, at first, run up the walls, but who became very soon quite contented. Probably you will become blind, but that is nothing, it will soon be over."

Indeed, by the bad food in the prisons not seldom is such blindness produced; the prisoners call it the night-fog, and it is cured by better food—flesh-meat or liver.

The doctor became, in my time, director of the prison, and was in the highest degree zealous on behalf of order. When I saw him he was generally running about the house with a brush and a varnish-pot. It was his whim that all the cells must be exactly alike in their arrangements.

A very horror in the eyes of the new director was the person who had rented the purveying of the prisoners with the allowed food. She was a most respectable substantial burgher-woman, the wife of a baker of Bruchsal, who understood her business, and cared very little about fresh instructions in it. This stout lady was befriended by the burgher members of the board of control, but the director was determined to get rid of her, and he succeeded. The Grand Duke himself was our next chief of the kitchen, and we were pretty nearly starved by him and his administration. They must needs experiment upon retrenchment, and reduced the daily expenditure upon each prisoner for breakfast, dinner, and supper to a penny. When I asked one of the officers what it could matter to them whether we had a little more or less food, and why the manager was not suffered to stay any longer, he answered, that it was a victory for the officers of the prison. The prisoners became lean and weak, and there was a hunger in the house like that in a beleaguered fortress on the eve of surrender.

By the Prussian physician, who was for a time in the house when my regular medical adviser chanced to be ill, I was allowed daily two chopins of milk, and, instead of the pound and a half of black bread, six ounces of white bread. This had been for a long time almost my only food, besides the two ounces of meat every other day, given us in morsels on a skewer, like the London cat's meat. But after the new order even this help failed me. The bread was as bad as possible, and the milk—more water than milk—stunk so intolerably that I turned sick only at the smell. The doctor said this was mere richness of butter. The milk was, in truth, kept in a tub that could not be well cleaned. There was nobody in the kitchen who understood anything; all kitchen work, under the economic rule, was done by prisoners, for no woman was again suffered to enter the house as a servant.

Often I was so hungry that I could not sleep, and was driven to appease the craving of my stomach by water, which produced diarrhea. The worst time was directly after winter, when the hot air which had lessened my appetite was at an end, and the body out of which it had sucked the juices cried for food. Then I often begged a bit of bread of my overseer, who gave

it me with tears in his eyes; but it is right also to say that if I asked the doctor for a little augmentation of my diet, a piece of brown bread was never denied me.

I must needs talk about eating: meals are even greater events in the life of a lonely and a hungry man than in the life of a man cheerful and well-fed. At the bottom of my prison life lay hunger, and from this bodily condition came, as will be seen, peculiarities in the condition of my mind.

Once when I was occupied in calculating the amount of nutriment in our food, and comparing it with that of the food I used to have in one day out of prison, I was surprised by our government inspector. I laughingly told him of my speculation. "Oh," he answered, "great physiologists have said to me that man can live on four ounces of bread a day."

The results of such a life were soon apparent. I became depressed in mind more than I ever was before. Sometimes I was weak enough to hope, when I went to bed, that I might not wake again; and when, at half-past four, that dreary bell marked the beginning of a new day, I sat wretched upon my miserable couch, and silent tears rolled down my pale and hollow cheeks.

It is a hard thing to see before one a long day, which offers nothing but sorrow and vexation: not even the shadow of a joy: not even such as the most unhappy, the poorest of free men may enjoy. They can go into the field or the wood, and there are given by God to all under His sky a great many sources of enjoyment, of which the least one would have tinged even my dismal cell with a rosy hue.

Sometimes—not caring much for the Prussian muskets that were fired at those who peeped abroad—I looked through the window, to see, when in its bloom, a large cherry-tree which was beyond the prison wall; or to see upon the road men, women, and children, and to hear their voices.

The only liberty I had in this hive was during the night, when I was sleeping; for by the emaciation of the body, the more subtle faculties of the soul, fettered by it when it is strong enough, appeared to be set free. From my earliest youth I had had a great propensity to vivid dreams. These dreams were now my greatest pleasure, and it was almost as good to me as if I had been every night at a play of a great many acts. The most lucid dreams one has, always occur toward the morning, and then, say the old women, they assume the character of visions. In the prison I had very often dreams of this kind, and sometimes they were of a kind that might almost have passed for revelations.

I received no newspapers, and it was severely forbidden to any one of the officers of the prison to give us political intelligence. This had been, since the new order of the things in the house, so strictly adhered to, that I heard not earlier than in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-five something about a war with Russia. Of a Napoleon the Third I received the first news by an almanac, in which I came upon such a name with great wonder in the list of sovereigns. Nevertheless I had seen something of political occurrences in my dreams; and I will give a few examples, assuring my readers that I tell them strictly as they were.

Once I saw a great palace, in which preparations were made for a festivity. I heard in the kitchen the head-cook command his myrmidons, and every thing was in a great bustle. I had never been in Vienna, but in the dream I knew that I was in that city. What have I to do with festivities in Vienna, I thought, the next morning? At that time the emperor married, and, by an act of so-called grace, pardoned more than two hundred of the political prisoners.

I was, another night, in St. Petersburg. I saw many troops marching, and, upon a large square, recruits were being exercised: every where active preparations for war were going on. This was at about the beginning of the Russian war.

Another night I was led to an Eastern country. I was in a low wooden building inclosed by board hedges. From the window I saw, to my astonishment, red-coated English soldiers advancing as tirailleurs. I heard and saw their shots; but I could not see the enemy, the ridge of a little hill hindering the view. The English made a movement, and were soon behind the hill; but near to my building I saw advancing a strange-looking corps of soldiers, which it puzzled me to understand next morning; they were dressed in an Eastern fashion, but kept Western order. They were formed in a battalion's column, advancing in a regular trot, like the Chasseurs d'Afrique; they advanced with a sort of terrible grunting. Next morning I thought I must have been in India, and seen Englishmen at war with some of the people there; but these Easterly-dressed soldiers seemed to fight on the same side with the English. Perhaps what I saw was a battalion of Zouaves, about whom I knew nothing.

At other times I was led in my dreams before a fortress, where I saw soldiers working in trenches, cannons, and other evidences of active warfare, and yet I knew nothing about Sebastopol. The first I heard of the siege was in the middle of the present year.

With persons dear to me I was always in a certain connection, and I knew almost always when a letter was coming, even if I had no reason to expect one. If the letter on its way were written in a hurry, I seldom knew any thing about it; but if the thoughts of the writer were intensely fixed upon me, as was made apparent by the letter, I knew of it always. That I almost every night sat at dinner and ate and drank heartily, was only a token that my body cried always for food. This dream-dinner, alas! did not satisfy; the dishes I ate had not even any taste.

But enough of my dreams, which I tell only to show what the working of the mind in the starved body may be like.

My nerves were so much excited that every uncommon noise or cry in the house caused my heart to beat more quickly; and sometimes the internal pain in my head, especially in the temples, which seemed pierced by a red-hot iron, made me fear that I might lose my reason. One evening, lying in my bed, I was alarmed by an almost unearthly roaring, which continued for some time, and came nearer and nearer to my cell. It was that of a mad prisoner, who had pushed aside the overseer opening his door, and ran about the house.

Through the overseers I knew that in this prison cases of madness occurred very often, and almost always it came to its outbreak in the night. They told me that it was something frightful to enter such a cell, and that they often roused a comrade to go with them.

Bad, and especially insufficient food is not proper for solitary prisoners; it predisposes them to aberrations, especially such of them as have been used to a more opulent life. By new regulations, convicts enter the house of correction for several years, with an addition of even sixty or seventy days' fasting and darkness, which must be endured during the first year.

He who is punished by hunger-diet (hunger-kost) has only a chopin (not quite a pint) of the dog soup twice a day, and nothing else. The localities for the imprisonment in darkness (dunkel-arrest) are in the ground floor of the small round towers which are in each corner of the external wall. The place of confinement differs not very much from a cell, but there is no bed in it and no window, only a slit in the wall, which is darkened, and even when opened it lets in but little air. The smell in these dens is therefore very bad, and one of the officers said to me that he would rather do any thing than stay for only an hour in one of them.

And now that I am speaking of punishments, I will mention the different forms of punishment adopted in the Bruchsal house. Little infractions of the rule of the house are punished by reprimands before the conference of the house-officers, or by deprivations of favors and permissions; others by hunger or dark-arrest, deprivation of the bed, the putting on of chains, and applying of the "strafstuhl" (chair of punishment). This instrument is a wooden arm-chair. The delinquent sitting upon it is attached to it by straps fixed to his neck, breast, belly, arms, and legs. By the straining of these thongs at so many parts of the body, the circulation of the blood is very soon checked, and the result is a most painful sensation, which increases every moment. Sometimes prisoners have been for six hours in this situation, until blood came from their mouth, nose, and ears. I have heard such poor sufferers roar in a manner that made people who passed on the road stand still and listen, and at which even the sentries could not suppress their horror. Corporal punishment, nevertheless, is abolished in Baden, and the torture also.

For the common prisoners, work is a relief; without it, most of them would become mad. They are interested in their work in more than one respect. They have done, when free, the same or about the same, and their work is not humiliating to them; they have an opportunity of learning in the house several new trades, which they could not afford when free; and they understand very well that in this manner their capital for life is augmented. Have they done their day's work, one-third of a penny is paid daily to each; and if a prisoner be diligent and skillful, he can earn more, up to twopence. This is not much; but after having finished an imprisonment of perhaps three or four years, the convict receives a little stock of money, which will help him greatly.

The director once wondered at one of the better educated prisoners, who would not become a joiner or learn any trade, but was content to do nothing nobler than French-polish chairs. I understand this prisoner quite well. If common work must be done by a well educated man, who could perform the highest things perhaps, a pure mechanical employment not too tiring would be the most welcome, because it alone allows a free play to the thoughts. It is very disagreeable to have work which is too trivial to interest the worker, but which can not be done without constant attention. My own, for instance—shoemaking—was of this kind; and irritable as I was made by hunger, hot air, and bad smells, I became still more so on this account.

Of course I felt my solitude deeply, but it was not so oppressive to me as the society of common prisoners had been; and the visits of the officers of the house were quite sufficient for my general want of society. By the regulations of the house, drawn up by the ministry, which understands nothing at all of prison and prisoners, every prisoner is to receive daily six visits by officers and persons employed in the house. This is impracticable. Six visits a day would have driven me mad, and I was contented that the director came to see me once a week, the parson as often, the doctor every fortnight, and the administrator, teachers, and head overseers sometimes. These visits would have been more agreeable if one had not always been compelled to think that they were made for government purposes—I knew that official reports were always wandering from Bruchsal to Carlsruhe. The officers, who did not like such business, although it formed a regular part of their office, were very agreeable to me, and I expected their visits with pleasure; but our conversation moved in very narrow bounds; not only political intelligence, but even the supply of the most innocent news concerning things that had occurred since eighteen hundred and forty-nine being prohibited.

There were a small number of books in the library of the house, which were lent to the prisoners, who were not suffered to have more volumes in a cell than five, including the Bible and the school-books. Most of these books were

of that kind of popular literature produced by talkative village parsons, who almost make Christianity itself a weariness. There were, however, other books which had been presented to the house by several booksellers when, in eighteen hundred and forty-eight, so many political prisoners were awaiting trial. Among these were some very good books—German, English, and French—although the wiseacres in Carlsruhe had rejected some of the most valuable.

After sundry changes from permission to restriction, I myself was allowed to receive from Frankfort English and French books, but no German books, and no newspapers, or even reviews, Dingler's Polytechnic Journal (German) being an exception. My chief political intelligence I got in the last half year (eighteen hundred and fifty-five), from Household Words, of which I perused thirty volumes of the Tauchnitz edition with an eagerness that made me sometimes ill. Books in these foreign languages were permitted to me as being necessary to a useful study; German books would have been regarded as a mere pleasure.

But books were not enough to stay the craving of the mind for occupation. Sometimes I amused myself with the mental execution of some difficult plan. I was a very long time occupied over the arrangement of a colony in South America, founded upon moderate communistic principles; then I had very much to do with air-balloons, and invented a new manner of steering them. Always having meddled a little with chemistry, electrotype, etc., I was indefatigable in inventing new things, and I have no less than five hundred ideas of this kind set down. If I would give myself a great treat, I indulged in day-dreams, supposing this or that situation, and spinning it out through all its consequences. I was often so much excited by these idle fancies, that the perspiration stood upon my forehead, if it were in summer time.

We were permitted to write one, or, in urgent cases, two letters a month, and to receive also. These letters were indeed a great comfort; but the thought that they would be read, not only by those persons to whom they were addressed, but also by the director, and the parson, and all other prison officers who had a mind to do so, made me always so angry that I could not forbear writing things very disagreeable to intrusive eyes. It was very unwise, doubtless; for such letters as bred much objection by the nature of their contents, were sent, not to my wife, but to the ministry at Carlsruhe. But no doubt I had the spirit of a rebel.

Out of the prison we were very poor; we had lost all. My wife had sold her trinkets during the vain effort to free me. Even upon a heritage of my aunt, who died at this time, the government of Baden laid its hand. My wife was compelled, therefore, to try her little dexterities, and painted flowers on china, and worked with her skillful tapestry-needle like a grisette. At last she accepted a place in a family of many children, who had lost both parents. She tried to replace the lost mother, and won very soon the love and respect of her pupils, and of their relations. In this position she was, at least, sheltered against want. She came to see me sometimes—every year once; for the journey from Berlin was costly; and although we could not deny ourselves this interview of half an hour a year, it always made us wretched. There she stood, several paces distant, behind a narrow wire-net, where I could not even distinguish her features. The first quarter of the half hour passed almost without a word; she wept silently; and I ground my teeth, and held the bars of my cage as if I would try to break them. The half hour past, she went away without power to kiss me or press my hand, and I was not to see her again till after another long, long year!

I have said before that with the change of the director our position became far more disagreeable. The mercilessness with which the director sent away every overseer, even upon suspicion, made our keepers very shy. No overseer was permitted to enter any cell without the knowledge of the person to whose section it belonged, he being answerable for any disorder there detected.

No overseer was permitted to bring his cloak into the house; it must be deposited in the porter's room, to render it impossible that any of them should smuggle any thing in or out. Every one who would bring any thing—even a shirt or a bottle—outside the door, could not do so without a written permission from the administration. Nay, there was even a proposal to search daily the pockets of the overseers! Higher officials could pass with their cloaks, although among them there were some of the most likely men to thieve. One head overseer stole like a raven, and great baskets full of linen and other things went at each time. The thefts were detected, and he was dismissed.

It is not to be wondered at if there is theft and peculation here and there by some among a host of underpaid officials. Baden has officers of every kind, and they can only be paid badly. There are ministers of every kind; even there is a Palmerston, who has much business on his hands if the Regent wants a coat from Paris. But there is no person employed in Baden whose pay will exceed five hundred pounds a year.

The overseers in the house of correction are paid very scantily indeed; even such as are commissioned by the ministry have not more than fifty shillings a month; and it is very hard, upon such a sum, to live with a great family, even in Baden. For this payment they have much to do, and their life is almost as hard as that of the prisoners, nay, even harder. Only a few of them are permitted to stay at night with their families. At half-past four, winter and summer, they must be in the prison, and attend, each to his thirty prisoners. Each of them must understand some trade, and pass an examination. From morning till night he

labors up and down the stairs, always in fear lest he neglect any of the million particular orders and arrangements, of which one part makes the others puzzling. If he do not understand these orders as the director means them to be understood; if he do not submit without word or gesture of displeasure to the sovereign will of his petty despot, he may be sure he will lose his bread, and his family may go a-begging.

During the last four years I was in the same wing, and had but one overseer, my good and brave Sebastian. Has any body ever read a history of a prisoner without a kind jailer? Mine was most kind. His father had been mutilated by the fall of stones in a quarry, and died. He himself had worked hard also as a quarryman, and by laboring in the heat of the sun, with covered head, he had lost nearly all his hair. His father left him a small freehold in a village not far from the Neckar, where he lived till he must needs become a soldier. He had learned basket-making; but the failing of the potato crops for several years pressed too hard upon him, and he found it difficult to keep himself and family; therefore he tried to get a place as overseer in the house of correction.

Having no other occupation, and being always accustomed to observe other people, I studied with the utmost care this man, and at last knew him so well that he could not even conceal a thought before me. Very often I amused myself by telling him his secret wishes, to his utmost wonder. He was to me as if he had been made of glass; but indeed this honest soul could bear to be of glass—the more one saw through it, the more one loved it.

Of course I studied the other officers of the house also. The director improved with the years; and if I had any reason to complain of him, I will not do so, knowing very well that I often provoked him unnecessarily: urged to do so by my irritable state. Many others in his place would have behaved far otherwise. He angered me very much; but he was not ill-natured, and his behavior was always gentlemanly. He has written several works about prisons and the solitary system. His last appeared in eighteen hundred and fifty-five. It is very well written, and there are many valuable things in it; but even for this reason it would be the more necessary to point out its errors. I will only remark, that all such books, written by government officers, ought to be read with the utmost suspicion. The statistics of the prison are illusory. I wish the overseers had to write annotations frankly on the work of their director. They would make a curious appendix.

To explain how I kept up my courage, I must not tell either my religion or my character; but I can tell what means I employed besides to overcome the dreaded horrors of confinement. The first rule is to throw away, as soon as possible, every hope:

> Hope, eager hope, the assassin of our joys,
> All present blessings treading under foot,
> Is scarce a milder tyrant than despair.

One comes only to a settled state, which permits even a kind of enjoyment, when all is done with hope. Accepting, then, the years of solitude as perfectly inevitable, one must consider how to pass them, how to keep one's self amused and occupied. Recollections of the past will very soon be exhausted as a means of killing time. Sometimes, however, one is not disposed for any other thing. In such a frame of mind I wrote down more than four hundred names of young men who had been with me in the cadet-house, and was absorbed in this occupation for several weeks. Very often I rose in the midst of the night to write down with chalk any name which I had been endeavoring for days to recollect. This will only do for a short time; and one must needs try to create little joys where great ones are denied.

In our court-yard were many interesting and important things; there were flowers, birds, mice. I love flowers, but I am not quite so sentimental with them as the prisoner in Picciola; I was more attracted by the little mice which played beneath the wood piled for a long time round our walking yards; or by the birds. There were lodged a host of sparrows under the roof of the house, and in spring time one could see the young married couples sitting upon the gutter. Where another gutter branched off, the rent must have been dearer, I suppose, for there I saw always quite respectable-looking, fat sparrow gentlemen, enjoying the shadow of a little Semiramis garden, owing its existence to some earthy stuff that came down from the roof, to which the seed, probably, had been carried by the sparrows themselves.

It was prohibited to give bread to the sparrows, but I did not care about such things, and, hungry as I was, always allowed them the whole crumb of my small white slice. They knew me very well, my visor notwithstanding. They watched my coming; and, as soon as I stepped out of the door, flew round about me, and begged for their food. When they missed me, and sat upon the roof, I only signed to them with my hand, and down came the whole army in the greatest hurry. They came almost sitting upon my feet, and would have been much tamer but for some prisoners, who could not forbear trying to catch or to kill them! When they had little ones, they led them into my yard, and the whole family came close to my feet, the young things fluttering, and with wide-open yellow beaks, and the parents slily looking at me, and catching the soft crumbs with which they could feed their little ones without any other preparation. My sparrows were the wonder of all the overseers.

And we had not only sparrows, but red-tails and wag-tails also. The latter I loved very much, and observed once a little scene performed by wag-tails which I can not forbear telling. Had Shakspeare seen it, he would never have used the word wag-tail as a by-word for that cowardly fellow cudgeled by brave Kent.

For a long time I had noticed a poor cock

wag-tail which had lost the half of a foot, and could not run after the insects as his comrades did, but must hobble slowly beneath the edges of the flower-beds, to see what he could catch. This poor invalid had an enemy who pursued him every where. One day he was attacked quite unexpectedly, and must prepare for battle as well as he could. He did so like a clever fellow, spreading out his tail and wings, and supporting himself against a piece of turf. The miserable aggressor stood in the middle of the way, a few yards off, and advanced step by step in the manner of a fencer. He seemed much stronger than my little friend, whose feathers were not smooth at all, and who looked ill and weary. I was indeed sorry for him, and considered whether I should play the part of Fate or not, when there came through the air, like a flash of light, another male bird, which, with shrieking and with a fury I never had expected of a wag-tail, charged the dastardly ruffian, put him speedily to flight, and followed in pursuit. I could not see how he plucked him, but it did me good to think that he was giving him a lesson. After some time my doughty knight came back; and it was pretty to see with how much care he examined his weak friend, to see whether he had been hurt.

I had been told that several of the prisoners had in their cells sparrows, or a mouse, and I wished also to have a comrade in my solitude. Myself a prisoner, I would not have a free bird of the woods, but a canary bird, which never had known freedom, and was more able to breathe the air in our rooms. After much ado, I obtained leave to keep a canary bird. The brother of my wife brought me one from Frankfort. Of course I was very anxious to possess my little friend, but the bird was kept in the office more than a day, because the administrator (in the director's absence) had discovered that he was a male bird, and very likely to sing, which would be very much against the "seriousness of the place."

They had sent me, indeed, the finest bird they could find; his song was not so quavering as that of many other canary birds, but very sweet and soft, and mixed with notes of nightingales and other birds, which had been his companions. Used to company, he felt himself lonely in my cell, and became very tame. He ate from my hand, and often sat down upon my shoulder or upon the edge of my book when I was reading—to sing there.

Winter set in, and with it came the usual killing sirocco into my cell. My little bird began to ail, and soon ceased singing. The director said he had the house of correction decline, and indeed it was so. The poor thing coughed and groaned all night. Spring came, and I thought him saved, when the month of May brought with it much cold. The bird had lost almost all his feathers, and must have felt cold; but he was always sitting in the water as if he would quench an inward fire. One morning, when I came from the yard, I found him dead. I would not bury my friend in a jail, but wrapped him in moss and laid him in a box, which I sent to Frankfort, where he slept by the side of a faithful dog.

When my wife came, in the summer, she brought with her two other canary birds, a male and female. They were selected from among a great many pairs with great care, and were very beautiful. The golden yellow male was named by me "Hans," and his little wife, who had a beautiful crown, and was a first-rate beauty, was called, after a fair friend, "Fritzchen." These two companions were a source of lasting joy and comfort. To observe them, and to become acquainted with all their little particularities, was an amusement of which I never tired; and if the dark spirit threatened to possess me, the warbling of my little David smoothed my brow.

I had now friends near me to love, to observe, to care for, and to nurse. What a pleasure when they began to build a nest! When it was finished, there came nice little eggs, and Fritzchen sat upon them, sneezing in a small way quite softly, which I never had heard yet of female birds, and which they only do in expectation of the mother's joys. Hans often inspected his treasure, and both then sat upon the brim of the nest, chatting tenderly.

When I could reasonably expect young birds, I looked every morning in the nest, while the young mother was away for a moment to drink, to make a hurried toilet, or to nibble a few dainties which honest Sebastian the overseer had brought. At last my hope was fulfilled, and I saw the young bird earlier than its own mother. The egg was burst just in the middle, and between the two hollows moved a little thing with a head as big as the body. When the mother came back to the nest, she took one of the egg-halves into her beak, and flew with it upon the other cage, where Hans was sitting. When he had seen the egg-shell, she dropped it, and both flew to the nest, where the father with evident pleasure looked at his first-born. Then was there for a time much soft chatting and billing, and then Fritzchen nestled happily upon their new-born. No king could have more pleasure than I had in observing the joy of my little birds.

When the hen sits upon her nest, the male must feed her; for if she were to go away for food the eggs would become cold. This feeding seems a great amusement to them both; and if they are very sociable during their courtship, the hen always flutters with her wings, and begs food, which her lord and master gives her playingly. The feeding of the young ones also is the business of the father, as long as they are in the nest; and I have often seen Hans pushing aside his little wife when she has offered to meddle with his duties.

Hans became very tame, and learned various tricks. I laid him upon his back and he must lie still, as if he was dead. I could take him by both his wings, by one wing, or by his tail or

feet, without his giving a sign of life. His little head hung down, and you would have thought him dead, but for his dark little roguish eyes, which he would never shut. Sometimes I made a tube of paper, and loaded him in it, as if he were the ball in a pistol, as I had seen done by jugglers. At first he tried to escape me, and I always had trouble to catch him again; therefore I made and fastened to his foot a little tongue of soft leather, like the shoe of a falcon. When the poor fellow saw himself thus fettered, he laid himself upon his back, and played through all his little tricks unbidden. I could not find it in my heart to fetter him again.

The two finest of my three young birds I lost. They were very wild, and, in playing, they ran against the cage, fell down, and broke their necks. The youngest one was never flurried. If there was some bird of prey seen through the window, and his father warned, the little clever thing looked heedfully about before it flew through the door of the cage. If it had not done so, it would not have been here in London now, while I write, attentively examining my paper.

Hans made a trip into the world, but the poor fellow came badly off. Every Saturday I cleaned my window, and it was always a great pleasure to me, for then I stood upon a step inside my cell, and could look far into the country. Only once, I was led, after much entreating, by an overseer into the schoolroom; from the windows of which I could look upon the town and the delicious landscape. I enjoyed the sight for five minutes only; but it was one of the greatest pleasures I had in all these six years. When I was cleaning my window once, Hans got out of his cage and came to me, fluttered a little, amazed by the open air, and, before I could close the window, flew through it and directly over the roof of the house. What hours of anxiety were those that followed! But it was summer time, and he would not perish of the weather.

I was not to lose the father of my little family. Having seen enough of the world in an hour or so, he sat down upon the wall near the sentry, and there sang. The soldier tried to catch him with his helmet, but failed. The bird, who was used to be caught, did not fly away, and when the soldier tried to catch him with his hands he succeeded. It was a Baden soldier, and he knew that the bird was mine. He gave him to the porter, who permitted him to fly about his room. When the poor fellow was caught again to bring him to me, they must have handled him roughly, for one of his wings hung down, and under it was a blood-blister as thick as a hazel-nut.

When Hans came into the cage and sat there crest-fallen, his little wife was glad, though she seemed not to care much about him; but he did not answer some of her questions, and she then became uneasy, looked at him from all sides, placed herself then close to him, and lifted with her little beak the hurt wing to look under it. I have never seen such a thing from any other bird. After having discovered that Hans was much hurt, she chirped comfort in his ear, kissed him, and he answered her tenderness as languishingly as a wounded man would have answered the soft whisper of his wife. She was constantly busied about him, and did all she could to show how much she pitied his misfortune.

I bathed the hurt wing all day to prevent inflammation, and next day the surgeon of the house performed an operation, which was very painful, but of the best consequences. I bound up the limb, and, after a few months, poor Hans could fly again, although he always hung his wing, so that Sebastian used to say he was carrying a sabre.

Next year I got only one young bird; he was christened Büchen. When I left the prison, my birds, of course, went with me. They looked rather shabby, and would not have lived another winter.

But canary birds do not content man fully. I proposed to myself objects that were just attainable, and worked till I attained them.

The first thing I longed for, was to throw aside my miserable work as learner of shoemaking, and to be permitted to draw only. Rheumatism in one arm helped very opportunely, and I was suffered to draw, by paying to the house more than double the sum I could have earned as a shoemaker. My pen-drawings were my own, and I sent them to my wife. In my cell there was a permanent exhibition, for my work interested me, and many of my visitors also. My pen-drawings were highly esteemed by the printsellers, and several of them sold very well. The thought that by them I could perhaps help my wife in her great struggle with the world, made me most eager to work, and I did so from sunrise till night. Occupied with a drawing that interested me I rose with pleasure, and the day passed swiftly away. I was very often so gay that I sang all day long, until entreated by the overseers to hold my tongue, because it was not permitted to trouble the seriousness of the place by such glad notes.

When I got writing materials I began to write; but in this solitude I had so much material in store that too much at once thronged to my pen. Nevertheless, I wrote many things, and on the most various themes: Pictures of the Life of Animals; Letters of a Hermit; on Religion; on Military Art; a great many essays and recollections of my life. I remarked that too deep speculations were not in accordance with the insufficient food. Sometimes my head was so fatigued that I could not so much as read more than four or five pages.

The learning of languages I judge to be the fittest occupation for a prisoner. When free I never could spare time to learn the English language; as prisoner, I had more leisure than I wanted, and was glad to teach myself the language of the free. It was a curious thing, when

I came to England, and had to put my lonely prison studies to the test. It was as if I had learned playing the piano on an instrument provided with keys only, producing no sound. This is now the first time that I try to express my thoughts by writing in the English language; it is to me as if I must walk with a hundred weight attached to my foot.

[Thus far we have removed most of the traces of a foreign idiom in the writer's English; now we think it may interest the reader to see what English style was compassed by this energetic German gentleman in his solitary cell. The rest of the narrative is printed as it comes to us.]

When there was spoken of the marriage of the Prince Regent, people believed that the political prisoners would be set free at this opportunity; but the Princess of Prussia being very young, the effectuation trained much too long. At last, in the autumn, eighteen hundred and fifty-five, my wife received a hint that I was to be freed at a certain day, and she had already sent her luggage to the railway, when she received a telegraphical dispatch that it was no time yet, and that she might stay a little longer in Berlin.

It was the second October in the morning, when I was interrupted in a drawing by the visit of the director, who announced me my deliverance, and the presence of my wife in Bruchsal. I was glad, of course, but I had waited too long for this moment to feel it with such force as would have been the case two years before.

Nevertheless I stepped into the carriage with a thankful heart, and when we drove along the streets to the hotel there were trees, flowers, carriages, horses, women, and children! I heard merry voices instead of the whining of the organ, and saw smiling and compassionate faces greeting us on our way.

In the hotel of the Poste we were received with a hearty welcome by the brave landlady, and led into her best room, where stood upon the table the finest flower-bouquet money could purchase in Bruchsal, a gift of the landlady to me.

When dinner came—what a wonder! My wife was amused and touched at my exclamations. A table-cloth—what a luxury! A fork! I had not seen a fork since six years. I had appropriated to me a large pin, which I wanted formerly for my cobbler-work, and which I used instead of a fork, and my plate was a round bit of board, which I brought with me as a keepsake. I had forgot how to use such things as knife and fork at once.

What a pleasure to drink out of a glass again, for even my bit of wine I used to drink out of a spare bird-glass. The whole dinner was a chain of agreeable surprises, for there were so great many familiar things I had neither seen nor tasted for so long a time—as plates, decanters, butter, fruit, tea, coffee, and fine Havanas.

I would have liked a walk in the environs of Bruchsal, only to look at my prison; but I did not, for it would have caused, perhaps, some disagreeableness to the director; thus I contented myself with walking in the garden of the hotel.

The other day we went by the railway to Frankfort—my wife, myself, and my dear little companions (my four canary-birds), who wondered much at the great many people they saw every where. The journey was very fatiguant to me, and I felt uncomfortable, for every where people stared at me with amazement and pity. No wonder; for I looked like a walking corpse, and my great excitement and vivacity made my appearance rather more painful. It must have been indeed very striking; for when we arrived in the house of my brother-in-law in Frankfort, there was a servant that had been in the house of my father-in-law when my wife was yet a maid, on seeing me she was so much shocked and grieved at the alteration of my features that she ran away and threw herself weeping upon the ground.

The society of my old friends and all these things I heard and saw excited me still more; and when I met an old friend, a physician, he cautioned me, and forbade me positively to go to a play, for he said that a single great excitement might produce at once what six years of solitary confinement had not done—to wit, madness! When I met, the other day, a very old and dear friend, who had shown to me much kindness since twenty years, I could not speak, and sobbed at his breast like a little child.

It was a curious sensation I had in the throat, produced by much speaking, for I was not used to it; and even in hearing I found difficulty. But this was not the effect of any deficiency in the ear, but only that of my not being used to hear speaking.

Now I heard, for the first time, that my old mother was dead since four years. My wife would not write it to me, and sent me always her greetings. My step-father, who was deceased also a few months before, and of the death of other dear persons I heard also only then.



BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—FELLOW-TRAVELERS.

IN the autumn of the year, Darkness and Night were creeping up to the highest ridges of the Alps.

It was vintage time in the valleys on the

Swiss side of the Pass of the Great Saint Bernard, and along the banks of the Lake of Geneva. The air there was charged with the scent of gathered grapes. Baskets, troughs, and tubs of grapes stood in the dim village doorways, stopped the steep and narrow village streets, and had been carrying all day along the roads and lanes. Grapes, spilt and crushed under foot, lay about every where. The child carried in a sling by the laden peasant-woman toiling home, was quieted with picked-up grapes; the idiot sunning his big goître under the eaves of the wooden chalet by the way to the waterfall, sat munching grapes; the breath of the cows and goats was redolent of leaves and stalks of grapes; the company in every little cabaret were eating, drinking, talking grapes. A pity that no ripe touch of this generous abundance could be given to the thin, hard, stony wine which, after all, was made from the grapes!

The air had been warm and transparent through the whole of the bright day. Shining metal spires and church-roofs, distant and rarely seen, had sparkled in the view; and the snowy mountain-tops had been so clear that unaccustomed eyes, canceling the intervening country, and slighting their rugged height for something fabulous, would have measured them as within a few hours' easy reach. Mountain-peaks of great celebrity in the valleys, whence no trace of their existence was visible sometimes for months together, had been since morning plain and near in the blue sky. And now, when it was dark below, though they seemed solemnly to recede, like spectres who were going to vanish, as the red dye of the sunset faded out of them and left them coldly white, they were yet distinctly defined in their loneliness, above the mists and shadows.

Seen from those solitudes, and from the Pass of the Great Saint Bernard, which was one of them, the ascending Night came up the mountain like a rising water. When it at last rose to the walls of the convent of the Great Saint Bernard, it was as if that weather-beaten structure were another Ark, and floated away upon the shadowy waves.

Darkness, outstripping some visitors on mules, had risen thus to the rough convent walls, when those travelers were yet climbing the mountain. As the heat of the glowing day, when they had stopped to drink at the streams of melted ice and snow, was changed to the searching cold of the frosty rarefied night-air at a great height, so the fresh beauty of the lower journey had yielded to barrenness and desolation. A craggy track, up which the mules, in single file, scrambled and turned from block to block, as though they were ascending the broken staircase of a gigantic ruin, was their way now. No trees were to be seen, nor any vegetable growth, save a poor brown scrubby moss, freezing in the chinks of rock. Blackened skeleton arms of wood by the wayside pointed upward to the convent, as if the ghosts of former travelers, overwhelmed by the snow, haunted the scene of their distress. Icicle-hung caves, and cellars built for refuges from sudden storms, were like so many whispers of the perils of the place; never-resting wreaths and mazes of mist wandered about, hunted by a moaning wind; and snow, the besetting danger of the mountain, against which all its defenses were taken, drifted sharply down.

The file of mules, jaded by their day's work, turned and wound slowly up the steep ascent; the foremost led by a guide on foot, in his broad-brimmed hat and round jacket, carrying a mountain staff or two upon his shoulder, with whom another guide conversed. There was no speaking among the string of riders. The sharp cold, the fatigue of the journey, and a new sensation of a catching in the breath, partly as if they had just emerged from very clear crisp water, and partly as if they had been sobbing, kept them silent.

At length a light on the summit of the rocky staircase gleamed through the snow and mist. The guides called to the mules, the mules pricked up their drooping heads, the travelers' tongues were loosened, and in a sudden burst of slipping, climbing, jingling, clinking, and talking, they arrived at the convent door.

Other mules had arrived not long before, some with peasant-riders and some with goods, and had trodden the snow about the door into a pool of mud. Riding saddles and bridles, pack-saddles and strings of bells, mules and men, lanterns, torches, sacks, provender, barrels, cheeses, kegs of honey and butter, straw bundles and packages of many shapes, were crowded confusedly together in this thawed quagmire, and about the steps. Up here in the clouds every thing was seen through cloud, and seemed dissolving into cloud. The breath of the men was cloud, the breath of the mules was cloud, the lights were encircled by cloud, speakers close at hand were not seen for cloud, though their voices and all other sounds were surprisingly clear. Of the cloudy line of mules hastily tied to rings in the wall one would bite another, or kick another, and then the whole mist would be disturbed: with men diving into it, and cries of men and beasts coming out of it, and no by-stander discerning what was wrong. In the midst of this, the great stable of the convent, occupying the basement story, and entered by the basement door, outside which all the disorder was, poured forth its contribution of cloud, as if the whole rugged edifice were filled with nothing else, and would collapse as soon as it had emptied itself, leaving the snow to fall upon the bare mountain summit.

While all this noise and hurry were rife among the living travelers, there, too, silently assembled in a grated house, half a dozen paces removed, with the same cloud enfolding them, and the same snow-flakes drifting in upon them, were the dead travelers found upon the mount-

ain. The mother, storm-belated many winters ago, still standing in the corner with her baby at her breast; the man who had frozen with his arm raised to his mouth in fear or hunger, still pressing it with his dry lips after years and years. An awful company, mysteriously come together! A wild destiny for that mother to have foreseen, "Surrounded by so many and such companions upon whom I never looked, and never shall look, I and my child will dwell together inseparable, on the Great Saint Bernard, outlasting generations who will come to see us, and will never know our name, or one word of our story but the end."

The living travelers thought little or nothing of the dead just then. They thought much more of alighting at the convent door, and warming themselves at the convent fire. Disengaged from the turmoil, which was already calming down as the crowd of mules began to be bestowed in the stable, they hurried shivering up the steps and into the building. There was a smell within, coming up from the floor of tethered beasts, like the smell of a menagerie of wild animals. There were strong arched galleries within, huge stone piers, great staircases, and thick walls pierced with small sunken windows—fortifications against the mountain storms, as if they had been human enemies. There were gloomy vaulted sleeping rooms within, originally built for monkish cells perhaps; intensely cold, but clean and hospitably prepared for guests. Finally, there was a parlor for guests to sit in and to sup in, where a table was already laid, and where a blazing fire shone red and high.

In this room, after having had their quarters for the night allotted to them by two young Fathers, the travelers presently drew round the hearth. They were in three parties; of whom the first, as the most numerous and important, was the slowest, and had been overtaken by one of the others on the way up. It consisted of an elderly lady, two gray-haired gentlemen, two young ladies, and their brother. These were attended (not to mention four guides) by a courier, two footmen, and two waiting-maids; which strong body of inconvenience was accommodated elsewhere under the same roof. The party that had overtaken them, and followed in their train, consisted of only three members; one lady and two gentlemen. The third party, which had ascended from the valley on the Italian side of the Pass, and had arrived first, were four in number: a plethoric, hungry, and silent German tutor in spectacles, on a tour with three young men, his pupils, all plethoric, hungry, and silent, and all in spectacles.

These three groups sat round the fire eying each other dryly, and waiting for supper. Only one among them, one of the gentlemen belonging to the party of three, made advances toward conversation. Throwing out his lines for the Chief of the important tribe, while addressing himself to his own companions, he remarked, in a tone of voice which included all the company if they chose to be included, that it had been a long day, and that he felt for the ladies. That he feared one of the young ladies was not a strong or accustomed traveler, and had been over-fatigued two or three hours ago. That he had observed, from his station in the rear, that she sat her mule as if she were exhausted. That he had, twice or thrice afterward, done himself the honor of inquiring of one of the guides, when he fell behind, how the young lady did. That he had been enchanted to learn that she had recovered her spirits, and that it had been but a passing discomfort. That he trusted (by this time he had secured the eyes of the Chief, and addressed him) he might be permitted to express his hope that she was now none the worse, and that she would not regret having made the journey.

"My daughter, I am obliged to you, Sir," returned the Chief, "is quite restored, and has been greatly interested."

"New to the mountains perhaps?" said the insinuating traveler.

"New to—ha—to mountains," said the Chief.

"But you are familiar with them, Sir?" the insinuating traveler assumed.

"I am—hum—tolerably familiar. Not of late years. Not of late years," replied the Chief, with a flourish of his hand.

The insinuating traveler, acknowledging the flourish with an inclination of his head, passed from the Chief to the second young lady, who had not yet been referred to, otherwise than as one of the ladies in whose behalf he felt so sensitive an interest.

He hoped she was not incommoded by the fatigues of the day.

"Incommoded certainly," returned the young lady, "but not tired."

The insinuating traveler complimented her on the justice of the distinction. It was what he had meant to say. Every lady must doubtless be incommoded by having to do with that proverbally unaccommodating animal, the mule.

"We have had, of course," said the young lady, who was rather reserved and haughty, "to leave the carriages and fourgon at Martigny. And the impossibility of bringing any thing that one wants to this inaccessible place, and the necessity of leaving every comfort behind, is not convenient."

"A savage place, indeed," said the insinuating traveler.

The elderly lady, who was a model of accurate dressing, and whose manner was perfect, considered as a piece of machinery, here interposed a remark in a low, soft voice.

"But, like other inconvenient places," she observed, "it must be seen. As a place much spoken of, it is necessary to see it."

"Oh! I have not the least objection to seeing it, I assure you, Mrs. General," returned the other, carelessly.

"You, madam," said the insinuating traveler, "have visited this spot before?"

"Yes," returned Mrs. General. "I have been here before. Let me recommend you, my dear," to the former young lady, "to shade your face from the hot wood, after exposure to the mountain air and snow. You too, my dear," to the other and younger lady, who immediately did so; while the former merely said, "Thank you, Mrs. General, I am perfectly comfortable, and prefer remaining as I am."

The brother, who had left his chair to open a piano that stood in the room, and who had whistled into it and shut it up again, now came strolling back to the fire with his glass in his eye. He was dressed in the very fullest and completest traveling trim. The world seemed hardly large enough to yield him an amount of travel proportionate to his equipment.

"These fellows are an immense time with supper," he drawled. "I wonder what they'll give us! Has any body any idea?"

"Not roast man, I believe," replied the voice of the second gentleman of the party of three.

"I suppose not. What d'ye mean?" he inquired.

"That, as you are not to be served for the general supper, perhaps you will do us the favor of not cooking yourself at the general fire," returned the other.

The young gentleman, who was standing in an easy attitude on the hearth, cocking his glass at the company, with his back to the blaze and his coat tucked under his arms, something as if he were of the poultry species and were trussed for roasting, lost countenance at this reply; but seemed about to demand further explanation, when it was discovered—through all eyes turning on the speaker—that the lady with him, who was young and beautiful, had not heard what had passed, through having fainted with her head upon his shoulder.

"I think," said the gentleman, in a subdued tone, "I had best carry her straight to her room. Will you call to some one to bring a light?" addressing his companion, "and to show the way? In this strange rambling place I don't know that I could find it."

"Pray let me call my maid," cried the taller of the young ladies.

"Pray let me put this water to her lips," said the shorter, who had not spoken yet.

Each doing what she suggested, there was no want of assistance. Indeed, when the two maids came in (escorted by the courier, lest any one should strike them dumb by addressing a foreign language to them on the road), there was a prospect of too much assistance. Seeing this, and saying as much in a few words to the slighter and younger of the two ladies, the gentleman put his wife's arm over his shoulder, lifted her up, and carried her away.

His friend, being left alone with the other visitors, walked slowly up and down the room, without coming to the fire again, pulling his black mustache in a contemplative manner, as if he felt himself committed to the late retort. While the subject of it was breathing injury in a corner, the Chief loftily addressed this gentleman.

"Your friend, Sir," said he, "is—ha—is a little impatient; and, in his impatience, is not perhaps fully sensible of what he owes to—hum—to—but we will waive that, we will waive that. Your friend is a little impatient, Sir."

"It may be so, Sir," returned the other. "But having had the honor of making that gentleman's acquaintance at the hotel at Geneva, where we and much good company met some time ago, and having had the honor of exchanging company and conversation with that gentleman on several subsequent excursions, I can hear nothing—no, not even from one of your appearance and station, Sir—detrimental to that gentleman."

"You are in no danger, Sir, of hearing any such thing from me. In remarking that your friend has shown impatience, I say no such thing. I make that remark, because it is not to be doubted that my son, being by birth and by—ha—by education a—hum—a gentleman, would have readily adapted himself to any obligingly-expressed wish on the subject of the fire being equally accessible to the whole of the present circle. Which, in principle, I—ha—for all are—hum—equal on these occasions—I consider right."

"Good!" was the reply. "And there it ends! I am your son's obedient servant. I beg your son to receive the assurance of my profound consideration. And now, Sir, I may admit, freely admit, that my friend is sometimes of a sarcastic temper."

"The lady is your friend's wife, Sir?"

"The lady is my friend's wife, Sir."

"She is very handsome."

"Sir, she is peerless. They are still in the first year of their marriage. They are still partly on a marriage, and partly on an artistic tour."

"Your friend is an artist, Sir?"

The gentleman replied by kissing the fingers of his right hand, and wafting the kiss the length of his arm toward Heaven. As who should say, I devote him to the celestial Powers as an immortal artist!

"But he is a man of family," he added. "His connections are of the best. He is more than an artist: he is highly connected. He may, in effect, have repudiated his connections, proudly, impatiently, sarcastically (I make the concession of both words); but he has them. Sparks that have been struck out during our intercourse have shown me this."

"Well! I hope," said the lofty gentleman, with the air of finally disposing of the subject, "that the lady's indisposition may be only temporary."

"Sir, I hope so."

"Mere fatigue, I dare say."

"Not altogether mere fatigue, Sir, for her mule stumbled to-day, and she fell from the

saddle. She fell lightly, and was up again without assistance, and rode from us laughing; but she complained toward evening of a slight bruise in the side. She spoke of it more than once, as we followed your party up the mountain."

The head of the large retinue, who was gracious but not familiar, appeared by this time to think that he had condescended more than enough. He said no more, and there was silence for some quarter of an hour until supper appeared.

With the supper came one of the young Fathers (there seemed to be no old Fathers) to take the head of the table. It was like the supper of an ordinary Swiss hotel, and good red wine grown by the convent in more genial air was not wanting. The artist traveler calmly came and took his place at table when the rest sat down, with no apparent sense upon him of his late skirmish with the completely-dressed traveler.

"Pray," he inquired of the host, over his soup, "has your convent many of its famous dogs now?"

"Monsieur, it has three."

"I saw three in the gallery below. Doubtless the three in question."

The host, a slender, bright-eyed, dark young man of polite manners, whose garment was a black gown with strips of white crossed over it like braces, and who no more resembled the conventional breed of Saint Bernard monks than he resembled the conventional breed of Saint Bernard dogs, replied, doubtless those were the three in question.

"And I think," said the artist traveler, "I have seen one of them before."

It was possible. He was a dog sufficiently well known. Monsieur might have easily seen him in the valley or somewhere on the lake, when he (the dog) had gone down with one of the order to solicit aid for the convent.

"Which is done in its regular season of the year, I think?"

Monsieur was right.

"And never without the dog. The dog is very important."

Again Monsieur was right. The dog was very important. People were justly interested in the dog. As one of the dogs celebrated every where, Ma'amselle would observe.

Ma'amselle was a little slow to observe it, as though she were not yet well accustomed to the French tongue. Mrs. General, however, observed it for her.

"Ask him if he has saved many lives?" said, in his native English, the young man who had been put out of countenance.

The host needed no translation of the question. He promptly replied in French, "No. Not this one."

"Why not?" the same gentleman asked.

"Pardon," returned the host, composedly, "give him the opportunity and he will do it without doubt. For example, I am well convinced," smiling sedately, as he cut up the dish of veal to be handed round, on the young man who had been put out of countenance, "that if you, Monsieur, would give him the opportunity, he would hasten with great ardor to fulfill his duty."

The artist traveler laughed. The insinuating traveler (who evinced a provident anxiety to get his full share of the supper), wiping some drops of wine from his mustache with a piece of bread, joined the conversation.

"It is becoming late in the year, my Father," said he, "for tourist-travelers, is it not?"

"Yes, it is late. Yet two or three weeks, at most, and we shall be left to the winter snows."

"And then," said the insinuating traveler, "for the scratching dogs and the buried children, according to the pictures!"

"Pardon," said the host, not quite understanding the allusion. "How then the scratching dogs and the buried children according to the pictures?"

The artist traveler struck in again, before an answer could be given.

"Don't you know," he coldly inquired across the table of his companion, "that none but smugglers come this way in the winter, or can have any possible business this way?"

"Holy blue! No; never heard of it."

"So it is, I believe. And as they know the signs of the weather tolerably well, they don't give much employment to the dogs—who have consequently died out rather—though this house of entertainment is conveniently situated for themselves. Their young families, I am told, they usually leave at home. But it's a grand idea!" cried the artist traveler, unexpectedly rising into a tone of enthusiasm. "It's a sublime idea. It's the finest idea in the world, and brings tears into a man's eyes, by Jupiter!" He then went on eating his veal with great composure.

There was enough of mocking inconsistency at the bottom of this speech to make it rather discordant, though the manner was refined and the person well-favored, and though the depreciatory part of it was so skillfully thrown off, as to be very difficult for one not perfectly acquainted with the English language to understand, or, even understanding, to take offense at: so simple and dispassionate was its tone. After finishing his veal in the midst of silence, the speaker again addressed his friend.

"Look," said he, in his former tone, "at this gentleman our host, not yet in the prime of life, who in so graceful a way and with such courtly urbanity and modesty presides over us! Manners fit for a crown! Dine with the Lord Mayor of London (if you can get an invitation) and observe the contrast. This dear fellow, with the finest cut face I ever saw, a face in perfect drawing, leaves some laborious life and comes up here I don't know how many feet above the level of the sea, for no other purpose on earth (except enjoying himself, I hope, in a

capital refectory) than to keep a hotel for idle poor devils like you and me, and leave the bill to our consciences! Why, isn't it a beautiful sacrifice? What do we want more to touch us? Because rescued people of interesting appearance are not, for eight or nine months out of every twelve, holding on here round the necks of the most sagacious of dogs carrying wooden bottles, shall we disparage the place? No! Bless the place. It's a great place, a glorious place!"

The chest of the gray-haired gentleman who was the Chief of the important party, had swelled as if with a protest against his being numbered among poor devils. No sooner had the artist traveler ceased speaking than he himself spoke with great dignity, as having it incumbent on him to take the lead in most places, and having deserted that duty for a little while.

He weightily communicated his opinion to their host, that his life must be a very dreary life here in the winter.

The host allowed to Monsieur that it was a little monotonous. The air was difficult to breathe for a length of time consecutively. The cold was very severe. One needed youth and strength to bear it. However, having them and the blessing of Heaven—

Yes, that was very good. "But the confinement," said the gray-haired gentleman.

There were many days, even in bad weather, when it was possible to walk about outside. It was the custom to beat a little track, and take exercise there.

"But the space," urged the gray-haired gentleman. "So small. So—ha—very limited."

Monsieur would recall to himself that there were the refuges to visit, and that tracks had to be made to them also.

Monsieur still urged, on the other hand, that the space was so—ha—hum—so very contracted. More than that. It was always the same, always the same.

With a deprecating smile the host gently raised and gently lowered his shoulders. That was true, he remarked, but permit him to say, that almost all objects had their various points of view. Monsieur and he did not see this poor life of his from the same point of view. Monsieur was not used to confinement.

"I—ha—yes, very true," said the gray-haired gentleman. He seemed to receive quite a shock from the force of the argument.

Monsieur, as an English traveler surrounded by all means of traveling pleasantly; doubtless possessing fortune, carriages, servants—

"Perfectly, perfectly. Without doubt," said the gentleman.

Monsieur could not easily place himself in the position of a person who had not the power to choose, I will go here to-morrow, or there next day; I will pass these barriers, I will enlarge those bounds. Monsieur could not realize, perhaps, how the mind accommodated itself in such things to the force of necessity.

"It is true," said Monsieur. "We will—ha—not pursue the subject. You are—hum—quite accurate, I have no doubt. We will say no more."

The supper having come to a close, he drew his chair away as he spoke, and moved back to his former place by the fire. As it was very cold at the greater part of the table, the other guests also resumed their former seats by the fire, designing to toast themselves well before going to bed. The host, when they rose from table, bowed to all present, wished them good-night, and withdrew. But first the insinuating traveler had asked him if they could have some wine made hot; and as he had answered Yes, and had presently afterward sent it in, that traveler, seated in the centre of the group, and in the full heat of the fire, was soon engaged in serving it out to the rest.

At this time the younger of the two young ladies, who had been silently attentive in her dark corner (the firelight was the chief light in the sombre room, the lamp being smoky and dull) to what had been said of the absent lady, glided out. She was at a loss which way to turn, when she had softly closed the door; but, after a little hesitation among the sounding passages and the many ways, came to a room in a corner of the main gallery, where the servants were at their supper. From these she obtained a lamp, and a direction to the lady's room.

It was up the great staircase on the story above. Here and there the bare white walls were broken by an iron grate, and she thought, as she went along, that the place was something like a prison. The arched door of the lady's room, or cell, was not quite shut. After knocking at it two or three times without receiving an answer, she pushed it gently open, and looked in.

The lady lay with closed eyes on the outside of the bed, protected from the cold by the blankets and wrappers with which she had been covered when she revived from her fainting fit. A dull light placed in the deep recess of the window made little impression on the arched room. The visitor timidly stepped to the bed, and said, in a soft whisper, "Are you better?"

The lady had fallen into a slumber, and the whisper was too low to awake her. Her visitor, standing quite still, looked at her attentively.

"She is very pretty," she said to herself. "I never saw so beautiful a face. Oh, how unlike me!"

It was a curious thing to say, but it had some hidden meaning, for it filled her eyes with tears.

"I know I must be right. I know he spoke of her that evening. I could very easily be wrong on any other subject. But not on this, not on this!"

With a quiet and tender hand she put aside a straying fold of the sleeper's hair, and then touched the hand that lay outside the covering.

"I like to look at her," she breathed to her-

self. "I like to see what has affected him so much."

She had not withdrawn her hand when the sleeper opened her eyes, and started.

"Pray don't be alarmed. I am only one of the travelers from down stairs. I came to ask if you were better, and if I could do any thing for you."

"I think you have already been so kind as to send your servants to my assistance?"

"No, not I; that was my sister. Are you better?"

"Much better. It is only a slight bruise, and has been well looked to, and is almost easy now. It made me giddy and faint in a moment. It had hurt me before; but at last it overpowered me all at once."

"May I stay with you until some one comes? Would you like it?"

"I should like it, for it is lonely here; but I am afraid you will feel the cold too much."

"I don't mind cold. I am not delicate, if I look so." She quickly moved one of the two rough chairs to the bedside, and sat down. The other as quickly moved a part of some traveling wrapper from herself, and drew it over her, so that her arm, in keeping it about her, rested on her shoulder.

"You have so much the air of a kind nurse," said the lady, smiling on her, "that you seem as if you had come to me from home."

"I am very glad of it."

"I was dreaming of home when I awoke just now. Of my old home, I mean, before I was married."

"And before you were so far away from it."

"I have been much farther away from it than this; but then I took the best part of it with me, and missed nothing. I felt solitary as I dropped asleep here, and, missing it a little, wandered back to it."

There was a sorrowfully affectionate and regretful sound in her voice which made her visitor refrain from looking at her for the moment.

"It is a curious chance which at last brings us together, under this covering in which you have wrapped me," said the visitor, after a pause; "for do you know I think I have been looking for you some time."

"Looking for me?"

"I believe I have a little note here, which I was to give to you whenever I found you. This is it. Unless I greatly mistake, it is addressed to you. Is it not?"

The lady took it, and said Yes, and read it. Her visitor watched her as she did so. It was very short. She flushed a little as she put her lips to her visitor's cheek, and pressed her hand.

"The dear young friend to whom he presents me may be a comfort to me at some time, he says. She is truly a comfort to me the first time I see her."

"Perhaps you don't," said the visitor, hesitating—"perhaps you don't know my story? Perhaps he never told you my story?"

"No."

"Oh no, why should he! I have scarcely the right to tell it myself at present, because I have been intreated not to do so. There is not much in it, but it might account to you for my asking you not to say any thing about the letter here. You saw my family with me, perhaps? Some of them—I only say this to you—are a little proud, a little prejudiced."

"You shall take it back again," said the other, "and then my husband is sure not to see it. He might see it and speak of it, otherwise, by some accident. Will you put it in your bosom again, to be certain?"

She did so with great care. Her small, slight hand was still upon the letter, when they heard some one in the gallery outside.

"I promised," said the visitor, rising, "that I would write to him after seeing you (I could hardly fail to see you, sooner or later), and tell him if you were well and happy. I had better say you were well and happy?"

"Yes, yes, yes! Say I was very well and very happy." And that I thanked him affectionately, and would never forget him."

"I shall see you in the morning. After that we are sure to meet again before very long. Good-night!"

"Good-night. Thank you, thank you! Good-night, my dear!"

Both of them were hurried and fluttered as they exchanged this parting, and as the visitor came out at the door. She had expected to meet the lady's husband approaching it; but the person in the gallery was not he: it was the traveler who had wiped the wine-drops from his mustache with the piece of bread. When he heard the step behind him, he turned round—for he was walking away in the dark.

His politeness, which was extreme, would not allow of the young lady's lighting herself down stairs, or going down alone. He took her lamp, held it so as to throw the best light on the stone steps, and followed her all the way to the supper-room. She went down, not easily hiding how much she was inclined to shrink and tremble; for the appearance of this traveler was particularly disagreeable to her. She had sat in her quiet corner before supper, imagining what he would have been in the scenes and places within her experience, until he inspired her with an aversion that made him little less than terrific.

He followed her down with his smiling politeness, followed her in, and resumed his seat in the best place on the hearth. There, with the wood-fire, which was beginning to burn low, rising and falling upon him in the dark room, he sat with his legs thrust out to warm, drinking the hot wine down to the lees, with a monstrous shadow imitating him on the wall and ceiling.

The tired company had broken up, and all the rest were gone to bed except the young lady's father, who dozed in his chair by the fire. The

traveler had been at the pains of going a long way up stairs to his sleeping-room to fetch his pocket-flask of brandy. He told them so, as he poured its contents into what was left of the wine, and drank with a new relish.

"May I ask, Sir, if you are on your way to Italy?"

The gray-haired gentleman had roused himself, and was preparing to withdraw. He answered in the affirmative.

"I also!" said the traveler. "I shall hope to have the honor of offering my compliments in fairer scenes, and under softer circumstances, than on this dismal mountain."

The gentleman bowed, distantly enough, and said he was obliged to him.

"We poor gentlemen, Sir," said the traveler, pulling his mustache dry with his hand, for he had dipped it in the wine and brandy; "we poor gentlemen do not travel like princes, but the courtesies and graces of life are precious to us. To your health, Sir!"

"Sir, I thank you."

"To the health of your distinguished family—of the fair ladies, your daughters!"

"Sir, I thank you again. I wish you good-night. My dear, are our—ha—our people in attendance?"

"They are close by, father."

"Permit me!" said the traveler, rising and holding the door open, as the gentleman crossed the room toward it with his arm drawn through his daughter's. "Good repose! To the pleasure of seeing you once more! To to-morrow!"

As he kissed his hand, with his best manner and his daintiest smile, the young lady drew a little nearer to her father, and passed him with a dread of touching him.

"Humph!" said the insinuating traveler, whose manner shrunk and whose voice dropped when he was left alone. "If they all go to bed, why I must go. They are in a devil of a hurry. One would think the night would be long enough, in this freezing silence and solitude, if one went to bed two hours hence!"

Throwing back his head in emptying his glass, he cast his eyes upon the travelers' book, which lay on the piano, open, with pens and ink beside it, as if the night's names had been registered when he was absent. Taking it in his hand, he read these entries.

William Dorrit, Esquire Frederick Dorrit, Esquire Edward Dorrit, Esquire Miss Dorrit Miss Amy Dorrit Mrs. General	And suite. From France to Italy.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gowan.	From France to Italy.

To which he added, in a small, complicated hand, ending with a long lean flourish, not unlike a lasso thrown at all the rest of the names:

Blandois. Paris. From France to Italy.

And then, with his nose coming down over his mustache, and his mustache going up under his nose, repaired to his allotted cell.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—MRS. GENERAL.

It is indispensable to present the accomplished lady, who was of sufficient importance in the suite of the Dorrit Family to have a line to herself in the Travelers' Book.

Mrs. General was the daughter of a clerical dignitary in a cathedral town, where she had led the fashion until she was as near forty-five as a single lady can be. A stiff commissariat officer of sixty, famous as a martinet, had then become enamored of the gravity with which she drove the proprieties four-in-hand through the cathedral town society, and had solicited to be taken beside her on the box of the cool coach of ceremony to which that team was harnessed. His proposal of marriage being accepted by the lady, the commissary took his seat behind the proprieties with great decorum, and Mrs. General drove until the commissary died. In the course of their united journey they ran over several people who came in the way of the proprieties; but always in a high style, and with composure.

The commissary having been buried with all the decorations suitable to the service (the whole team of proprieties were harnessed to his hearse, and they all had feathers and black velvet housings, with his coat-of-arms in the corner), Mrs. General began to inquire what quantity of dust and ashes was deposited at the bankers'. It then transpired that the commissary had so far stolen a march on Mrs. General as to have bought himself an annuity some years before his marriage, and to have reserved that circumstance in mentioning, at the period of his proposal, that his income was derived from the interest of his money. Mrs. General consequently found her means so much diminished that, but for the perfect regulation of her mind, she might have felt disposed to question the accuracy of that portion of the late service which had declared that the commissary could take nothing away with him.

In this state of affairs it occurred to Mrs. General that she might "form the mind," and eke the manners, of some young lady of distinction. Or, that she might harness the proprieties to the carriage of some rich young heiress or widow, and become at once the driver and guard of such vehicle through the social mazes. Mrs. General's communication of this idea to her clerical and commissariat connection was so warmly applauded that, but for the lady's undoubted merit, it might have appeared as though they wanted to get rid of her. Testimonials representing Mrs. General as a prodigy of piety, learning, virtue, and gentility, were lavishly contributed from influential quarters; and one venerable archdeacon even shed tears in recording his testimony to her perfections (described to him by persons on whom he could rely), though he had never had the honor and moral gratification of setting eyes on Mrs. General in all his life.

Thus delegated on her mission, as it were, by Church and State, Mrs. General, who had al-

ways occupied high ground, felt in a condition to keep it, and began by putting herself up at a very high figure. An interval of some duration elapsed, in which there was no bid for Mrs. General. At length a county widower, with a daughter of fourteen, opened negotiations with the lady; and as it was a part either of the native dignity or of the artificial policy of Mrs. General (but certainly one or the other) to comport herself as if she were much more sought than seeking, the widower pursued Mrs. General until he prevailed upon her to form his daughter's mind and manners.

The execution of this trust occupied Mrs. General about seven years, in the course of which time she made the tour of Europe, and saw most of that extensive miscellany of objects which it is essential that all persons of polite cultivation should see with other people's eyes, and never with their own. When her charge was at length formed, the marriage, not only of the young lady, but likewise of her father, the widower, was resolved on. The widower then finding Mrs. General both inconvenient and expensive, became of a sudden almost as much affected by her merits as the archdeacon had been, and circulated such praises of her surprising worth, in all quarters where he thought an opportunity might arise of transferring the blessing to somebody else, that Mrs. General was a name more honorable than ever.

The phœnix was to let, on this elevated perch, when Mr. Dorrit, who had lately succeeded to his property, mentioned to his bankers that he wished to discover a lady, well-bred, accomplished, well connected, well accustomed to good society, who was qualified at once to complete the education of his daughters, and to be their matron or chaperon. Mr. Dorrit's bankers, as the bankers of the county widower, instantly said, "Mrs. General."

Pursuing the light so fortunately hit upon, and finding the concurrent testimony of the whole of Mrs. General's acquaintance to be of the pathetic nature already recorded, Mr. Dorrit took the trouble of going down to the county of the county widower to see Mrs. General. In whom he found a lady of a quality superior to his highest expectations.

"Might I be excused," said Mr. Dorrit, "if I inquired—ha—what remune—"

"Why, indeed," returned Mrs. General, stopping the word, "it is a subject on which I prefer to avoid entering. I have never entered on it with my friends here; and I can not overcome the delicacy, Mr. Dorrit, with which I have always regarded it. I am not, as I hope you are aware, a governess—"

"Oh dear no!" said Mr. Dorrit. "Pray, madam, do not imagine for a moment that I think so." He really blushed to be suspected of it.

Mrs. General gravely inclined her head. "I can not, therefore, put a price upon services which it is a pleasure to me to render if I can render them spontaneously, but which I could not render in mere return for any consideration. Neither do I know how, or where, to find a case parallel to my own. It is peculiar."

No doubt. But how then (Mr. Dorrit not unnaturally hinted) could the subject be approached?

"I can not object," said Mrs. General—"though even that is disagreeable to me—to Mr. Dorrit's inquiring, in confidence, of my friends here, what amount they may have been accustomed, at quarterly intervals, to pay to my credit at my bankers."

Mr. Dorrit bowed his acknowledgments.

"Permit me to add," said Mrs. General, "that beyond this I can never resume the topic. Also that I can accept no second or inferior position. If the honor were proposed to me of becoming known to Mr. Dorrit's family—I think two daughters were mentioned?—"

"Two daughters."

"I could only accept it on terms of perfect equality, as a companion, protector, Mentor, and friend."

Mr. Dorrit, in spite of his sense of his importance, felt as if it would be quite a kindness in her to accept it on any conditions. He almost said as much.

"I think," repeated Mrs. General, "two daughters were mentioned?"

"Two daughters," said Mr. Dorrit again.

"It would, therefore," said Mrs. General, "be necessary to add a third more to the payment (whatever its amount may prove to be) which my friends here have been accustomed to make to my bankers."

Mr. Dorrit lost no time in referring the delicate question to the county widower, and finding that he had been accustomed to pay three hundred pounds a year to the credit of Mrs. General, arrived, without any severe strain on his arithmetic, at the conclusion that he himself must pay four. Mrs. General being an article of that lustrous surface which suggests that it is worth any money, he made a formal proposal to be allowed to have the honor and pleasure of regarding her as a member of his family. Mrs. General conceded that high privilege, and here she was.

In person, Mrs. General, including her skirts, which had much to do with it, was of a dignified and imposing appearance; ample, rustling, gravely voluminous; always upright behind the proprieties. She might have been taken—had been taken—to the top of the Alps and the bottom of Herculaneum, without disarranging a fold in her dress or displacing a pin. If her countenance and hair had rather a floury appearance, as though from living in some transcendently genteel mill, it was rather because she was a chalky creation altogether, than because she mended her complexion with violet powder, or had turned gray. If her eyes had no expression, it was probably because they had nothing to express. If she had few wrinkles, it



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was because her mind had never traced its name or any other inscription on her face. A cool, waxy, blown-out woman, who had never lighted well.

Mrs. General had no opinions. Her way of forming a mind was to prevent it from forming opinions. She had a little circular set of mental grooves or rails, on which she started little trains of other people's opinions, which never overtook one another, and never got any where. Even her propriety could not dispute that there was impropriety in the world; but Mrs. General's

way of getting rid of it was to put it out of sight, and make believe that there was no such thing. This was another of her ways of forming a mind—to cram all articles of difficulty into cupboards, lock them up, and say they had no existence. It was the easiest way, and, beyond all comparison, the properest.

Mrs. General was not to be told of any thing shocking. Accidents, miseries, and offenses were never to be mentioned before her. Passion was to go to sleep in the presence of Mrs. General, and blood was to change to milk and water. The little that was left in the world, when all these deductions were made, it was Mrs. General's province to varnish. In that formation process of hers she dipped the smallest of brushes into the largest of pots, and varnished the surface of every object that came under consideration. The more cracked it was, the more Mrs. General varnished it.

There was varnish in Mrs. General's voice, varnish in Mrs. General's touch, an atmosphere of varnish round Mrs. General's figure. Mrs. General's dreams ought to have been varnished —if she had any—lying asleep in the arms of the good Saint Bernard, with the feathery snow falling on his house-top.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—ON THE ROAD.

The bright morning sun dazzled the eyes, the snow had ceased, the mists had vanished, the mountain air was so clear and light that the new sensation of breathing it was like the having entered on a new existence. To help the delusion, the solid ground itself seemed gone, and the mountain, a shining waste of immense white heaps and masses, to be a region of cloud floating between the blue sky above and the earth far below.

Some dark specks in the snow, like knots upon a little thread, beginning at the convent door and winding away down the descent in broken lengths which were not yet pieced together, showed where the Brethren were at work in several places clearing the track. Already the snow had begun to be foot-thawed again about the door. Mules were busily brought out, tied to the rings in the wall, and laden; strings of bells were buckled on, burdens were adjusted, the voices of drivers and riders sounded musically. Some of the earliest had even already resumed their journey; and, both on the level summit by the dark water near the convent, and on the downward way of yesterday's ascent, little moving figures of men and mules, reduced to miniatures by the immensity around, went with a clear tinkling of bells and a pleasant harmony of tongues.

In the supper-room of last night a new fire, piled upon the feathery ashes of the old one, shone upon a homely breakfast of loaves, butter, and milk. It also shone on the courier of the Dorrit family, making tea for his party from a supply he had brought up with him, together with several other small stores which were chiefly laid in for the use of the strong body of inconvenience. Mr. Gowan, and Blandois, of Paris, had already breakfasted, and were walking up and down by the lake, smoking their cigars.

"Gowan, eh?" muttered Tip, otherwise Edward Dorrit, Esquire, turning over the leaves of the book, when the courier had left them to breakfast. "Then Gowan is the name of a puppy, that's all I have got to say! If it was worth my while, I'd pull his nose. But it isn't worth my while—fortunately for him. How's his wife, Amy? I suppose you know. You generally know things of that sort."

"She is better, Edward. But they are not going to-day."

"Oh! They are not going to-day! Fortunately for that fellow, too," said Tip, "or he and I might have come into collision."

"It is thought better here that she should lie quiet to-day, and not be fatigued and shaken by the ride down until to-morrow."

"With all my heart. But you talk as if you had been nursing her. You haven't been relapsing into (Mrs. General is not here) into old habits, have you, Amy?"

He asked her the question with a sly glance of observation at Miss Fanny, and at his father too.

"I have only been in to ask her if I could do any thing for her, Tip," said Little Dorrit.

"You needn't call me Tip, Amy child," returned that young gentleman, with a frown; "because that's an old habit, and one you may as well lay aside."

"I didn't mean to say so, Edward dear. I forgot. It was so natural once, that it seemed at the moment the right word."

"Oh yes!" Miss Fanny struck in. "Natural, and right word, and once, and all the rest of it! Nonsense, you little thing! I know perfectly well why you have been taking such an interest in this Mrs. Gowan. You can't blind *me*."

"I will not try to, Fanny. Don't be angry."

"Oh! angry!" returned that young lady with a flounce. "I have no patience" (which indeed was the truth).

"Pray, Fanny," said Mr. Dorrit, raising his eyebrows, "what do you mean? Explain yourself."

"Oh! never mind, Pa," replied Miss Fanny, "it's no great matter. Amy will understand me. She knew, or knew of, this Mrs. Gowan before yesterday, and she may as well admit that she did."

"My child," said Mr. Dorrit, turning to his younger daughter, "has your sister—any—ha —authority for this curious statement?"

"However meek we are," Miss Fanny struck in before she could answer, "we don't go creeping into people's rooms on the tops of cold mountains, and sitting perishing in the frost with people, unless we know something about

them beforehand. It's not very hard to divine whose friend Mrs. Gowan is."

"Whose friend?" inquired her father.

"Pa, I am sorry to say," returned Miss Fanny, who had by this time succeeded in goading herself into a state of much ill-usage and grievance, which she was often at great pains to do, "that I believe her to be a friend of that very objectionable and unpleasant person who, with a total absence of all delicacy, which our experience might have led us to expect from him, insulted us and outraged our feelings, in so public and willful a manner, on an occasion to which it is understood among us, that we will not more pointedly allude."

"Amy, my child," said Mr. Dorrit, tempering a bland severity with a dignified affection, "is this the case?"

Little Dorrit mildly answered, yes it was.

"Yes it is!" cried Miss Fanny. "Of course! I said so! And now, Pa, I do declare once for all"—this young lady was in the habit of declaring the same thing once for all every day of her life, and even several times in a day—"that this is shameful! I do declare once for all that it ought to be put a stop to. Is it not enough that we have gone through what is only known to ourselves, but are we to have it thrown in our faces, perseveringly and systematically, by the very person who should spare our feelings most? Are we to be exposed to this unnatural conduct every moment of our lives? Are we never to be permitted to forget? I say again, it is absolutely infamous!"

"Well, Amy," observed her brother, shaking his head, "you know I stand by you whenever I can, and on most occasions. But I must say, that upon my soul I do consider it rather an unaccountable mode of showing your sisterly affection, that you should back up a man who treated me in the most ungentlemanly way in which one man can treat another. And who," he added, convincingly, "must be a low-minded thief, you know, or he never could have conducted himself as he did."

"And see," said Miss Fanny, "see what is involved in this! Can we ever hope to be respected by our servants? Never. Here are our two women, and Pa's valet, and a footman, and a courier, and all sorts of dependents, and yet, in the midst of these, we are to have one of ourselves rushing about with tumblers of cold water, like a menial! Why, a policeman," said Miss Fanny, "if a beggar had a fit in the street, could but go plunging about with tumblers, as this very Amy did in this very room before our very eyes last night!"

"I don't so much mind that, once in a way," remarked Mr. Edward, "but your Clennam, as he thinks proper to call himself, is another thing."

"He is a part of the same thing," returned Miss Fanny, "and of a piece with all the rest. He obtruded himself upon us in the first instance. We never wanted him. I always showed him, for one, that I could have dispensed with his company with the greatest pleasure. He then commits that gross outrage upon our feelings, which he never could or would have committed but for the delight he took in exposing us; and then we are to be demeaned for the service of his friends! Why, I don't wonder at this Mr. Gowan's conduct toward you. What else was to be expected when he was enjoying our past misfortunes—gloating over them at the moment!"

"Father — Edward — no indeed!" pleaded Little Dorrit. "Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Gowan had ever heard our name. They were, and they are, quite ignorant of our history."

"So much the worse," retorted Fanny, determined not to admit any thing in extenuation, "for then you have *no* excuse. If they had known about us, you might have felt yourself called upon to conciliate them. That would have been a weak and ridiculous mistake; but I can respect a mistake, whereas I can't respect a willful and deliberate abasing of those who should be nearest and dearest to us. No. I can't respect that. I can do nothing but denounce that."

"I never offend you willfully, Fanny," said Little Dorrit, "though you are so hard with me."

"Then you should be more careful, Amy," returned her sister. "If you do such things by accident, you should be more careful. If I happened to have been born in a peculiar place, and under peculiar circumstances that blunted my knowledge of propriety, I fancy I should think myself bound to consider at every step, 'Am I going, ignorantly, to compromise any near and dear relations?' That is what I fancy *I* should do, if it was *my* case."

Mr. Dorrit now interposed, at once to stop these painful subjects by his authority, and to point their moral by his wisdom.

"My dear," said he to his younger daughter, "I beg you to—ha—to say no more. Your sister Fanny expresses herself strongly, but not without considerable reason. You have now a —hum—a great position to support. That great position is not occupied by yourself alone, but by—ha—by me, and—ha hum—by us. Us. Now it is incumbent upon all people in an exalted position, but it is particularly so on this family, for reasons which I—ha—will not dwell upon, to make themselves respected. To be vigilant in making themselves respected. Dependents, to respect us, must be—ha—kept at a distance and—hum—kept down. Down. Therefore your not exposing yourself to the remarks of our attendants, by appearing to have at any time dispensed with their services and performed them for yourself, is—ha—highly important."

"Why, who can doubt it?" cried Miss Fanny. "It's the essence of every thing!"

"Fanny," returned her father, grandiloquently, "give me leave, my dear. We then come

to—ha—to Mr. Clennam. I am free to say that I do not, Amy, share your sister's sentiments—that is to say altogether—hum—altogether—in reference to Mr. Clennam. I am content to regard that individual in the light of—ha—generally—a well-behaved person. Hum. A well-behaved person. Nor will I inquire whether Mr. Clennam did, at any time, obtrude himself on—ha—my society. He knew my society to be—hum—sought, and his plea might be that he regarded me in the light of a public character. But there were circumstances attending my—ha—slight knowledge of Mr. Clennam (it was very slight), which," here Mr. Dorrit became extremely grave and impressive, "would render it highly indelicate in Mr. Clennam to—ha—to seek to renew communication with me or with any member of my family, under existing circumstances. If Mr. Clennam has sufficient delicacy to perceive the impropriety of any such attempt, I am bound, as a responsible gentleman, to—ha—defer to that delicacy on his part. If, on the other hand, Mr. Clennam has not that delicacy, I can not for a moment—ha—hold any correspondence with so—hum—coarse a mind. In either case, it would appear that Mr. Clennam is put altogether out of the question, and that we have nothing to do with him or he with us. Ha—Mrs. General!"

The entrance of the lady whom he announced, to take her place at the breakfast table, terminated the discussion. Shortly afterward the courier announced that the valet, and the footman, and the two maids, and the four guides, and the fourteen mules, were in readiness; so the breakfast party went out to the convent door to join the cavalcade.

Mr. Gowan stood aloof with his cigar and pencil, but Mr. Blandois was on the spot to pay his respects to the ladies. When he gallantly pulled off his slouched hat to Little Dorrit, she thought he had even a more sinister look, standing swart and cloaked in the snow, than he had had in the fire-light over night. But as both her father and her sister received his homage with some favor, she refrained from expressing any distrust of him, lest it should prove to be a new blemish derived from her prison birth.

Nevertheless, as they wound down the rugged way while the convent was yet in sight, she more than once looked round, and descried Mr. Blandois, backed by the convent smoke, which rose straight and high from the chimneys in a golden film, always standing on one jutting point looking down after them. Long after he was a mere black stick in the snow, she felt as though she could yet see that smile of his, that high nose, and those eyes that were too near it. And even after that, when the convent was gone, and some light morning clouds vailed the pass below it, the ghastly skeleton arms by the wayside seemed to be all pointing up at him.

More treacherous than snow, perhaps, colder at heart, and harder to melt, Blandois, of Paris, by degrees passed out of her mind, as they came down into the softer regions. Again the sun was warm, again the streams descending from glaciers and snowy caverns were refreshing to drink at, again they came among the pine-trees, the rocky rivulets, the verdant heights and dales, the wooden chalets and rough zigzag fences of Swiss country. Sometimes the way so widened that she and her father could ride abreast. And then to look at him, handsomely clothed in his furs and broadcloths, rich, free, numerously served and attended, his eyes roving far away among the glories of the landscape, no miserable screen before them to darken his sight and cast its shadow on him, was enough.

Her uncle was so far rescued from that shadow of old, that he wore the clothes they gave him, and performed some ablutions as a sacrifice to the family credit, and went where he was taken, with a certain patient animal enjoyment, which seemed to express that the air and change did him good. In all other respects, save one, he shone with no light but such as was reflected from his brother. His brother's greatness, wealth, freedom, and grandeur, pleased him without any reference to himself. Silent and retiring, he had no use for speech when he could hear his brother speak; no desire to be waited on, so that the servants devoted themselves to his brother. The only noticeable change he originated in himself, was an alteration in his manner to his younger niece. Every day it refined more and more into a marked respect, very rarely shown by age to youth, and still more rarely susceptible, one would have said, of the fitness with which he invested it. On those occasions when Miss Fanny did declare once for all, he would take the next opportunity of baring his gray head before his younger niece, and of helping her to alight, or handing her to the carriage, or showing her any other attention, with the profoundest deference. Yet it never appeared misplaced or forced, being always heartily simple, spontaneous, and genuine. Neither would he ever consent, even at his brother's request, to be helped to any place before her, or to take precedence of her in any thing. So jealous was he of her being respected, that on this very journey down from the Great Saint Bernard, he took sudden and violent umbrage at the footman's being remiss to hold her stirrup, though standing near when she dismounted; and unspeakably astonished the whole retinue by charging at him on a hard-headed mule, riding him into a corner, and threatening to trample him to death.

They were a goodly company, and the innkeepers all but worshiped them. Wherever they went, their importance preceded them in the person of the courier riding before, to see that the rooms of state were ready. He was the herald of the family procession. The great traveling carriage came next: containing, inside, Mr. Dorrit, Miss Dorrit, Miss Amy Dorrit, and Mrs. General; outside, some of the retainers,

and (in fine weather) Edward Dorrit, Esquire, for whom the box was reserved. Then came the chariot containing Frederick Dorrit, Esquire, and an empty place occupied by Edward Dorrit, Esquire, in wet weather. Then came the fourgon with the rest of the retainers, the heavy baggage, and as much as it could carry of the mud and dust which the other vehicles left behind.

These equipages adorned the yard of the hotel at Martigny, on the return of the family from their mountain excursion. Other vehicles were there, much company being on the road, from the patched Italian Vettura—like the body of a swing from an English fair put upon a wooden tray on wheels, and having another wooden tray without wheels put atop of it—to the trim English carriage. But there was another adornment of the hotel which Mr. Dorrit had not bargained for. Two strange travelers embellished one of his rooms.

The innkeeper, hat in hand in the yard, swore to the courier that he was blighted, that he was desolated, that he was profoundly afflicted, that he was the most miserable and unfortunate of beasts, that he had the head of a wooden pig. He ought never to have made the concession, he said, but the very genteel lady had so passionately prayed him for the accommodation of that room to dine in, only for a little half hour, that he had been vanquished. The little half hour was expired, the lady and gentleman were taking their little dessert and half-cup of coffee, the note was paid, the horses were ordered, they would depart immediately; but, owing to an unhappy destiny and the curse of Heaven, they were not yet gone.

Nothing could exceed Mr. Dorrit's indignation as he turned at the foot of the staircase on hearing these apologies. He felt that the family dignity was struck at, by an assassin's hand. He had a sense of his dignity, which was of the most exquisite nature. He could detect a design upon it when nobody else had any perception of the fact. His life was made an agony by the number of fine scalpels that he felt to be incessantly engaged in dissecting his dignity.

"Is it possible, Sir," said Mr. Dorrit, reddening excessively, "that you have—ha—had the audacity to place one of my rooms at the disposition of any other person?"

Thousands of pardons! It was the host's profound misfortune to have been overcome by that too genteel lady. He besought Monseigneur not to enrage himself. He threw himself on Monseigneur for clemency. If Monseigneur would have the distinguished goodness to occupy the other salon especially reserved for him, for but five minutes, all would go well.

"No, Sir," said Mr. Dorrit. "I will not occupy any salon. I will leave your house without eating or drinking, or setting foot in it. How do you dare to act like this? Who am I that you—ha—separate me from other gentlemen?"

Alas! The host called all the universe to witness that Monseigneur was the most amiable of the whole body of nobility, the most important, the most estimable, the most honored. If he separated Monseigneur from others, it was only because he was more distinguished, more cherished, more generous, more renowned.

"Don't tell me so, Sir," returned Mr. Dorrit, in a mighty heat. "You have affronted me. You have heaped insults upon me. How dare you? Explain yourself."

Ah, just Heaven, then, how could the host explain himself when he had nothing more to explain; when he had only to apologize, and confide himself to the so well-known magnanimity of Monseigneur!

"I tell you, Sir," said Mr. Dorrit, panting with anger, "that you separate me—ha—from other gentlemen; that you make distinctions between me and other gentlemen of fortune and station. I demand of you, why? I wish to know on—ha—what authority, on whose authority. Reply, Sir. Explain. Answer why."

Permit the landlord humbly to submit to Monsieur the Courier then, that Monseigneur, ordinarily so gracious, enraged himself without cause. There was no why. Monsieur the Courier would represent to Monseigneur that he deceived himself in suspecting that there was any why, but the why his devoted servant had already had the honor to present to him. The very genteel lady—

"Silence!" cried Mr. Dorrit. "Hold your tongue! I will hear no more of the very genteel lady; I will hear no more of you. Look at this family—my family—a family more genteel than any lady. You have treated this family with disrespect; you have been insolent to this family. I'll ruin you. Ha—send for the horses, pack the carriages, I'll not set foot in this man's house again!"

No one had interfered in the dispute, which was beyond the French colloquial powers of Edward Dorrit, Esquire, and scarcely within the province of the ladies. Miss Fanny, however, now supported her father with great bitterness; declaring, in her native tongue, that it was quite clear there was something special in this man's impertinence; and that she considered it important that he should be, by some means, forced to give up his authority for making distinctions between that family and other wealthy families. What the reasons of his presumption could be, she was at a loss to imagine; but reasons he must have, and they ought to be torn from him.

All the guides, mule-drivers, and idlers in the yard had made themselves parties to the angry conference, and were much impressed by the courier's now bestirring himself to get the carriages out. With the aid of some fifteen or twenty people to each wheel, this was done at a great cost of noise; and then the loading was proceeded with, pending the arrival of the horses from the post-house.

But the very genteel lady's English chariot



THE FAMILY DIGNITY IS AFFRONTED.

being already horsed and at the inn-door, the landlord had slipped up stairs to represent his hard case. This was notified to the yard by his now coming down the staircase in attendance on the gentleman and the lady, and by his pointing out the offended majesty of Mr. Dorrit to them with a significant motion of his hand.

"Beg your pardon," said the gentleman, detaching himself from the lady, and coming forward. "I am a man of few words and a bad hand at an explanation; but lady here is extremely anxious that there should be no Row. Lady—a mother of mine, in point of fact—wishes me to say that she hopes no Row."

Mr. Dorrit, still panting under his injury, saluted the gentleman, and saluted the lady, in a distant, final, and invincible manner.

"No, but really—here, old feller; you!" This was the gentleman's way of appealing to Edward Dorrit, Esquire, on whom he pounced as a great and providential relief. "Let you and I try to make this all right. Lady so very much wishes no Row."

Edward Dorrit, Esquire, led a little apart by the button, assumed a diplomatic expression of countenance in replying, "Why you must confess that when you bespeak a lot of rooms beforehand and they belong to you, it's not pleasant to find other people in 'em."

"No," said the other, "I know it isn't. I admit it. Still, let you and I try to make it all right, and avoid Row. Fact is, fault is not this chap's at all, but my mother's. Being a remarkably fine woman with no bigodd nonsense about her—well educated, too—she was too many for this chap. Regularly pocketed him."

"If that's the case—" Edward Dorrit, Esquire, began.

"Assure you 'pon my soul 'tis the case. Consequently," said the other gentleman, retiring on his main position, "why Row?"

"Edmund," said the lady from the doorway, "I hope you have explained, or are explaining, to the satisfaction of this gentleman and his family, that the civil landlord is not to blame?"

"Assure you, ma'am," returned Edmund, "perfectly paralyzing myself with trying it on." He then looked steadfastly at Edward Dorrit, Esquire, for some seconds, and suddenly added, in a burst of confidence, "Old feller! *Is* it all right?"

"I don't know, after all," said the lady, gracefully advancing a step or two toward Mr. Dorrit, "but that I had better say myself, at once, that I assured this good man I took all the consequences on myself of occupying one of a stranger's suite of rooms during his absence, for just as much (or as little) time as I could dine in. I had no idea the rightful owner would come back so soon, nor had I any idea that he had come back, or I should have hastened to make restoration of my ill-gotten chamber, and to have offered my explanation and apology. I trust, in saying this—"

For a moment the lady, with a glass at her eye, stood transfixed and speechless before the two Miss Dorrits. At the same moment Miss Fanny, in the foreground of a grand pictorial composition formed by the family, the family equipages, and the family servants, held her sister tight under one arm to detain her on the spot, and with the other arm fanned herself with a distinguished air, and negligently surveyed the lady from head to foot.

The lady, recovering herself quickly—for it was Mrs. Merdle, and she was not easily dashed—went on to add that she trusted, in saying this, she apologized for her boldness, and restored this well-behaved landlord to the favor that was so very valuable to him. Mr. Dorrit, on the altar of whose dignity all this was incense, made a gracious reply; and said that his people should—ha—countermand his horses, and he would—hum—overlook what he had at first supposed to be an affront, but now regarded as an honor. Upon this, the bosom bent to him; and its owner, with a wonderful command of feature, addressed a winning smile of adieu to the two sisters, as young ladies of fortune in whose favor she was much prepossessed, and whom she had never had the gratification of seeing before.

Not so, however, Mr. Sparkler. This gentleman, becoming transfixed at the same moment as his lady-mother, could not by any means unfix himself again, but stood stiffly staring at the whole composition with Miss Fanny in the foreground. On his mother's saying, "Edmund, we are quite ready; will you give me your arm?" he seemed, by the motion of his lips, to reply with some remark comprehending the form of words in which his shining talents found the most frequent utterance, but he relaxed no muscle. So fixed was his figure, that it would have been matter of some difficulty to bend him sufficiently to get him in the carriage door, if he had not received the timely assistance of a maternal pull from within. He was no sooner within, than the pad of the little window in the back of the chariot disappeared, and his eye usurped its place. There it remained as long as so small an object was discernible, and probably much longer, staring (as though something inexpressibly surprising should happen to a cod-fish) like an ill-executed eye in a large locket.

This encounter was so highly agreeable to Miss Fanny, and gave her so much to think of with triumph afterward, that it softened her asperities exceedingly. When the procession was again in motion next day, she occupied her place in it with a new gayety; and showed such a flow of spirits indeed, that Mrs. General looked rather surprised.

Little Dorrit was glad to be found no fault with, and to see that Fanny was pleased; but her part in the procession was a musing part, and a quiet one. Sitting opposite her father in the traveling-carriage, and recalling the old Marshalsea room, her present existence was a dream. All that she saw was new and wonderful, but it was not real; it seemed to her as if those visions of mountains and picturesque countries might melt away at any moment, and the carriage, turning some abrupt corner, bring up with a jolt at the old Marshalsea gate.

To have no work to do was strange, but not half so strange as having glided into a corner where she had no one to think for, nothing to plan and contrive, no cares of others to load herself with. Stranger as that was, it was far stranger yet to find a space between herself and her father, where others occupied themselves in taking care of him, and where she was never expected to be. At first, this was so much more

unlike her old experience than even the mountains themselves, that she had been unable to resign herself to it, and had tried to retain her old place about him. But he had spoken to her alone, and had said that people—ha—people in an exalted position, my dear, must scrupulously exact respect for their dependents; and that for her, his daughter, Miss Amy Dorrit, of the sole remaining branch of the Dorrits of Dorsetshire, to be known to—hum—to occupy herself in fulfilling the functions of—ha hum—a valet, would be incompatible with that respect. Therefore, my dear, he—ha—he laid his parental injunctions upon her, to remember that she was a lady, who had now to conduct herself with—hum—a proper pride, and to preserve the rank of a lady; and consequently he requested her to abstain from doing what would occasion—ha—unpleasant and derogatory remarks. She had obeyed without a murmur. Thus it had been brought about that she now sat in her corner of the luxurious carriage with her little patient hands folded before her, quite displaced even from the last point of the old standing-ground in life on which her feet had lingered.

It was from this position that all she saw appeared unreal; the more surprising the scenes, the more they resembled the unreality of her own inner life as she went through its vacant places all day long. The gorges of the Simplon, its enormous depths and thundering water-falls, the wonderful road, the points of danger where a loose wheel or a faltering horse would have been destruction, the descent into Italy, the opening of that beautiful land, as the rugged mountain chasm widened and led them out from a gloomy and dark imprisonment—all a dream—only the old mean Marshalsea a reality. Nay, even the old mean Marshalsea was shaken to its foundations, when she pictured it without her father. She could scarcely believe that the prisoners were still lingering in the close yard, that the mean rooms were still every one tenanted, and that the turnkey still stood in the Lodge letting people in and out, all just as she well knew it to be.

With a remembrance of her father's old life in prison hanging about her like the burden of a sorrowful tune, Little Dorrit would wake from a dream of her birth-place into a whole day's dream. The painted room in which she awoke, often a humbled state-chamber in a dilapidated palace, would begin it; with its wild red autumnal vine-leaves overhanging the glass, its orange-trees on the cracked white terrace outside the window, a group of monks and peasants in the little street below, misery and magnificence wrestling with each other upon every rood of ground in the prospect, no matter how widely diversified, and misery throwing magnificence with the strength of fate. To this would succeed a labyrinth of bare passages and pillared galleries, with the family procession already preparing in the quadrangle below, through the carriages and luggage being brought together by the servants for the day's journey. Then, breakfast in another painted chamber, damp-stained and of desolate proportions; and then the departure, which, to her timidity and sense of not being grand enough for her place in the ceremonies, was always an uneasy thing. For then the courier (who himself would have been a foreign gentleman of high mark in the Marshalsea) would present himself to report that all was ready; and then her father's valet would pompously induct him into his traveling cloak; and then Fanny's maid, and her own maid (who was a weight on Little Dorrit's mind—absolutely made her cry at first, she knew so little what to do with her), would be in attendance; and then her brother's man would complete his master's equipment; and then her father would give his arm to Mrs. General, and her uncle would give his to her, and, escorted by the landlord and inn servants, they would swoop down stairs. There, a crowd would be collected to see them enter their carriages, which, amidst much bowing, and begging, and prancing, and lashing, and clattering, they would do; and so they would be driven madly through the narrow unsavory streets, and jerked out at the town gate.

Among the day's unrealities would be, roads where the bright red vines were looped and garlanded together on trees for many miles; woods of olives; white villages and towns on hillsides, lovely without, but frightful in their dirt and poverty within; crosses by the way; deep blue lakes with fairy islands, and clustering boats with awnings of bright colors and sails of beautiful forms; vast piles of building mouldering to dust; hanging-gardens where the weeds had grown so strong that their stems, like wedges driven home, had split the arch and rent the wall; stone-terraced lanes, with the lizards running into and out of every chink; beggars of all sorts every where: pitiful, picturesque, hungry, merry: children beggars and aged beggars. Often at posting-houses, and other halting-places, these miserable creatures would appear to her the only realities of the day; and many a time, when the money she had brought to give them was all given away, she would sit with her folded hands, thoughtfully looking after some diminutive girl leading her gray father, as if the sight reminded her of something in the days that were gone.

Again there would be places where they staid the week together, in splendid rooms, had banquets every day, rode out among heaps of wonders, walked through miles of palaces, and rested in dark corners of great churches; where there were winking lamps of gold and silver among pillars and arches, kneeling figures dotted about at confessionals and on the pavements; where there was the mist and scent of incense; where there were pictures, fantastic images, gaudy altars, great heights and distances, all softly lighted through stained glass, and the massive curtains that hung in the doorways. From these cities they would go on again, by the roads of vines

and olives, through squalid villages where there was not a hovel without a gap in its filthy walls, not a window with a whole inch of glass or paper; where there seemed to be nothing to support life, nothing to eat, nothing to make, nothing to grow, nothing to hope, nothing to do but die.

Again they would come to whole towns of palaces, whose proper inmates were all banished, and which were all changed into barracks; troops of idle soldiers leaning out of the state-windows, where their accoutrements hung drying on the marble architecture, and showing to the mind like hosts of rats who were (happily) eating away the props of the edifices that supported them, and must soon, with them, be smashed on the heads of the other swarms of soldiers, and the swarms of priests, and the swarms of spies, who were all the population left to be ruined, in the streets below.

Through such scenes the family procession moved on to Venice. And here it dispersed for a time, as they were to live in Venice some few months, in a palace (itself six times as big as the whole Marshalsea) on the Grand Canal.

In this crowning unreality, where all the streets were paved with water, and where the death-like stillness of the days and nights was broken by no sound but the softened ringing of church-bells, the rippling of the current, and the cry of the gondoliers turning the corners of the flowing streets, Little Dorrit, quite lost by her task being done, sat down to muse. The family began a gay life, went here and there, and turned night into day; but she was timid of joining in their gayeties, and only asked leave to be left alone.

Sometimes she would step, alone, into one of the gondolas that were always kept in waiting, moored to painted posts at the door—when she could escape from the attendance of that oppressive maid, who was her mistress, and a very hard one—and would be taken all over the strange city. Social people in other gondolas began to ask each other who the little solitary girl was whom they passed, sitting in her boat with folded hands, looking so pensively and wonderingly about her. Never thinking that it would be worth any body's while to notice her or her doings, Little Dorrit, in her quiet, scared, lost manner, went about the city none the less.

But her favorite station was the balcony of her own room, overhanging the canal, with other balconies below, and none above. It was of massive stone darkened by ages, built in a wild fancy which came from the East to that collection of wild fancies; and Little Dorrit was little indeed, leaning on the broad-cushioned ledge, and looking over. As she liked no place of an evening half so well, she soon began to be watched for, and many eyes in passing gondolas were raised, and many people said, There was the little figure of the English girl who was always alone.

Such people were not realities to the little figure of the English girl; such people were all unknown to her. She would watch the sunset, in its long low lines of purple and red, and its burning flush high up into the sky: so glowing on the buildings, and so lightening their structure, that it made them look as if their strong walls were transparent, and they shone from within. She would watch those glories expire; and then, after looking at the black gondolas underneath, taking guests to music and dancing, would raise her eyes to the shining stars. Was there no party of her own, in other times, on which the stars had shone? To think of that old gate now!

She would think of that old gate, and of herself sitting at it in the dead of the night, pillowing Maggy's head; and of other places and of other scenes associated with those different times. And then she would lean upon her balcony, and look over at the water, as though they all lay underneath it. When she got to that, she would musingly watch its running, as if, in the general vision, it might run dry, and show her the prison again, and herself, and the old room, and the old inmates, and the old visitors: all lasting realities that had never changed.

CHAPTER XL.—A LETTER FROM LITTLE DORRIT.

Dear Mr. Clennam,—I write to you from my own room at Venice, thinking you will be glad to hear from me. But I know you can not be so glad to hear from me as I am to write to you; for every thing about you is as you have been accustomed to see it, and you miss nothing—unless it should be me, which can only be for a very little while together and very seldom—while every thing in my life is so strange, and I miss so much.

When we were in Switzerland, which appears to have been years ago, though it was only weeks, I met young Mrs. Gowan, who was on a mountain excursion like ourselves. She told me she was very well and very happy. She sent you the message, by me, that she thanked you affectionately, and would never forget you. She was quite confiding with me, and I loved her almost as soon as I spoke to her. But there is nothing singular in that; who could help loving so beautiful and winning a creature! I could not wonder at any one loving her. No, indeed.

It will not make you uneasy on Mrs. Gowan's account, I hope—for I remember that you said you had the interest of a true friend in her—if I tell you that I wish she could have married some one better suited to her. Mr. Gowan seems fond of her, and of course she is very fond of him, but I thought he was not earnest enough—I don't mean in that respect—I mean in any thing. I could not keep it out of my mind that if I was Mrs. Gowan (what a change that would be, and how I must alter to become like her!) I should feel that I was rather lonely and lost, for the want of some one who

was steadfast and firm in purpose. I even thought she felt this want a little, almost without knowing it. But mind you are not made uneasy by this, for she was "very well and very happy." And she looked most beautiful.

I expect to meet her again before long, and indeed have been expecting for some days past to see her here. I will ever be as good a friend to her as I can for your sake. Dear Mr. Clennam, I dare say you think little of having been a friend to me when I had no other (not that I have any other now, for I have made no new friends), but I think much of it, and I never can forget it.

I wish I knew—but it is best for no one to write to me—how Mr. and Mrs. Plornish prosper in the business which my dear father bought for them, and that old Mr. Nandy lives happily with them and his two grandchildren, and sings all his songs over and over again. I can not quite keep back the tears from my eyes when I think of my poor Maggy, and of the blank she must have felt at first, however kind they all are to her, without her Little Mother. Will you go and tell her, as a strict secret, with my love, that she never can have regretted our separation more than I have regretted it? And will you tell them all that I have thought of them every day, and that my heart is faithful to them every where? Oh, if you could know how faithful, you would almost pity me for being so far away and being so grand!

You will be glad, I am sure, to know that my dear father is very well in health, and that all these changes are highly beneficial to him, and that he is very different indeed from what he used to be when you used to see him. There is an improvement in my uncle too, I think, though he never complained of old, and never exults now. Fanny is very graceful, quick, and clever. It is natural to her to be a lady; she has adapted herself to our new fortunes with wonderful ease.

This reminds me that I have not been able to do so, and that I sometimes almost despair of ever being able to do so. I find that I can not learn. Mrs. General is always with us, and we speak French and speak Italian, and she takes pains to form us in many ways. When I say we speak French and Italian, I mean they do. As for me, I am so slow that I scarcely get on at all. As soon as I begin to plan, and think, and try, all my planning, thinking, and trying go in old directions, and I begin to feel careful again about the expenses of the day, and about my dear father, and about my work, and then I remember with a start that there are no such cares left, and that in itself is so new and improbable that it sets me wandering again. I should not have the courage to mention this to any one but you.

It is the same with all these new countries and wonderful sights. They are very beautiful, and they astonish me, but I am not collected enough—not familiar enough with myself, if you can quite understand what I mean—to have all the pleasure in them that I might have. What I knew before them, blends with them, too, so curiously. For instance, when we were among the mountains, I often felt (I hesitate to tell such an idle thing, dear Mr. Clennam, even to you) as if the Marshalsea must be behind that great rock; or as if Mrs. Clennam's room, where I have worked so many days, and where I first saw you, must be just beyond that snow. Do you remember one night when I came with Maggy to your lodging in Covent Garden? That room I have often and often fancied I have seen before me, traveling along for miles by the side of our carriage, when I have looked out of the carriage-window after dark. We were shut out that night, and sat at the iron gate, and walked about till morning. I often look up at the stars, even from the balcony of this room, and believe that I am in the street again, shut out with Maggy. It is the same with people that I left in England. When I go about here in a gondola, I surprise myself looking into other gondolas as if I hoped to see them. It would overcome me with joy to see them, but I don't think it would surprise me much, at first. In my fanciful times I fancy that they might be any where; and I almost expect to see their dear faces on the bridges or the quays.

Another difficulty that I have will seem very strange to you. It must seem very strange to any one but me, and does even to me: I often feel the old sad pity for—I need not write the word—for him. Changed as he is, and inexpressibly blest and thankful as I always am to know it, the old sorrowful feeling of compassion comes upon me sometimes with such strength that I want to put my arms round his neck, tell him how I love him, and cry a little on his breast. I should be glad after that, and proud and happy. But I know that I must not do this; that he would not like it, that Fanny would be angry, that Mrs. General would be amazed; and so I quiet myself. Yet in doing so, I struggle with the feeling that I have come to be at a distance from him; and that even in the midst of all the servants and attendants he is deserted and in want of me.

Dear Mr. Clennam, I have written a great deal about myself, but I must write a little more still, or what I wanted most of all to say in this weak letter would be left out of it. In all these foolish thoughts of mine, which I have been so hardy as to confess to you because I know you will understand me if any body can, and will make more allowance for me than any body else would if you can not—in all these thoughts, there is one thought scarcely ever—never—out of my memory, and that is, that I hope you sometimes, in a quiet moment, have a thought for me. I must tell you that as to this, I have felt, ever since I have been away, an anxiety which I am very, very anxious to relieve. I have been afraid that you may think of me in

a new light, or a new character. Don't do that, I could not bear that—it would make me more unhappy than you can suppose. It would break my heart to believe that you thought of me in any way that would make me stranger to you than I was when you were so good to me. What I have to pray and entreat of you is, that you will never think of me as the daughter of a rich person; that you will never think of me as dressing any better, or living any better, than when you first knew me. That you will remember me only as the little shabby girl you protected with so much tenderness, from whose threadbare dress you have kept away the rain, and whose wet feet you have dried at your fire. That you will think of me (when you think of me at all), and of my true affection and devoted gratitude, always, without change, as of

Your poor child,

LITTLE DORRIT.

P. S.—Particularly remember that you are not to be uneasy about Mrs. Gowan. Her words were, "Very well and very happy." And she looked most beautiful.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE Presidential canvass is the absorbing topic of public interest; but it does not fall within the special province of this Record to give the details of monster meetings and processions; still less to present the reports of political speeches. Every day brings fresh evidence that the result will turn upon new issues; and, as far as the State elections already held furnish any criterion, that the contest will be very close.—The election in *Maine*, the only one that has taken place since the date of our last Record, resulted in the success of the Republican party, who nominated for Governor Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, until recently a Democratic Senator, but who a short time since formally renounced his connection with the Democratic party. The vote was as follows:

HAMLIN,	*Republican*	69,429
WELLS,	*Democratic*	44,889
PATTEN,	*Whig*	6,659

A few remote towns, casting some 400 votes, are not included in the foregoing returns. For Members of Congress the Whigs and Democrats united upon the same candidates, but the Republicans elected the whole number, by an aggregate majority of 19,861. They have also carried the State Senate, by 30 to 1; and the House by 125 to 26.

——In *New York* all the parties have now made their nominations for State officers. They are as follows:

For Governor:	AMASA J. PARKER	Democrat.
	JOHN A. KING	Republican.
	ERASTUS BROOKS	American.
	WILLIAM GOODELL	Abolition.
For Lieut.-Gov.:	JOHN VANDERBILT	Democrat.
	HENRY R. SELDEN	Republican.
	LYMAN ODELL	American.
	AUSTIN WARD	Abolition.

——In *Massachusetts* and *Rhode Island* the Republicans and Americans have united upon tickets for Presidential electors; in the former State the Republicans omitted to make nominations for State officers, with the understanding that they are to support the candidates of the American party.——The National Whig Convention met at Baltimore, September 17th. Hon. Edward Bates, of Missouri, was appointed Chairman. Resolutions were passed deprecating all sectional parties; attributing the present critical state of affairs to the "culpable neglect of duty by the national administration;" declaring the only remedy to be the support of a Presidential "candidate pledged to neither geographical section now arrayed in political antagonism, but holding both in just and equal regard;" and "congratulating the friends of the Union that such a candidate exists in Millard Fillmore;" and on this ground approving his nomination, "without adopting or referring to the peculiar opinions of the party who have already selected him as their candidate." The nomination of Mr. Donelson for the Vice-Presidency was also indorsed.

The latest intelligence from Kansas affords reason to hope that the reign of anarchy is drawing to a close. At the date of our last record the Territory was traversed in every direction by hostile bands. The "Army of the North" was mainly encamped at Lawrence, and was busily engaged in throwing up intrenchments in anticipation of an attack from the "Army of Law and Order," which was advancing from Missouri, and intercepting the communications with Iowa, causing no little distress for want of provisions. Accounts were rife of murders, rapes, robberies, burning of buildings, and other outrages, committed by both parties. Many of these were doubtless sheer fabrications, still more were gross exaggerations; but not a few had an evident foundation in fact. Each party charged the other with a fixed purpose to expel its opponents from the Territory. On the 1st of September an outbreak took place at Leavenworth, two of the Free State party were killed, and a large number of others were driven out from the place. These outrages were renewed on subsequent days. Lecompton, the capital, was threatened with an attack from the Free State forces; but an arrangement was made by which a number of prisoners were given up, and the troops returned to Lawrence. On the 9th of September the prisoners under arrest on charge of high treason were brought before the Court at Lecompton. The Prosecuting Attorney was not ready for trial, and Judge Lecompte released the prisoners on bail; who were immediately escorted in triumph to Lawrence. On the 11th Governor Geary, who had just reached the Territory, issued proclamations, charging the disturbed state of the Territory mainly upon persons residing beyond its limits who were actuated by the most unworthy motives; and announcing his determination to uphold the organic law of the Territory which guaranteed the right of self-government to the people; and demanding obedience to the present laws, as long as they were legally in force. He would do justice, he said, at all hazards, knowing no party or section. He ordered the disbandment of the volunteer militia, summoned by the late Acting Governor; and commanded all bodies of men armed and equipped without authority from the Government, instantly to disband or quit the Territory, at their peril.

All citizens capable of bearing arms were summoned to enroll themselves in readiness to be mustered, if necessary, into the service of the United States. A portion of the Free State forces had left Lawrence; General Lane made his way to Iowa, whence he issued a manifesto defending his conduct, and offering a challenge to the opposite party to decide the contest by a battle between one hundred picked men on a side. A large number of arrests had been made of Free State men, charged with acts of hostility. The election for members of the Territorial Legislature and delegates to Congress was appointed to be held October 6; the United States troops were to be posted at all points where disturbances were expected.

From *California* we have intelligence that the San Francisco Vigilance Committee was formally disbanded on the 18th of August, having been in active operation just three months. The occasion was celebrated by a grand parade of the military forces of the Committee, of whom more than 5000 were under arms; the rooms of the Association were then thrown open to public inspection. In the case of Judge Terry it was decided to liberate him, on the ground that the usual punishments inflicted by the Committee were inapplicable; he was requested to resign his seat on the bench. The Executive body have put forth an address to the General Committee, justifying their course, and asserting that their archives contain a large amount of testimony which can be made available for the prevention of political abuses and crime. They announce their intention to call the Committee together again, in case any of the banished persons return, or if any members of the Committee are subjected to malicious prosecution in consequence of their proceedings, or if the laws should be found insufficient to protect the citizens and secure the purity of the ballot-box.—Messrs. Coleman and Dowe, two members of the Committee who had come to New York, have been arrested and held to bail at the suit of J. P. Maloney and Charles P. Duane, who had been banished by the Committee.—A stage-coach, conveying a large amount of treasure, was attacked by six mounted robbers, who were beaten off after a sharp contest.

W. R. Taber, one of the Editors of the *Charleston Mercury*, has been killed in a duel, originating in a series of communications published in that paper impugning the character of Judge A. G. Magrath, a candidate for Congress. A peremptory challenge was addressed to the Editors of the *Mercury* by Edward Magrath, brother of the Judge; this was accepted by Mr. Taber, who was shot through the head on the third fire.——George Steers, the eminent naval architect, constructor of the famous yacht *America*, was killed, September 25, by being thrown from his wagon. Though but thirty-seven years of age, he was universally considered the first naval architect in the world. ——The Mount Vernon Hotel, at Cape May, was destroyed by fire, September 5; Mr. Cain, the lessee, and five other persons, lost their lives. The fire is attributed to an incendiary.——The American ship *Ocean Home*, on her voyage from Rotterdam to New York, came in collision with a British vessel, and sunk in a few minutes, carrying down 77 persons, mostly German emigrants.——The steamer *Niagara* was burned on Lake Michigan, September 24, with a loss of about 100 lives.——At an Agricultural Fair in Delaware, Ohio, September 2, the boiler of a steam-engine exploded, killing thirteen persons, and wounding many others.——The Yellow Fever has prevailed with considerable virulence at Fort Hamilton and in a small portion of Brooklyn; but its ravages have been wholly confined to these points, and have excited no general alarm.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

The fate of the insurrection of Vidaurri in Northern *Mexico* is yet undecided. The pretext for it is, that Comonfort had violated the plan of Ayutla, by endeavoring to centralize the government in violation of State rights. Vidaurri therefore demanded that the President should be removed, and Alvarez take his place. Failing in this demand, he announced his determination to resist the authority of the General Government; having in the mean while put down the hostile Indians in New Leon and Coahuila. Colonel Gazas, commander of the National Guard in Tamaulipas, joined Vidaurri. A large body of men was assembled in Monterey, and aid was expected from the United States, in order to raise the flag of the new Republic of the Sierra Madre. A conspiracy has been detected in the city of Mexico, and half a dozen persons have been banished in consequence. The Spanish Government has recalled its Minister, and disavowed the agreement into which he had entered with Mexico. The British Government has ordered a fleet to Vera Cruz to compel Mexico to fulfill the agreement to pay the English bondholders, threatening a blockade in case of non-compliance.

Nothing of decided importance has occurred in *Nicaragua* since our last. A new decree concerning colonization has been issued, granting to every free white immigrant the privilege to enter upon any unoccupied tract of 160 acres, with the right to a complete title after six months' occupancy: if accompanied by his family he is entitled to 320 acres. A considerable British fleet is stationed at San Juan del Norte. A company of about thirty deserters from the army of Walker, who had struck into the interior, where they committed depredations, have been cut off by the Indians. One or two trifling engagements have taken place, but no serious operations have been entered upon. The league of the States against Walker seems likely to be very feebly conducted.

Mr. Corwine, the American Commissioner, has forwarded a report in relation to the Panama massacre. He represents that it was the result of a preconcerted plan, to which the authorities were privy and encouraged the plot. He affirms that the Government of New Granada is utterly powerless to preserve order upon the Isthmus, and to protect foreigners resident there or passing across. He recommends that ample indemnity be demanded for the loss of life and property, and that the New Granadan Government be required to make provision for the protection of American citizens; and in case these demands are not complied with, that military possession be taken of the Isthmus. The Granadan Secretary of State, in reply to the United States Minister at Bogotá, enters into a statement of the political affairs of the Isthmus. He denies that there is any valid evidence that the riot was the result of previous combination, and promises that the conduct of the Governor and the police shall receive strict inquiry, and that, if he shall be found guilty of maladministration, the proper tribunal shall take action in his case. He acknowledges that the administration of the State

is defective, but attributes this defect to deficiency of revenue, arising from the exemptions granted to transit commerce, and the resistance made by foreign residents to the payment of taxes. He desires the Government of the United States to respect the present weakness of the State; to give its moral support to the authorities; and to contribute to abolish the abuses caused by the armed bands of foreigners, who treat the native population like savages and malefactors.—At a celebration held in Bogotá, on July 20, the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, Señor Arosmena, one of the Ministers, made a speech, affirming that the United States meditated the conquest not only of Mexico, Cuba, and Nicaragua, but of other portions of the Continent. Colombia, he said, forgetful of the propensity of her neighbors, had delivered up to them the keys of the commerce of the world; and in giving soil for permanent and costly works, had in effect almost given away territory. But it was not too late to remedy the evil and to check northern aggression. In order to do this, a great southern confederacy should be formed, covering the whole territory from the Isthmus of Panama to Cape Horn, having a single name, a common government, and a common object. They would not dispute with the north the name of *Americanos*, but by styling themselves *Colombianos* they would do honor to the name of the great Genoese discoverer.——The surrender of Ruatan to Honduras is received with much disfavor at that settlement, and it has even been proposed to call in the aid of Walker in preference to coming under the dominion of Honduras.——In *Peru* an attempt has been made to put down the government of President Castilla. It was headed by General Castillo; who was defeated with the loss of some thirty lives.

EUROPE.

From *Great Britain* there is an entire absence of all political intelligence. But of very decided commercial importance is a new discovery by Mr. Bessemer of a means of converting cast into malleable iron in a few minutes, without the use of additional fuel. The process consists in directing a strong current of air through the molten metal. The oxygen of the air combines with the carbon in the iron, and produces an intense heat; the carbon and other impurities are carried off, and pure malleable iron is the result. It is affirmed that by stopping the process at the proper point, the whole mass of iron is converted into pure steel.——A series of gigantic railway frauds has been perpetrated in *France*, by Charpentier, the cashier of the Northern Railway Company, who sold shares to the amount of more than a million dollars, and appropriated the proceeds to his own use, all of which he spent in unsuccessful speculations. The principal sufferers by this fraud are the Rothschilds, to whom the shares belonged. The chief criminal and two of his confederates made their way to New York, where they have been arrested.—A number of arrests have been made of persons charged with conspiring against the life of the Emperor.——The affairs of *Italy* remain unsettled; but it is reported that France and England are on the point of taking decided steps in reference to Naples.——An insurrection broke out on the 3d of September in the Swiss Canton of Neufchatel, the object of which was to restore the Canton to Prussia, from which it was detached in 1848. The attempt failed, and the Swiss Diet resolved to resist all similar projects.——The Coronation of the Emperor of Russia took place at Moscow, September 7, with great pomp and solemnity. It was observed that the French Minister was received with much greater cordiality than was manifested toward those of England and Austria. The Emperor signalized the occasion by granting an amnesty to those implicated in the political disturbances from 1825 to 1831, and exempting the maritime provinces of the empire from conscription for four years, besides granting various other concessions.

Literary Notices.

The Rifle, Ax, and Saddle-bags, by WILLIAM HENRY MILBURN. (Published by Derby and Jackson.) A selection from the popular lectures which have given the author a wide celebrity is presented in this agreeable volume. Mr. Milburn, as we learn from the introduction by the Rev. Dr. M'Clintock, lost the use of his sight, to a great degree, by injuries received in early childhood. Since that time he has been nearly blind, but in spite of this disadvantage he has devoted himself to intellectual pursuits with eminent success. At the age of twenty, having made great proficiency as a student, he commenced his public life as a Methodist preacher, and for two years suffered almost incredible hardships among the cabins of the West. In the autumn of 1845 he appeared in the Northern States as an advocate for the cause of Western education. His rare social virtues, no less than his brilliant mental endowments, secured him a cordial welcome, and it was not long before he was every where received with enthusiasm. On his journey to the North he made the acquaintance of several members of Congress, with whom he was a fellow-passenger on board of an Ohio River steamboat. He was invited to perform divine service on Sunday, and in the course of his sermon took occasion to administer a well-merited rebuke to the members of Congress, who had made themselves conspicuous during the passage by their profanity, intemperance, and riotous behavior. These gentlemen took the expostulations of the fearless preacher in good part, and before leaving the boat insisted on his accepting a purse of money which they had made up as a tribute to his courage and eloquence. Nor did their acquaintance with him end here. On arriving at Washington they exerted their influence to make him chaplain to Congress, and by his election to that office his name became familiar in every part of the Union. His delicate health, however, decided him to seek a change of residence, and in 1847 he went to Alabama for the benefit of a milder climate. He was induced to take charge of a church in that State, and for six years labored assiduously in the cities of Mobile and Montgomery. In four years of that time he preached no less than fifteen hundred discourses, and traveled over sixty thousand miles. But his blindness proved a great impediment to the discharge of his functions as an itinerant minister of the Methodist Church. In the summer of

1853, accordingly, he returned to New York, and took up his permanent residence in that city. He has since devoted himself to his favorite work of preaching the Gospel in such churches as needed occasional services, and to the delivery of public lectures. With the latter field preoccupied by many of the ablest and most cultivated men in the country, the experiment was one of no little boldness; but the result has justified the attempt, and in this new sphere of labor Mr. Milburn has already attained an eminent rank.

The work now presented to the public forms a striking illustration of his industry, good sense, and admirable powers of rhetoric. A considerable portion of it is devoted to pictures of Western life, which glow with the splendor of a summer sunset on the prairie. The lectures on the "Triumph of Genius over Blindness" and on the "Sphere of Woman," are crowded with appropriate information and rich in suggestive remark. Under the title of "French Chivalry in the Southwest," an interesting account is given of the early French explorations in the region of the Mississippi, enlivened with a variety of stirring historical anecdotes. Mr. Milburn, who now appears before the public for the first time as an author, has abundant reason to congratulate himself on the success of his venture. His volume will be read with enhanced interest as the production of a blind man, but it needs not the claim of that infirmity to secure the sympathy of its readers. In its union of intelligence, vivacity, and genial feeling, it presents an intrinsic attractiveness which will give it a passport to the approval of the public aside from the peculiar circumstances of its origin.

Life of Prince Talleyrand, by CHARLES K. M'HARG. (Published by C. Scribner.) Talleyrand was one of those mysterious demonic characters that exert a strange fascination over the public mind, although showing no trace of the moral qualities which are essential to the idea of genuine manhood. He was thoroughly selfish, devoid of all religious faith, licentious in his habits, flexible in his principles, a wily diplomatist, and a scoffer at every generous and elevated sentiment; yet his wit, his keenness, his mental subtlety, his political audacity, his social recklessness, have given a prestige to his name that makes every anecdote and incident relating to his life a matter of intense and perpetual curiosity. Hitherto, no complete biography of Talleyrand has been published either in French or English. He is understood to have left copious "Memoirs" of his life and times, which, by the conditions of his will, can not be made public before the year 1868. The intimate friends who have seen portions of this work in manuscript represent it as full of piquant anecdotes and graphic narratives, throwing a brilliant light on the history of his eminent compatriots as well as his own, during a career of over eighty years. The anticipation of this biography has probably prevented any attempt to occupy the same ground in French literature. Few materials, accordingly, existed for the composition of the present work. The author has evidently made diligent use of those which were at hand, and has succeeded in working them up into a lively and graceful narrative. He has been magnetized, to a certain extent, by the influence of his subject, and has placed the character of Talleyrand in a more favorable light than that in which it has been generally regarded by those familiar with his political course. Still he makes no attempt to throw a gloss over the vices which were imbedded in the exuberant nature of the princely diplomatist, or to confuse the perceptions of the reader by sporting with moral distinctions.

The Golden Dagon, or Up and Down the Irriwaddi, by AN AMERICAN. (Published by Dix and Edwards.) The anonymous American who here describes his experiences in Burmah exhibits an almost reckless love of adventure, and never declines making an acquaintance with odd scenes on the score of their novel character, or of peril in their pursuit. He is apparently a free, bold, outspoken individual, with little respect for ancient prejudices, and accustomed to make himself at home even under the most startling circumstances. In the course of his travels he meets with many wonderful incidents, and often allows his pen to run riot in describing his reminiscences. His narrative never palls upon the sense of his readers, but furnishes a constant stimulus to curiosity by its rapid succession of strange adventures. The first inkling we obtain of his whereabouts shows us the traveler pensively smoking his cheroot in a shady veranda at Hong Kong. He had made his way to that unfragrant locality from San Francisco, taking a look at the Hawaiian Islands on the voyage, and was now left alone in China, with nothing to cheer his solitude but the consciousness of a virtuous life and the fumes of a fascinating cigar. He was interrupted in his meditations one fine afternoon by a visit from the commander of one of the Honorable East India Company's steamers, who incontinently offered him the situation of surgeon on board his ship. The proposal was too tempting to be resisted, and without any elaborate ceremonies, a few hours found our pleasant adventurer on duty in the sick bay of the Company's steam-vessel *Phlegethon*. The vessel was under orders of immediate departure for Calcutta. Early the next morning the anchor was weighed, steam put on, and the course taken across the China Sea to Singapore. At the end of the week they had reached that port, and were soon off again to Penang, whence they sailed the morning after their arrival for Burmah, under pretense of taking in coal and water. Our Yankee waif found himself landed on an unlooked-for shore, and although it was not so "nominated in the bond," was soon plunged into the midst of the enormities of a Burmese campaign.

The first serious business in which the surgeon of the *Phlegethon* was called to bear a part was the storming of Rangoon and Dallah, by a fleet of seventeen war-steamers of the East India Company. This took place in the spring of 1852, and resulted in the surrender of both cities. The smell of gunpowder with which he was here favored was but a trifle compared with the "sup of horrors" which he afterward experienced. His account of the hair-breadth escapes which he passed through borders upon the marvelous, and shows an almost superhuman power in battling with peril in a desperate environment.

The Golden Dagon, from which the volume takes its name, is the great Pagoda of Rangoon, an octagonal structure of solid masonry, gilded from base to pinnacle, and forming the centre of an area of fortification four miles square. It is the most magnificent pagoda in the Burman empire, concealing beneath its ponderous foundation millions of rupees in gold and silver, and jewels, which had been obtained by the priests from the fanatical vic-

tims of their superstition. An old English writer, describing this temple as it was nearly two centuries and a half ago, remarks that "it is of wonderful bigness, and all gilded from the foot to the top. It is the fairest place, as I suppose, that is in the world; it standeth very high, and there are four ways to it, which along are set with trees of fruits in such wise that a man may go in the shade about two miles in length."

Modern Greece, by HENRY M. BAIRD, M.A. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) After a year's residence at Athens, for the prosecution of special studies, and repeated and extensive tours, both in Peloponnesus and in Northern Greece, Mr. Baird has embodied the result of his observations in this volume. It furnishes a valuable exposition of the Modern Greek Literature, and copious descriptions of the customs and manners, religious faith and ceremonies, and the state of popular education among the people of the country. Among other topics of interest, a full account is given of the controversy between Dr. Jonas King and the Athenian Government. Mr. Baird takes a more favorable view of the condition and prospects of Greece than many recent travelers; but we do not perceive that his statements are colored by his evident sympathy with the interesting race which he describes. His book shows internal proofs of accuracy and impartiality, and with its freedom from inflation of style, will prove an acceptable addition to the library of modern travels.

Life in the Itinerancy (published by Miller, Orton, and Mulligan), is a lively record of a faithful and protracted service in the ministry of the Gospel among the Methodists. Though clothed in a fictitious costume, the incidents bear too genuine a stamp of real life to be regarded as the inventions of fancy. They are drawn not only from the public career of the relater of the narrative, but from the varied experience of domestic life. Few of the many volumes which have recently been devoted to the delineation of life in the pastorate, reveal so fully the nature of the trials which arise from the inadequacy of clerical support, and the inconsiderateness and cruelty of officious spirits among the people. If any readers have cherished the hallucination that the path of the Christian minister is strewed with roses and poppies, they will be undeceived by the perusal of this volume.

Human Physiology, Statical and Dynamical, by PROFESSOR DRAPER, consists of the lectures given by the author for many years in the University, and now collected into a handsome volume with a great variety of illustrations. The work is characterized by its natural and lucid method, its freedom from theoretical discussions, its compact and forcible style, and the skill with which it has embodied the actual results attained by the most eminent cultivators of the science, without any pretentious displays of historical erudition. The author makes no claim to originality in the materials of which this volume is composed; nor would that quality be a merit in a work with the purpose of the present. The subject is treated with the exactness and rigor of the methods of Natural Philosophy. No use is made of the metaphysical conceptions which have heretofore embarrassed the science of Physiology as well as of Astronomy and Chemistry. At the same time, the lights of history are not neglected in their bearing on the exposition of human organization. The general views presented by the author are free from technical phraseology, and challenge the attention of thinkers in every department of intelligence. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Contributions to the Early History of Perth Amboy, by WILLIAM A. WHITEHEAD. (D. Appleton and Co.) The example of Mr. Whitehead in collecting the interesting remains of local history preserved in this volume, are worthy of praise and imitation. It contains many curious reminiscences of the early settlers of New Jersey, arranged in a form which is at once agreeable to the reader and convenient for reference. Considerable space is devoted to a notice of William Franklin, the last colonial Governor of New Jersey, and the only son of Dr. Franklin, and though born out of marriage, in the early part of his life the companion and assistant of his father in his various scientific pursuits. On the breaking out of the Revolution he took sides with the British Government, was arrested as an enemy to the country, and during the whole of the struggle remained in a state of estrangement from his father. A variety of interesting particulars concerning his career are related by Mr. Whitehead. The whole volume is rich in biographical notices, and will be welcome to the lovers of antiquarian and genealogical research.

The Martyr of Sumatra: A Memoir of Henry Lyman. (Published by R. Carter and Brothers.) The subject of this interesting memoir, which has been prepared by the hands of sisterly affection, was a native of Northampton, graduated at Amherst College in 1829, and after pursuing a course of theological studies at Andover, sailed for Batavia, as a missionary to the East, in 1833. He resided for several months at Batavia, devoting himself to the study of the Malay language, and early in the spring of 1834 undertook a tour of exploration, for the purpose of establishing a mission in the Batta country of Sumatra. With his companion, Munson, he fell a victim to the ferocious cannibals of that region—a wild and blood-thirsty race, of whom a graphic account is given in the recent "Travels" of Ida Pfeiffer. Mr. Lyman was a man of remarkable decision and energy of character, of ardent religious faith, and of singular devotion to the cause in whose service he met with an early death. The volume now published is a valuable piece of Christian biography, and worthily records the heroic career of one who was fully imbued with the spirit of martyrdom.

Knights and their Days, by Dr. DORAN. (Published by Redfield.) Dr. Doran is a lively, pleasant historical gossip, and well understands the art of concocting the odds-and-ends of literature into an agreeable narrative. He is rapid and superficial, not seldom inaccurate, and with no definite aim in his writings but to furnish entertainment for an idle hour. In this volume he has collected a variety of anecdotes concerning the days of knighthood, throwing them together in splendid disorder, which will not fail to attract the lovers of miscellaneous and desultory reading.

Two Lectures on the History of the American Union, by HENRY REED, are published by Parry and M'Millan, discussing the antecedents of the Federal Government in the calm and reverent style characteristic of that lamented scholar. The author endeavors to trace the hand of Providence in the formation of the Union, and thence to derive an argument for the necessity of its preservation. His views are presented in a lucid and impressive form, and in a tone of earnest patriotism.

Editor's Table.

AN ELECTIVE JUDICIARY.—About ten years ago the State of New York was seized with one of those periodical fever fits that seem to belong to our political system, and she resolved to amend her Constitution. The chief subjects of interest and excitement at the time were three-fold: to impose checks upon the State expenditures—to diminish the power of the Executive—and to reform the judicial system of the State.

With the first of these subjects we have nothing now to do; the second is worthy of an elaborate examination, but is much too extensive to admit of it here. So far as it is connected with the reform of the judiciary, it may briefly be said that the Convention of 1846 found the Governor of New York a stately and powerful official, his hands full of nominations and offices, the head of a strong central government: they left him without a place to give, or an office to recommend to, a single member of an ill-cemented and headless administration; with scarcely one real power left except that of pardon—a sort of head-turnkey of the State—holding in one hand the key of Sing Sing, and in the other that of Auburn; like Scott's Fairservice, in "Rob Roy," who went into the hands of the Highlanders a well-looking gentleman's gentleman, and came out of them plundered and plucked to a beggarly scarecrow. All the offices that had been in his gift, judicial or administrative, were made elective in one way or another, and the whole principle of central executive power and responsibility was destroyed at a blow.

Whatever interest was felt by the people of New York on the subject of the State finances or of the gubernatorial power, it is pretty certain that the Convention of 1846 would never have been called into being had it not been for the strong and general desire of the lawyers throughout the State to obtain a thorough reform of the judiciary. The great powers of the Court of Chancery and of the Supreme Court had been very ably and honestly administered for a quarter of a century—ever since the Convention of 1821; but the delays of justice had become very great, and some of the judicial officers themselves had very unwisely set their faces like flints against any considerable modification of the then existing system. No voice was raised against the ability or integrity of the men who then filled the great judicial offices; nobody disputed their learning or their purity; but the arrears were scandalous, and a source of annoyance both to lawyer and to litigant. So that, after bearing this state of things with considerable equanimity for ten or fifteen years, the more active and influential part of the bar was gradually drawn into the movement, which resulted in the call of the Convention. The result of the proceedings amazed every body. If there was ever a set of men who got more than they asked for, and did not get what they did ask for, it was the lawyers of the State of New York. There had been a general call for the abolition or restriction of the great powers of the Court of Chancery; but instead of one, with his eight or ten assistants, the Convention created upward of sixty chancellors, or judges, with the full attributes of that office. There had been no general outcry against the common law procedure; but in consequence of the Convention the whole practice of the common law was swept away. The chief aim of the reform movement had been to obtain an efficient system for trying and hearing causes, which should keep the calendars clear; and we have got one in which the arrears are accumulating on every side. There had been no suspicion expressed of the integrity of the judicial magistrates appointed by the Governor; but those offices fell in the general wreck of his powers, and the judges were made elective directly by the people.

The results of the movement in New York speedily made themselves felt in the other States. Our political complaints are very apt to be epidemic. The infection, in this case, spread like wild-fire. The new Code of Procedure has been adopted or imitated in half the States of the Union, and the election of judges has been introduced to a very great extent.

We have no intention of discussing the merits of the changes wrought in the procedure. We believe them to have been upon the whole beneficial. We are even yet, after a period as long as the Trojan War, in the midst of chaos; but we believe that out of that chaos order will be ultimately educed, provided always that, in the mean time, the character and influence of the bench be not broken down. The distinction between common law and equity was absurd in reason, and indefensible except upon the simple ground of long establishment; and perhaps the best proof that our reforms were well planned, even if not, as is generally charged, well executed, is that nearly all the peculiarities of the common law procedure have been within the last few years swept away in England.

We propose to confine our remarks in the following paragraphs to a brief examination of the merits and demerits of the system of popular election as applied to the judiciary. We have now lived under it for about ten years. In ten years more we shall have another convention to amend the Constitution, and there can be no harm in examining the subject, and endeavoring to ascertain how the system works. We do not profess to be among its admirers. Our aversion to it may indeed be indiscriminating and unreasonable. If so, its defenders and approvers will no doubt make themselves heard, and from the conflict of views truth will be elicited.

In order to appreciate the effects of the system, it is desirable, if possible, to have a correct idea of the general operations of our courts of justice; and yet this is difficult. The members of the bar are, it is true, fully aware of the state of things; they carry in their mind's eye a lively picture of the quiet, orderly, decorous, regular, systematic, courteous way in which matters are there conducted; but how to convey to the mass of the public out of doors a correct notion of what goes on inside? There is one pretty efficient means. Our reporters of the press are daguerreotypists, in their way; our daily papers receive and preserve a true copy of the most salient points of the shifting scene of forensic life. We propose, therefore, to take from the reports of the daily press, during the last twelve months, some few specimens of the mode in which things are managed in our temples of justice. For want of a better name, we may call them the BEAUTIES OF THE FORUM.

In October of last year a member of the city government was indicted in the Supreme Court for corruption. The trial was opened by the following scene. The Counsel for the defense rises to address the Court.

JUDGE. "What is your suggestion, Sir?"

MR. ——. "*It is that your Honor should not try this cause.*"

JUDGE. "State your reasons, Sir."

Mr. —— then proceeded to read an affidavit, stating that A. B. (the sitting Judge) would be a material witness, etc., etc.

The Judge overruled the objection, stating that he *could understand why it was taken*, and the trial proceeded. When it was over, and at the conclusion of the charge, the Counsel,

MR. ——, said, "The charge is concluded?"

JUDGE. "Yes, Sir; but I do not mean to allow it to be argued further."

MR. ——. "I do not propose to offer any argument; but I *here except to your Honor's having expressed your opinion as to the facts in this case.*"

JUDGE. "The jury will weigh the evidence on that point."

MR. ——. "I know; but I except, and I specifically except to each and every opinion which the Court has expressed to the jury as to the facts of this case."

In November, 1855, the City Judge was tried for corruption. The verdict was "*Not guilty*," coupled with this extraordinary appendage: "And the jury are unanimously of opinion, that in the entry of the *nolle prosequi* by the City Judge he has been guilty of *irregularity;* and it is the unanimous recommendation of the jury that Judge —— resign." And *he did resign.*

In December, 1855, a party was tried in the Supreme Court for murder. After the charge was concluded, the Counsel for the prosecution rose and said: "I supposed that the last duty to be performed for our client would have been performed by my learned associate (who had summed up for the defense); and such would have been the case if your Honor had not given a detailed narrative to the jury, in which certain facts are assumed to be proved that are the very facts which we deny, and are here in issue. *I know the jury have too much intelligence to pay any regard to the assumptions of the Court.*" Then followed a long series of exceptions to statements of facts made by the Judge in his charge, and the Counsel closed by saying, "I except to your Honor's observation that my associate occupied nine hours in addressing the jury. That was a sort of implication that we knew our case hopeless. *I am sure the jury will spurn the insinuation.*"

In March, 1856, a divorce case was tried in the Superior Court of the city of New York. In the course of it the following performance took place:

Mr. A——, for the plaintiff, offered to show that the defendant made use of the most indelicate expressions that a female could be guilty of, at the same time raising up her clothes and exposing herself. Mr. A—— (as the reporter states) used another word instead of "herself" in defining the object exposed, but the language can not be repeated. (Expressions of dissent and hisses in Court.)

Mr. B——, for the defense, pronounced the offer of Counsel an insult to the Court, the jury, and the community.

MR. A——. "You are a vagabond, or you would not say so."

MR. B——. "You ought to be turned out of Court."

The Court said that *if he heard any repetition* of such language he would turn the Counsel out of Court.

In January, 1856, the City Hall of the city of New York was the scene of a dramatic spectacle of an entirely novel character, for which the public were indebted to the principle of election. The seat of one of the judges of the Supreme Court was contested by two candidates, both claiming to have been elected by the popular vote; both claiming the right under the provision of the State Constitution. Both asserted their right to sit. One of them took his seat on the bench in opposition, as was understood, to the opinion of the other incumbents, and a large audience was convened in the expectation of seeing the intruder committed for contempt, and in the hope, no doubt, of thus seeing an alleged judge of the Court walk out of it in custody of the sheriff. That the scene did not come off was owing to the nerve of the candidate, and to the discretion or want of nerve of the other members of the bench; and the question of right between these two contestants is at this moment undecided.

The popular idea of the condition of our administration of criminal justice is well expressed by the following fact: In the course of the present year a man was killed in a prize fight near the city. At the inquest, the coroner, after stating the evidence against certain persons engaged in the transaction, closed as follows: "I am uncertain whether the ultimate trial of those included in your verdict will come before the authorities of New Jersey or of this county. If the persons implicated are tried before *our Court of Sessions they will have reason to congratulate themselves, as it is a difficult matter in this city to convict a person charged with any other crime than that of theft.* However, by bringing in a true verdict in this case you will have the consolation of knowing that you have done your duty, whatever may be the results."

Nor are these spectacles confined to our city. In New Orleans the following little circumstance took place in April last. Judge R—— has an altercation in Court with a Mr. D——. The next day the Judge is accosted in the street by Mr. D——, who, after some preliminary remarks, says, "I wish you to make me an apology for what you did yesterday in Court." Judge R—— replied, "You have mistaken me if you expect to get me to make any apology for my official conduct;" whereupon he was instantly struck several times with great rapidity by Mr. D——, on the head and shoulders, with a heavily loaded cane.

These are but a sample of similar occurrences, of which any number might be collected by a careful revision of our papers; and how many of a like character escape the reporters altogether those familiar with our tribunals very well know.

The scenes above described have occurred within the last few months; and we think it will be admitted that nothing of the kind was ever witnessed before the introduction of the principle of election.

We have not given the names of any of the prominent parties, because individuals have nothing to do with the question; nor do we at all desire to ascribe blame to any particular person. Nor, indeed, do we impute blame to any person. Our quarrel is with the system. The simple inference we wish to make is, that the bench does not

command the respect of the bar, and does not control the bar; and, in addition, we have only to repeat our statement, that no such scenes as these can be found to have occurred before the introduction of the present organization.

In justice to truth it must also be said that the state of things is not nearly as bad in the rural districts as in the city of New York. Like causes will always produce like effects, but the moral atmosphere of the country is far more healthy than that of a metropolis like ours. The weeds do not germinate so rapidly, nor come to maturity so soon. The evils of any portion of our system will make themselves apparent much more speedily, and exhibit a much greater magnitude in the town than in the country.

When, however, we talk of our judicial system, and of the chief influences that bear upon it, we are to recollect that they are not by any means all comprised within the elective principle. The character of the magistracy is affected by three great causes, all of which are to be taken into view when we consider the nature and probable results of the system. These are:

First, The mode of creation.

Second, The tenure of the office.

Third, The salary attached to it.

First, as to *the Mode of Creation.*—Judicial officers, like all the other agents of administration, must derive their power, directly or indirectly, from the sovereign. The sovereign is here the people; should, then, the judges be created directly by the people acting in their primary capacity, or should they, like many other ministerial agents, be appointed by an officer—a governor, for instance, who is himself the creature of popular suffrage? or should the appointment be made by the legislative bodies directly? Should the claims of the judge be discussed in a popular nominating convention, subject to all the intrigues which agitate those bodies, and then passed upon by the people at large? or should they be submitted, in the first place, to an executive officer, and decided on afterward by some senate, or other body of delegated popular authority? For it is to be borne in mind that three systems of appointment have been, and are being tried. In some of the States judges are appointed by the governor, subject to the ratification of a senate or other legislative body. In others, they are elected directly by the Legislature. In others, again, we, as in New York, have them elected by the people at large. Of these modes, which is the best, or can a better than either be devised?

It is not very easy to answer the question in either way. We have witnessed scandalous appointments by executive officers and by legislative bodies, and have seen most preposterous nominations made by popular conventions. The same influences that are brought to bear on a popular convention will always, to some extent, be made to act on an executive chief magistrate, or on a Legislature.

There are serious objections to appointments or elections either by a governor or legislative bodies. There is, in the first instance, a total absence of publicity; nothing is known, generally, till the appointment is made, and then it is too late for remonstrance. Our chief magistrates are too often mere politicians, and the offices in their gift will generally be distributed among their adherents with a single eye to political service; while in a Legislature the election of a judge becomes inevitably only one of the elements of cabal and log-rolling which forms the atmosphere of these bodies. In some of the old and smaller States, indeed, the judges have been elected annually, and the system appears to work well, for the same persons seem to be re-elected in indefinite succession. But these are rather exceptional cases; the result of long usage, established in sparse and agricultural populations before party politics had taken such demoniac possession of us as they have now. It would seem very unpromising to attempt to introduce any such mode as annual election, as a new thing, and in our more populous States. We might almost as well, in New York, for instance, draw the judiciary by lot, perhaps better. These systems are all environed by difficulty.

It is often said that, in this country, and in our time, the creation of the judiciary by popular election is the least objectionable feature of our present system, and that, if other things were rightly ordered, it would be the best mode that could be adopted. The arguments are briefly these: It is said that we must bear in mind the character of the people that we have to govern, and the institutions under which we live. As far as regards men, nothing can be more fluctuating than our whole organization; the executive who wields the entire power of the State to-day was utterly unknown last year, and next year may very probably be a private citizen, without credit and without influence. The legislators who assemble around him appear and disappear like the supernumeraries on the boards of a theatre; nobody notices their exits or their entrances. It is idle to expect, under such a system, any thing of the permanent character which distinguishes an old oligarchy or an ancient monarchy.

In the ancient republics the principle of election, as applied to the judiciary, seems to have been carried much further than we have ever thought of extending it. The Greek dikasteries, which decided the fate of Socrates and Anaxagoras, were, in reality, nothing more than enormous juries, taken, like ours, from the body of the people, but, unlike ours, sitting without any presiding magistrate to control their impulses or to prescribe the law. In Rome the prætor was an officer chosen by annual election, and the *judices*, or referees, who determined the causes, seem to have been taken from the body of the people at large.

It is insisted, too, that the reasons are strong why, in this country of all others, the judiciary should obtain the full prestige, and receive the full support that is conveyed in the great idea of popular sovereignty. All classes, high and low, rich and poor, strong and feeble, sooner or later, come before the tribunal of justice; its decrees affect the humblest individual, and control the strongest combinations of men; and in this country, where it has no strong executive to fall back upon, no *force publique* to call to its aid, the judiciary is powerless unless sustained by the great current of opinion. Its miserable posse of sheriffs and constables are impotent to enforce its decrees, unless sustained by the conviction that they really and truly represent the popular will; and it is urged that this is in no way so well to be attained as by making the judge the direct creation of the elective franchise.

In these general positions we concur—we must try to maintain our fidelity to the great ideas

upon which this government is based, notwithstanding the "rubs and botches in the work;" —notwithstanding the fears of alarmists and the real causes of apprehension that may exist as to the future working of our general system, we must hold fast to its great principles. We have been nurtured as a people upon the strong diet of a virgin soil, and we shall not thrive upon the mean and meagre food of an old and worn-out world. What is there, indeed, so majestic as the ideas conveyed in the term popular sovereignty? What can the pomp of an hereditary monarchy, the stately demeanor of an ancient oligarchy, or the parade and clangor of a military despotism have to compare with the spectacle of a people that really, wisely, and honestly governs itself? Power transmitted by the accident of birth, power concentrated in the hands of a pampered few, power sustained by arms alone, is all mean and abject, compared with the might of a self-governed, free, intelligent, and virtuous people. This is the ideal of our government, and however basely we at times desert it, whatever reptiles we at times set up for idols, to this ideal we must forever try to live up. But while we agree that we should recognize and apply to the judiciary the doctrine of popular sovereignty in its greatest force and fullest extent, the question recurs, What is the best mode to do it? When we descend from the stilts of theory, and come down to the practice of the thing, we shall see that there is very much to be said against any popular election of judges. Popular sovereignty, when we come to the creation of the judiciary by election, means that the judge is put in nomination by a set of trading politicians—men no worse in many respects than many others, but who live by the business of politics—who assemble in some of the temples of partisan warfare, there resolve themselves into a nominating committee, and then, amidst the fumes of tobacco and the perfumes of still stronger stimulants, pretend to discuss the relative merits of the candidates for judicial honors. Whatever may be the competency of such a tribunal to pass on the merits of politicians, however faithfully they may reflect the sentiments of the community on those questions which are agitating the public mind, it may be safely affirmed that they are no more fit to select a judge than they would be to choose an astronomer. They have not one single requisite for the task. Political affinities, personal popularity, an off-hand oratory, any thing will weigh more with them than the modest qualifications of learning, patience, integrity, which are the real recommendations for judicial station.

Other objections of a serious nature present themselves. For the very reason that a popular nominating convention is so little fit for the task of selection—for that very reason the best men will decline to enter the lists for nomination. The able lawyer, who has no other recommendation than his legal ability, who is not an active politician, who has been simply devoted to his profession, will decline entering a contest where the odds against him are overwhelming.

Again, in our large cities difficulties of a still more formidable character occur. In all large congregations of human beings crime permanently exists—crime is an institution. Now the judiciary is the natural foe of crime, and crime is the sworn enemy of the law. What it can not destroy it may control, and thus the same class of men, the ballot-stuffers of San Francisco, and the shoulder-hitters of New York, act in both places on the sound maxim *Obsta principiis*, and begin by overawing and controlling the popular conventions. If they can not always nominate bad men, they can almost always defeat good ones.

Again, it is utterly impossible to keep the nomination clear of mere political influences, and those of the worst kind. The men who compose the nominating body are politicians by trade, and governed by political considerations. With them, the lucrative political offices are the most important; and while a sheriff or a county clerk is a matter of interest and consequence, the judicial office—of short tenure and poorly paid, without patronage or influence—is really, in their eyes, a very trifling and contemptible affair. The judgeships are, therefore, constantly "traded off," as it is called—that is to say, bargains are made, and the friends of John Doe for sheriff are told that A. B. and C. D. and E. F. will vote for their candidate, if they in return will vote for Richard Roe for judge; and thus the fate and character of the bench is determined by the number and strength of the partisans of John Doe the sheriff.

It is said that revolutions never go backward; nevertheless, in the teeth of the adage, we confess that we can see no better way of selecting judges than the mode pointed out by the Constitution of the United States, by our former Constitution, and by the general good sense of mankind, until that good sense was perverted by the madness of 1846; viz., that they shall be appointed by a governor or executive, and passed on by an elective delegated body. We believe this is at once popular and conservative, in harmony with our institutions, and sufficiently democratic to satisfy any real appetite of the real people for power. All the rest is "leather and prunella," faction and wire-pulling, demagogism, trickery, and cabal.

The idea of the Convention of 1846, in making the judges elective, was to carry out the idea of popular sovereignty, and to assimilate the judges to the members of legislative bodies. The whole notion is a pure fallacy. The judge is not in any sense a delegate or a representative; that is, he is not a representative of the feelings or interests of the people. He represents the law. He is an arbiter between man and man—between the individual and the body social. It may be said that on a few great questions, such as the Temperance Law or the old Bank question, it is necessary that the judiciary should be in harmony with the people. But these are mere exceptions; for the ordinary, daily business of the judge, what you require is ability, learning, and integrity.

Still, with all that we have said, we admit that the greatest evils of our present system will not be found in the method of election. They are to be sought for, not in the mode by which the officer is created, but in the influences that bear upon him after he assumes the office. It is certainly true that it is not so important how the officer is elected as what the tenure of his office is, for if the situation is such that, when once *in*, the interest of the incumbent is to devote his whole powers to the honest and faithful discharge of its functions, the probability is that its duties will be pretty well discharged. It must also be admitted that it may with some justice be said that the elective principle has not been fairly tried. We have now only a system of *local* election by

districts: a system of *general* election by tickets, running throughout the State, would certainly avoid many of the objections that we have urged. If the judges were elected on a general ticket, and then sat throughout the State in turn, it would undoubtedly be a very different condition of things from the present. But we have already said that the greatest mischiefs of the actual state of things are not deducible from the elective principle merely. Let us turn, then, to our second head.

The Tenure of Judicial Office.—If there be any thing clear in regard to the magistracy, it is that the members of it should be what is called independent—that is to say, not only independent of the suitors who come before them, but of the very power which created them. If this be true in a monarchy, where the influence of the crown will only make itself felt in a narrow range of cases, it is a thousand-fold more important under a democratic form of government, where the vibrations of social thought and feeling are so much more rapid and active, and where scarcely any thing that occurs fails to become a subject of popular comment, or a topic of public interest. The only mode in which the judiciary can be made independent is to make them feel secure of retaining their offices provided their duties are faithfully discharged, and by making those offices so valuable and important that they will not be regarded by the incumbents as stepping-stones to future preferment, mere rounds in the ladder of ambition, but as sufficient and reasonable rewards for years of honorable labor. All this is, of course, subject to the qualification that they are to be made strictly and speedily responsible for neglect of duty or abuse of trust.

The first of these objects, namely, the giving to the judiciary a feeling of security and permanence in their offices, can only be attained by giving them a tenure of proper duration. How totally we have disregarded this principle will be seen when it is observed that the longest tenure of judicial office—that of the Appeal and Supreme Court judges—is eight years, and the shortest—that of the city magistrate—is but three. The judges of the Superior Court and of the Common Pleas are elected for six. Now, in this position of affairs, if a competent lawyer, in the prime of life, assumes judicial duties, it is very certain that he will look forward beyond his judicial term—that he will contemplate the possibilities that there await him—and it is highly probable that he will either regard his office as a mere temporary occupation, to be abandoned the moment any thing better offers, or that he will use every honest means in his power to insure his re-nomination and re-election for a second term. This is the very best aspect in which the thing can be viewed, and in either of these conditions the judge should certainly never be placed. He should neither be looking out for preferment nor studying the mode by which his re-election is to be secured.

In the present fluctuating condition of our parties, any thing like permanence on the present principle is wholly out of the question. At the last judicial election in New York we had no less than ten parties in the field. We had

A Whig ticket,
A Know Nothing ticket,
A Republican ticket,
A Municipal Reform ticket,
A Hard Shell ticket,
A Soft Shell ticket,
A Half Shell ticket,
A Temperance ticket,
A Liquor Dealers' ticket,
A German Democratic ticket;

and all these tickets were the result of the work of nominating conventions of the respective parties. Under these circumstances a nomination by a certain number of conventions is equivalent to an election, and it is vain and idle to suppose that the members of the judiciary, upon becoming judges, cease to be men, or that they will not yield to the temptations to which their painful condition exposes them. Their friends will besiege the nominating conventions, and they themselves will be obsequiously courteous to such members of the bar as are supposed to have influence with those bodies. The whole relations between the bar and the bench will be inverted, and if the judicial decisions are not warped to court some powerful politician, or to please some potential demagogue, the judiciary may feel well assured that by the public at large—in this country peculiarly devoid of reverence—they will be considered guilty of nothing short of absolute corruption.

In public station it is as essential to be thought honest as to be so, and the moment that the popular mind once takes in the true position of the elective judge, the moment that it perceives the magistrate to be possessed of neither true power nor real dignity, and exposed perpetually to the most cruel temptations, that moment the influence and usefulness of the judge will be totally destroyed. They will be viewed either with hatred or contempt. Their judgments will be received without respect, and obeyed only so far as they can be enforced, and upon the first of those occasions, occurring in all countries, when the people break down and trample under foot the defenses of unpopular power, the judiciary will be hooted from their seats, their filthy and tattered ermine will be torn from their backs, and they will be driven out into hopeless ignominy as the meanest of sycophants, and the most truckling of demagogues. The judgment may be very unjust, but how often has history seen innocent individuals made the scape-goat of vicious systems.

A hundred and fifty years ago the English Parliament, sick of the miseries resulting from a corrupt judiciary, changed the tenure of the office, abolished their dependence on the sovereign, and made the tenure of their existence dependent on their good behavior alone. From that time to this the English judiciary has risen in character and influence, and we have seen them recently, in the case of Paul, Strahan, and Bates, attract the attention of the civilized world by inflicting upon commercial knaves of the most eminent position a punishment fully commensurate with the enormity of their offenses.

We, in our supreme wisdom, have ingeniously rejected the whole of the English experience. We have reversed the process, and whereas heretofore our judges sat *quam diu se bene gesserint*, we have now made the tenure really *de bene placito;* and by our system of frequent elections, we have reduced the judiciary to a condition of dependence, to a degree of uncertainty in the tenure of their office which would be considered intolerable by a clerk in a dry-goods' store, or the conductor of a rail-car. No learning, no fidelity, no accomplishment can save them, if they do not secure the nomin-

ation of certain conventions composed of needy politicians and tricky office-holders—and neither learning, fidelity, or accomplishment, will be taken much into account in the making of those nominations. Cabal, trick, entreaty, direct or indirect, must be resorted to. The judge will sit with one eye on the last volume of reports, and with the other on the last resolution of some subterranean political troglodytes, which will control some delegation to some one of the half dozen conventions which are to be managed, packed, and *fixed* to secure the great object of re-election. It will be well indeed, if his moral squint do not exceed his physical one, and if, after passing through one or two of these ordeals, he has a particle of respect left either for himself or for any principle of that great science of truth and justice which he has sworn to administer.

Third, *the Salary of the Office.*—The most important influence bearing upon the independence of the judiciary after the permanence of the office is its remuneration. Very evidently the remuneration should be such as not only to relieve the judge from the base imputation of individual solicitation, but also such as to render him unwilling to abandon his office for any political preferment. Now the scale of judicial remuneration must be fixed in proportion to the scale of professional emoluments. If you want lawyers of first-rate ability and first-rate character to leave their profession to assume the duties of the judge, their salaries as judges must bear some proportion to what they are making at the bar. It is not to be understood that the judical salary should be fixed at the highest rate of what the most successful lawyer earns. Professional success is often to a great extent accidental, and the dignity and power of the judicial office may fairly be offset against a certain amount of pecuniary reward. But it is evident that if the judicial remuneration falls greatly short of professional remuneration, the cleverest lawyers at the bar will not be at all tempted to go upon the bench. It is all very well to say that five or ten thousand dollars is an enormous official income, and that thousands of respectable mechanics, tradespeople, and carmen, are living comfortably on a quarter of the sum. So long as the professional income of the ablest and most successful members of the bar varies from five to twenty thousand dollars, their answer will be very simple. Take your judges, then, from your respectable tradespeople, mechanics, and carmen; take them from the younger members of the profession, who as yet have had no experience of work, or from the older members who are worn out with it; do not ask us, the active, successful, and competent members of the profession, to accept offices, the remuneration of which is one-half, one-third, or one-quarter of what we are now earning, and especially when the office to which you invite us is held by the charming tenure of popular favor, and when, without any fault of our own, we may be blown out of our seats the first time that Archbishop Hughes is so imprudent as to take the title to church property in his own name, or when Mr. President Pierce shall interfere with the ticklish question of slavery.

The chief salaries of judicial office with us are as follows: The judges of the Superior Court and Common Pleas of the city of New York, the Surrogate, Recorder, and City Judge of that city, receive $5000 each; the five judges of the Supreme Court in the district comprising the city receive $4000 each; the remaining twenty-eight Supreme Court judges in the rest of the State receive $2500 each; the judges of the Marine Court in New York receive $3000; the Police Justices $2333 33 each; and the Civil Justices $2000 each.

Now, not one of these salaries is really sufficient to sustain the judge in his position. We have thus made a delightful combination—to a frail and precarious tenure we have added a mean and insufficient salary, and so do every thing to render the officer contemptible in the eyes of the community, and to make the office undesirable in the eyes of the incumbent himself. Such is the state of things in a pecuniary point of view. It would be the absurdest folly to advocate in this country any profuse system of judicial expenditure. We do not at all wish to mount our judges in carriages, enable them to give dinners, and send them parading about the country with guards before them, and tag-rag and bob-tail at their heels. That may all be very well in the old monarchies of Europe; but we do want, and if we are to have any competent judicial functionaries, we must give them sufficient salaries to secure the best talent at the bar, and to enable the incumbents to live creditably and comfortably according to the style of the circle to which they belong.

Above all, it is indispensable that the tenure of the office should be made such as shall give the judges a feeling of independence of those rapid fluctuations of popular opinion which are becoming more and more strikingly prevalent among us.

To put a body of men in office in a community where luxury is advancing with seven-league boots, and where the daily and hourly cry is *Nummus, nummus, nummus!*—to cut down their salaries to the lowest rate of remuneration—to make them painfully uncertain in their tenure, and then to invest these same officers with an almost unlimited control over life, liberty, and property, is an operation that is ludicrously absurd, if it be not more properly called criminally stupid.

Our judges thus far, with few and painful exceptions, have withstood the temptations of their present positions. We have at this moment on the bench those of which any judicature might be proud; but we must remember that we are still trading with the old stock. The present judges are either the old incumbents or men brought up in the old school, when judicial dignity was something, and judicial integrity was recognized and reverenced—nay, more, when it was unquestioned. Changed, indeed, is their position now—dependent on a bar which they ought to control—at the mercy of the ebb and flow of the political tide—subjected to the jealous suspicions of an army of angry litigants—how is it possible for them to preserve their dignity, their character, or even their self-respect?

Any one who can hug himself into the delusion that a magistracy, situated as ours now is, will long discharge the duties expected from an upright and learned judiciary, may be expected to believe that the laws of Nature will cease to hold their course—that the St. Lawrence will rush back against the stony ramparts of Niagara, or that the sun will some bright day rise in the western heavens. The principles that govern human conduct are not less fixed than the laws of gravity and attraction.

Editor's Easy Chair.

ALAS! dear friends, just as we were settling ourselves in our Chair for our monthly chat, lo! our Easy Chair broke down! Two legs gave way beneath us and left us discomfited, with our ideas scattered, our senses confused, and with no chance of saying what we had to say to you in a manner worthy your ears or our own dignity.

There was so much to say, too, in the light of the harvest moon that must now be postponed to the cold splendor of the hunter's. It shall not be lost, dear friends—the bronze of the Franklin statue will endure until next month, and the horse of Washington and his rider. The new books, the new operas, the new fashions, the new laws, all the grave and sad questions which we discuss, they must wait yet a month. Then there will be one new thing—newest of all—a new President. We have it in our hearts to tell you who it will be, but we will not. Why should we supersede the telegraph, or annoy the newspapers? Wait, gentle friends, and you shall see what you shall see.

Yet although two legs be taken, two are left. Propped and poised upon these, as best we may, we have pointed our telescope at our tributary other continent, and that colony of ours has surrendered the flower of its news. Smell it, gentles, and forget that our two-legged seat is, this time (for us, at least), an Uneasy Chair.

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IN these days of quick travel, why may not we, with the rest, take our point of observation upon the other side of the water? Why not date our record from London, from Paris, or from Petersburg? Why not take our readers with us, as we clamber up the slippery stairs of a Liverpool dock-wall (we will say Princes Dock), call for a fly, and drive through Lord and Castle streets, to the Colonnade of Mr. Radley, at the Adelphi Hotel.

We take a quiet little parlor upon the second floor, looking down the street; the houses are by no means so high as New York houses, or so bright-looking; but the pavement is admirably smooth and clean; the room we occupy is no such jaunty parlor, with tapestry carpet, as our hosts of the Clarendon or St. Nicholas would have furnished: it is dingy, the mahogany is dark and old, and of an old fashion—the Brussels carpet is in parts worn almost threadbare; but there is no speck of dirt, no stains of tobacco, no smell of half-burned cigars, and the bright grate is glowing (even in September) with a cheery blaze which warms us through and through, and which puts us in admirable humor for the quiet dinner, for which even now John is laying the cloth.

John is in the uniform of American diplomacy—white cravat, black pants, and dress-coat; he steps springily and softly; he does not suffer a wrinkle to break the evenness of the snow-white damask; he curls the napkin ingeniously by a thrust and twirl of his hands, and seats it in the shape of a field marshal's *chapeau* upon the bottom of your plate. He glides out and presently in again, with a huge remnant of Cheshire cheese and a dish of crisp celery, which he places upon the side-board; he readjusts your plate, straightens the array of glasses, and says,

"What wine, Sir?"

Shall we try a pint of good, plain, brown sherry, to wash off the ocean damps?

"Pint of sherry—ver' good, Sir."

"And, John—"

"Please, Sir?"

"Let us see the *Times*."

"*Times* in hand, Sir, just now, Sir; *Chronicle*, Sir, *Globe*, Sir?"

"Any thing, John."

"Ver' good, Sir."

And the smoking tureen of pea-soup comes; and the juicy leg of Southdown, flanked with potatoes blown open like a lily, and with a dish of brocoli that is redolent of the garden. Only this, rounded with a cannon-bullet of plum-pudding, and the cheese and celery from the side-board, completes our dinner. Do we miss the score of stews and roasts they gave us on ship-board, or sigh for the bill of fare from the St. Nicholas? or has not the Southdown, with its attempering sauce of currant-jelly, satisfied us fully, and left the stomach in more healthful activity?

And so, with the cloth cleared almost noiselessly, the remainder sherry at our elbow—our feet warming in the glow of the fire, and lungs taking strength and nourishment from the unctuous mixture of burning bitumen, fog, and Liverpool sea-air, we cast our eyes over the day's journal. It is nine o'clock, and the *Globe* is just down from London. The Queen has gone off to Balmoral in the royal carriages. There was a trebling of the railway guards, an extra engine as pioneer, and another to follow in her Majesty's wake.

There was a stop at Edinburgh, and a lighting of the royal fires in the damp old palace of Holyrood; there was a drive out to the sweet place of Hawthornden, and a ramble of the frolicsome princesses about the ruins of Roslyn Castle, and under the vaults of Roslyn Chapel. Then there was a visit to the charming grounds of Dalkeith, whose walls are covered with century-old ivy and embowered in shrubbery, and the Duke of Buccleugh after this drove over to dine with the royal family; and the next day they went on northward, and reached Balmoral Castle at evening. There the Prince goes deer-stalking among the mountains, and the Queen rambles with her girls under the trees, as any mother and daughters might do.

So much for the "Court" paragraph of the *Globe*.

Now we will give our fire a gentle stir with the poker, and see what follows.

Something about Imperial Louis, Biarritz, the Empress, and the family journey thither. New railway carriages, it appears, have been built expressly in view of the princely addition to the family. They form in themselves an imperial train, which is thus divided: The first after the tender is a dining-room and saloon for the Emperor's aides-de-camp, with kitchen and dressing-room. The second forms a kind of terrace, constructed of wrought iron, beautifully polished, and serving as a promenade from which to view the country. The third is the state carriage, or royal saloon, and surmounted by the imperial crown; it has an ante-room, with folding side-boards for refreshments. The fourth carriage is the bedroom, containing chambers for the ladies of honor as well as for the Emperor and Empress, with a cradle for the Prince Imperial, and dressing-rooms. The fifth and last carriage of the train is a waiting-room for the servants, place for luggage, also a cabinet containing every implement which might be requisite in case of accident. All these carriages

are decorated and furnished with the greatest elegance.

With such appliances it was, of course, a pleasant run which the Imperial family had to their southern city of Bordeaux. At one stopping-place it seems that a few over-loyal provincials begged the privilege of seeing the Imperial baby; the Empress replied graciously in person that the infant was asleep; and, like a true mother, she did not wish to disturb her child even for an Imperial ovation. It was remarked, too, with a kind of phrenetic admiration on the part of provincial mothers, that the Empress did not trust the infant in the arms of any one but herself in alighting or ascending.

And what of Biarritz, which the Empress loves so much?

No very grand town; indeed it is scarce a town at all, but used to rank as a third-rate watering-place—like Coney Island, Watch Hill, or Montauk—where the beach was admirably hard and fine, the sea clear and blue, and the chalk rocks, which make a high cliff wall (like the cliff at Newport), wrought into curious fantastic shapes by the storms which, in winter, lash fiercely the waves of Biscay.

It is five miles away from Bayonne, with only (in old times) a little inn, *Hôtel de Monhau*, where one might find a clean room, but small, and a good bottle of Medoc wine. There were groups of white-washed cottages *à louer*, scattered over the treeless hollows of the country, and numerous cafés and restaurants, which drove a thriving business only in summer.

On the top of the highest shore-cliff, whose base is honey-combed with caverns, where the sea roars after a westerly blow, is an old ruin of a tower, scarce more considerable than the windmill tower of Newport; but from this fragment of wall you can look out over the beautiful blue expanse of Biscay; on the right, seeing the shining light-house which marks the way into the mouth of the River Adour, and, on the left, the hazy lift of the Spanish shores, with the peaks of the distant Sierras behind it.

Upon the sands below, on fine days of summer, you could see the bathers of either sex, in epicene costume, disporting and gamboling in the surf, as they do at Dieppe and Cape May. Only at Biarritz the ladies wear masses of floating material under either arm, and broad-brimmed hats to ward off the fierce heats of the sun; and so, regardless of what depth of water may lie under them, they coquette and exchange greetings for hours together.

The old guide-books say, that "beyond its sea-bathing, its rocks, and its view, Biarritz must be the dullest place on earth, except to those who have other resources of friends," etc. Yet this is all changed now; the great brick hulk of the Chateau Eugenie—without a mural ornament or a shrub to shade it—has made the demand for cottages and dinners excessive; and even the fashionable people from Pau are ashamed to say they have not driven over—out of sight of the Pyrenees—for their week of salt-bathing at Biarritz. It is an old love of Eugenie's, this for Biarritz; for the Countess Montijo used to loiter here for a month every summer time when the Empress was a virgin, and the Empress has not forgotten the girlish gamboling in the blue waters of Biscay. Besides which, it is the nearest approach she can make in her French realm to the sunny atmosphere and yellow warmth which she loved on the Guadalquiver.

There are quaint customs in that southwestern corner of France, customs which are known nowhere else. On the Landes, for instance, you may see shepherds and country drovers striding about on stilts standing five feet above the meadows, that so they may see their flocks scattered about the morass, or, if need be, stride after them as fast as a man on firm land at a good running pace. Then at Biarritz itself you see still people riding "*en cacolet.*"

The travelers describe it after this fashion: "In this mode of conveyance the rider, seated on one side of a hack, in a wooden frame fitting to a horse's back as a pair of spectacles does to a human nose, occupies the place of a pannier on one side of an ass's back, while his conductor, usually a stout buxom lass, fills the opposite division, and by her weight the balance is preserved. Some little skill is required in mounting, for unless both parties jump into their seats at the same moment, he who reaches it prematurely runs the risk of destroying the equipoise and of being capsized into the dust, and the same in dismounting. It is chiefly peasants and market-women, nowadays, who ride *en cacolet;* though, under the ancient régime of the Bourbons, the frolicsome Duchesse de Berri, when on a visit to this part of France, was wont to resort to this primitive conveyance."

The imperial chateau is in an isolated position upon the cliffs, looking off upon the sea. The Empress has secured her own private reach of beach, where she is safe from the observation of others than her own household.

We sit musing upon Biarritz and its people, thinking how strange it all is; how this imperial chateau has grown up there by the sea like a salt mushroom, out of a treasury from which, only so little time ago, neither the daughter of the Countess of Montijo nor Louis Napoleon could pluck a pennyworth; and now, what can they not do? We wonder (drawing the remainder sherry toward us) what wine the Emperor drinks, or (glancing at the grate) if they have fires at Biarritz in September. We wonder if the imperial baby is dosed with paragoric and hive sirup, like other children, for colds in the head. We wonder if he squirms at a salt dip. We wonder what his fate may be; if he will ever be master of Biarritz; ever be master of the Tuileries; ever as much his own master as we ours.

The *Globe* lies on the floor, and we doze. Black coat and white vest enters softly, picks up the *Globe*, and lays the *Times* at our elbow.

We snuff the candle, poke the fire, whip off the remainder glass of sherry, and begin our reading again.

Mr. Marcy's letter about privateering: good. The Thunderer admits the force and the logic of our Minister of State; so, indeed, does every one; and whatever may be political prejudices, we think Americans may be fully satisfied with the uniform ability and statesman-like seriousness which Mr. Marcy has brought to the discharge of his official duties. May our next prove as sound and as strong!

Then, there is the Queen of Oude. Poor woman! She is at issue with a power that is not in the habit of yielding, even to womanly persuasion. There is not much of tenderness in the breast of the East India Company. There never was. There

have been many appeals made against its action over ocean, but they have made faint echoes. There is no Burke now, with Quixotic splendor of championship, to plead for the voyaging Queen. The matter-of-fact British world, seeing this poor woman going about under vails and hiding her carriage-doors, smothered with a retinue of idle people, will decide that the King is already king enough, and she queen enough, for the animal wants they listen to. Turbaned and vailed people can make no sympathy in England; while they are beyond seas, with the gorgeous Eastern mistiness and distance making grand their splendor and their woes, there is hope for them. But when the idle pomp of their ceremonies, and their vail-wearing is brought to the same level and nearness with a Wellington boot and the plaid waistcoat of Lord Clarendon, there is no hope left. The unreal must give way to the real. The Hindoo cloud-car, when it touched ground at Southampton, lost all the prestige that ever belonged to it.

There is needed some good lady in society—some Mrs. Merdle or Gowan—to whisper in the ear of the lady of Oude that it will never do—the vails, and eunuchs, and such sort of things. People won't call—they really won't. And Palmerston will be civil, but nothing more. He wont give up his autumn run down to Scotland; and she will be given up to the Barnacles and—Punch.

Meantime, what with Madras railways and stations at Singapore, the East India Company will be crushing out all memory of the Oude dynasty, and all the sacredness of Indian royalty.

As long ago as the 28th of June, though the news has had long distance to travel, the first railway train dashed over the sands of the Carnatic. Though a hot day, it was not very much felt—the train, by its rapidity, making a breeze for its occupants, who found the carriages well ventilated, both above and below; and with the addition of Venetian shutters and gauze wire blinds (worth imitating in America), heat and glare were completely got rid of. As the train proceeded across the arid plain of the Carnatic, it brought to view, with the countless number of natives who thronged the route, sixty-five miles on either side of the line. Very varied and picturesque was the effect of their appearance in their holiday attire. The train dashed by the masses of bright colors here clustered by a bridge, there collected under the deep shade of a tope, crowded round a station-house, or fringing the edges of a cutting, cheering lustily as the train flew by them. Now and then too, a hearty laugh broke forth, when in passing some pasture ground the lazy cattle, startled by the rushing shriek of the train, flew frantically away, sometimes followed by the scared herdsman himself, who, thinking that the fiery fiend whom he saw approaching might crush him also, took to his heels with all speed.

If we go as far as India we shall travel from Madras to Amoor by rail.

But India and Oude together only occupy a most inconsiderable space in our current number of the *Times*. Even Turkey, the Isle of Serpents, and the Crimea are hushed into small type. The preparations for the Czar's coronation make the grand subject, about which all details are eagerly sought after.

Foremost there is talk about the British representatives. The Lord President of the Council, Earl Granville, is England's special embassador, or in court term, Embassador Extraordinary. He is a youngish man, scarce turned of forty, with an eminently Scottish face, and the reputation of being the most rising man in the Lords.

A letter from Moscow says,

"Lord Granville is comfortably located in his splendid palace, formerly the residence of Prince Graziano, and the street in which it is situated is a scene of constant bustle. There is a splendid suite of rooms, elegantly furnished, and capable of accommodating, according to the London system of cramming, two thousand persons; but the Russians must have room for their mazourkas, their cracoviennes, and their sit-down suppers, and therefore it is probable that the invitations will not exceed six hundred. His Lordship's object will be to please by the good taste and quality of his entertainments, rather than to vie with the Russian nobility in that lavish expenditure which to them would be no novelty. Whatever is done at the Embassy will be well done, and will fully sustain the reputation which his Lordship has already acquired in this ancient capital. Both he and his suite are every where treated with the greatest attention and respect, and are unanimous in their testimony to the kindliness and hospitality of their reception.

"Attached to Lord Granville's Special Mission are Sir Robert Peel (who acts as Secretary to the Special Mission), Lord Dudley and Ward, the Earl of Lincoln, the Earl of Dalkeith, Lord Seymour, Marquis of Stafford, Lord Ashley, Lord Cavendish, Sir John E. D. Acton, Bart.; the Hon. E. T. Gower, M.P.; the Hon. General Ponsonby, Mr. F. Villiers Lister, and Dr. Sandwith.

"Lord Wodehouse, the newly-appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to St. Petersburg, is thirty years of age; and has filled the post of Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs since December, 1852. He was educated at Eton and Christchurch, and gained first-class honors at Oxford in 1847. In the same year he took his seat in the House of Lords, and married Florence, eldest daughter of the Earl of Clare. Lord Wodehouse's father died in 1834; and he succeeded to the peerage in 1846, on the death of his grandfather, who had been for many years Lord Lieutenant of Norfolk. The Wodehouses of Kimberley have held lands and knightly rank in that county for at least seven hundred years; but Lord Wodehouse became possessed of Kimberley in 1386, by the marriage of Sir John Wodehouse with the heiress of the Fastolfs. Lord Wodehouse is seventeenth in direct male descent from John Wodehouse, who fought at Agincourt, the 'beloved Esquier,' and eventually executor of King Henry V. The Wodehouses have at many periods represented their native county from the earliest returns to Parliament; the politics of the family were Jacobite and then Tory for several generations; and the last lord was the acknowledged and respected head of that party in Norfolk.

"Lord Wodehouse has carefully and independently thought out his own political opinions. He is a decided Liberal, but eminently moderate, conciliatory, and practical, possessing indefatigable industry, a fearless love of truth, and a mind active, vigorous, and logical. He enters on his delicate and important mission with a thorough acquaintance with the diplomatic proceedings of the last four years, in the full enjoyment of youth, and health, and energy."

This latter gentleman, if the paper portraits be true of him, has an eminently American look, and

might pass for a well-looking young Tennesseean. His youth is noticeable; specially in our country, where age is counted a requisite for diplomacy of any importance.

A ball-room rumor connected with the Special Embassy is this:

"It is stated that our Embassador, Lord Granville, will have to pay the enormous sum of 40,000 silver roubles (equal to about £6000 sterling) for a hotel at Moscow during the period of one single month, in which he will not be able to give a ball, fer want of a room therein sufficiently large for the purpose. On an inquiry being instituted where a room for such a ball could be had, it was soon satisfactorily answered, as far as the accommodation was concerned, but such an enormous sum was demanded for it that his Lordship thought it necessary first to telegraph to London for instructions before engaging it, when he was requested not to comply with such a demand; that a saloon of iron, covered with glass, of sufficient dimensions, would be sent to him from England in the course of fourteen days."

We give the rumor, but discredit it. We make a provocative lunge at our fire, and brush on.

Little Switzerland has a corner on fire. Quiet Neufchatel has risen in insurrection—an insurrection of royalists in favor of the King of Prussia. It seems odd; but is really not so odd as it seems.

Before the stirring times of 1848 Neufchatel was a dependence of the Prussian throne, governed with a very liberal hand, and loyal even to the enumeration of such men as Agassiz and Guizot.

But the fever of 1848 did its work, even in Neufchatel, and revolutionists declared for freedom and association with the federated Cantons of Switzerland. Unfortunately among the leaders of these revolutionists were many noisy demagogues, who cared far more for place and money than for independence or the prosperity of the country. As a consequence, very many of the most worthy citizens of Neufchatel determined to expatriate themselves. America was a gainer, but Switzerland was a loser by this resolve.

It now appears that the leaders of the new Canton have made themselves obnoxious to a degree that has excited insurrection. Will the King recover his province, or will the watchmakers keep their Canton free?

There is talk about Italy still. Ferdinand, like a true king that he is, is dogged and stubborn. Murat is hanging about the outskirts of Italy, counting his chances. Rome is preparing her streets and palaces for an inroad of monarchs. Four crowned heads are to be present there the coming winter, without reckoning the triple-crowned one of the Holy Father. Will not these make a festivity of the carnival which will be worth our staying to see?

The Russian embassadorial residence at the Feoli Palace is being arranged and beautified for the Empress Dowager of all the Russias, if so great a lady can manage to reside in so small a *palazzo*. Queen Christina of Spain is to honor the Ruspoli Palace by taking up her abode there, in the grand apartment above the Café Nuovo. The Austrian Embassador, Count Colloredo, is urging on the adornment of the Palazzo di Venezia, with the addition of a magnificent throne in one of the large halls, purposely, as is inferred, for the promised visit of his Apostolic Majesty, the Head of the Church, which is to take place after the Emperor's inspection of his Lombardo-Venetian dominions. Finally, the Capitoline Hill is to welcome the presence of the Queen of Prussia in the embassadorial residence at the Palazzo Caffarelli, where also due preparations are being made. Surely this programme ought to suffice for the most devoted adorer of royalty, and will not fail to render Rome still more what it has already been satirically denominated, "L'Albergo delle quattro nazioni," which means—"The Tavern of the four nations."

Decidedly we must slip down to Rome for the carnival—if, indeed, before that time the blaze of a higher carnival, a carnival of fresh-claimed liberty, does not light up the Peninsula from end to end, and make such heat there that neither crowned heads nor strangers can safely venture thither. They have heavy weights upon the safety valves just now through all the south of Europe. King Bomba has put his Swiss, and his obedient Lazzaroni, astride the lever which keeps down free thought, and O'Donnel, and the heavy, sensuous Queen of Spain, have together just closed the little scape-way for people-feeling which lay through the ranks of the National Guard.

Well, we will poke our fire, in whatever inn we may be, and watch. Meantime we snuff our candle and turn over another *Times*' leaf.

Here is a paragraph about a new ascent of the Nile:

"Ascent of the Nile.—The Pasha of Egypt has ordered a new expedition to be organized to ascend the Nile, under M. le Comte D'Escayrac de Lauture, an experienced African traveler, and the author of a recent work on Sudan, and of other treatises on African geography. The expedition will be accompanied by twelve Europeans, eight of whom have been already engaged, including three Frenchmen and three Austrians, and the chief is desirous of procuring the assistance of English officers accustomed to astronomical and meterological observations, and the management of boats. The Count has left London, having been in communication with the secretary of the Royal Geographical Society on the subject of the expedition, which is intended to start from Cairo in October. The expedition is undertaken entirely at the cost of the Viceroy of Egypt, and the members will receive, in addition to their rations, the payment of £10 to £14 per month, for a period computed at two years. The members are expected to start for Marseilles on the 18th of September."

Where is our American friend, Bayard Taylor? What a sad pity that he could not avail himself of this new voyaging company beyond the cataracts. We hear that he is inquiring his way toward Lapland, for a ride after reindeers over the snow. Possibly we may meet him by-and-by at Stockholm.

And the Prince Napoleon, who has latterly been making a semi-imperial tour to Iceland and thereabouts (perhaps to wipe away the regrets over the new imperial birth), has found the storms too fierce, and the air too cold for him, and comes back to giddy Paris once more, to find the Palais Royal, and Mademoiselle de Plessy, and all the rest once more; and to dine, and to drive, with his toothpick in his mouth and his hat half upon one side, to the Bois de Boulogne and the Pré Catalan once more.

Meanwhile (we lay down the *Times* for a moment to reflect), what has become of our American Bonapartes? The young lieutenant of dragoons, who

has now, by a decision of the Imperial Court, won the right to wear his own name, what has become of him, with his Cross of the Legion of Honor?

The papers are all silent. We may fancy him, however, gayly biding his time; rollicking about Paris with a bevy of flatterers in his train; winning all sorts of smiles in the Paris salons; and (stranger things have happened) if the imperial baby should fall ill, and (stranger things have happened) finally die, and none other be born, and the Baltimore cadet become heir-apparent—to the discomfiture of the insolent elder grandson of Jerome, and the Baltimore House give its imperial pretendant—what a topic!

How the Newport girls who flirted with the young cadet—before the down was on his chin—would bewail their slowness! How the managing mammas, who put the third of a year's income in their daughter's ball-dress, will lament the slip! How keenly they will recall the acquaintanceship, and what a pretty eddy for tattle will be made of the memory of the young cadet!

Again we turn to the *Times*, and find that Sir Richard Westmacott is dead, the famous sculptor, and the oldest member of the Royal Academy. His was a pretty and pleasant (to himself) illustration of English official routine; by means of which he achieved a life of success, in securing, year after year, the Government patronage.

A cheerful chronicler of these things puts them down in this order, with a little hate of the Barnacle system shining through his enumeration of the hero's works:

"His first work (and, in its way, the best of the kind he ever executed) was the large monument in St. Paul's to Sir Ralph Abercromby. Then came the bronze statue in Russell Square to Francis Duke of Bedford. These established his reputation. A sum is next voted for a monument to Mr. Pitt in Westminster Abbey, and the commission is given to Westmacott. Another large sum is voted for a monument to Mr. Fox in the same sepulchre, and the commission is given to the same sculptor. Then Mr. Percival is shot, and Parliament must perpetuate its sorrow in marble in Westminster Abbey; and who but Mr. Westmacott can render justice to the feeling of both Houses. Mr. Westmacott is the sculptor to whom the commission is given. Next Mr. Fox is to be perpetuated in bronze in Bloomsbury Square, facing old Bedford House; and Mr. Westmacott turns yielding metal into Fox's form. Then the women of England, wild with admiration of Arthur, Duke of Wellington, and his brave companions in arms, determine to erect in Hyde Park a naked statue of Achilles. Money and cannon are contributed liberally to by ladies and the Government; and Westmacott is again the favorite. Westmacott has it. Then dear old George the Third must be represented (every thing colossal) on horseback, and in bronze, at the end of the Long Walk at Windsor; and Westmacott is again the lucky man. The very pedestal—a quarry above ground—cost eight thousand pounds. Then the Duke of York—

God bless the Regent and the Duke of York!—

is taken from his creditors, and Government wants a bronze statue of the Duke for the York column. It must be fourteen feet high, and the sum—say eight thousand guineas, with the bronze thrown in—no light gift in any sense. Mr. Westmacott has it. Then Mr. Canning dies in the same house at Chiswick in which Mr. Fox died, and Tories and Whigs mingle tears and votes for a bronze statue of the deceased statesman in Palace-yard. What! Westmacott again? Oh yes!—the table runs fair enough, and Westmacott has it. Then Government is anxious to shape some seized Carrara marble into a kind of Warwick-Waterloo vase, and Westmacott is again called in. Then a few years later—ay, and recently, too—Government wishes to fill with sculpture Sir Robert Smirke's huge pediment to the new British Museum, and who but Sir Richard Westmacott to execute this? Sir Richard has it."

Besides Westmacott, the pleasant author of the "Comic Blackstone" is just now dead—his gibes all ended forever. His name was Gilbert à Beckett, and for many years he had been one of the principal contributors to *Punch*. He was magistrate as well as wit, and died in France at Boulogne-sur-mer.

The mention of Boulogne (we scarce know how) suggests a pleasant book about Balzac, which appeared only a little time ago; its title, *Balzac en Pantoufles, par Leon Gozlan*. The naming is descriptive, and the work is done by a sympathetic pen. It sets forth pleasantly the way of living which characterized the great Frenchman—his mode of working, his table habits, his dreams, and his hobbies. For he died a dreamer and a projector. It has become legendary now how he gave the plan for a beautiful country house, and forgot the stairway. The builder, faithful to the letter of his contract, did not supply the omission, and it became necessary to add an exterior stair-case. The rooms were beautiful in their proportions, and Balzac, to gratify his friends, and in furtherance of his magnificent designs, had noted in his own hand upon the walls of the various apartments the manner in which they were eventually to be finished. Thus, on one was written, "To be ceiled with Parian marble;" on another, "To be wainscotted with cedar;" on another, "To be frescoed by Eugene Delacroix;" and on still another, "Here is to be a chimney-piece of Cipolin marble."

A waggish friend, who paid him a visit, wrote in his bedchamber, "Here a painting by Raphael—superior to any yet discovered."

Balzac drank very little wine, but was most intemperate in his use of fruits. Nothing could exceed his delight before a dish of Doyenné pears. As might be supposed from his books, he was a lover of coarse jokes, and not over-refined in his conversational habits. In looking at his face (as we see him in pictures) one can hardly believe that so sensual an expression could possibly have belonged to a man with an intellect so piercing and subtle; a low, fast, clever man you might reckon him, but not the great romancist who brought a keener analytical power, even to his most loathsome work, than any writer of his day.

And while his name is under our pen, we may as well mention here what is not currently known concerning Balzac, that he published not fewer than twenty volumes before he could gain the ear of the public. From his twenty-second to his thirtieth year he was toiling in Paris, with no money and but few friends, for a reputation which seemed at a farther remove from him upon each succeeding trial. His books of that epoch are now utterly unknown; they were never sold, save by hundreds.

In connection with his writing he had entered upon the business of printing and publishing, but

with most disastrous results; and about the year 1829, when he was in his thirtieth year, he found himself burdened with a debt of one hundred thousand francs, no established reputation, and only his pen (for eight years tried vainly) to work himself clear and to win a livelihood.

The world knows how he succeeded; or if not, we must take some other time to tell them, for it is waging toward midnight.

The reader will please remember that we are still before the grate in the little parlor of Radleigh's Adelphi Hotel.

We light the bedroom candle and shuffle through the corridor to our chamber door. Dark, gloomy chintz curtains shade the whitest and coolest of bed-linen. The huge pitchers are sousing full of water; even our portmanteau has its place upon a cross-legged stool—all so unlike to the uneasy, crazy fixtures of an ocean state-room! Who does not sleep soundly out his first night on land, after a passage by sea, even though the sheets may not "smell of lavender?"

Morning! not a sunny morning, but a smoky, yellow, misty morning, with a touch of keenness in the air—so winter-like, that the breathing of the horses, as we see them plunging down the street, shows like white vapor—like the vapor rising from our little pitcher of shaving water. The maid, in a clean white pinafore (we caught a glance of her as she tripped away), has left it at our door with the delicatest tap, and a cheery sounding, "Please, Sir, 'ot water, Sir."

So we stride about, strapping the over-dull razor, the maid's clean pinafore and tidy figure drifting through our thought; and then the irksome query (always irksome to a vagrant traveler), Where shall we go to day? When you have seen the huge red-stone docks, and smart-looking St. George's Hall (disappointing you, because wearing no trace of mossiness or age), and the little cemetery scooped in the rock, what more is left of Liverpool?

Will you drive to Knowsley Park, or take the 'bus for Woolton; or shall we make a dash for the quiet country of Cheshire, and for a sight of the thatched cottages which lie dotted round the outskirts of Chester and Eaton Hall?

Muffins, coffee, eggs, make the breakfast set before us at the Adelphi; a cigar, an inkstand, and this much of gossip, make our morning's work at

RADLEIGH'S, *September* 10, 1856.

Editor's Drawer.

WE do not recollect that the following very good thing was ever found in the Drawer, but it deserves a place there surely. It is from the intercepted correspondence of a daily paper, and relates the experience of a young man just making his entrance into "good society" in the city of Washington.

"This was my first entrance into fashionable life, at one of Monsieur Bodisco's birth-night balls. I was under the care of Senator ——. As we entered the house two tall specimens of humanity, dressed very much like militia generals, met us at the door. Thinking them distinguished people, I bowed low and solemnly. They stared and bowed. The scene was impressive. 'Go on,' said my companion, the Senator before mentioned; 'don't be so polite to these fellows, they are servants; give them your cloak.' The information was useful, but unpleasant. I hurried on, pulling off my cloak as I went. Just within the first door of the drawing-room stood a fat, little oily gentleman, bowing also, but not so magnificently gotten up as my first acquaintances. Certain of my game now, I, in superb style, threw over him my cloak and hurried on. Senator —— pulled me back, and to the astonished little fellow now struggling from under my broadcloth I was presented. I had nearly smothered the Russian Minister, who, however, laughed merrily at the mistake.

"My indorser, the Senator, became evidently alarmed. He hardly knew what I would accomplish next, and left me, as soon as he possibly could, to my fate. I wandered about rather disconsolate. The lights, music, dancing, fun, and laughter, were all novelties and charming for a while, but I knew no one, and after an hour's looking on, hunted up my friend, the Senator, and begged him to introduce me to some of the young ladies. He hesitated a moment and then consented, and I was led up and presented to a magnificent creature I had long looked upon with silent admiration. Miss W—— was seated in an easy, nonchalant manner, conversing with a circle of gentlemen, and favored me with a gracious nod. As I stood wondering whether this was to be the end of my introduction, a mustached dandy came between us and said, 'Miss W——, permit me to relate the joke of the season.' To my horror he began the story of the cloak. My first impulse was to knock him down, my second to run away; on my third I acted. Interrupting the exquisite, I said, 'Begging your pardon, Sir, but Miss W——, I am the only person that can do justice to that joke,' and continuing, I related it, without in any way sparing myself. She laughed heartily, as did the circle, and rising from her chair, took my arm, saying kindly, that I must be cared for, or I should murder some one. With a grace and kindness I shall never forget she placed me at ease."

DOCTOR MORDECAI MELLOWS complains that we have done him a great wrong: First, by "taking away his good name," and substituting therefor that of "*Meadows*," in narrating the incident where somebody "took toll" of the Widow Lambkin; and secondly, by insinuating that the Widow L. subsequently became Mrs. Doctor M. To place the matter in its true light, he sends us his own autobiography, as originally published in the *St. Louis Reveille*. From this we give the true denouement of the affair between the Doctor and the Widow:

A few evenings after the memorable sleigh-ride, they were sitting side by side in the Widow's snug parlor. They had discussed neighborhood affairs, flowers, moonlight, and all the ordinary topics, when a deep pause ensued, which was broken by the Widow Lambkin's soft voice, who appeared to be thinking aloud:

"*Mellows* is such a pretty name!—Oh, my! I almost said something, didn't I?"

"Yes," replied the Doctor, "I think it is prettier than some other names."

"Oh, Doctor *Mellows!*"

"But still," says the philosophic physician, "I didn't propose to annihilate the name of *Lambkin*."

At parting the Widow murmured, "*We* have enemies here. We have, indeed."

"Ah, is it possible?" rejoined the Doctor, who

thought that the "We" sounded very prettily; but still the name of Lambkin was unassailed.

The next day the Widow was summoned to attend a sick relative who resided near her own residence, which was at Littleton. The Doctor was at the door to bid her good-by.

"You *may;* as we sha'n't see each other for a long while," she whispered.

"May what?"

"Take a little *toll* at parting."

"And be sure," she added, after toll was taken enough for a long bridge with a great many arches, "be sure to address your letters to *North* Littleton. They may be intercepted if sent to Littleton."

The driver's horn sounded, the stage drove up, the Doctor handed the Widow into the vehicle, and kissed his hand to her as she was whirled around the corner. "But," concludes the Doctor, "as I hadn't spoken of writing, and as it wasn't leap year, the letters were never intercepted. Long life to the Widow *Lambkin.* But the name did not become *Mellows*, after all."

Having made the matter all right as to the Widow, we must give the Doctor's account of his *first case.* He had assumed his professional title, after a very brief preparation, and was traveling by steamer on the Mississippi, in search of a favorable *location.* Among the passengers was an elderly gentleman, with a young wife, and their little child, who rejoiced in the scriptural appellation of Isaac.

After dinner, the Doctor was seated on the deck, when a great cry came from the ladies' cabin, and the mother of little Ikey rushed out, exclaiming,

"Oh! where is he? For Heaven's sake, where *is* the Doctor?"

Doctor Mellows claimed the professional appellation, and rushed to the cabin, where, sure enough, he found little Ikey in a bad way. His limbs were rigid, his breathing was difficult, and convulsions were evidently threatened.

"Cholera infantum, partially developed," said the Doctor, solemnly. "The case admits of no delay."

"Cholera 'phantom! Oh, the dear child!" shrieked the mother.

"God bless me, it may be collapse!" said the father.

"No, not *that!* not *that!*" replied the Doctor; "but we must try what can be done, though we have no time to frame a *diagnosis* properly."

"Oh, any thing, Doctor! If you've no *diagnosis* with you, try any thing else. Oh, do save our poor little Ikey!" cried the afflicted mother.

"May be bleedin' would do," suggested the father.

The Doctor shook his head; for the truth was he had no lancet. The mother wept, the father wrung his hands, and one of the young ladies standing by exclaimed,

"Oh my! It must be horrible to have one's dear little children sick!"

"Why do you make such foolish remarks?" sharply said her sharp-faced mother.

"I 'spose I'll be married some day, ma," rejoined the daughter.

"Married!" retorted the old lady. "Only think! *Girls* talkin' about bein' married!"

The Doctor, meanwhile, who owns not to have had the remotest idea of the proper treatment, had called for hot water, mustard, and pepper; while the poor mother would have gone into hysterics, but unfortunately she did not know how to set about the operation.

Poor Ikey was soon disrobed, preparatory to trying the efficacy of the mustard bath. As he began to assume the appearance of a wingless Cupid, without a bow, the sympathizing young ladies modestly retired from the immediate scene of action.

"You ain't scared about him, *are* you, Doctor?" inquired the fond mother.

"Not much; no, not much. I think he'll get through. There, hold his head up, *so*," rejoined the man of medicine, starting for his state room, where he had deposited his medicine chest, consisting of a vial of spiced rhubarb, which he had brought along for his own private use, in case the water should not agree with him.

"Oh, poor little Ikey!" moaned the mother. "Cholera 'phantom, and the Doctor hain't got no diagnosis! Muzzie's ittie deary; oh, oh!"

The warm water, the mustard, and the pepper, had begun to assist Nature by the time the Doctor reappeared; and the patient was in a condition to swallow the rhubarb.

"There, that'll restore the action of the secretory capillaries," said Doctor Mellows, as the medicine was poured down.

"I do think the poor little young one is better," said the father. "Poor sonny, I was so 'feared he'd get the collapse, and the Doctor had no diagnosis along!"

"Oh, Doctor, how thankful we are," said the mother.

"You ought to give thanks to Heaven, and not to *me*," replied the Doctor, very sincerely, reflecting that it was providential that he had no lancet, and that the child was at first incapable of swallowing; otherwise he might have been bled to death or poisoned.

"I hope the young 'un will never have another sich a time," said the father, as he slipped a ten-dollar bill into the Doctor's hand.

"Thank Heaven for the cure, not me. You little knew the danger he was in."

"I was scared, Doctor, I tell you," said the mother. "I thought you couldn't git along with the cholera 'phantom without a diagnosis. You ought to carry 'em along with you, indeed you ought. Children is so apt to git sick; and people can't git things on the boats, no way."

"I have never heard of little Isaac since," concludes the Doctor. "But I have frequently known instances in which Heaven performed the cure, when the Doctor had no diagnosis."

THE imitative propensities of Young America are quite equal to those of the monkey tribe. A friend furnishes the Drawer with the following as the latest illustration:

"Johnny, a three year old, was at dinner with the rest of the family, which included an aunt on a visit.

"'Aunt Ellen,' asked the hopeful Johnny, 'do you ever say *devil?*'

"'Why no, Johnny, what makes you ask such a question?' replied the lady.

"'Because *Pa* says so. Pa, what made you say *devil* the other day, when you was looking for the hammer and couldn't find it?'

"'Oh!' said Pa, rather cornered, 'did I? Well, so as to find it easier, I suppose.'

"Here the discussion ended, the explanation

being considered as good as could be given under the circumstances, but Johnny's retentive memory treasured it up.

"A few days afterward, Johnny's cap, as little caps will do, got somehow out of its place, and Johnny forgot where he left it. His mother told him to look till he found it.

"Off he started, up stairs and down stairs, and soon his treble voice rang through the halls, crying out '*devil!* DEVIL! DEVIL!'

"'John, my son!' called out his frightened mother, 'what in the world do you mean by using that wicked word?'

"'So as to find my cap easy!' cried John. 'Pa says *devil* when he can't find things, don't he, ma?'

"The force of example could not farther go, and the anxious mother had to negotiate with Johnny's father to be more select in his use of words in the presence of his children."

There is a hint to parents in that story worth more than a quarter.



SELECTIONS FROM "MOSES IN EGYPT," BY HERR SIMMONDO.

"THERE lives in Elmira," so says the *Gazette* of that beautiful village, "a landlord more exacting and rapacious than landlords are apt to be, and that is saying a good deal. He called on one of his tenants for his rent: the man was a mechanic, and away from home at his work; but the light of his house, a pretty little wife, was there, and she received the landlord kindly, and asked him to be seated. He said he had called to receive the quarter's rent due that day. She told him that her husband had not left the money, but would call on the landlord and pay the rent just as soon as he could collect it. The landlord had been looking at the pretty woman all the while, and being by this time quite captivated with her charms, he offered to give her a receipt in full for the rent if she would give him one kiss. The little wife was boiling with wrath in an instant at the proposal, and said to him, in a tone that made him tingle from head to heels,

"'Sir, my husband and I are very poor, and it may come hard to pay the rent, but I tell you we are not so poor but that we can do our own kissing.'

"The landlord left, and has not called again."

THE strong figure of speech with which Corney illustrated the great size of Ameriky, has also a hit at the Scotch which they will relish as well as they do punch.

"Where did baccy come from?" inquired Mary.

"Why from 'Meriky, where else?" replied Corney, "that sent us the first petaty. Long life to it for both, says I!"

"What sort of a place is that, I wonder?"

"'Meriky! They tell me it's mighty sizable, Moll, darlin'. I'm told that you might roll England through it an' it would hardly make a dint in the ground. There's a fresh water ocean inside of it that you might dhrown Ireland in, and save Father Mathew a wonderful sight of throuble; an' as for Scotland, you might stick it in a corner of one of their forests, an' you'd never be able to find it except it might be by the smell of the whisky!"

"YOUR husband seems to be a very great favorite among the ladies," said Mrs. Jones to Mrs. Bitterwood the other day.

"Yes," said Mrs. B., "but for the life of me I don't see where they find any thing to like—I never could!"

Mrs. Bitterwood had never found out that she hated her husband because others were fond of him, and he was fond of every body's society but hers, because she took no pains to conceal her jealousy. So matters grew worse and worse, till they twain became two again.

IN the pine barrens of Michigan, not a thousand miles from Grand Rapids, but four miles away from any other dwelling, is a miserable shanty of log shingles, bearing the following sign:

"This is Uncle Dan Thomases
Who always keeps his promises;
His victuals and beer
And other good cheer
Can't be beat *about here*."

THE height of impudence has never yet been reached, for every day brings to notice the exploit of some one who has reached above his competitors in the upward march. We think that an Irishman by the name of O'Kelly deserves to be ranked among the most impudent men who ever lived. It is said of him that when King George IV. visited Dublin in 1821, he was informed that O'Kelly was a remarkable character, and then in Dublin, on which his Majesty allowed the poet to be presented to him. O'Kelly, who was lame, was presented, and the King, anxious to put him at ease, remarked, "I regret to see that you are lame."

"Yes, your Majesty," said O'Kelly, "we are all lame; the three of us."

"What?" asked the King, "three lame persons in one family! A sad calamity indeed!"

"Yes," replied O'Kelly, "in the great family of the Poets, O'Kelly, Scott, and Byron, we are *all* lame."

THE chairman of the New England Agricultural Society acknowledges the receipt of the following letter from an honest farmer who has many good points about him, but none to spare in his correspondence. He writes: "Gentlemen, please to put me down on your list for a bull."

THE City of Elms, as the city of New Haven, Connecticut, is often called, has furnished several good things for the Drawer, and now a correspondent relates the following, the very counterpart of which we have seen many a time and oft:

"Mr. Tree is one of those active, stir-a-bout men who take hold of a good cause, and push it along with a right good-will, giving time and money freely, and pressing others into the service. He called on Mr. Hanks, an extensive ship-builder, and a man of means and words, who received him very cordially.

"'I have called on you, Mr. Hanks,' said Mr. Tree, 'to ask a little aid in behalf of a good work; we are trying to build a mission chapel down near the water, among the boatmen chiefly, and I know you take a great interest in that class of men.'

"'You are right, Mr. Tree—I do take a very great interest in that class of men. I am with you in your work, heart and soul; but really there are so many of these things going on now that I must be excused from giving you any help to-day. But I am with you, heart and soul, Mr. Tree, I do assure you.'

"Mr. Tree wished him a good-evening, and sought the aid he needed in other quarters.

"A day or two after, as Mr. Hanks was trying to raise a mast, he found himself short of help, and looking out for some one to press into his service, he saw Mr. Tree on one of his walks of usefulness, and called out to him to come and lend him a hand.

"Mr. Tree remembered the words of Hanks at their last interview, and replied, 'I am with you, heart and soul, Mr. Hanks. I hope you will succeed; but really there are so many things now going on, that I must be excused from giving you any help to-day. But I am with you, heart and soul, I do assure you.'

"Mr. Hanks had not forgotten his refusal, and laughing heartily at the turn the thing had taken, told Tree if he would come and give him a lift at the mast, he might rely on him to help him up with the chapel.

THERE is no end to the mischief that John Phœnix, of California, is responsible for. A short time ago, while enjoying himself at the theatre, he observed a man sitting three seats in front, whom he thought he knew; he requested the person sitting next to him to "punch the other individual with his cane." The polite stranger did so, and the disturbed person turning his head a little, he discovered his mistake—not the person he took him for. Fixing his attention steadfastly on the play, and affecting unconsciousness of the whole affair, he left the man with the cane to settle with the other for the disturbance, who, being wholly without an excuse, there was, of course, a ludicrous and embarrassing scene—during all of which Phœnix was profoundly interested in the play. At last the man with the cane asked, rather indignantly,

"Didn't you tell me to punch that person with my stick?"

"Yes!"

"And what did you want?"

"I wanted to see whether you would punch him or not!"

A "FAREWELL MISSIONARY MEETING" is the last occasion on which a reasonable man should expect amusement; but they suddenly had some, when they least thought of it, "Down East" a few weeks ago. The young missionary and his newly-married spouse were standing in the aisle. The venerable preacher in the pulpit rose and commenced his charge to the parties, who were to take their departure the next day.

"My young friends," he said, "you are about to enter on a new scene of trial and suffering. In a few short days you will be borne away from parents and home, and all the pleasures of your native land. You must not only bid adieu to all that you have held dear in this country, but you must soon launch forth on the mighty deep, and be tossed about in the frail bark, and no doubt you will be very *sea-sick!*"

The climax of suffering to which a missionary life was suddenly calling the young people was so soon reached that the audience forgot their tears in the midst of one universal smile.

MUCH depends in court upon the state of the tide—the tide of public feeling—and in spite of "law and order," so long as jurors are men of like passions with other men, they will be moved as the people are moved. There was Fuller, of the Boston bar, brother of the late Countess Ossoli. He was one of the most solemncholy-looking men in the East, for all the world as if he never had any friends and lost them all; but under this gloomy exterior he carried a fund of humor that



THE YOUNG LADY WHO EXPECTED CHARLES.

often shone out in just the right time for himself and his cause. On one occasion the opposing counsel had carried every thing before him, and in a strain of pathetic eloquence that could not be resisted, he closed, leaving the whole jury dissolved in tears. Fuller saw that all was lost, unless by some sudden turn he could undo the mischief, and rising to reply, putting on his most doleful expression, he said, in slow and measured words, as if he were in a pulpit and not in court,

"We—will—now—close—these—solemn—services—" But by this time the humor of the thing was seen and felt, and court, jury, audience and all, laughed till they cried again; but they were now all on the other side.

Another court scene in this city, some years ago, though there was nothing to laugh at, will never be forgotten by those who were present. It was on the trial of Colt for the murder of Adams. Interest as intense as ever marked the trial of any man hung around the proceedings of those days. The theory of the prosecution was that Adams was *shot* in the head by a pistol having no charge in it; and that a percussion-cap would explode with sufficient force to drive a ball into a man's head, without making noise enough to be heard in the next room. The testimony against the prisoner was clear, conclusive, and so deeply impressive, that when it was closed the court-room was as solemn as if sentence of death was then to be pronounced. The first witness called for the defense was Samuel Colt, the great pistol manufacturer, who was asked at once if it were possible for a pistol to be fired with only a cap and with sufficient force to discharge a ball into a man's head?



CHARLES'S GRACEFUL AGITATION ON FINDING HIMSELF RECOGNIZED.

"No," he said, promptly.

"Can you prove it?" asked the counsel.

"I can prove it by experiment," he said, and immediately produced a case of pistols, drove in a ball, placed the cap in its place, fired the pistol, and catching the ball in his hand as he fired, threw it to the counsel. Then he set up a paper mark by the side of the presiding judge, who moved his seat to be a little more out of the range, and as counsel, jury, spectators, and the bar, all crowded to see the result, he snapped off ball after ball, every shot exciting more and more ridicule at the idea that any harm could be done by such a discharge. The theory of the prosecution was effectually exploded, and the court-room, which an hour ago was as solemn as the Court of Death, was converted into a shooting-gallery.

Something must be done to recover the ground that was lost. The prosecution was led by Mr. Whiting, the District Attorney, and no one was sooner satisfied than he that he was mistaken as to the *mode* in which the murder had been perpetrated. Instantly his ready mind seized upon the most startling expedient to restore the feeling of deep solemnity which had been disturbed, and at the same time to get upon the track to ascertain the nature of the wound by which Adams was killed. The body of the victim, cut into pieces as it was by the murderer, had been buried in the upper part of the city, and Mr. Whiting dispatched an officer who soon returned with a bundle, and, unrolling it, the District Attorney presented the head of the murdered man to the court and jury!! A thrill of horror passed through the crowded chamber. For the first time during the trial the prisoner buried his face and groaned. The wound was then displayed, and the fact exhibited that it could not have been produced by a pistol-ball, but must have been made by the blow of a hammer. The new theory was pressed forward; the awful impression of the ghastly head was never obliterated, and the result is known to the world.

Good reasons for *not* fighting duels are in demand about these times, and we recall none better than the one given by a celebrated French duelist by the name of Evremont. He had approached a perfumed dandy, and being disgusted with the aroma that met his nose, he exclaimed,

"How shockingly that man smells!"

The sweet-scented party resolved to snuff the insulter's blood, and sent him a challenge, which the wily and witty duelist declined in these words:

"Were you to kill me you would not smell the less; and were I to kill you, you would smell the more."

A stupid man we can get on with, or let him alone. No one was ever ruined by dullness. But a foolish woman, who can bear? She will talk, and the more, the less she has to say. There was great good sense in that father's advice to his son, not to marry a dwarf, as she would bring him a race of pigmies; and not to marry a woman without sense, "for she will try thee forever, till thou shalt find there is nothing on earth so irksome as to be tied for life to *a she fool!*"

And all the Benedict brothers will say *Amen.*

Our friend C—— I——, of "the Swamp," tells a capital story of the witty and renowned Blossom, of Blossom's Hotel, Canandaigua, at one time, while he kept it—when he was alive the prince of hosts and the delight of his guests—the first hotel of all the Western towns.

There was an old fellow, a good deal of a bore, who used to frequent his house, and occasionally worm himself in to dinner, where his conversation was not always timely, and not seldom obtrusive.

One day Blossom had received from New York some very large, fine lobsters, and had served them up to one or two friends sitting at his favored end of the table. Among them came in also our obtrusionist. He had had the misfortune to lose all his teeth except a long eye-tooth, that stood sentinel at the corner of his cavernous mouth.

"What *is* them red things, Blossom?" he asked.

"Lobsters," replied the host. "Did you never see a lobster before? They are the finest eating in the world. Try that leg!"

"Here he gave him a huge claw, and told him to "go to work upon *that!*"

He put one end of it in his mouth, and began to mumble it over, without making any very great progress.

"How do you *like* it?" said Blossom, who, with his friends, were ready to split their sides with laughing. (They had helped themselves to some other dish, and were *waiting* for their portion of the lobster.)

"Can't tell yet," said the other. "How do you *eat* the cussed thing, any how?"

"Oh, eat it right down," said Blossom; "never mind the bones!"

By this time the man, with his one sharp tooth, had succeeded in drilling a hole through to the meat. Having established *suction*, as Blossom saw, he asked him again,

"Well, how do you like it *now?*"

"Wal," he replied, "it is pretty hard eatin', but I *kinder like the peth on't!*"

It didn't need the roar that followed this to satisfy the victim that the *pith* of the whole matter was that he had been badly "sold."

The Rev. Walter Colton, author of "Ship and Shore," and other volumes of merit, has this very forcible illustration of the character of an officer on board the ship to which he was attached as chaplain, who was always meddling with other people's business, and who was seldom in his own place:

"I do believe," said Jack, "that at the general resurrection the lieutenant will be found getting out of somebody else's grave!"

It strikes us that nothing could be added to depict the character intended to be described.

We think it is "Sam Slick" (Judge Haliburton, of Nova Scotia) who draws this *rapid* sketch of Widows. He is almost a successful rival of the Senior Weller:

"Widows are the very mischief. There's nothing *like* 'em. If they make up their minds to marry, *it's done.* I knew one that was terrible afraid of thunder and lightning, and every time a storm came on she would run into Mr. Smith's house (Smith was a widower), and clasp her little hands, and fly around like a hen with her head cut off, till the man was half distracted for fear she would be killed; and the consequence was, she was Mrs. John Smith before three thunder-storms rattled over her head. How many they had *a'ter* that, I don't edzackly know myself!"

Sermons for special "times and places" are in less vogue nowadays than of old. But telling "hits," which admit of direct personal application are sometimes made, even in these days.

As one of the "signs of the times," and an index of the manners and customs of the part of the country in which he resides, a correspondent in one of the Southwestern States of our present glorious Union, writes to us that a few days ago he listened to a sermon, in which the preacher, with great earnestness and ability enforced the ordinary motives to repentance and preparation for death, and then went on to say:

"And my hearers, another and a stronger reason is the great danger you are in of being shot down any moment." This consideration was urged with great eloquence, and by reference to many instances of recent occurrence in the State, and in the town where he was preaching. It would not be out of place for the clergy in many other parts of the country to urge the same thought, with the same plainness, on the minds of the people.



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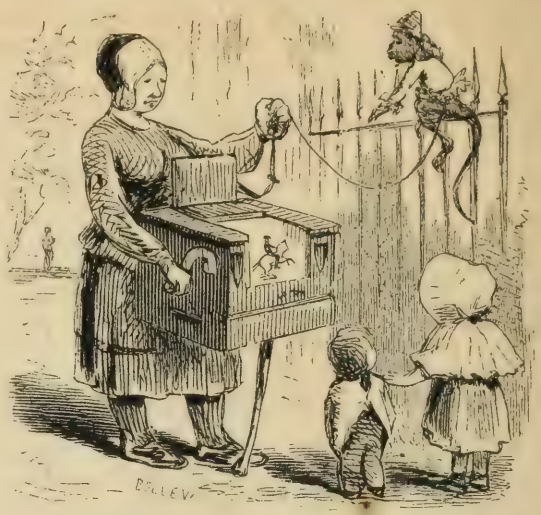
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A YOUNG LADY, of respectable appearance and active habits, is wanted to travel with a Musical and Artistic exhibition. Some practice will be required. Companions very pleasant.



$5 TO $10 A DAY.—Send a note inclosing One Dollar to A. Z., Broadway Post Office, and you will receive instructions in a pleasing art, easily learned, by which the above sum can be made. Can be pursued in town or country.



CONFIDENTIAL CLERK Wanted, with a prospect of ultimate partnership in the business. As the situation is one of great responsibility, he must deposit $500 with his Employer, for which ample security will be given. A young man from the country preferred.



A YOUNG WIDOW, with a large fortune, wishes to correspond with a gentleman with a view to Matrimony. Wealth no object, as she has enough for both. As a proof of good faith, all letters must contain an inclosure of One Dollar. Address "CLARA," Broadway Post Office.



A YOUNG GENTLEMAN of prepossessing personal appearance, and the highest moral character, wishes to form a Matrimonial Alliance with a Lady who is actuated by Christian principles and is blessed with a fair share of worldly possessions. Address "SINCERITY," Broadway Post Office.

Fashions for November.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 51 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figures 1 and 2.—Dinner and Visiting Toilets.

FIGURE 1 is a very pleasing toilet. The dress is of violet-colored gros de Naples, fitting high and close, the *bretelles* form lappets, which front the basque, upon which they are confined; behind, at the waist, they cross, with a flat tie, and fall in a similar form over the faces of two plaits in the basque. The sleeves consist of two puffs, with a full frill, which is cut in a square shape at the outside. The skirt is formed of two flounces. The dress is trimmed with black lace upon the braces, the basque, the bottom of the lower puffs, and edged round upon the sleeves. The skirt is enriched by wide flounces of the same. Rich fancy buttons complete the ornaments. The undersleeves are of lace, trimmed with violet satin ribbon running lengthwise of the arm, with black chenille. A snow of lace around the neck takes the place of a collar. The coiffure is of lace, trimmed with flowery grasses. The hair is arranged in curls *à la Fontange*.

FIGURE 2.—Bonnet of brown velvet and satin, feather edged, trimmed with black lace and evergreen leaves; and black velvet bands, studded with straw buttons. The cloak is of drab cloth, with black velvet *passamenterie* and fancy drops. The dress is of rich taffeta, chocolate color, with velvet stripes, without flounces. Raffaelle undersleeves, with embroidered *revers*.

FIGURE 3.—BONNET of terry velvet, of a rich maize-color, with a *bouillonnée* of taffeta of the same shade, which also forms the curtain. A chain-work of very narrow black velvet, inclosing straw buttons, ornaments the puff, and is continued upon the front and curtain. The front is composed of white marabouts. A white plume, tipped with marabouts, forms the ornament upon the near side; upon the opposite side are trailing evergreens, with brown-tinted leaves and grasses. The lace which circles the bonnet upon the *bouillonnée* is of black blonde; that which trims the crown and the curtain is white. The strings are very wide, with black stripes. The face trimmings are grapes and vine-leaves.

FIGURE 4.—BONNET of sea-green watered silk. The crown is shawl-shaped, and edged with white chenille, bordered with three rows of blonde in a snow, and one of chenille on the outside. A fall of English point trims the front, and hangs over the curtain, which it almost conceals by its fullness. The ornaments consist of sea-flags, reeds, and aquatic flowers, the leaves of which are wreathed so as to fall over the curtain. The inside trimmings match those on the outside. The strings are of *moire antique*, green, with white stripes at the edges.

"The magnificence of the robes prepared for the season," so writes an enthusiastic correspondent, "baffles description. Perhaps the most beautiful are those of taffeta, with two velvet flounces wrought in very deep designs. One of green velvet, representing beds of tulips, is superb, another of *velours épingle*—a lace pattern upon a lilac ground—is rivaled by green and brown velvet-barred taffetas, striped with black lines. These two last have three flounces. I saw the other day a royal purple *velours broché*—one of six manufactured, I was assured, to the order given by Victoria for four. This was, of course, without flounces. The design consisted of groups of flowers, natural size. Your readers in the 'rural districts' may be curious to know the price of this last robe. It was only $150. Several of those mentioned above sell for $125."



FIGURE 3.—VELVET BONNET.



FIGURE 4.—SILK BONNET.